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Chambers's Cyclopædia of English Literature

SHAKESPEARE.

(From the Chandos Portrait in the National Portrait Gallery; discussed at page 376.)

CHAMBERS'S CYCLOPÆDIA OF ENGLISH LITERATURE

DISCA

NEW EDITION BY DAVID PATRICK, LL.D.

A HISTORY CRITICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL OF AUTHORS IN THE ENGLISH TONGUE FROM THE EARLIEST TIMES TILL THE PRESENT DAY, WITH SPECIMENS OF THEIR WRITINGS

VOLUME I.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY
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From the Beginnings till after the Norman Conquest. By Stopford A. Brooke.
Middle English Literature to "The Arthurian Legend," page 35. By Alfred William Pollard.
Chaucer. By Alfred William Pollard.
William Caxton. By Alfred William Pollard.
The English Bible. By Alfred William Pollard.
Elizabethan and Jacobean Literature. By Edmund Gosse.
Edmund Spenser to the poem "April," page 298. By Edmund Gosse.
William Shakespeare. By Sidney Lee.
The Ballads, Scottish and English, to the fourth paragraph on page 524, beginning "Several ballads," etc. By Andrew Lang.
The Civil War and the Commonwealth. By Samuel R. Gardiner.
The Restoration. By A. H. Bullen.
John Dryden to "I. Dryden's Poems," page 797. By George Saintsbury.

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PREFACE.

WHEN Ælfred was crowned king of Wessex, it seemed as if the Danes were to blot out not only the English power but the English tongue, and put Danish in the place of English throughout these islands. The same Ælfred who made the first Cyclopædia of earlier English song and story saved the English land and folk and speech from Danish thraldom. The English language held its own when, later, Danish kings did rule the land; it showed its irrepressible vitality during three centuries of depression under Norman-French supremacy, and triumphantly reasserted itself in greater flexibility and vigour than before. The area of its currency has grown with the political and commercial sway of the people who speak it. In Ælfred's time the Low Dutch dialects called English, and spoken by a few hundred thousand islanders, were unknown outside the island. Queen Elizabeth ruled scarcely three million subjects, many of whom were not of English speech; while to many more in the north and west, who heard it or essayed to read it, Shakespeare's literary London dialect was barely intelligible. And now English, with no essential differences, is the mother-tongue of more than a hundred and twenty millions of men and women, scattered over all the quarters of the planet. Some fifty millions of Britons at home and abroad rule about a fourth of the inhabitants of the globe. In the United States the daughter nation now reckons her seventy-five millions, mainly of British stock, and, with trifling exceptions, all of English speech. To multitudes of the darker-skinned subjects of the British crown, English is only less familiar than their own vernaculars, and English literature a main instrument of education. English is becoming more and more the language of commerce among men of all kindreds. And the writings of English authors, now read and studied by the educated of all races, are an element of culture in every civilised country.

For it is not by reason of the vast numbers of those who speak it, or of the other myriads for whom it is a second vernacular, an indispensable *lingua franca*, that English claims rank amongst languages, but in virtue of the thoughts that breathe and burn in English words. English literature is in the fullest sense of the term a great literature; the English pen has been mightier than the English sword or the English steam-engine. Is it the irony of history that in the nation of shopkeepers one singer after another should be found endowed with a double portion of the spirit of poesy? And if it be said—as often it is said—that we are the most materialistic nation on the face of the earth, we have a cloud of witnesses to the contrary: our divines, our sages, our poets, our story-tellers, our men of science, our historians, have uttered in our tongue words which the world will not willingly let die. It is no dream indeed that the other sheaves have made obeisance to our sheaf; Shakespeare is not the only Englishman who has won the willing homage of the world.

In that vast English library which has been steadily growing for fourteen hundred years, there is happily much that concerns us not, much that is no part of our national inheritance. There are more than enough of books that are no books, of literature that does not deserve the name, of poems that are not poetry, of prose which is a mere waste of weary words. Even so, of English books new and old that it is worth our while to know, or know about, there are many more than would suffice for a life-time of hard reading. British publications multiply by thousands in a year, and American volumes at an almost equal rate. The flood, constantly swelling, threatens to engulf even the strongest swimmer. Year by year the need becomes greater for an approved mentor, a comprehensive guide; and such a Vade-mecum Dr Robert Chambers devised and called, not unjustly, a CYCLOPÆDIA OF ENGLISH LITERATURE, the first of its kind in Britain.

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On a plan greatly more comprehensive than the time-honoured *Elegant Extracts* of Vicesimus Knox, this *Cyclopædia of English Literature*—like all the old cyclopædias systematic and not alphabetic, and following the chronological order as obviously the only practicable one—aimed to give a conspectus of our literature by a series of extracts from the more memorable authors set in a biographical and critical history of the literature itself. Dr Chambers laid the plan in 1841, and for realising it secured the help of his friend Dr Robert Carruthers of Inverness. The outcome of their joint labours, which began to appear before the close of 1842, was completed in two volumes in 1844, and was brought down to date and reprinted in 1858. It was revised and extended under the charge of Dr Carruthers in 1876; and a fourth reissue, again incorporating new matter, took place a dozen years later. But a keener interest in our older literature and a fuller knowledge of it, new facts, new theories, and new light on a thousand points, the increasing supply of new materials for selection, the continued activity of accepted authors, the rise of new and brilliant stars, and all that is implied in the unabated continuity of the literary life of the nation, have rendered necessary a much more thorough-going revision and reconstruction; a completely new edition is imperatively demanded.

'Tis sixty years since—just sixty years since Dr Chambers began work on the first edition. Coleridge had then been dead for half-a-dozen years, but Southey was still laureate and Wordsworth was in vigorous health. Tennyson had not yet published those two volumes that gave him a secure place amongst English poets. John Ruskin, Charles Kingsley, and Matthew Arnold were still at Oxford, and William Morris was a schoolboy. Marian Evans, at Griff, had as yet no literary ambitions, and George Meredith had not sent his first contribution to *Chambers's Journal*. Macaulay was M.P. for Edinburgh, but had not published his *Lays* or begun his *History*. The reputation Carlyle had made by the *French Revolution* was but five years old, Thackeray's first volume was lately published, and Dickens had issued only a very few of the long series of his stories. Darwin had not yet put on paper the first rough sketch of his evolution theory, and Huxley was a young medical student. Emerson was hardly known in England; Longfellow and Lowell had each published but one volume of original verse; and 'The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table' had made but a few desultory efforts in literature. Howells was an infant, and Henry James was not yet born. A vast proportion of what gives character to modern letters had not yet been written or thought out. Upper and Lower Canada had just been united, the New Zealand Company had only begun to plant the colony, and the first great rush of free settlers had not yet given promise of the future Commonwealth of Australia.

Sixty years after Dr Chambers and Dr Carruthers addressed themselves to their task, we stand in a new century, and, as regards literature, in a new world. In the new edition, of which the first volume now appears, the essential plan has been retained. The aim has been to carry that plan out even more perfectly, and to make the new work more fully representative of our present and past literary history at the commencement of the Twentieth Century than the first edition was for the middle of the Nineteenth. Neither then nor now has a pedantic attempt been made to draw a hard-and-fast line between what is by right and what is not a part of pure or national literature, and to include only what wholly approves itself before the strictest canons of the higher criticism of the day. The selection was made on a more catholic, comprehensive, and historical plan: nobody being excluded whom the general consensus of the ages has adjudged worthy of remembrance. In literature more than in most things human *die Weltgeschichte ist das Weltgericht*, history is the supreme and final judge; in the end it is the best books that live.

Our enterprise has a quite definite aim, and from the nature of the case its scope is limited—severely limited by the boundlessness of the materials with which it deals. It is not, and is not meant to be, an anthology of the perfect models of our prose and verse, a chrestomathy of purple patches, a collection of elegant extracts. The acknowledged gem should be there, if the man is mainly known by some one noble passage, one sonnet, one song, one aphorism or sententious saying; but something there should be, as a rule, to illustrate his average achievement, the standard by which he may fairly be judged. Nor does the work profess to be a marrow of our literature, or to give the spirit and quintessence of the several authors; still less does it aim to

render its readers independent of the authors themselves or relieve them from the duty and pleasure of studying the original works. In no case will one rise from articles of ours flattering himself that now he knows his author and may consider that subject settled. What we give him is little more than a *catalogue raisonné*, an illustrated conspectus, a finger-post to the best books, a guide to that of which he is in search, to what he needs, to what will interest him, to what he can read with pleasure and profit. The very shortness and fewness of the excerpts is a security that they shall only be taken as samples; they are meant to whet the appetite, to stimulate curiosity, to be stepping-stones to the veritable books.

The essential plan of the original *Cyclopædia of English Literature*, approved by generations of diligent readers and the testimonies of many who have themselves earned the best right to testify, has been adhered to and developed. The extension from two to three volumes of like size has made room for the much-required addition of new materials in all sections of the work. Old English literature, formerly discussed in three pages, now occupies more than ten times the space; Middle English has no longer only some twenty pages allotted to it, but ninety. In the first volume alone over fifty authors not named or hardly named in the older issues are treated—shortly, but it is hoped fairly—and illustrated by selections from their works: Roper and Cranmer, Sir Thomas North and Philemon Holland, Florio and Zachary Boyd, Gervase Markham and Kenelm Digby, William Prynne and Samuel Rutherford. Thomas Campion, who had been forgotten by the world, is now in his rightful place; Aubrey, formerly dismissed in a sentence or two, is now represented by a series of characteristic paragraphs. And as it is profitable not merely for the relief of contrast but for our insight into progress and decadence to glance at the handiwork of the eccentric, the hopelessly mediocre, and even those justly or unjustly condemned to the lower circles of literary lost souls, the Ogilbys and the Flecknoes, the Stanyhursts and the Drunken Barnabys, Coryate's Crudities and Boorde's Peregrinations, are treated as having their part in our literary history. Additions and changes of all kinds are innumerable.

The inconvenient arrangement by which an author was dealt with as poet, dramatist, novelist, essayist, and historian in separate sections of the work has been departed from. Johnson will no longer have a hundred and thirty pages intercalated between the sections devoted to him, nor Scott more than two hundred pages; each author is presented continuously and once for all. Reference is further facilitated by improved typography.

The historical surveys prefixed to the several sections are entirely new, and so are a large proportion of the critical and biographical articles; a larger number have been almost entirely rewritten; no single article remains as it was, historical facts having been verified and corrected, and critical judgments carefully reconsidered. In very many cases the illustrative extracts are all different from those formerly given; where the passages in the old issue seemed well suited for the purpose in hand, they have been scrupulously verified, and, in the case of the more interesting authors, as a rule extended and added to. There has been a constant effort to secure passages interesting in themselves, and least likely to suffer through separation from their context. Appropriating a famous classification, we trust there may in our three volumes be found no passages that are not for some reason worth reading at least once, few that are worth reading once but once only, far more that are worth at least two or three readings in a lifetime, and very many that are worth reading again and again for ever.

The work of the editorial staff has been much more largely supplemented than formerly by contributions or series of contributions from the admirably competent pens of writers of approved authority, as from Dr Stopford Brooke, Professor Bradley, Professor Hume Brown, Mr A. H. Bullen, Mr Austin Dobson, Dr Samuel R. Gardiner, Mr Gosse, Professor W. P. Ker, Mr Lang, Dr T. S. Law, Mr Sidney Lee, Mr A. W. Pollard, Professor Saintsbury, Mr Gregory Smith, Dr William Wallace, and others whose names will be found appended to their articles. American authors will, in the second and third volumes, contribute articles on American men of letters and their works.

In this first volume old English literature as a whole and all the writers who used to be called Anglo-Saxon—Cædmon, Bæda, Ælfred, and the rest—are dealt with by Dr Stopford Brooke. Mr A. W. Pollard has charged himself with Middle English and almost all the writers down to Reformation times—Layamon, the Ormulum, the Chronicles and Romances,

Piers Plowman, Chaucer and his successors, Wyclif, Malory and the Morte d'Arthur, the Miracle-Plays, Heywood, Udall, Wyatt and Surrey. There are essays from the pen of Mr Gosse on the Elizabethan and Jacobean literature, on the Anthologies, on the Elizabethan Song-Writers, on the Elizabethan Sonnet-Cycles; as also on Sir Philip Sidney the poet, Spenser, Webster, Ford, and Shirley. Mr Gosse has also revised, as amended and retained from the old edition, the articles on Ben Jonson, Donne, Wither, Carew, Herrick, Lovelace, Suckling, Crashaw, Vaughan, D'Avenant, and Cowley. Shakespeare is by Mr Sidney Lee. To Dr Samuel Rawson Gardiner we owe the discussion of the Puritan movement. Mr A. H. Bullen has described for us the Restoration literature, and has revised Beaumont and Fletcher, Middleton, Marston, and Massinger. Professor Saintsbury's contribution to the first volume is on Dryden. Professor Hume Brown has written on James I., Knox, and Buchanan; Mr George Neilson on Huchown; and Dr T. S. Law on the Scots Wyclifite Testament and Archbishop Hamilton's Catechism. Some eminent men of our own time—among them the late Mr Blackmore—have assisted in choosing the passages by which they were content to be represented. Others, like Mr Meredith and Mr Hardy, have read a proof of our little lives of them, and given them an autobiographical sanction. The representatives of some great writers have both revised the articles and approved the selections made; Lord Tennyson and Mr Barrett Browning have laid us under this double obligation. To far more than can here be named we are deeply and gratefully indebted. Very many of the articles show the accurate scholarship, the keen insight, the incisive style, of Mr Francis Hindes Groome, a trusty colleague whose invaluable help has unhappily been withdrawn by illness. The editor has rewritten a large number of articles, but is specially responsible for most of those on men who had no place in the former issues, and for the major part of the articles, new or revised, on Scottish literature. Every article has been carefully read in proof by the editor and at least one other fellow-worker.

The carefully selected fac-similes and portraits —a conspicuous and not unimportant feature of this edition—have all been executed expressly for this work by Messrs Walker & Boutall (now Messrs Walker & Cockerell). The portraits, nearly three hundred in number, have been reproduced from the most authentic available likenesses in the National Portrait Gallery, and other public and private collections. To the directors of the National Portrait Gallery and to the Palæographical Society especially our thanks are due for permission to reproduce portraits and fac-similes. And all who write or revise biographical articles must constantly and gratefully refer to the *Dictionary of National Biography*.

Our language and our literature are the only property of our large and scattered family in which all its members share equally. More than any other single influence, perhaps, our general acceptance as standard literature of a certain series of books in the common language has tended to make our very mixed race one in temper, sympathy, aspiration: Norman, Iberian, Celt, are we, but all of us Angles in speech, the instrument of thought, the vehicle of our feelings. Queen Elizabeth's statesmen and soldiers and sailors had given England a new place in the councils of Europe, the Elizabethan poets had lent a new glory to the Tudor court and capital, English literature had reached its zenith, ere Scotsmen, by increasingly general consent, gave up the old Anglian tongue of the northern lowlands—Anglian, and so even more strictly English than the southron speech—for the tongue of Bacon and Shakespeare, of Hooker and Raleigh, and accepted the English Bible at once as their literary standard and their rule of life. Scotsmen have since contributed their quota to the stream of English literature, only the more truly English from the reinclusion of the Anglian northerners. The Celtic tongue of the Highlands has steadily given way before book-English. And the use of this common tongue has educated Highlander and Lowlander into one people, has remoulded Scotsman and Englishman into brothers-german, as no warfare had done, as neither Church nor constitution had made possible, as no legislation could ever accomplish. At no time has English thought been more thoroughly English in spirit and temper than since the gathering in of the outlying sheep into the fold. Till towards the end of the seventeenth century, Scottish authors, as using a different idiom, are dealt with in separate sections—a separation not needed in the case of Welshmen and Irishmen (see page 831); and after the Revolution, authors of

Scottish birth, save those writing in dialect, are fully naturalised in the British republic of letters.

The Irish have no monopoly of Celtic blood, and are not even mainly Celtic in origin: Gaelic reached Erin with the first Celtic invaders from Britannia; so that even their Celtic tongue is a bond with the greater British island. Much more the tongue that has, save in the remoter districts, superseded it. However much Irish scholars may cherish the Gaelic, it is only as a secondary language, a literary luxury, a patriotic heirloom; spiritually, Irishmen have learnt incomparably more from the great body of English writers than from the ancient Irish bards or story-tellers. Happily there is no risk of Irishmen becoming altogether, or even almost, as Englishmen are; but in their common literary inheritance, in a literature to which they contribute their fair proportion, there is security for a *modus vivendi* not yet fully realised, there is a power working on both sides towards mutual understanding and sympathy. Even now Irishmen glory in the triumphs of their countrymen whether by race or birth, and hardly even an irreconcilable would seriously demand a home-rule in literature that should make Ussher and Berkeley, Burke and Goldsmith, Swift and Sheridan, aliens on Irish soil.

Neither Virginian colonists nor Pilgrim Fathers were keenly interested in literature as such. It was the English temper that led them into the wilderness; and it was the same spirit as had again and again moved their forefathers in the past of English history that led them finally to repudiate the English king and government. But they had no thought of renouncing any essential of their English birthright; Puritan or Cavalier, they clung to the tradition which, over seas as in the mother-land, in literature as in life, makes for freedom, fair play, sanity, reserve, commonsense, steadiness, breadth, depth, strength, and individuality. However far we may fall short of our ideals, we have essentially the same standards of uprightness, honour, dignity, the same delight in 'calm, open-eyed rashness.' With them as with us, the absence of universally binding standards and models makes the attainment of artistic style more difficult; independence tends to lawlessness; what is wanting in grace and polish has to be atoned for by vigour, simplicity, originality, and the free-play of imagination; and substance must supply the lack of academic or classical form. They too, like us, have their burden of uninspired pseudo-philosophy, feeble fiction, lamentable comicalities. Blood is thicker than water, common lineage is more than geographical collocation or political constitution; of still more account for the true federation of peoples are intellectual and spiritual sympathies, common aspirations, like principles. Erelong American writers attained a distinctive note, ever most welcome in literature. But this is a development from within, not an approximation to foreign models. American humour is different from English humour, but it is vastly more akin to English humour than to any French or Spanish or German type. Chaucer and Spenser, Shakespeare and Bacon, Raleigh and Ben Jonson, are theirs by inheritance as much as they are ours; the migration across seas did not make Dryden or Pope, Addison or Steele, Johnson or Gibbon, alien to them; and the change of government at the close of the eighteenth century and the beginnings of their own national literature did nothing to hinder the full appreciation and loving study of Wordsworth and Coleridge, Shelley and Scott. *Sartor Resartus* first attained to book form in Massachusetts; and even yet some British authors find in America their most appreciative audience. As the English tradition has remained dominant in the constitution of the nation and the life of the people, our kindred both by lineage and language, so American literature has remained an offshoot, a true branch of English literature. In this work it has from the beginning been treated as an integral and important part of the literature of Greater Britain. We do not look on Longfellow or Poe as foreigners, or read the histories of Prescott, Motley, and Parkman as if written by strangers.

What holds of the United States is still more obviously true of the British dominions beyond seas; in Canada, South Africa, Australasia, our kith and kin have remained true to us and to themselves, and their literature is but a part of ours. Amongst them as in the United States we gladly recognise a growing individuality, a flavour racy of the soil; but the newest growths are but vigorous shoots from the English stem. Many of our most typically English writers, though they have chosen to remain Englishmen in the stricter sense, were not born within our four seas, but in farther Britain or the remoter

dependencies. Thus Thackeray was born in Calcutta, and so was Charles Buller, the philosophical Radical; Bombay was the birthplace not merely of Rudyard Kipling, most imperialist of writers, but of such a representative Anglican dignitary as the Dean of Canterbury. Laurence Oliphant, a cosmopolitan rolling-stone, yet British to the backbone, saw the light at Capetown. There is inevitably in our home literature much that marks the world-colonising nation, the empire-building race.

Mankind may not be growing much holier or happier, but the stream of tendency makes for greater kindliness and the breaking down of boundaries; kindliness which begins at home inevitably extends by degrees to all the outlying kin in their several places and relations; and at the close of the nineteenth century, in the last years of Victoria's reign, the bands of kindness have been drawn sensibly closer between the island people and their colonies, between the United Kingdom and the United States. To the youth of the English kin this work is once more and in a new shape offered as a help in seeking out and laying to heart the wisdom and the wit of our famous men of old and the fathers that begat us, in the confidence that allegiance to the highest traditions of our literature will increasingly obliterate local and temporary jealousies; and in the hope that many a saying herein recorded may make generations to come proud to be of the English name, and stir in them the thrill that tightens even the grasp of blood-brotherhood.

D. P.

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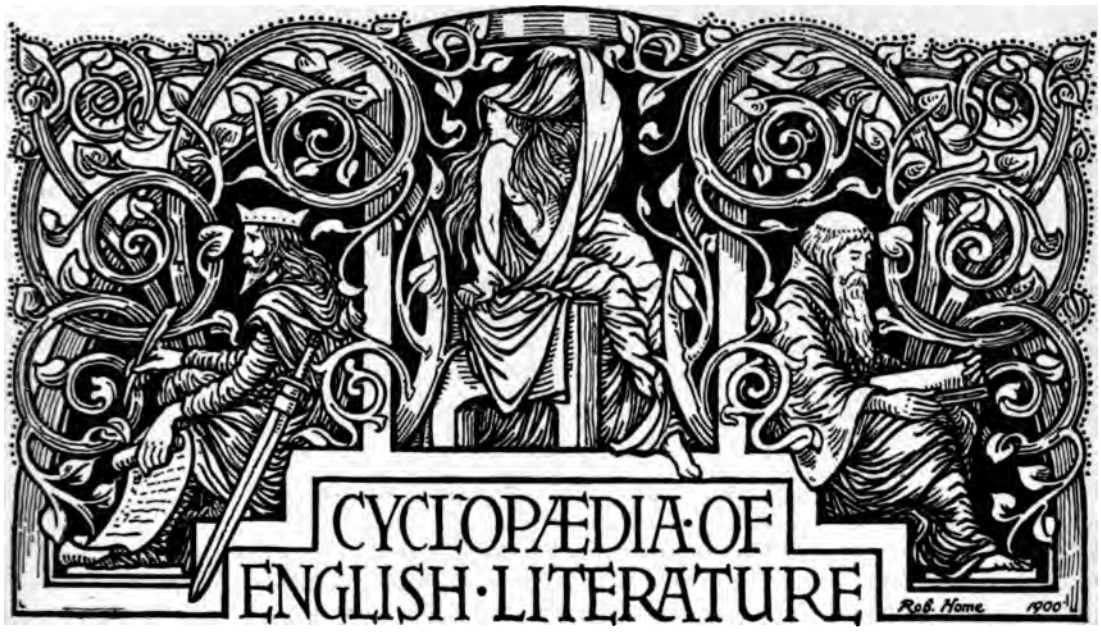

FROM THE BEGINNINGS

TILL AFTER THE NORMAN CONQUEST.*

THE first indwellers of the islands we call Great Britain and Ireland were a wild folk, coming we know not whence, who made rude stone weapons of flint, lived by hunting, could make fires and garments of skin, and dwelt in caves. These Palæolithic people were succeeded by, or developed into, a Neolithic race whose weapons, still of stone, were now highly polished and skilfully wrought. They began pastoral life in our island, and settled finally into communities: and the large-chamber tombs under earth, or their denuded remains, extending from Caithness to Dorset, show that they occupied all the habitable parts of the country. They were a dark-haired, dark-eyed, short, brave, and constant people; and when they mingled afterwards with the Celtic race, they left some traces of their legends, religion, and law in the stories, the manners, and the language of the Celts. We may, with great probability, identify them with the earliest Picts of history, and the Silures of South Wales were their descendants. It is only in folklore that we can hope to recover something of the way they thought and felt, but in the west of Ireland and Scotland, in Wales, and in the Midland Counties of England we still meet short, dark-haired, long-skulled people who retain the characteristics of this steady and valiant race. It is not impossible that some of the elements of their character and thought have entered into and still influence English poetry.

How long they lived undisturbed does not appear, but at last an Aryan folk, part of the first Celtic migration, invaded our island, drove back these Neolithic people to the west and north, but mingled with them, and the farther west and north they pushed the greater was the admixture. This first Celtic race are named the Goidels or the Gaels, and they colonised not only Great Britain, but also the Isle of Man, the Western Isles, and Ireland. They have lasted down to our own day, and the imaginative and enkindling spirit of their thought, literature, and art, infused into the English nature by intercourse and amalgamation, have had an intermittent and spiritual

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influence on the poetry and prose of England. That influence was sometimes great, as at the beginning of our literature. Sometimes it was but little, but it always inspired when it came. After King Ælfred's days, and for a very long time, it ceased to do more than now and again to touch England; but it began to act on us again at the end of the eighteenth century, and at the end of the nineteenth and beginning of the twentieth the Gaelic spirit is doing much the same kind of work it did in England during the seventh and eighth centuries.

It entered northern England from Iona, where Columba, bringing with him, and handing down to his successors, the poetry and learning of Ireland, had set up his church and dwelling. Oswald, King of Northumbria, who had been educated at Iona, summoned the Celtic monks to convert his country in 634; and Oswiu, also trained at Iona, extended the Irish influence until the whole of Northumbria received the faith from Irish missionaries, and set up a number of civilising monasteries on the Irish pattern. All the awakening and inspiring emotions of religion, out of which so much of literature is born, were kindled in the north of England at the Irish fire. This lasted untouched for thirty years; and then, alongside with the Celtic, the Latin forms of learning and religion began to make their way from Ripon, from Wearmouth, from Hexham and Jarrow. The Celtic and the Latin influences mingled. Meanwhile the Irish impulse penetrated into Mercia and East Anglia from the north; and the communication between Ireland itself and England was constant, each interchanging the results of their work and knowledge. Even the south was not exempt from the pressure of Irish wisdom. The school at Canterbury in Theodore's days was full of Irish scholars. 'Whole fleets' of students passed to and fro between Wessex and Ireland. Men like Ealdhelm were trained by Irish hermits who set up schools; and Glastonbury became a special centre of Irish learning, legend, and song; so that we may even say that Dunstan, long years afterwards, derived from the nest of Irish scholars who were settled there part of the spirit which made his character, and began that Renaissance of English learning which Ælfred had failed, but so nobly failed, to establish. This was the Goidelic invasion of England, and its imaginative and formative powers ran through all the poetry of Northumbria, and stimulated the desires of Wessex and Mercia to know, and to feel after, the unknown.

A second Wandering of the Celtic race followed on the first, and some of its warriors, settling in Gaul, were allured by the white cliffs of England, and by the tales of sailors, to cross the Channel. The first of these invaders landed on the south-eastern coasts, perhaps as early as 300 B.C., and drove back the Goidels, as these had driven back the Neolithic people, to the west and north. The last of these Gaulish tribes who came to our land were the Belgæ. To all these men of the second Celtic Wandering the name of 'Brythons' has been given. When they had banished the Goidels from about a third part of Britain, the Romans checked their development for a year or two in 55 B.C., but did not come again for ninety years. During these ninety years the Brythons pushed on till they mastered the most of Britain, and even those lands where the Goidels remained (Devon, Cornwall, portions of Wales, Cumberland and Westmoreland, and part of Lancashire) became Brythonic in language, manners, and poetry. North of the Solway and the Tweed the Brythons also drove their way, but with less force than in our England. They found themselves among a mixed people of Goidels and Neolithic folk in the Lowlands; and this country, sometimes Brythonic, sometimes Goidelic, ended by having in it an exceedingly mixed race, made up of these two Celtic strains dissolved in a Neolithic infusion; but the Brythonic element was master. Into the north of Scotland the Brythons scarcely penetrated. But wherever they were, their language prevailed. Later on they took the name of Cymry, and the English called them the Welsh. The fate they had given to the Goidels they met with at the hands of the English; until, after a hundred and fifty years of war, the Brythons only existed as a separate people in Devonshire, Cornwall, Wales, and in Strathclyde; that is, in the country which extended from the Ribble through Cumberland and Westmoreland to the Clyde.

The Cymry had a literature of their own, and they sang in verse the fortunes of their strife with the English, their own wars with one another, the war-deeds of their chieftains, and the tales of their families. Moreover, they made a host of stories in prose in which they embodied their myths and the legends of their ancestral heroes. Four great bards are said

to have flourished among them in the later half of the sixth and the beginning of the seventh century. These were Aneurin, Taliessin, Llywarch Hen, and Merddin; and we possess in manuscripts which date from the twelfth to the fourteenth century some of their poems, added to and modernised. They sing the wars of the northern Cymry with the Angles, and of the Cymry of Wales with the West Saxons, in poems by Taliessin and Llywarch Hen. These poems are of the sixth century. In the seventh the poets celebrated the great struggle between the Northumbrians and Cadwallon and his son. This is the first period of Cymric poetry. When the northern kingdom of the Cymry decayed, and they emigrated to South Wales, the old poetry was applied in the tenth century to the new dwelling-place and the new fortunes of the Cymry. This is the second period. Later on a third school of literature arose, poetic in North Wales, and of mythical and romantic tales in South Wales; and these tales are at the root of a great deal of English romance and song up to the present day. A fourth school of poetry, imitative of the old poetry of the north, continued under the Norman-Welsh rule till the days of Henry the Second, when the *Black Book of Carmarthen* was made up of some of the ancient poetry. In the following centuries the *Red Book of Aneurin*, the *Book of Taliessin*, and the *Book of Hergest* contained some also of the old poetry and of its later imitations. These were mingled with original work of a still later period.

There existed then, close to the border-land between the English and the Cymry, a great body of living and growing poetry, and of imaginative story-telling, which could hardly help influencing the Border-English when, after the first fierce years of the Conquest, the Welsh of West Wales, of Wales, and of Cumbria were so often either in alliance with the English or amalgamated with them. The Celtic genius of the Brythons stole in, year by year, into the English of the Border, from Berwick to Carlisle, from Carlisle to Chester, from Chester to Bristol, and from Bristol to Glastonbury and Exeter. When, after the Norman Conquest, the Normans seized a good part of South Wales, the Welsh imagination was interwoven with the Norman passion; and in days still later, after the twelfth century, the fifth period of Welsh poetry, developing itself in lyrics of love and of nature, full of lonely and graceful sentiment, had, as I believe, a well-marked influence on the birth and growth of the earliest English lyrics. As far as we can conjecture, the best of these lyrics were born on the lands of the Severn valley, and the first English poem of imaginative importance after the Conquest—the *Brut* of Layamon arose in the heart of one who dwelt at Areley, on the banks of the Severn.

There was no such amalgamation in the first hundred and fifty years of the conquest of Britain by the English; the British were ruthlessly slain or driven away. Among those who fled over-sea was the only literary man among the Britons whose name has attained reputation. This was Gildas, whose Latin book, *De Excidio*, describes the horrors of the first years of the English invasion, and whose *Epistola*, addressed to the kings and priests of the Britons, is a fierce and probably an exaggerated indictment of their rule and their immoralities. Nevertheless, so far as his slight history goes, he is a sound authority. When, weary of trouble, he fled to Gaul, founded the Abbaye de Ruis, and died, British culture also died with him. He was not alone in his emigration. Hundreds of Britons took flight from the English sword, and out of this furious expulsion a Brythonic colony arose in France which played its own part in English literature. After the battles of Aylesford and Crayford in 455–57, and for fully a century and a half, the Britons of the southern counties and of South Wales emigrated to Armorica and made Brittany. In that little corner of France the Brythonic traditions, legends, and myths, the imaginative ballads and story-telling of this Celtic race, lived on, and developed in freedom. When the Arthurian legend, which probably began among the northern Cymry (and the first records of which are to be found embedded in the compilation which goes under the name of Nennius—the *Historia Britonum*), came to South Wales, it got from thence into Brittany, was taken up by Breton bards, freshly worked and added to, and then fell into the hands of the Normans. The Normans, having brought to bear upon it their formative genius, carried it back to South Wales, and then to England; and it was first thrown into clear shape by a dweller in Wales, by Geoffrey of Monmouth, who composed into twelve Latin books his *History of the Britons*, which, begun in 1132, took its final form in 1147. From that day to this, for nearly eight hundred years, the Brythonic story of Arthur has been one of the master-subjects of imaginative literature in

England. This—the full tale of which belongs to the next section of this book—is the last thing to be said of the influence on English literature of the Brythons, the children of the second Celtic migration.

These two Celtic invasions, the Goidelic and the Brythonic, were followed by another invasion. When the Brythons had been about four hundred years in Britain, the Romans, under Claudius, came to stay, ninety years after the invasion of Julius Cæsar in 55 B.C. Their occupation, which lasted till A.D. 410, has had no power over English literature. To some extent it had Christianised and Romanised the Brythons; but the Roman influence did not really touch English literature till it came back with Christianity in the seventh century to England, and linked a converted people to the long traditions, literature, law, and glory of pagan and Christian Rome. But almost all the traces of this early occupation of Britain by the Romans were swept away by the hurricane of fire and sword which the English, coming in the middle of the fifth century to conquer and to settle the land, let loose on the provincial civilisation of Britain.

English Literature

Before the English Invasion of Britain.

The first Engle-land extended from South Sweden through Denmark and its islands to the lands about the mouth of the Elbe. Its indwellers were men of three tribes—the Jutes, the Angles, and the Saxons—and their common name and tongue was English. They lived along the coast, and in their marshy settlements fought on their western shores a fierce battle with the encroaching sea; but nature was not so rough with them on the eastern coasts of Denmark. They had the expansive spirit which the sea encourages, and in their rude but seaworthy ships sailed in all weathers to ravage the neighboring coasts, terrible for courage and activity, for cruelty and greed, fearless of death and rejoicing in danger. From the Humber to Southampton they kept the British coast in terror during the later years of the Roman occupation.

Like other nations, they sang their battles at the feast and celebrated their gods. They built up sagas of their ancestral heroes, and most of their chiefs were also bards. The older men, who did not go on piracy, farmed the lands of their settlements, and agriculture as well as war had its own songs. In these lays of religion, of war and agriculture, English poetry began in the ancient Engle-land while Britain was still a Roman province.

Of this heathen poetry on the Continent we have still some fragments left. Portions of the mythical sagas, founded on the doings of nature and of the ancestral heroes, lie embedded in *Beowulf*. The *Battle of Finnsburg* is the sole remnant of a series of sagas which were made before the time when the Folk-Wanderings began in 375. *Waldhere*, the fragment of a saga on the story of Walther of Acquitaine, carries us back to the days of the Theodoric cycle of tales. A poem entitled *Widsith* retains verses which date from the time when the English were still fighting in their lands about the Eyder and the Elbe. The *Complaint of Deor* belongs to another world than that of our island, and we possess in the scattered verses of the *Charms* which the farmer sang as he ploughed and swarmed his bees, and went on a journey and exorcised the demons of cramp and fever, perhaps the oldest remains of heathen song.

The *Charm for Bewitched Land* contains pure heathen lines such as:

> Hail be thou, Earth, mother of men.
> Fruitful be thou in the arms of the God.
> Be filled with thy fruit for the fare-need of men.

And the rites of the ploughing which are there described are the old heathen rites of the farmer when he first drove his plough through the acre. As we have them, they are Christianised, but their pagan origin appears through the Christian recension. In the *Charm for the Swarming of Bees*, gravel is thrown over the bees, and the spell-master sings, 'Let this earth be strong against all wights whatever;' and to the bees, 'Sit ye, Victory-women, sink ye to the earth.' But the *Charm against a Sudden Stitch* is even closer to heathendom. The Charm-doctor stands over the sick man with his shield, guarding him from the darts of the Witch Maidens, and describes their ride over the hill and their flinging of spears, while he charms out the javelin which has caused the cramp. These are remnants as old as the hills, fragments from the ancient Teutonic lands before the English left them for Britain.

The earliest of the longer poems is *Widsith*, the Far-voyager. Its personal part, in which the bard tells of himself and his wanderings, may belong in its original form to the fifth century,

but many additions were afterwards made to these ancient verses. Names of men much earlier and later than the fifth century were foisted in by later editors of the poem. The real interest of the verses is not in these questionable matters, but in the proud and pleasant account Widsith gives of himself as a wandering minstrel, and of the honour and gifts lavished on poets. We see him at the court of Eormanric, singing his mistress Ealdhild's praises over all lands. We hear him and his mate Scilling singing in the hall while all the lords are listening. He tells of the fighting with the Huns in the Wistla woods, and he ends by an outburst of pleasure in his art and in the honour it receives from all who care for a noble fame.

The Scôp (that is, the Shaper, the Poet), in the *Complaint of Deor*, is not so happy as Widsith. He is no rover, but lives with his lord, and has from him lands and wealth. But his rival, Heorrenda, supplants him, and this song is written to console his heart. Others, Weland, Hild, Gëat, Theodoric, suffered dreadful pain. 'This he overwent, so also will I,' is the refrain of each verse. The allusions to the sagas of Theodoric and Gudrun and Eormanric prove that the English knew, as *Waldhere* also proves, the Germanic cycle of stories. None of the examples are Christian, but the poem suffers from a Christian interpolation. It is a true lyric, with a 'refrain' at the end of each verse, and this is unique in Old English poetry.

The two fragments of the poem of *Waldhere*, found by Werlauff at Copenhagen, are made from the original German seventh-century form of the poem. The Christian and chivalric elements of the later forms are entirely absent in the verses we possess. Waldhere flies with his love Hildeguthe from the Huns, and is pursued by Guthere and Hagena. She encourages him to fight against twelve warriors in our first fragment; the second is part of the dialogue between Guthere and Waldhere.

The few lines we have of the *Fight at Finnsburg* belong to an older cycle of saga than that of Theodoric. There is another portion of this Finn-saga in *Beowulf*, and the story there told either precedes or continues our fragment. It is sung by the Scôp at the feast in Heorot, Hrothgar's hall. Finn, king of the North Frisians, has married Hildeburh, sister of Hnæf. He invites Hnæf and his comrade Hengest, with sixty men, meaning to slay them. The verses describe the attack and defence of the hall. It is a fierce, impassioned piece of war-poetry. The related passage in *Beowulf* describes the burning of Hildeburh's sons on the pyre, and her bitter mourning for them, and the vengeance taken on Finn.

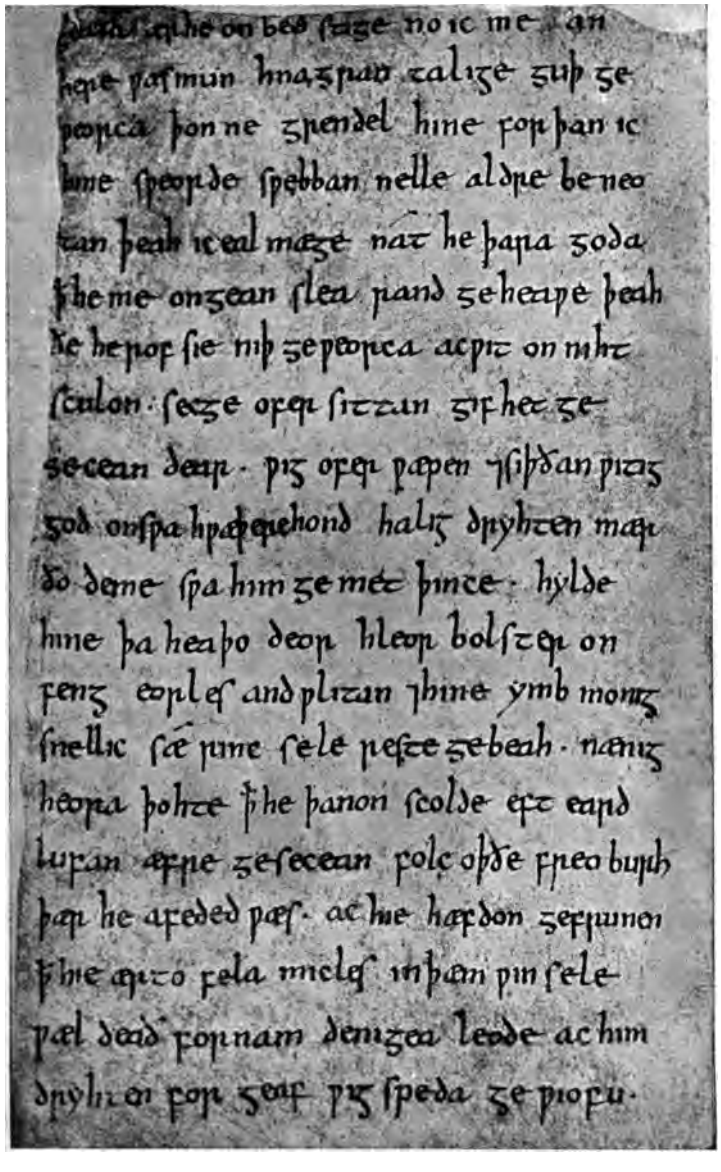
These are our heathen fragments, all of them so infiltrated with Teutonic saga that we believe that the English, when they came to our land, possessed and sang the great stories of their Continental brethren. Of other stories, both mythical and heroic, we have remains scattered through *Beowulf*—the myth of Scyld; the story of Heremod; the story of Thrytho, which belongs to the ancient saga of Offa; the story of Ingeld and Froda and Freaware, which was the origin of a whole circle of tales; and, oldest of all, the story of Sigmund, which afterwards was developed into the great *Volsunga-Saga* in the north, and in Germany into the *Nibelungen Lied*.

Beowulf.

We have one great saga of our own—the Saga of Beowulf. The poem of *Beowulf*, as we possess it, was probably composed into its present form in the eighth century in England, we do not know by whom; and received, either then or afterwards when it was put into the West Saxon dialect, the addition, but in moderation, of certain Christian elements. The story is, however, honestly heathen, and its original lays arose on the Continent among the English. They came to our England with the Angles, were developed in Northumbria and Mercia, and may have reached full saga proportions in the seventh century. In the eighth (though some make it later) one poet took up all the scattered forms of it, wrought them into a whole, gave them an ethical unity in the character of Beowulf, the ideal hero and king, and filled the complete poem with his own personality.

Beowulf seems to have been an historical personage of the sixth century, a Geät, and nephew of Hygelac, who is the Chochilaicus whom Gregory of Tours mentions as raiding the Frisian shore, and slain by its defenders. Beowulf was present at the battle, and avenged his lord's death. Hygelac died in 520. Beowulf placed Hygelac's son on the throne, and after his death reigned fifty years. This brings the historic Beowulf up to about 570. But this historic personage has not much to do with the poem. Its main story (with folk-lore admixtures from earlier and savage times) is the transference to the hero of the mythical deeds of Beowa, who is one of the presentations of the Sun and the Summer, and whose fight with the Winter and the Darkness, with the frost-giants, the destroying sea and the poisonous mist of the moorland, imaged in the poem by the monster

Grendel and the Dragon, was sung in the ancient England over the sea. The destruction of Grendel and his dam by Beowulf is said to be the destruction of the winter powers of the sea-coast as they attack one of the Danish settlements which felt alike the charging of the icy sea and the deadly cold and venom of the fenland. The story of Beowulf overcoming in his last fight the Dragon is probably the story of the aging Summer contending with the powers of incoming Winter, who attempts to grasp the treasures of the harvest. The Summer God saves the golden hoard, but dies in the struggle. These myths are embodied in the story of Beowulf, and through them his personality is built up by the poet. He becomes the English and North-Germanic ideal of a king, and the ideal is historic. The manners and customs both in war and peace, the picture of the young men sailing on adventure, the town with its hall and meadows and garths, the etiquette and feast of the hall, the daily doings of the settlement from morn to night, the position of women, the home-life, the temper of mind, the thoughts and feelings of our forefathers, are all portrayed in this poem, and there are few historical records so vivid and so interesting. It is the book of our beginnings. It is also a great sea-tale, fit for the origin of the poetry of the mistress of the seas.



Reduced facsimile of a page of the Beowulf MS. written about A.D. 1000, amongst the Cotton MSS. of the British Museum. Transcription and translation are given below.[1]

Beowulf hears that Hrothgar is harried by a monster, Grendel, who haunts Heorot, the hall of the folk, and devours Hrothgar's thanes. The distressful tale thrills the hero with pity, and he sets sail to help the Danish chief. Arriving, he is told of Grendel, the man-beast of some folk-tale, the creature of the mist and the stormy sea, strong as thirty men, lonely and dreadful, greedy of blood, hating all joy, who tears and eats his

[1] Geata ær he on bed stige no ic me an
here waesmun hnagran talige guth ge
weorca thonne grendel hine for than ic
hine sweorde swebban nelle aldre beneo
tan theah ic eal mæge nát he thara goda
thet he me ongean slea rand geheawe theah
the he rof sie nith geweorca ac wit on niht
sculon secge ofer sittan gif het ge
secean dear . wig ofer wæpen *ond* siththan witig
god on swa hwæthere hond halig drýhten mær
tho deme swa him gemet thince . hýlde

[*Continued at foot of page 7.*

Then the good (warrior), Beowulf the Geat,
Spake boasting words ere he went to his bed;
'Not myself do I reckon, in mightiness of warfare,
in deeds of the war, any worse than Grendel.
So him, with the sword, I will not put to sleep,
deprive him (thus) of life, though I well can do it.
Knows he not the good (war-)way—that he may strike me back,
hew upon the shield,—though he may be strong
in the works of warfare. But we two must at night
refrain from the sword, if he dare to seek
war without weapons; and then the wise God
the holy Lord, afterwards, the glory may award,
on what hand soever meet may seem to him.'

victims. Beowulf and his men sleep in the hall, and Grendel, stalking over the misty moors, strikes in the doors, and rends one of Beowulf's men, but meets at last the grip of the hero. In the fierce wrestle Grendel's arm is torn away, and the monster flies through the night to die. Next morning all is happiness at Heorot; the feast is held and gifts are given; but at night Grendel's dam comes to avenge her son, and Hrothgar's best battle-man is torn in pieces by the wolf-woman of the sea.

This is the re-creation in a later form of the original myth—a separate and later lay. It is now woven into the poem by the single writer of the whole. Grendel's dam is a sea-monster, and lives in a sea-cave; her hands are armed with claws; her blood eats like fire; she is even more savage than her son. The place where she dwells among the cliffs, in a gorge where the black waters welter furiously, is as savage as her nature; and the description of it is the first of those natural descriptions of wild scenery of which our modern English poetry is so full. Beowulf plunges into the sea, rises with the monster who has seized him into her cave, slays her with a magic sword, and returns triumphant with Grendel's head to Hrothgar, who sends him home to Hygelac laden with gifts and honour. This closes the first part of the poem. The second part opens some fifty years after, when Beowulf is an old man. He has been long king of the country, and his people love him. A Dragon, angry that his hoard is robbed, flies forth to burn and ravage; and Beowulf arms to fight his last fight and to win the treasure for his folk. Only one of his thanes comes to help him, and in the battle he is wounded to the death. The Dragon is slain, the treasure is won, and the hero burned on a lofty pyre overlooking the sea.

The poem, many full accounts and translations of which have been set forth, runs to 3183 lines, and its manuscript is in the Cottonian Library in the British Museum. It has been said to be an epic, but it is more justly a narrative poem. It has neither the unity, the weight, the continuity, nor the mighty fates of an epic. Nevertheless it reaches a spiritual unity from the consistency of the hero's character developed from daring youth to wise and self-sacrificing age. It reaches even excellence in the clearness with which its portraits are drawn and its natural scenery represented. Our power of natural description in poetry begins with *Beowulf*. The verse has a fine ring in it; the tale, if we forget the bardic repetitions, is simple, direct, and rapid; and the spirit of it is as bold and dashing as the stormy sea near which all its actors live. Indeed, the presence and power of the sea is everywhere felt in the poem. Its close is the close of the heathen poetry of England; for, though its composition into a whole belongs to Christian England, the lays worked up in it go back to the seventh, and some of them, it may be, to the sixth, century.

The Embarking of Beowulf.

Then the well-geared heroes
Stepped upon the stem, while the stream of ocean
Whirled the sea against the sand. There into the ship's breast
Bright and carvèd things of cost, carried then the heroes,
And their armour well-arrayed. And the men out pushed
Their tight ocean-wood on adventure long desired.
Swiftly went above the waves, with a wind well fitted
Likest to a fowl, their Floater, with the foam around its throat,
. . . . . .
Till at last the Seamen saw the land ahead,
Shining sea-cliffs, soaring headlands,
Broad sea-nesses. So this Sailer of the sea
Reached the sea-way's end.

Beowulf and Breca at Sea.

When we swam on the Sound, our sword was laid bare,
Hard-edged in our hands; and against the Hron-fishes
We meant to defend us; nor might Breca from me
Far o'er the flood-waves at all float away,
Smarter on ocean; nor would I from him.—
There we two together were tossed on the sea,
Five nights in all, till the flood apart drove us:
Swoln were the surges, of storms 'twas the coldest,
Wan waned the night, and the wind from the north,
Battling-grim, blew on us; rough were the billows.
. . . . . Then, eastward, came light,
Bright beacon of God; the billows grew still.
And now I could see the sea-headlands shine,
The wind-swept rock-walls. Wyrd often delivers
An Earl yet undoomed if his daring avail.

Half-Heathen Poetry.

Elegies and Riddles.

When the lays of *Beowulf* were made into a poem Christianity had been long established in England. It had come with Augustine in 597. Its last conquest was the Isle of Wight in 686. It took, therefore, ninety years to Christianise England. During that interval, and indeed for a long time afterwards, a semi-heathenism prevailed.

Continued from foot of page 6.]

hine tha heatho deor hleor bolster on
feng eorles andwlitan *ond* hine ymb monig
snellic sæ rinc sele reste gebeah . nænig
heora thohte *thæt* he thanon scolde eft eard
lufan æfre gesecean folc oththe freo burh
thaer he afeded wæs . ac he hæfdon gefrunen
thæt he ær to fela micles in thæm win sele
wæl death fornam denigea leode ac him
drihten forgeaf wig speda gewiofu

Then lay down the war-brave, his cheek pressed the bolster,
the face of the earl; and round about him many
a sea-hero ready bent to his hall-rest.
None of them thought, there, that thence should he after,
evermore again, seek his home beloved,
(his) folk or (his) free burg, where he had been fostered.
But they had been hearing that by far too many
erewhile in that wine-hall, slaughter-death had taken
from the Danish folk. But to them the Lord gave
weaving of war-victory.

(*Beowulf*, ll. 676–698.)

Even in Cnut's reign we find the laws forbidding the worship of heathen gods by the farmers and labourers; and it is more than probable that the greater number of the warriors, bards, and chiefs of the seventh and eighth centuries were only Christian in name, and followed their heathen ways of thinking, feeling, and fighting. The poetry composed by the bards in a chief's following and by the wandering minstrels, outside of the monastic influence, was not likely to be influenced to any depth by Christianity. There are a few examples of such poetry in the *Exeter Book*, and five of them are of great interest—the *Ruined Burg*, the *Wanderer*, the *Seafarer*, the *Wife's Complaint*, and the *Husband's Message*. Along with these we may place a number of the *Riddles*, written, it is supposed, by Cynewulf when he was a wild young poet at some noble's court, and which treat of natural phenomena, of war and armour, of the feast and the hall of the folk, of daily life in the settlements, of hunting and cattle, of forest and fish and bird.

The first five poems mentioned above may fairly be called elegiac. They are full of regret for the glory of the past and the sadness of the present, and though we have no means of dating them, I should be inclined to place them in the first quarter of the eighth century. They are devoid of Christian sentiment and doctrine. The prologue and epilogue of the *Wanderer*, and the long tag added to the *Seafarer*, are Christian, but these are additions quite out of harmony with the body of the poems. Where they were written is also unknown. Some allot them to the south of England and to the ninth century, others to Mercia. I believe them to be Northumbrian, and to belong to the beginning of the eighth century. Their scenery is northern, their temper is northern; and even the *Ruined Burg*, which mourns in solemn verse the vanished glory of a desolate city, and is probably a description of the ruins of Bath may have been written by a Mercian poet educated in the Northumbrian schools. Their most remarkable quality, independent of their heathen dwelling on Fate rather than on the will of God, is their love of Nature—and this too has a heathen tinge. They scarcely touch those softer aspects of the earth and sea and sky which poetry distinctly Christian loved to describe. They dwell on the tempest and the fury of the waves, on the hail lashing the broken fortress, on the thunder of the ice and the deathfulness of the snow, on the black caves in the forest and the cliffs white with the frost. There are half-a-dozen of the *Riddles* concerned with the terrible play of Nature in the northern seas, in the storm-wearied sky, and in the wild marsh and forest land. Our Nature-poetry of the nineteenth century is a reversion to this early English temper, and poetry of this kind in the eighth or the ninth century is unique in Teutonic literature of that time. Poetry of natural description is to be found also in Welsh and Irish song, and it is probable that the writing of it in England is to be traced to the influence on Northumbria and Mercia of the Celtic poets. But I also believe—and the fact that the form of the English Nature-poetry of this time is finer than any Celtic work of the kind may be due to this—that these northern poets were well acquainted with Virgil; moreover, neither in Irish nor Welsh poetry of this period are there poems, such as the three *Riddles* on the storms, which treat of Nature alone, of Nature for her own sake. One of these is placed among the extracts. The finest of them is a long poem upon the Hurricane, impersonated as a giant rising from his prison under the earth to work his terrors on land and sea and in the sky; and in each of these realms it is described with so much force, fire, and imagination that we know the poet had watched from point to point the actual thing.

Of the Elegies the *Wanderer* is the best, but the *Seafarer* is the most interesting. The *Wanderer* describes the mournful fates of men, the ruin of great towns and earls, friendships lost, departed glory, the winter night and snow settling on the world and on the heart of man. The *Seafarer* is perhaps a dramatic dialogue between an old and a young sailor, each telling of their terrible days at sea, yet each confessing the wild fascination of a sailor's life. The *Husband's Message*, or rather the *Lover's Message*, calls, in exile, on the sweetheart of the writer to join him in the foreign land where he waits for her: 'Come in the spring, when the cuckoo calls from the cliff.' The *Wife's Complaint* tells of her banishment by false tongues from her lord, and mourns her fate from the cave in the wood where she dwells, but mourns the most because she knows he loves her still, and suffers from want of her tenderness. These two last poems are the only poems in Old English which touch upon the passion and subtlety of human love. There may have been many more, but all the poetry of which we have to speak in the next section was written under the shadow of the monasteries, and the subject of love is absent.

The Last Verses of the 'Wanderer'

Whoso then these ruined Walls wisely has thought over,
And this darkened life of man deeply has considered,
Sage of mood within, oft remembers, far away,
Slaughters cruel and uncounted, and cries out this Word—
'Whither went the horse, whither went the man?
Whither went the Treasure-giver?

What befell the seats of feasting? Whither fled the joys in hall?
O, alas, the beaker bright! O, alas, the byrnied warriors!
O, alas, the people's pride! Ah, how perished is that Time!
Veiled beneath Night's helm it lies, as if it ne'er had been!'
Left behind them, to this hour, by that host of heroes loved,

Stands the Wall, so wondrous high, with Worm-images adorned !
Strength of ashen spears snatched away the Earls,
Swords that for the slaughter hungered, and the Wyrd sublime !
See, the storms are lashing on the stony ramparts ;
Sweeping down, the snow-drift shuts up fast the Earth—
Woe and winter-terror when it wan ariseth ;
Darkens then the dusk of Night, from the nor'rard driving
Heavy drift of hail for the harm of heroes.

All is full of trouble, all this realm of Earth !
Doom of weirds is changing all the world below the skies ;
Here our fee is fleeting, here the friend is fleeting,
Fleeting here is man, fleeting is the Kinsman !
All the Earth's foundation is become an idle thing.

The Plough—Riddle xxii.

Nitherward my neb is set, deep inclined I fare ;
And along the ground I grub, going as he guideth me
Who the hoary foe of holt is, and the Head of me.
Forward bent he walks, he, the warden at my tail ;
Through the meadows pushes me, moves me on and presses me,
Sows upon my spoor. I myself in haste am then.
. . . . . .
Green upon one side is my ganging on ;
Swart upon the other surely is my path.

The Nightingale—Riddle ix.

Many varied voices voice I through my mouth.
Cunning are the notes I sing, and incessantly I change them.
Clear I cry and loud ; with the chant within my head ;
Holding to my tones, hiding not their sweetness.
I, the Evening-singer old, unto earls I bring
Bliss within the burgs, when I burst along
With a cadenced song. Silent in their dwellings
They are sitting, bending forwards. Say what is my name.

The Iceberg—Riddle xxxiv.

Came a wondrous wight o'er the waves a-faring,
Comely from his keel called he to the land.
Loudly did he shout, and his laughter dreadful was,
Full of terror to the Earth ! Sharp the edges of his swords,
Grim was then his hate. He was greedy for the slaughter,
Bitter in the battle work ; broke into the shield-walls,
Rough and ravaging his way ; and a rune of hate he bound.
Then, all-skilled in craft, he said, about himself, his nature—
'Of the maiden kin is my mother known ;
Of them all the dearest, so that now my daughter is
Waxen up to mightiness.'

Cædmon and the Christian Poetry.

The distinctive Christian poetry begins before the date of the Elegies and the Nature-Riddles—in the seventh century, with Cædmon of Whitby. He is the first English poet whose name we know, and it stands at the head of the long and glorious muster-roll of English singers. We have worn Apollo's laurel for 1200 years. Cædmon began to make verse, we may fairly say, between 660 and 670. We know the date of his death—680 ; and we are told that he was somewhat advanced in years when the gift of song came upon him. We first find him as a secular attendant of the monastery of Hild, an abbess of royal blood, who had set up her house of God on the lofty cliff which rises above the little harbour where the Esk meets the gray waters of the German Ocean. Whitby is its Danish name ; in the days of Bæda it was called Streoneshalh. Cædmon was born a heathen if he was English ; but if, as some think from his name, he was a Celt, he was born a Christian. The monastery in which he afterwards became a monk was founded on the Celtic pattern—one of the children of Iona—and he was early imbued with the Celtic spirit. Existing Celtic hymns, such as Colman's, may have been placed before him by the Irish monks as models for his poetry. But, for all this, his tongue was English and his poems were made in English. Whatever the Irish spirit did for him, the ground of his work was English.

Bæda tells the story of Cædmon's birth as a poet. One night, having the care of the cattle, he fell asleep in the stable, and One came to him and said, 'Cædmon, sing me something.' 'I know not how to sing,' he replied, 'and for this cause left I the feast.' 'Yet,' said the divine visitant, 'you must sing to me.' 'What shall I sing?' said Cædmon. 'Sing,' the other replied, 'the beginning of created things.' And immediately Cædmon began a hymn in praise of the World's Upbuilder, and awakening, remembered what he had sung, and told the Town-Reeve of his gift, who brought him to Hild ; and, becoming a monk, he continued in the abbey till he died with joy and in peace, singing, day by day, all the Scripture history, and of the Judgment-day. 'Others after him,' said Bæda, 'tried to make religious poems, but none could compare with him.'

His poetry had then made a school which was doing similar work to his when Bæda, fifty years after Cædmon's death, was finishing his *Ecclesiastical History*. Of what kind that work was we have no certain knowledge. The poems attributed to Cædmon by Junius in the manuscript called the *Junian Cædmon* have been assigned by critics to different writers. Only one of them—*Genesis A*—is thought by a few to be possibly from his hand. If so, he wrote the thing in two distinct manners—partly in a mere paraphrase of the Biblical story, dull, unilluminated by any imagination ; and partly in imaginative episodes, in which the Fall of the rebel angels, the Flood, the battles of Abraham, and the story of Hagar and of Isaac are imaginatively treated as heroic tales, in the manner of a heathen saga, and with English feeling. It is

to be hoped that some day we shall get evidence to prove that these fine, bold episodes are from Cædmon's hand. The only verses we know to be his are transferred into Latin by Bæda, and we have a Northumbrian version of them in an old MS. of the *Historia Ecclesiastica*. They are the short hymn which he is said to have sung on awakening from his dream. Their hymnic form suggests to critics that Cædmon's work was mainly a series of heroic hymn-like lays on the subjects of the Old and New Testament, tinged with the colours of the Nature and the hero myths. It may be that we have the remains of one of these in the poem, portions of which are carved in runic letters on the Ruthwell Cross in Dumfriesshire. The lines sing of 'Jesus, the young Hero, who was God Almighty, who girded Himself and stepped up, full of courage, on the gallows for the sake of man.' And as He lies there, the Sacred Rood speaks: 'Lifted on high, I bore the Lord of the heavenly realm, and trembled, all besteamed with blood. Pierced with spears and sore pained with sorrows, I beheld it all. They laid Him, limb-wearied, in the grave.' If this fragment be really Cædmon's work, it fills us with deep regret that we have lost his other poems -lost a poetry so close to the heroic manner, so filled with the spirit of that heathen vigour and passion which his life had seen and known. At any rate, we owe him a great debt. He bridged the river between the pagan and the Christian poetry. He showed to his folk how the new material of Christianity could be used by the bards of England. He made a great school of poetry. He made Cynewulf possible. He is the first English poet in our England. The royal line of England goes back to Cerdic, the still more royal line of English poets goes back to Cædmon.

Reduced facsimile from the eleventh-century Junian MS. of the Cædmonian poems in the Bodleian Library, Oxford, with a picture designed to represent Noah's ark.[1]

The poetry of the School of Cædmon belongs to the end of

[1] The following is a transcription of the above passage as it stands in the MS., written straight on without regard to the rhythmical measures, which are partly indicated by the dots. The literal translation printed opposite shows the lines into which the poem naturally falls:

Nóe freme . swa hine nergend heht hyrde thum hal
gan . heofon cyninge ongan . ofostlice *that* hof wyrcan .
micle mere cieste . magum sægde . *that* wæs threalic thing
theodum toweard . rethe wite . hie ne rohton thæs . ge
seah tha ymb wintra worn . wærfest metod geofon
husa mæst . gearo hlifigean . innan *and* utan . eorthan
lime . gefæstnod with flode . fær noes . thy selestan
that is syndrig cynn . Symle bith thy heardra . the hit hreoh
wæter . swearte sæ streamas . swithor beatath

So did Noah as the Lord had bidden him.
He obeyed the holy heaven-king,
quickly began to build the house,
the great sea-chest; he said to his kinsmen
that a terrible thing was at hand for the folk,
direful punishment; they cared not for that.
Then, after many a winter, the faithful Creator
saw that mightiest ocean-house towering up ready;
within and without with the lime of earth
made fast against the flood, that vessel of Noah,
with the best (lime); alone of its kind;
it is always the harder the more the rough water,
the swart sea-streams, are beating upon it.

(*Genesis*, ll. 1314–1326.)

the seventh and the beginning of the eighth century. Some of these poems are in the *Exeter Book*. They are short hymnic songs of praise. There is the *Song of the Three Children*, adapted in the seventh century from the *Apocrypha;* and following it, the *Prayer of Azarias*. These were joined together, and furnished in later times with a conclusion, celebrating the deliverance of the three children. As the capacity for writing poetry grew, other forms were developed—poems of a half-epic character, and narrative poems with episodes like heathen lays inserted on a background of narrative. Of these two kinds of poetry, which ran together, the *Exeter Book* contains three—*Genesis A*, *Exodus*, and *Daniel;* and in the manuscript which contains *Beowulf* there is another—*Judith*. These probably belonged to Northumbria. Whether any long poems were written in the middle and south of England at this time we do not know; but we do know that the family lay and the war-song were made and sung everywhere, and we have a pleasant story which tells how Ealdhelm, Bishop of Sherborne, who died in 709, was accustomed on his preaching tours to stand like a gleeman on the bridge or the public way, and to sing songs, it may be his own, to the people flocking to the fairs, that he might draw them to him to hear the Word of God. This is the only thing we know of poetry in the south of England at this time.

Genesis A is in the Junian manuscript. This manuscript was found by Archbishop Ussher, and sent by him to Francis Du Jon (Junius), who printed it at Amsterdam some time after 1650, and published it as the work of Cædmon, because its contents and its beginning agreed with Bæda's account of Cædmon's work. It is now at the Bodleian, and is a small folio of 229 pages, in two handwritings, the first of the tenth century, and illustrated with rude pictures. The first contains the *Genesis*, the *Exodus*, and the *Daniel;* the second the poems and fragments of poems generally classed under the title of *Christ and Satan*. The *Genesis* is now divided into two parts, called *A* and *B;* and *Genesis B* and the *Christ and Satan* are now placed by the critics in the ninth and tenth centuries.

Genesis A is the first of the three poems belonging to the Cædmon School. It consists of the first 234 lines of the *Genesis*, and of the lines from 852 to the close. [The lines between 234 and 852 are *Genesis B*.] The early poem has many archaic elements, drawn from Teutonic ideas of the universe—ancient Nature-myths. Its account of Abraham's war is alive with heathen lust of battle and vengeance; and Abraham and his comrades speak like an English earl and his thanes in counsel. When the poet comes to gentler matters the spirit of the poem is changed. The Christian sentiment for soft landscape, its love of animals, and its tender domestic feeling touch the verse, in a pathetic mingling, with grace and delicacy. The account of the Creation tells of the Hollow Chasm, black in everlasting night—the vast Abrupt that was before the earth and stars were made; then of the birth of ocean and of light, and of Day flying from the Dark, and of Morning striding over earth and repelling the Night; then of Man's creation, and of the winsome water washing the happy lands, and of earth made lovely with flowers—and the lines are full of the new kindliness which, unlike the heathen poetry, loved the beauty and softness of the earth and sky. Mere paraphrase follows, and then the poetic work is again taken up in the episode of the Flood, which is told by one who had seen the rain of tempest and heard the sounding of the sea, and, it may be, from the height of the abbey cliff, watched the sailors drive their barks into the harbour. Another weary piece of paraphrase brings us to Abraham's story, his visit to Egypt, his war with the kings of the East, Hagar's deliverance, and the sacrifice of Isaac. The episode is well invented, and developed with great freedom from its original. The war is English war. Abraham acts and talks like an English earl; the raid of the Eastern kings is like a raid of the Picts into Northumbria; the tie of comradeship between Abraham and Aner, Mamre and Eshcol, is the same as that between Beowulf and his thanes, between Byrhtnoth and his followers; the joy in the vengeance taken is fiercely northern. 'No need,' cries Abraham, 'to fear any more the fighting rush of the Northmen. The carrion-birds, splashed with their blood and glutted with their corpses, are sitting now on the ledges of the hills.' Dialogue, which belongs to the whole of the episodes and gives them life and movement, is largely used in the story of Hagar, and almost suggests the drama. The sacrifice of Isaac is full of Teutonic touches—the bale-fire, the white-haired gold-giver girding his gray sword on him, the sun stepping upwards, the high wolds where the pyre is made, the vivid reality of a Northman's human sacrifice; and the poem ends with the cry of God: 'Pluck the boy away living from the pile of wood.'

The *Exodus* is a complete whole. It is not troubled by paraphrase. The writer uses the greatest freedom with his subject, inventing, expanding, elaborately exalting his descriptions; beginning with the death of the first-born, and ending with the triumph over Pharaoh. War and the array of battle give him great pleasure. He describes Pharaoh's host on their march with vigour and fire; and the marshalling of Israel before the passage of the sea is full of poetic pleasure. In both passages, what an English host was like at the beginning of the eighth century is exactly detailed. The great war, however, is the war of God against the Egyptians, His menace of their host on the march, His use against them of the blackness of tempest, the charging waves, the bloody flood. These were God's ancient swords.

Many times the poet describes the overwhelming. It is forcible—over forcible; but young poetic life is in it. And the poem closes with the Song of victory and the plunder of the dead Egyptians.

Judith, in the manuscript which contains *Beowulf*, is probably of tne same cycle as the *Exodus*—a poem of the middle of the eighth century. Like the *Exodus*, the poem is conceived as a Saga, to be sung before the warriors in camp as well as the monks in the refectory. It seems to have been in twelve books, for our manuscript contains a few lines of Section ix., and the whole of Sections x., xi., and xii. Section x. begins with the feast of Holofernes and the leading of Judith to his tent. He reels into his bed, drunken and shouting. 'Avenge, O God!' she cries, 'this burning at my heart;' and the slaughter of the heathen chief is told with accurate delight. Book xi. brings us to Bethulia. Judith calls on all the burghers to arm for battle, and again English war is described. The warriors, bold as kings, run swiftly to the carnage, showers of spears fall on the foes, and the sword-play is fierce among the doomed. The gaunt wolf, the raven, and the dusky eagle rejoiced on that day. The twelfth book tells of the surprise of the Assyrian host, their flight, and the gathering of the spoil; and Judith ends it with the praise of God. She towers over the whole, a noble and heroic figure, fit to receive and wear her spoil—the sword and helm, war-shirt and gems, of Holofernes.

The *Daniel* closes this earliest cycle of Christian poetry. It has no literary quality—a mere monkish paraphrase of the book as far as the feast of Belshazzar. The school of Cædmon had reached its decay.

The poetry of that school took its materials from the Old Testament. Christ was celebrated in it as the Creator, the great warrior who overthrew the rebel angels, the Egyptians, the Assyrians. It was eminently English; it was eminently objective. The personality of the poet does not intrude into the poems.

The second school of Christian poetry is clearly divided from its predecessor. Cynewulf was its founder and its best artist. Its subjects are drawn from the New Testament and the martyr stories and legends of the Church of Rome. It is more Latin in feeling than English. Christ is celebrated, not as the God of the Jews who destroys His foes, but as the Saviour of the world of men for whom He dies, and the Judge who is to come. The note of it is a note of sorrow on the earth, but of joy to be in heaven. In the life to come is the rapture which fills the hymns of Cynewulf. And, finally, the poetry almost ceases to be objective. The personal passion of the poet enters into every subject, and runs like a river through every poem. Even the natural description is touched with its colour.

Abraham's Battle with the Elamites.

So they rushed together. Loud were then the lances,
Savage then the slaughter-hosts. Sadly sang the wan fowl,
All her feathers dank with dew, 'midst the darting of the shafts,
Hoping for the corpses. Then the heroes hastened
In their mighty masses, and their mood was full of thought.
Hard the play was there,
Interchanging of death-darts, mickle cry of war!
Loud the clang of battle! With their hands the heroes
Drew from sheath their swords ring-hilted,
Doughty of the edges.
In the camps was clashing
Of the shields and shafts, of the shooters falling;
Brattling of the bolts of war! Underneath the breast of men
Grisly gripped the sharp-ground spears
On the foemen's life. Thickly fell they there
Where, before, with laughter, they had lifted booty.
(*Genesis*, ll. 1982–2060.)

The Approach of Pharaoh.

Then they saw
Forth and forward faring, Pharaoh's war array,
Gliding on, a grove of spears; glittering the hosts!
Fluttered there the banners, there the folk the march trod.
Onwards surged the war, strode the spears along,
Blickered the broad shields; blew aloud the trumpets.
Wheeling round in gyres, yelled the fowls of war,
Of the battle greedy; hoarsely barked the raven,
Dew upon his feathers, o'er the fallen corpses;
Swart that chooser of the slain! Sang aloud the wolves
At the eve their horrid song, hoping for the carrion.
Kindless were the beasts, cruelly they threaten;
Death did these march-warders, all the midnight through,
Howl along the hostile trail—hideous slaughter of the host.

Cynewulf.

Cynewulf, with whom the second period of Old English poetry begins, was, in the opinion of a large number of critics, a Northumbrian, but some think him to have been Mercian. It is difficult to conceive how a poet so well acquainted with the sea and the coasts of the sea should have written in Mercia. A Mercian might have been acquainted with the sea, but not impassioned by it, as Cynewulf proves he is. Moreover, the sadness of his poetry, the constant regret for vanished glory, does not suit the life in Mercia at this time, when, from 718 to 796, Æthelbald and Offa had made Mercia the greatest kingdom in England; but does suit the life in Northumbria when, from 750 to 790, that kingdom had fallen into anarchy and decay. There are other critics who place him much later than the eighth century.

We know the name of the poet, and something of his life and character. He has signed his name in runic letters to four of his poems. His riddling commentary on these runes gives personal details of parts of his life. His youth, he says, 'was

radiant.' He was sometimes attached as a Scôp to a chieftain; sometimes he played the part of a wandering singer. He had received many gifts for his singing, then fallen into need; had known the griefs of love, and lived the wild life of a young poet; so that, when looking back on his youth, he thinks of himself as stained with many sins. Then the scenery of his life changed. Some heavy misfortune fell on him, and he tells us then that his repentance was deep. In his sorrow for sin he had a vision of the Cross, and felt the blessing of forgiveness. His 'gift of song' that he had lost in his remorse and fear returned to him, and then he began to write his Christian poetry. In that poetry we read his sensitive, impassioned, self-contemplative character. He is as personal as Milton or Cowper; but, unlike Cowper, he passes from religious sorrow into religious peace, and the poems written in his old age are full of contented aspiration for the better kingdom.

The *Riddles*, it is generally understood, contain a great deal of his early work before his conversion. If they are his, they tell us that he knew some Latin and had lived in monasteries, probably as a scholar; was a lover of natural scenery, of animals and birds; was eager in the works of war, and had sung the sword, the spear, the war-shirt, and the bow; had watched with an observant eye the village and the town on the edge of the woods, the river, the mill, the loom, the gardens, the domestic animals. Moreover, he had seen and described, with a young man's joy in the tempest, the cliffs and shore white with the leaping waves, the ships labouring in the mountainous sea, the folk-halls burning in the gale, the woods ravaged by the lightning and the black rain. All this and much more is celebrated in the *Riddles*. With his love of impersonation, he personified far more than his riddle-making predecessors, Ealdhelm, Symphosius, and Tatwine, the subjects of his enigmas. When he makes the Iceberg ride like a Viking over the waves, and charge, breaking his enemies' ships, with fierce singing and laughing, to the shore, we feel that he could scarce carry further imaginative personation of natural phenomena. Yet he is so particular in observation of Nature that he devotes three separate *Riddles* to the description of three several kinds of tempest, and they are done with imaginative intensity, nor is the phrase exaggerated.

The *Riddles* are in the *Exeter Book*, in three divisions. There are ninety-five of them, but these are combined into eighty-nine. There were probably a hundred. Those written by Ealdhelm and others before Cynewulf's time were in Latin; these are in English verse, with the exception of the eighty-sixth, which is in Latin. As the name Lupus is in it, it is supposed that Cynewulf thus recorded his name.

When we meet Cynewulf again he is all changed. He has suffered sore trouble, and is overwhelmed with sorrow for sin; and we possess, mingled up with the runes of his name, his record of misery in the *Juliana*, the first, probably, of his signed poems. Here, as an example both of the fashion of his signature and of his penitence, is the passage:

> Sorrowful are wandering
> C and Y and N; for the King is wrathful,
> God of conquests giver. Then, beflecked with sins,
> E and V and U must await in fear
> What, their deeds according, God will doom to them
> For their life's reward. L and F are trembling,
> Waiting, sad with care.

The *Juliana* is in the *Exeter Book*, and Cynewulf has worked up the legend of this virgin and martyr in a series of episodes so abrupt, so full of repetition, with so awkward a hand, that it plainly suggests a beginner's work in a new method. From a wild young poet to a sad penitent, from versing of war and love and nature to versing a pious legend, are not transitions which are easily made, nor is the work done in such a transition imaginative. We may say the same of the first part of the *St Guthlac*, which he has not signed, but which we think was written in this transition period. It rests on traditions of the saint, and is a lifeless piece of writing.

In the *Crist*, which is the next signed poem, Cynewulf has passed through this transition time, and attained ease, life, and eagerness in his art; recovered his imaginative power, his passion, and his descriptive force. Here, for the first time in his Christian work, he reaches originality, his true method and fit material. The *Crist* is not the translation of a legend; it is freshly invented; and Cynewulf is always at his best when he is inventing, not imitating. The sorrow for his sinful life continues, but it is now mingled with the peace which comes of realised forgiveness. 'I have sailed on wind-swept seas,' he cries, 'over fearful surges, but now my ship is anchored in the haven to which the Spirit-Son of God has brought me home.'

The *Crist* is in the *Exeter Book*. It was scattered in fragmentary pieces through this book, but has now been brought together. It consists of three parts. The first celebrates the Nativity, the second the Ascension, the third the Day of Judgment, and the poem closes at line 1663. The series of cantatas into which the first part is set are remarkable not only for the rushing praise with which each of them ends, but also for a dramatic dialogue, almost like the dialogue in the Miracle-Plays, between a choir of men and women from Jerusalem and Mary and Joseph. It reads like a prediction of the medieval mysteries. In the second part there is a finely conceived scene, set in the vast of space, of Christ returning to His Father's home, leading all the Old Testament saints up out of Hades, and of the meeting with Him and them of the host of heaven who have poured from the gates to welcome the new-comers. The third part of the poem begins with the gathering of the angels and the

saints on Mount Zion. A noble description follows of the Angels of the four trumpets summoning the dead. Christ appears in a blazing light, and the universe melts in conflagration. Only Mount Zion remains, and the throne, and the dead, small and great, before it. Then, with its root on the mount and its top in heaven, a mighty Cross is upraised, wet with the blood of the King, but so brilliant that all shade is drowned in its crimson light. This fine conception is Cynewulf's own, and in its description, and in that of the great conflagration, the power he showed in the *Riddles* reaches its highest point. The poem ends with a picture of the saints in the perfect land.

The *Crist* was followed by the *Phœnix* and the second part of the *Guthlac*. Neither of these are signed by Cynewulf, but the majority of scholars allot them to him. The *Phœnix* is in the *Exeter Book*, and its source is a Latin poem by Lactantius. This original is left at line 380; the rest is an allegory of the Resurrection, in which not only Christ but all the souls of the just are symbolised by the rebirth of the Phœnix. The first part describes the paradisiacal land—the equivalent of the Celtic land of eternal youth—in which the Phœnix dwells, and the description is famous in Old English work. Then the enchanted life of the bird is told with all Cynewulf's love of animals, of lovely woodland places, of the glory of the sunrising and the sunset, and of sweet singing; and then the flight of the bird to the Syrian land, its burning, its resurrection, and the return to its Paradise for another thousand years. The allegory follows. It is plain from the joyousness, the exultation of this poem, and its rapturous praise, that Cynewulf had fully recovered from his spiritual misery, and was happy in faith and hope.

The second part of *Guthlac*, which Cynewulf now added, as I think, to the first part, has for its subject the death of Guthlac, and is told in the manner of the saga stories. I have conjectured that Cynewulf, who in the previous poems had avoided the heroic and mythical terms of the heathen poetry, as he would be likely to do after his conversion from a life he held in horror, now felt his religious being so firmly set that he allowed himself to recur to the poetic fashions of his youth. At any rate, in this poem and in the later poems he sings the Christian battle with death, the victory of Jesus over evil, the legends of the Church, with a full use of the old heroic strain, of the Nature-myths, and of the terms of heathen war. Guthlac stands on his hill, like a Viking, as if on Holmgang, to meet the assaults of Satan and his 'smiths of sin;' to stand against Death, that greedy warrior; and dies in triumph. A pillar of light rises from his corpse, and the heavenly host bursts into rapturous singing to welcome him. All England trembles with joy. It is an unfinished poem, but there is no better work in Old English poetry.

A fragment of a *Descent into Hell* also belongs to this poet, and is written with the same trick of dialogue and the same enthusiasm as the *Crist*, and in the same heroic manner as the *Guthlac*. This poem also is not signed.

There are two signed poems yet to be spoken of, and two unsigned, which many critics have allotted to Cynewulf. The two signed poems are the *Fates of the Apostles* and the *Elene*. The two unsigned are the *Andreas* and the *Dream of the Rood*. No discussion has gathered round the *Elene*. It is plainly Cynewulf's. A great deal of discussion has gathered round the *Dream of the Rood*. Again and again it has been claimed for Cynewulf; again and again the claim has been denied. The same may be said with regard to the *Andreas*. As to the *Fates of the Apostles*, most people think the signature makes it plainly his; but the date of its production and whether it stands alone or is an epilogue to the *Andreas* are matters still in discussion. The best thing this short treatise can do is to leave these critical matters, and to speak of the poems themselves. If the *Fates of the Apostles* be bound up with the *Andreas*, and if Cynewulf wrote the *Andreas*, it is here, after the second part of *Guthlac*, that we may best place these poems.

The *Fates of the Apostles* is in the *Vercelli Book*, and the personal passage (if it really belong to that poem) contains Cynewulf's name. The work of the apostles is told as if it were the expedition of English Æthelings against their foes. 'Thomas bore the rush of swords; Simon and Thaddeus were quick in the sword-play.' This heroic cry is equally strong in the *Andreas*; but the manner of the whole poem does not resemble the other work of Cynewulf. It has many lines which recall *Beowulf*, and the writer seems to have read that poem. If it is by an imitator of Cynewulf, the imitator was capable of as good work as Cynewulf; and he loves the grim sea-coasts and the stormy sea as much as Cynewulf. It would be pleasant to think that there were two such good men at this time writing together.

The *Andreas* is in the *Vercelli Book*, and tells from the *Acts of St Andrew and St Matthew*, of which there is a Greek manuscript at Paris, the adventures of the two apostles among the Mermedonians, a cannibal Ethiopian tribe. The apostles, the angels, even Christ Himself, are all English in speech, and the scenery is English. There is, of course, nothing English in the original. The change is a deliberate addition made by the writer. As literature, the important part of the poem is the voyage of St Andrew and his thanes with Christ and two angels, their conversation, the description of the storm, their landing on the coast. All this is done in heroic fashion; the breath of the sea fills it; the natural description is terse and observant, and the talk is imaginatively treated. We feel as if we were sailing in a merchant-boat of the eighth century between Whitby and the Tyne. Landing, Andrew delivers

Matthew, suffers three days' martyrdom, and then, after a mighty flood and tempest of fire has destroyed his foes, converts the rest, founds a church, and sails away.

There is no doubt of the authorship of the *Elene*, which Cynewulf wrote when he was 'old and ready for death in my frail tabernacle.' It is the last of the signed poems. He was now a careful artist. 'I've woven craft of words,' he says, 'culled them out, sifted night by night my thoughts.' He then recalls the story of his life while he signs his name in runes. It is the chief biographical passage in his work, and it ends with a fine description of the storm-wind hunting in the sky. The poem is in the *Vercelli Book*—1320 lines. The subject is the Finding of the True Cross by the Empress Helena. The battle of Constantine with the Huns and the voyage of Helena are the best parts of the poem. They are insertions by Cynewulf into the Latin life of Cyriacus, Bishop of Jerusalem, which (in the *Acta Sanctorum*, May 4) is the source of the poem. The battle is done with the full heroic spirit. The sea-voyage breathes of his delight in the doings of ships and of the ocean. The ancient saga-terms strengthen and animate his verse, and the poet seems to write like a young man. His metrical movement is steadier here than in the other poems. He uses almost invariably the short epic line into the usage of which English poetry had now drifted. Rhyme, also, and assonance are not infrequent. The poets, it is plain, had now formulated rules for their art. Had Northumbrian poetry lasted, it might have become as scientific as the Icelandic.

The last poem belonging to Cynewulf or his school is the *Dream of the Rood*, which is found in the *Vercelli Book*. Its authorship is unknown, but many scholars give it to Cynewulf. I believe it to be his last poem, his farewell; and that he worked it up from that early 'Lay of the Rood' written, it is supposed, by Cædmon, and a portion of which is quoted on the Ruthwell Cross. Cynewulf wished to record before he died the vision of the Cross which converted him. He found this poem of Cædmon's, and wrought it up into a description of his vision, inserting the 'long epic lines' in which it was written. Then he wrote a beginning and end of his own in his 'short epic' line. This theory—it is no more—accounts for the difficulties of the poem.

It begins by describing how he saw at the dead of night a wondrous Tree, adorned with gems, moist with blood; and how, as he looked on it, heavy-hearted with sin, it began to tell its story.

I was hewed down in the holt, and wrought into shape, and set on a hill, and the Lord of all folk hastened to mount on me, the Hero who would save the world. Nails pierced me; I was drenched with the Hero's blood, and all Creation wept around me. Then His foes and mine took Almighty God from me, and men made His grave, and sang over Him a sorrowful lay.

The old poem, thus worked up into Cynewulf's new matter, may be distinguished by its long epic lines from the newer matter, which is written in the short epic line. When the dream is finished, Cynewulf ends with a long passage so like the rest of his personal statements, so steeped in his individuality as we know it from his signed poems, so pathetic and so joyous, that it is hard to understand how the poem can be attributed to any one but Cynewulf. 'Few friends are left me now,' he says; 'they have fared away to their High Father. And I bide here, waiting till He on whose Rood I looked of old shall bring me to the happy place where the High God's folk are set at the evening meal.' And with that the poetry and the life of Cynewulf close.

The time is coming when his name will be more highly honoured among us, and his poetry better known. He had imagination; he anticipated, at a great distance, the Nature-poetry of the nineteenth century, especially the poetry of the sea; his personal poetry, full of religious passion both of penitence and joy, makes him a brother of the many poets who in England have written well of their own heart and of God in touch with it. His hymnic passages of exultant praise ought to be translated and loved by all who cherish the Divine praise which from generation to generation has been so nobly sung by English poets. The heroic passages in his poems link us to our bold heathen forefathers, and yet are written by a Christian. Their spirit is still the spirit of England. But his greatest hero was Jesus Christ. Cynewulf was, more than any other Old English poet, the man who celebrated Christ as the Healer of men, and, because He was the Healer the Hero of the New Testament.

The other remains of English poetry which we possess in the *Exeter* and *Vercelli Books*, and which were written before the revival of literature under Ælfred, belong more to the history of criticism than literature. They were written at various dates during the eighth and ninth centuries. For our purpose it will almost suffice to name the best of them. One of them is a short *Physiologus*, a description of three animals—the Panther, the Whale, and the Partridge—followed by a religious allegory based on the description. The Panther symbolises Christ, the Whale the devil. There are two didactic poems, the *Address of a Father to a Son*, and *of the Lost Soul to its Body*. There are two other poems on the *Gifts of Men* and the *Fates of Men*, the latter of which treats its subject with so much originality that it has been given to Cynewulf. Both contain passages which tell us a good deal about the arts and crafts of the English, and about various aspects of English scenery. The *Gnomic Verses*—folk proverbs and maxims, short descriptions of human life and of natural events—are in four collections, three in the *Exeter Book* and one in the *Cotton MS.* at Cambridge. Many of these are interesting.

Some have come down from heathen times; some are quotations from the poets; others tell of war, of courts, of women, of games, of domestic life. They would have interested Ælfred; and it is probable that, collected at York, they were edited in Wessex in Ælfred's time. The *Rune Song* is an alphabet of the Runes, with attached verses, such as we still make at the present day on the letters of the alphabet. There are two dialogues between *Solomon and Saturnus*, in which Christian wisdom in Solomon and the heathen wisdom of the East in Saturnus contend together in question and answer. Such dialogues became frequent in medieval literature, but changed their form. Marculf takes the place of Saturn, and represents the uneducated peasant or mechanic, whose rustic wit often gets the better of the king and the scholar. But there is no trace of this rebellion against Church and State in the English dialogues. With them we may close the poetry of the ninth century. A few years after the death of Cynewulf the Danish terror began. Literature decayed; men had not the heart to write poetry; and when, shortly after 867, the 'army' (which had already ravaged East Anglia and the greater part of Mercia) stormed York and destroyed every abbey and seat of learning from the Humber to the Forth, the poetry of Northumbria passed away. We may say that the farewell of Cynewulf in the *Dream of the Rood* was the dirge of Northumbrian song.

At the Judgment-Day.

Deep creation thunders, and before the Lord shall go
Hugest of upheaving fires o'er the far-spread earth!
Hurtles the hot flame, and the heavens burst asunder,
All the firm-set flashing planets fall out of their places.
Then the sun that erst o'er the elder world
With such brightness shone for the sons of men
Black-dark now becomes, changed to bloody hue.
And the moon alike, who to man of old
Nightly gave her light, nither tumbles down:
And the stars also shower down from heaven,
Headlong through the roaring lift, lashed by all the winds.

(From the *Crist.*)

The Bliss of Heaven.

There, is angels' song; there, enjoyment of the blest;
There, beloved Presence of the Lord Eternal,
To the blessèd brighter than the beaming of the Sun!
There is love of the beloved, life without the end of death;
Merry there man's multitude; there unmarred is youth by eld;
Glory of the hosts of Heaven, health that knows not pain;
Rest for righteous doers, rest withouten strife,
For the good and blessed! Without gloom the day,
Bright and full of blossoming; bliss that 's sorrowless;
Peace all friends between, ever without enmity;
Love that envieth not, in the union of the saints,
For the happy ones of Heaven! Hunger is not there nor thirst,
Sleep nor heavy sickness, nor the scorching of the Sun;
Neither cold nor care; but the happy company,
Sheenest of all hosts, shall enjoy for aye
Grace of God their King, glory with their Lord.

(From the *Crist.*)

St Guthlac dies and is received into Heaven.

Then out-streamed a Light
Brightest that of beaming pillars! All that Beacon fair,
All that heavenly glow round the holy home,
Was up-reared on high, even to the roof of Heaven,
From the field of earth, like a fiery tower,
Seen beneath the sky's expanse, sheenier than the sun,
Glory of the glorious stars! Hosts of angels sang
Loud the lay of Victory! In the lift the ringing sound
Now was heard the heaven under, raptures of the Holy Ones!
So the blessed Burgstead was with blisses filled,
With the sweetest scents, and with skiey wonders,
With the angels' singing, to its innermost recesses;
Heirship of the Holy One!
More onelike it was,
And more winsome there, than in world of ours
Any speech may say; how the sound and odour,
How the clang celestial, and the saintly song
Heard in Heaven were—high-triumphant praise of God,
Rapture following rapture.
All our island trembled,
All its Field-floor shook.

(From the *Guthlac.*)

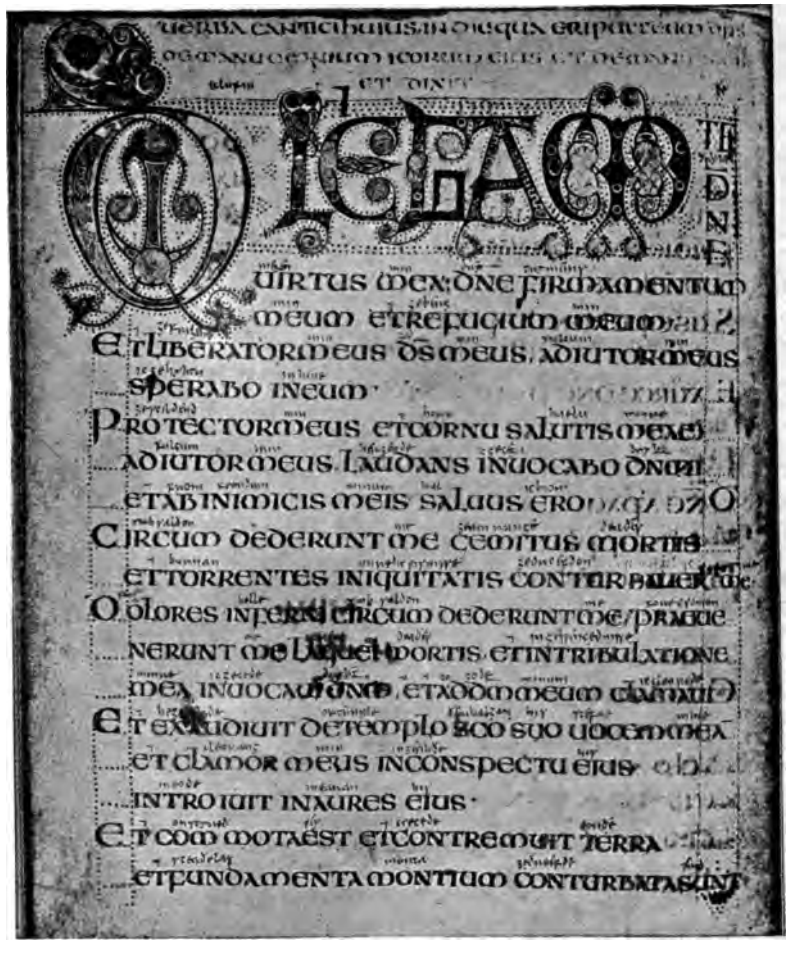
Latin Writers before Ælfred.

When Augustine landed in Thanet in 597 and made Canterbury the first Christian town, he brought with him, to add to the development of English literature, the power, the wisdom, the amalgamating force, and the long traditions of Rome. But at first, though the Roman missionaries influenced the English thought, they did not use the English language. All that they wrote they wrote in Latin. The Celtic Church encouraged the English to shape their thought and feeling in their own tongue; the Roman Church discouraged this; and the south of England, where Rome was supreme as a teacher, did not till the days of Ælfred produce any important literature in English.

The Latin literature of the south began with Theodore of Tarsus, who was made Archbishop of Canterbury in 669. Benedict Biscop, a Northumbrian scholar, came with him from Rome; and Benedict, going to his home, was the proper founder of Latin literature in Northumbria. Hadrian, Theodore's deacon, joined in 671, and with his help Theodore set on foot the school of Canterbury, which soon became the centre of southern learning. Wessex and Kent now produced their own scholars, and their bishops were men who loved and nourished education. Daniel of Winchester was a wise assistant of Bæda; but the man who best represents the knowledge and literature of the south was Ealdhelm, who, educated by Mailduf, an Irishman, and also at Canterbury, became Abbot of Malmesbury and Bishop of Sherborne. He may have helped to compile the *Laws* of Ine,

of Wessex, and he made some English but his chief work was in Latin, and it e Latin of a scholar who knew the Roman s. He wrote Latin with ease, and trans- nto hexameters the of his prose trea- *e laudibus Virgini-* His Latin Riddles) Aldfrith of Nor- ria were used by ulf. His corre- ence was extensive, ie letters to Eng- id Welsh kings, to teries abroad, are iourable to him as ers to the abbesses uns, who in those ad learnt Latin, are ing, gay, and tender. yle is swollen, fan- and self-pleased, ie goodness and of the man shine h it. He was the he Wessex scholars t this time did any y work.

ity and intelligence ssex were more em- in organisation of iurch and in mis- y enterprise than in g. Theodore brought iole Christianity of id into unity. Wini- or Boniface, who it Central Germany obedience to the See; Willibald, our first pilgrims to ne; Lullus, Arch- of Mainz, who has left us a correspondence which proves his influence over the growth of Christianity and learning in England and Europe, were all West Saxons. But



Reduced facsimile of MS. now in the British Museum (Cotton MSS.), formerly belonging to the monastery of St Augustine at Canterbury, and written about the year 700 A.D. It is part of the 17th Psalm (in the English version the 18th, vv. 1–7), from the Latin of St Jerome's earlier version. The interlinear English (or Anglo-Saxon) gloss has been added at the end of the tenth or beginning of the eleventh century. Transcriptions of both are given below.[1]

rba cantici huius . in die qua eripuit eum d*omi*nus
de manu omnium [inim]icorum eius et de manu Saul
et dixit

legam te d*omi*ne
uirtus mea ; d*omi*ne firmamentum
meum et refugium meum
liberator meus d*eu*s meus adiutor meus
sperabo in eum.
otector meus et cornu salutis meae
adiutor meus laudans inuocabo d*omi*n*u*m
et ab inimicis meis saluus ero
rcumdederunt me gemitus mortis
et torrentes iniquitatis conturbauerunt me
lores inferni circumdederunt me, praeue-
nerunt me laquei mortis, et in tribulatione
mea inuocaui d*omi*n*u*m et ad d*eu*m meum clamau*i*
exaudiuit de templo *sancto* suo uocem mea*m*
et clamor meus in conspectu eius
introiuit in aures eius
commota est et contremuit terra
et fundamenta montium conturbata sunt

In the Latin transcription, given line for line, the italics represent letters not written in the MS. The continuous gloss written above and between the Latin lines (from *Dilegam*—so spelt in the MS.—on) runs thus (*and* being the symbol 7):

ic lufiu the drihten
megen min dryhten trymenis
min *and* geberg min
and gefrigend min god min fultum min
ic gehyhtu in hine
gescildend min *and* horn haelu minre
fultum min hergende ic gecegu dryhten
and from feondum minum hal ic biom
ymbsaldon me geanrunge deathes
and burnan unrehtwisnisse gedroefdon me
sar helle ymbsaldon me forecwomon
me gerene deathes *and* in geswencednisse
minre ic gecede dryhten and to gode minum ic cleopede
and he geherde of temple thæm halgan his steine mine
and cleopung min in gesihthe his
ineode in earan his
and onstyred wes and cwecede eorthe
and steathelas munta gedroefde sind

after the middle of the eighth century active literary life died in Wessex, and when Ælfred came to the throne in 871, there was not a single priest left who could understand their service books or put them into English.

The history of Latin literature in the Mid-England kingdom of Mercia is even of less importance than it is in Wessex. Under Æthelbald the country seems to have won a reputation for learning; and Ecgwin, Bishop of Worcester, is said to be our first autobiographer. The Life of St Guthlac, written by Felix of Crowland for an East Anglian king, in outpuffing Latin, is the only work we know of. But Æthelbald and his successor Offa were munificent to monasteries; and the school at Worcester was the last refuge of learning, when its cause was lost all over England in the ninth century.

The career of Latin literature in Northumbria was more continuous and more important than it was in Wessex or Mercia. The names of many of its scholars were known over the world, and are famous to this day. Northumbrian scholarship founded a great school, almost a university, at York, from which flowed the learning which, received and cherished by Charles the Great, produced an early Renaissance in Europe. The story of its rise and its fall belongs to York. The story of its growth and development belongs to Wearmouth and Jarrow.

Christianity reached York in the year 627, when Paullinus baptised Eadwine. But after Eadwine's death Northumbria relapsed into heathenism, Paullinus fled, and Latin literature was stifled in its birth. Literature and religion again took fresh life under Oswald in 634, but they were now in Celtic, not in Roman hands. The monasteries set up were ruled by Celtic monks from Iona; the bishops came from the same place; the kings and princes of the Northumbrian house were, for the most part, educated at Iona, spoke Irish, and knew the poetry and learning of Ireland. And the Irish, accustomed to praise God and their heroes and saints in their own tongue, encouraged the Northumbrians to write in their own tongue. The first literature of Northumbria was in English.

Rome was naturally unsatisfied with this predominance of the Celtic Church; Northumbria must be drawn into the Latin fold; and Theodore, Wilfrid, and others, with Prince Alchfrith, fought their battle so well that in 664, at the Synod of Whitby, Northumbria joined the Latin Church. And now, though the Celtic influence lasted for many years, Latin learning, which had begun in Ripon and Hexham, took deep root in the north. Benedict Biscop, who had been at Rome with Theodore, built in 674 the monastery of St Peter at Wearmouth, and in 682 the sister house at Jarrow. He and the large libraries he collected for these abbeys were the real foundation of the Latin literature and learning of the north. Scholars and writers soon began to multiply. Wilfrid's biography—the first written in England—was done by his friend Eddius Stephanus about 709. The Life of St Cuthbert was written at Lindisfarne. Wilfrid's closest friend, Acca, Bishop of Hexham, increased the library which John of Beverley had ministered to. These are the chief names of the early Latin writers of the north.

But the learning was scattered. It was gathered together and generalised by **Bæda** of Jarrow. He is the master of the time, and his books became not only the sources of English, but of European learning. To this day his name is revered; he is still called the 'Venerable Bede;' all the science, rhetoric, grammar, theology, and historical knowledge of the past which he could attain he absorbed, edited, and published. He increased in his *Homilies* and *Commentaries* the religious literature of the world; he made delightful biographies, and he wrote the *Ecclesiastical History of the English Nation* with skill and charm. It is our best authority. His first books, on the scientific studies of the time, were written between 700 and 703. They were followed by a primer of the history of the world—*De sex ætatibus Sæculi*, 707; by the *Commentaries* on almost all the books of the Old and New Testaments, and these range over many years after 709; by the *Lives of Cuthbert and the Abbots of Wearmouth and Jarrow*, 716–20; and by the *De Temporum ratione* in 726. The *Ecclesiastical History* was finished in 731, and his last work, the *Letter to Egbert*, was done in the year of his death, 735. These thirty-five years were thus filled with that learning and teaching and writing in which he had always great delight; and the little cell at Jarrow, whence he rarely stirred, was continually visited by men of many businesses and of all ranks in life. He kept in touch with all the monasteries of England, and with many in Europe. Even so far away as Rome he had scholars who worked for him among the archives. His greatest book is the *Ecclesiastical History*. He took so much pains to make it accurate, and to write nothing without consulting original and contemporary authorities, that the modern historical school claim him as their own. He shows in the book that power of choice and rejection of material so necessary for a historian; and, what chiefly concerns us here, he filled it with a literary charm and beauty of statement when the subject permitted this self-indulgence. It is here that his personality most appears; that we feel his happy, gentle, loving, and simple nature. His character adorns his style. The stories which embellish the book have a unique clearness and grace, a vivid grasp of character, a human tenderness, which makes us feel at times as if we were present with him in his room at Jarrow and listening to his charitable voice. Cuthbert, one of his pupils, gives an account of his fair death in his cell among his books; and it is pleasant to think that the last work on which he was engaged on the day of his

departure was a translation into English of the Gospel of St John, and that almost his last speech was the making of a few English verses, for, indeed, he was learned in English songs. (There is a translation from Bæda's *History* at page 169.)

The seat of learning at Bæda's death was transferred from Jarrow to York, where Ecgberht, Bæda's pupil, became an archbishop. The school he established at York may almost be termed a university. The education given was in all the branches of learning then known, in Ethica, Physica, and Logica. The library was the largest and the best outside of Rome, and was more useful than that at Rome. The arts were not neglected. The Latin Fathers; the Roman poets, grammarians, orators; the *Natural History* of Pliny, some of the Greek Fathers, and the Scriptures, were studied by a host of scholars from Ireland, Italy, Gaul, Germany, and England. When Ecgberht died Ælberht succeeded him, and with Alcuin's help increased the library and developed the education given in the schools. In 770 York and its library and schools was the centre of European learning. Ælberht's greatest friend was Alcuin (Eng. Ealhwine), the finest scholar York produced, and the last. His classical was as good as his patristic learning. His style has earned him the name of the Erasmus of his century. He loved Virgil so well that pious persons reproached him for it. His reputation came to the ears of Charles the Great, who was then starting the education of his kingdoms; and Alcuin, who had met Charles at Pavia about 780, and again at Parma in 781, left England—though he revisited it in 790–92—to remain on the Continent till his death in the abbey of St Martin of Tours in 804. He left many books behind him—learned, theological, and virtuous. Of his Latin poems, that dedicated to the history of the great men of the school of York is the best. The *Letters*—more than three hundred—which he wrote to Charles and to most of the important personages in England and Europe, have the best right to the name of literature, and prove how wide was his influence, and how useful his work to the centuries that followed. He brought all the scholarship of England to the empire of the greatest man in Europe, whose power sent it far and wide. And he did this at the very time when its doom had begun to fall upon it in England. Alcuin himself heard of the ravaging of Lindisfarne by the Vikings in 793, and of the attack in the following year on Wearmouth, and cried out with pity and sorrow. The years that followed were years of decay. Northumbria was the prey of anarchy from 780 to 798. The six years of quiet that followed were years in which the school of York, weakened by Alcuin's absence, sickened and failed. In 827 Ecgberht of Wessex put an end to the separate kingdom of Northumbria. In 867 the Danish 'army' invaded the north, conquered York, settled there, and destroyed every abbey, both in Deira and Bernicia. Bishoprics, libraries, schools were all swept away. A little learning may have crept on in York, for the town was not destroyed, and it again flourished under Danish rule. Only one poor school of learning remained in that part of Mercia which was finally saved by Ælfred from the Danes. Worcester was the last refuge of the faded learning of Northumbria; and when Ælfred began the revival of education in England, collected the old poetry, attempted to restore monastic leisure and scholarship, and himself, having learnt Latin, originated English prose by the translation of Latin books, it was from Worcester that he fetched the only Englishmen who could help him in his work.

Ælfred.

Ælfred, whose character was even greater than his renown as warrior, ruler, and lawgiver, was also a king in English literature. With him, at Winchester, began the prose-writing of England. His books were chiefly translations, but they were interspersed with original work which reveals to us his way of thinking, the temper of his soul, the interests of his searching intelligence, and his passion for teaching his people all that could then be known of England, of the history of the world, of religion, and of the Divine Nature. They appealed to the clergy, to the people, to scholars, to the warriors and sailors of England. Their aim was the education of his countrymen.

Born at Wantage in 849, he was the youngest son of Æthelwulf, and the grandson of the great Ecgberht. Rome, whither he went at the age of four years, and then again when he was six years old, made its deep impression on him. He stayed on his return at the court of Charles the Bald, and heard, no doubt, of the education which Charles the Great had given to the empire, for when he undertook a similar task in England he followed the methods and the practice of the emperor. When he arrived in England he sought for teachers, but found none. When he was twenty years old he heard with indignant sorrow of the destruction of all learning in England by the Danes; and the lover of learning as well as the patriot was whetted into wrath when, on the height of Ashdown, he and his brother Æthelred drove the Danes down the hill with a pitiless slaughter. Not long after this battle he became King of Wessex in 871. The work by which he made his kingdom belongs to history. It was only in 887 that he began his literary labour in a parenthesis of quiet. But he had made preparations for it beforehand. He had collected round him whatever scholars were left in England. They were few,—Werfrith, Bishop of Worcester; Denewulf, of the same town; Plegmund, Æthelstan, and Werwulf, all three from Mercia. With these he exhausted England. Then he sent to Flanders for Grimbald, whom he made Abbot of Winchester; and to Corvëi in Westphalia for John the Old Saxon, whom he placed over his monastic house at Athelney. But his

closest comrade in this work was Asser of St David's, whom he induced to stay with him for six months in the year, who taught him Latin, and whose Latin Life of the king is, with all its interpolations and errors, our best authority. The first thing they did together was Ælfred's *Hand-book*. When Asser quoted or Ælfred read out of the Bible or the Fathers any passage which interested the king, it was written down and translated into English in the note-book which the king kept in his breast. It was a book, then, of religious extracts, with here and there an illustration or a remark of Ælfred's added in his own words. This *Hand-book*, begun in November 887, was set forth for the use of the people in English in 888. The loss of it is a great misfortune.

The collection of the laws of Æthelberht, Ine, and Offa, with laws of his own, into a *Law-book* was the next work Ælfred undertook, and it was probably completed in 888. But the work of collection had most likely been begun in 885 or 886, for William of Malmesbury says that it was composed amid the noise of arms and the braying of the trumpets—that is, during the short struggle with the Danes in 885–86, when Ælfred secured London for his kingdom. The book was then in hand for more than two years. By this time he was acquainted with Latin, and as the clergy were the teachers of the people, the first book he translated was for their benefit. It was the *Cura Pastoralis*, the Herdsman's Book, of Gregory the Great, a manual of the duties of the clergy, the description of the ideal of a Christian priest; and a copy was sent 'to every bishop's seat in my kingdom,' probably in the year 890. The book is the book of a beginner in translation. It is more close to its author than the other translations. Several paragraphs in the Preface seem to speak of the work as the first translation he issued. No long original matter is inserted; but the well-known *Preface* is from Ælfred's own hand, and it is the beginning of English prose literature. It breathes throughout of the king's character. It sketches the state of learning in England when he came to the throne, and we realise from it how much he did for literature, and the difficulties with which he had to contend. Its style is curiously simple and fresh, and it succeeds in its patriotic effort to be clear. It is plain here, as in his other writings, that Ælfred said to himself, 'I will try to make the most ignorant understand me.'

So many translations of this *Preface* have been published that it does not seem necessary to insert any quotation from it, but at the end Ælfred has added some verses of his own, and their simplicity, their faint imaginative note, their personal and tender religious feeling, their being perhaps the first verses that he wrote, induce me to paraphrase them:

These are the waters which the God of hosts promised for our comfort to us dwellers on the earth, and His will is that these ever-living waters should flow into all the world from all who truly believe in Him; and their well-spring is the Holy Ghost. Some shut up this stream of wisdom in their mind so that it flows not everywhere in vain, but the well abides in the breast of the man, deep and still. Some let it run away in rills over the land, and it is not wise that such bright waters should, noisy and shallow, flow over the land till it becomes a fen. But now draw near to drink it, for Gregory has brought to your doors the well of the Lord. Whoever have brought a water-tight pitcher, let him fill it now, and let him come soon again. Whoever have a leaky pitcher, let him mend it, lest he spill the sheenest of waters and lose the drink of life.

The second book Ælfred translated was Bæda's *Ecclesiastical History of the English*, 890–91. It was done not only to instruct the clergy in the history of their Church, but also the people in the history of their own land. It omits several chapters of the original, and the king adds nothing of his own. We may wonder why he gave no particular account in it of the history of Church and State in Wessex, but this curious omission may be explained by the fact that in 891 he had begun to work up the *English Chronicle* into a national history, and did not care to write two accounts of the same matter.

A certain portion of the *Chronicle* already existed. This was probably made by Bishop Swithun of Winchester shortly after the death of Æthelwulf, and runs up to the year 855. It took the meagre annals made at Winchester as its basis, filled them from tradition back to Hengest, and then told at some length the wars and death of Æthelwulf. Ælfred, finding this account, caused it to be carefully investigated and written up to date, with a full history of his wars with the Danes. The style of this history is of the same kind throughout, and it is more than probable that it was the work of his own hand. Condensed, bold, rough, and accurate, it is a fine beginning of the historical prose of England. This is the manuscript of the Annals of Winchester, presented by Archbishop Parker to the library of Corpus Christi at Cambridge, and the copy is in one handwriting.

The next book the king translated, about 891–93, was the *History of the World* by Orosius. That history was written in 418 at the suggestion of St Augustine. It was the standard historical authority during the Middle Ages, and Ælfred edited it to teach his people all that was known of the world beyond England. He left out what he thought needless for them to know, and he filled it up from his own knowledge with matters of interest to Englishmen and with comments of his own. Among these was a full account of the geography of Germany, and of the countries where the English tongue had been spoken of old. To this he added the personal tales of two voyagers, Ohthere and Wulfstan, who had sailed along the coasts of Norway and the German shores of the Baltic. Ohthere had made two voyages, one northward as far as the mouth of the

Dwina where it poured into the White Sea, the other down the eastern coast of Denmark till he saw the Baltic running upwards into the land; and the king adds, 'He had gone by the lands where the Engle dwelt before they came hither.' Wulfstan, starting from Haithaby, the capital of the old Engle-land, went for seven days and nights along the German coast till he reached the Vistula. These journeys the king, sitting in his chamber in the royal house, wrote down, probably from the dictation of the mariners. It is a pleasant scene to look upon. The style of this writing is, as usual, concise, simple, and straightforward, with a touch of personal pleasure in it.

These translations were the work of about five years, from 888 to 893. In the latter year he was interrupted by the invasion of the Viking Hasting and the rising of the Danelaw. This was the last effort of the Danes against him, and in 897 he had completely crushed it by the capture of the Danish fleet. From that date till his death in 901 he had the stillness he loved, and he returned to his literary work. The book he now undertook to translate (897–98) was the *De Consolatione Philosophiæ*, which Boethius had written in prison to comfort his heart. It is a dialogue between him and Philosophy, who consoles him for trouble by proving that the only lasting happiness is in the soul. The wise and virtuous man is master of all things. The book is the final utterance of heathen Stoicism, but was so near to the conclusions of Christianity that the Middle Ages believed the writer to be a Christian; and his book was translated into the leading languages of Europe. Its serious, sorrowful, but noble argument suited well with the circumstances of Ælfred's life and with his spiritual character. He added to Boethius long passages of his own; and the fifth book is nearly altogether rewritten by the king. He filled the Stoic's thought with his own profound Christianity, with solemn passages on the Divine Nature and its relation to man's will and fate, with aspiring hopes and prayers. Many inserted paragraphs have to do with his own life, with the government of his kingdom, with his thoughts and feelings as a king, with his scorn of wealth and fame and power in comparison with goodness. He stands in its pages before us, a noble figure, troubled, but conqueror of his trouble; master of himself; a lover of God and his people, dying, but with a certain hope of immortal peace.

Whether he or another translated into English verse the *Metra* with which Boethius interspersed his prose is not as yet settled by the critics. If we believe the short poetical prologue to the oldest of the manuscripts, the English version of the *Metra* in poetry is the work of the king, and it would illustrate his intellectual activity if we could be sure he translated them into verse. But we do not know. Nor do we know for certain what else he did before his death. It is more or less agreed that he made a translation which we possess of the *Soliloquia* of St Augustine, and the Preface to this book by the writer is a pathetic farewell to his work as a translator, and a call to others to follow his example for the sake of England. Its parabolic form makes it especially interesting. A letter of St Augustine's, *De Videndo Deo*, is added to the Dialogue between St Augustine and his Reason. The English translation of the whole is divided into three dialogues, and the first two are called a 'Collection of Flowers.' The third dialogue closes with 'Here end the sayings of King Ælfred,' and the date is probably 900.

His last work—and it fits his dying hand—was a translation of the Psalms of David. It is supposed, but very doubtfully, that we have in the first fifty psalms of the *Paris Psalter* this work of Ælfred's. He did not live to finish it. In 901 this noble king, the 'Truth-teller,' 'England's Darling,' 'the unshakable pillar of the West Saxons, full of justice, bold in arms, and filled with the knowledge that flows from God,' passed away, and was laid to rest at Winchester.

Only two books not done by himself were, as far as we know, set forth in his reign. One was the *Dialogues of Gregory*, translated, by Ælfred's request, by Werfrith, Bishop of Worcester. Ælfred wrote the Preface, and it breathes throughout of his kingly character. The other was the *Book of Martyrs*, a year's calendar of those who had witnessed to the Faith. It does not follow that no other books but these were written during his reign in English, but it is probable that Ælfred stood almost alone as an English writer. Asser's Life of the king was in Latin. On the whole Ælfred's efforts to make a literary class, even the schools he established for that purpose, were a failure. It was not till nearly a hundred years after him that the work he did for English bore fruit in the revival of English prose by Ælfric.

Ælfred was not a literary artist, but he had the spirit of a scholar. His desire for knowledge was insatiable. His love of the best was impassioned. It is a pity Asser did not bring him into contact with Virgil and the rest of the great Romans. But England had the first claim on him, and he collected with eagerness the English poems and songs. He translated from Bæda his country's history; he himself shaped a national history; he collected and arranged the English laws of his predecessors, and he added new laws of his own and his Witan's. He taught his people the history of other lands. He had as great an eagerness to teach as to learn. He was not only the warrior, the law-giver, the ruler, but the minister of education. And the style in which he did his work reveals the simple, gracious, humble, loving character of the man. It is steeped in his natural personality, and it charms through that more than through any literary ability. It is always clear; its aim is to be useful to his people; and it gains a certain weight and dignity from his long experience in public affairs, in war

and policy. The impression he has made on England is indelible, and his spirit has not ceased to move among us.

Ælfred and the Work of a King.

Reason! indeed thou knowest that neither greed nor the power of this earthly kingdom was ever very pleasing to me, neither yearned I at all exceedingly after this earthly kingdom. But yet indeed I wished for material for the work which it was bidden me to do, so that I might guide and order with honour and fitness the power with which I was trusted. Indeed thou knowest that no man can show forth any craft; can order, or guide any power, without tools or material—material, that is, for each craft, without which a man cannot work at that craft. This is then the material of a king and his tools, wherewith to rule—That he have his land fully manned, that he have prayer-men, and army-men, and workmen. Indeed thou knowest that without these tools no king can show forth his craft. This also is his material—That he have, with the tools, means of living for the three classes—land to dwell upon, and gifts, and weapons, and meat, and ale, and clothes, and what else the three classes need. . . .

And this is the reason I wished for material wherewith to order (my) power, in order that my skill and power should not be forgotten and hidden away, for every work and every power shall soon grow very old and be passed over silently, if it be without wisdom; because whatsoever is done through foolishness no one can ever call work. Now would I say briefly that I have wished to live worthily while I lived, and after my life to leave to men who should come after me my memory in good deeds.

(From the *De Consolatione Philosophiæ*.)

Ælfred's Preface to the 'De Consolatione.'

King Ælfred was the translator of this book, and turned it from Latin into English as it is now done. Sometimes he set down word for word, sometimes meaning for meaning, as he could translate most plainly and clearly in spite of the various and manifold worldly cares which often occupied him in mind and body. These cares, which in his days came on the kingship he had undertaken, are very hard for us to number. And yet, when he had learned this book and turned it from Latin into the English tongue, he then wrought it afterwards into verse, as it is now done. And now he begs, and for God's sake prays every one whom it may please to read the book, that he pray for him, and that he blame him not if he understood it more rightly than he (the king) could. For every one, according to the measure of his understanding and leisure, must speak what he speaketh and do what he doeth.

Ælfred's Prayer.

Lord God Almighty, shaper and ruler of all creatures, I pray Thee for Thy great mercy, and for the token of the holy rood, and for the maidenhood of St Mary, and for the obedience of St Michael, and for all the love of Thy holy saints and their worthiness, that Thou guide me better than I have done towards Thee. And guide me to Thy will to the need of my soul better than I can myself. And stedfast my mind towards Thy will and to my soul's need. And strengthen me against the temptations of the devil, and put far from me foul lust and every unrighteousness. And shield me against my foes, seen and unseen. And teach me to do Thy will, that I may inwardly love Thee before all things with a clean mind and clean body. For Thou art my maker and my redeemer, my help, my comfort, my trust, and my hope. Praise and glory be to Thee now, ever and ever, world without end. Amen.

(*De Cons.*, Bk. v.)

Poetry from Ælfred to the Conquest.

During the reign of Ælfred poetry was not altogether neglected in Wessex. It is more than probable that it was at the king's instance that the poetry of Northumbria was collected and translated into the dialect of Wessex, in which dialect we now possess it. Among the rest we may surely count the lost poems of Cædmon of which Ælfred had read when he translated the *Ecclesiastical History*. Then also, *Genesis A*, whether by Cædmon or not, now appeared in West Saxon. Now, there was a great gap in the manuscript after the line 234, and some copyist of the poem inserted, in order to fill up the space, lines 235–851, out of an Old Saxon poem (it is supposed) which had been translated into West Saxon. It is thought from certain similarities in diction, manner, and rhythm that this Old Saxon poem (some lines of which, identical with corresponding lines in the West Saxon insertion, have been lately discovered) was written by the writer of the *Heliand* or by some imitator of his in Old Saxony. At any rate this poem was brought to England, translated, and a portion of it, relating to the Fall of Man, was used to fill up the gap in *Genesis A*. We call this portion *Genesis B*, and it differs from the earlier *Genesis* not only in manner, metre, and language, but in sentiment and thought.

It opens with the fall of the rebel angels already told in *Genesis A*. Lucifer, 'beauteous in body, mighty of mind,' seems to himself to be equal with God, and his pride is injured by the creation of man. And the fierce soliloquy into which his insolent Teutonic individuality outbreaks is one of the finest passages in Anglo-Saxon poetry. He is flung into hell, and hafted down by bars across his neck and breast in the centre of that abyss of pain—swart, deep-valleyed, swept at morn by north-east wind and frost, and then by leaping flame and bitter smoke. 'Oh, how unlike,' he cries, 'this narrow stead to that home in heaven's high kingdom which of old I knew! Adam holds my seat; this is my greatest sorrow! But could I break forth for one short winter hour with all my host—but God knew my heart, and forged these gratings of hard steel, else an evil work would be between man and me. Oh, shall we not have vengeance! Help me, my thanes; fly to earth; make Adam and Eve break God's bidding; bring them down to hell; then I shall softly rest in my chains.' One of his thanes springs up, and beating the fire aside, finds Adam at last and Eve standing beside the two trees in Eden. The temptation

follows, and it is subtly borne. Adam rejects it; Eve yields, and after a whole day persuades Adam to eat the fruit. Then the scornful fiend breaks into a wild cry of satisfied vengeance. 'My heart is enlarged. I have never bowed the knee to God. O Thou, my Lord, who liest in sorrow, rejoice now, laugh, and be blithe; our harms are well avenged.'

Adam and Eve are left conscious of their fall. Their love is not shattered; there is no mutual reproach. Eve's tenderness is as deep as Adam's repentance, and they fall to prayer. This is the close of *Genesis B*. It is full of Teutonic feeling. The fierce individuality; the indignant pride; the fury for vengeance, the joy of its accomplishment; the close comradeship between the lord and his thanes; the tenderness and devotion of the woman; the reverence of the man for the woman; the intensity of the repentance—may all be matched from the Icelandic sagas, and they prove that the spirit which afterwards made those sagas was alive in England in the ninth and tenth centuries.

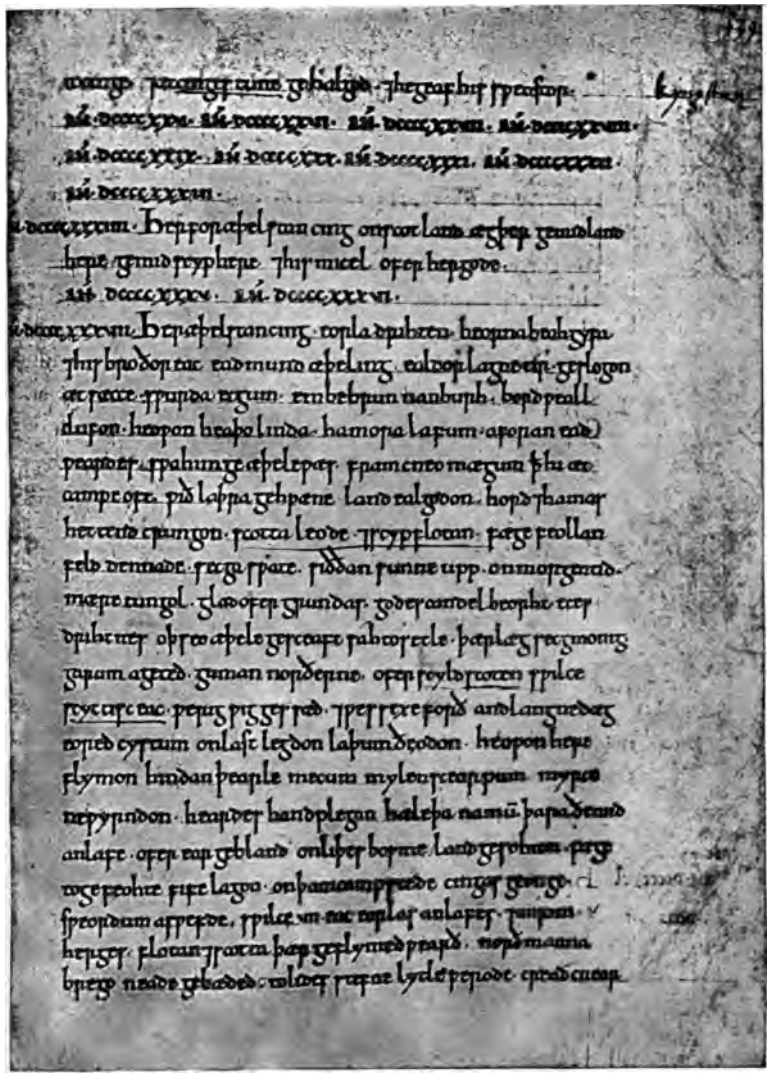
The second part of the poems which pass under the name of Cædmon, and which had the name of *Christ and Satan*, are now allotted by the majority of critics to the tenth century, and, presumably, to Wessex. Their simple, direct, and passionate elements, their imaginative grasp of their subjects, seem more Northumbrian than West Saxon, and this is not an impossible opinion. They are now divided into three poems or fragments of poems, the first of which is called the *Fallen Angels*, the second the *Harrowing of Hell*, and the third the *Temptation*. The character of Satan in them differs greatly from that in *Genesis A* or *B*, and so does the description of hell. The bond of comradeship between his thanes and Satan has perished, but not that between Christ and His thanes. Satan, in an agony of longing for heaven, repents, but no mercy is given to him. Dialogue enlivens the poems, and their exultant bursts of religious praise recall the spirit of Cynewulf. The personages are drawn with much humanity. The descriptions are vivid and imaginative. We see Satan wandering and wailing in his misty hall, the weltering sea of fire outside, the cliffs and burning marl of hell, the fiends flying before Christ when He comes to break down the gates. We watch the good spirits in Hades lifting themselves, leaning on their hands when He came; their ascent with Him to the feast in the heavenly burg, and the fall of Satan from the Mount of Temptation through a hundred thousand miles to the abyss of hell.

These are the last religious poems before the Conquest which show any traces of imaginative or original power. The rest of which we know seem to be the dry and lifeless productions of monks in the cloisters, and are nothing better than alliterative prose. There are a crowd of versions of the Creed, the Lord's Prayer, and the Canticles. The *Last Judgment*, a poem from which Wulfstan quotes in a homily of 1010; a saints' calendar entitled the *Menologium*, a metrical translation of fifty psalms, scattered through a service book; the translation of the *Metra* of Boethius, if Ælfred did not do it; a poem advising a gray-haired warrior to a Christian life, and another urging its readers to prayer, almost exhaust the religious poetry of the tenth and eleventh centuries before the Conquest. With the exception of a few lines describing in the *Menologium* the coming of summer, they are totally devoid of any literary value. Religious poetry had died.

But this was not the case with secular poetry. Ballads and war-songs on any striking story of the lives of kings or chiefs, dirges at their deaths, were made all over England. The old sagas were put into new forms; the country families and the villages had their traditionary songs. None of these are left with the exception of the *Battle of Brunanburh* and the *Battle of Maldon*, and a few fragments inserted in the *Chronicle*. A few prose records, also, in the *Chronicle* are supposed to be taken from songs current at the time. Moreover, it is plain from the statements of Henry of Huntingdon and William of Malmesbury that they used ballads of this time in their histories. Moreover, the old sagas were sung by wandering minstrels at every village fair, in the halls of the burgs, in the tents and round the bivouacs of the soldiers; and the chieftain's bard, after every deed of war, sang the doings and the deaths of the warriors when the feast was set at night. There may have been other poems of a more thoughtful character, like the *Rhyme-Poem* in the *Exeter Book*, which belongs to the tenth century. It is the only poem in the English tongue which is written in the Scandinavian form called *Runhenda*, in which the last word of the first half of the verse is rhymed, in addition to the usual alliteration, with the last word of the second half. This form was used by Egill Skallagrimsson, the Icelandic skald, in the poem by which he saved his life from Erik Blood-Axe in 938. Egill was twice in England, and was a favourite of King Æthelstan. It is supposed that he made known this form of poetry to the writer of the *Rhyme-Song*, and this supposition is the origin of the date assigned to it—940–50. It is worth little in itself, and its subject is one common to English song—the contrast between a rich and joyous past and a wretched present.

It is pleasant to turn from it to the noble songs of **Brunanburh** and Maldon. At Brunanburh, in the year 937, England, under Æthelstan, Ælfred's grandson, vindicated her short-lived unity against the Danes, the Welsh, and the Scots, under Anlaf the Dane and Constantinus the king of the Scots. The song, recast by Tennyson, is no unworthy beginning of the war-poetry of England. Its patriotism is as haughty as that of the 'Fight at Agincourt,' the 'Battle of the Baltic,' and the

'Charge of the Light Brigade.' It resembles them, also, in its rough and clanging lines, in its singing and abrupt stanzas. Its English style is excellent, and it has the old heathen ring. It gives us a high idea of the value of the lost battle-songs of Old England.



Reduced facsimile of a page of the *Anglo-Saxon Chronicle* in a hand of about 1245; *and*, as before, being represented by the symbol 7. We give below[1] a line-for-line transcription, printing *th* both for ð and for þ, with the translation.

The **Fight at Maldon** is of a different character. It is not so much of a composition. It reads as if it were written by an eye-witness. It uses the heroic terms; the warriors challenge one another as they do in the sagas, as they have done since the days of Homer. The tie that knitted chief to thane and thane to chief is as keenly dwelt on as it is in *Genesis* and in *Beowulf*. The rude cries of defiance are like those in the *Fight at Finnsburg*. The charge of cowardice, of faithlessness to their oath of service, which is made against those who flee the fight might have been written by one who had read the similar passage in *Beowulf*. The boasting and praise of those who died defending their lord might also be drawn from *Beowulf*. It is clear that this poem, written at the end of the tenth century—in 991—is as frankly heroic as any heathen poem. The old spirit lived on in the songs of war.

The battle is fought on the east of England, in the estuary of an Essex river. A roving Viking band, sailing up the river Panta, land on the spit of ground that divides the stream into two branches. On the northern shore lay Maldon, and Earl

1 to cinge . *and* æt cinges tune gehalgod . *and* he geaf his sweostor .
Ann*o* . dcccxxv . Ann*o* . dcccxxvi . Ann*o* . dcccxxvii . Ann*o* . dcccxxviii . Ann*o* . dcccxxix . Ann*o* . dcccxxx . Ann*o* . dcccxxxi . Ann*o* . dcccxxxii . Ann*o* . dcccxxxiii .

Ann*o* . dcccxxxiiii . Her for æthelstan cing on scotland ægther ge mid land here ge mid scỳphere *and* his micel oferhergode .
Ann*o* . dcccxxxv . Ann*o* . dcccxxxvi .

Ann*o* . dcccxxxvii . Her æthelstan cing . eorla drihten . beorna beahgỳfa *and* his brothor eac eadmund ætheling . ealdorlagne tir . geslogon æt sæcce . swurda ecgum . embe brunnanburh . bordweall clufon . heowon heatholinda . hamora lafum . aforan ead weardes . swa him geæthele wæs . fram cneomægum *thæt* he æt campe oft . with lathra gewhæne land ealgodon . hord *and* hamas hettend crungon . scotta leode . *and* scỳpflotan . fæge feollan feld dennade . secga swate . siththan sunne upp . on morgen tid.

[*Continued at foot of page* 25.

[Æthelstan was by the Mercians chosen to be] king . and at Kingston hallowed . and he gave his sister . . [to Otho, son of the king of the old Saxons.]
An. dcccxxv., &c.

An. dccccxxxiv. This year King Æthelstan went into Scotland both with a land-army and with a ship-army and of it much he harried.

An. dccccxxxvii.
Now Æthelstan King, lord of the earls,
ring-giver of men, and also his brother,
Edmund Ætheling, life-long glory
won in the strife with the edge of the sword,
round about Brunanburh. Cleft they the shield wall,
hewed the war-linden, with leavings-of-hammers,
the offspring of Edward: as with them was inborn,
from their forefathers, that they, at the battle,

Byrhtnoth comes to do battle with the pirates. The tide is full, and for a long time the ford is impassable. The two bands shoot at one another with arrows. At last the ebb allowed them to meet at the ford and on the bank, where Byrhtnoth, in his chivalry, permitted them to land. But the Danes were too many for the English, and the great Earl died on the field. And his thanes, save a few cowards, died round him, fighting to the last.

His death-song is not like that of Beowulf. For the first time in English battle-poetry the chieftain dies with a Christian cry upon his lips. It is the beginning of a new element in the poetry of war. He dies as the knights die in the *Chansons de Geste*. Their last words are a prayer to Christ. We seem to feel in this change the breath of a new life, of a new world —of the life and world of romance. After this poem silence follows. The *Fight at Maldon* is the last song of the war-poetry of England before the Conquest. Not till long after the Conquest did it rise again, and then it rose almost a stranger to the ancient English ways. The Celtic and the Norman spirit had transformed it; but deep below, and lasting through centuries of English song, the strong, constant, deep-rooted elements of the Teutonic race lay at the foundation of the English poetry of physical and moral battle.

Eve, after she has eaten of the Tree of Knowledge.

Sheener to her seemed all the sky and earth;
All this world was lovelier; and the work of God,
Mickle was and mighty then, though 'twas not by man's device,
That she saw (the sight)—but the Scather eagerly
Moved about her mind.
'Now thyself thou mayest see, and I need not speak it—
O thou, Eve the good, how unlike to thy old self
Is thy beauty and thy breast since thou hast believed my words.
Light is beaming 'fore thee now,
Glittering against thee, which from God I brought,
White from out the Heavens. See thy hands may touch it!
Say to Adam then, what a sight thou hast,
And what powers—through my coming!'

Then to Adam wended Eve, sheenest of all women,
Winsomest of wives, e'er should wend into the world,
For she was the handiwork of the heavenly King.
Of the fruit unblest
Part was hid upon her heart, part in hand she bore.
'Adam, O my Lord, this apple is so sweet,
Blithe within the breast; bright this messenger;
'Tis an Angel good from God! By his gear I see
That he is the errand-bringer of our heavenly King!
I can see Him now from hence
Where Himself He sitteth, in the south-east throned,
All enwreathed with weal; He who wrought the world.
And with Him I watch His angels, wheeling round about Him,
In their feathered vesture, of all folks the mightiest,
Winsomest of war-hosts! Who could wit like this
Give me, did not God Himself surely grant it me?
. . . . . Far away I hear—
And as widely see—over all the world,
O'er the universe widespread!—All the music mirth
In the Heavens I can hear!—In my heart I am so clear,
Inwardly and outwardly, since the apple I have tasted.
See! I have it here, in my hands; O my good Lord!
Gladly do I give it thee; I believe from God it comes!'

Repentance of Adam and Eve.

'Thou mayst it reproach me, Adam, my beloved,
In these words of thine; yet it may not worse repent thee,
Rue thee in thy mind, than it rueth me in heart.'
Then to her for answer Adam spoke again—
'O if I could know the All-Wielder's will,
What I for my chastisement must receive from Him,

Continued from foot of page 24.]

mære tungol. glad ofer grundas. godes candel beorht. eces dribtnes. oth seo æthele gesceaft sáh tó setle. thær læg secg monig. garum ageted. guman northerne. ofer scyld scoten swilce scyttisc eac. werig wigges sæd. *and* wessexe forth andlangne dæg eored cystum on last legdon lathum theodon. heowon here flymon hindan thearle mecum mylen scearpum myrce ne wyrndon heardes handplegan hæletha manum. thara the mid anlafe. ofer ear gebland on lithes bosme land gesohton. fæge to gefeohte fife lagon. on tham campstede cingas geonge sweordum aswefde. swilce vii. eac eorlas anlafes. *and* únrím herges. flotan *and* scotta thær geflymed wearth. northmanna brego neade gebæded. to lides stefne lytle werode. cread cnear oft from all foemen, warded their land,
their hoard and their homes. Bowed down (was) the foe
the folk of the Scots; and the ship-sailers,
fated fell (dead). Sodden the field was
with blood-sweat of men, when the sun upward,
in morningtide, that far-famed star,
glode over the meadows, bright candle of God,
the Lord everlasting, till that great creature
sank to its seat. There many a hero
lay pierced with the spear, many a Northman
shot over shield, so also the Scotsman,
weary, war-sated. Forth the West Saxons
all the long day, with well-proven warriors,
lay on the track of the hateful folk,
direfully hewed at the flank of the fliers,
with mill-sharpened swords. Withheld not the Mercians
the hard hand-playing from any of men,
of those who with Anlaf, over the ocean,
in the ship's bosom, had looked for the land,
fated for war. Five young kings
on the war-field lay dead,
put to sleep with the sword. So also seven
earls of Anlaf. Unnumbered the horde
of sailors and Scotsmen. There forced to flight
was the prince of the Northmen, driven of need
to the stem of the ship, he, with small band,
thrust his craft on the sea.

The first entry in the page of the *Chronicle* facsimiled begins with the consecration of King Æthelstan, and ends with an unfinished sentence. Then follow the figures merely for the years 900–933, this particular MS. (of the Abingdon *Chronicle*) recording no facts under those years; and after one entry for 934, and the figures for 935 and 936, it goes on, under 937, to give the famous entry on the battle of Brunanburh in alliterative verse, written straight on, like the specimens above from Beowulf and Cædmon, without regard to the division into alliterating lines.

Thou should'st never see, then, anything more swift,—
though the sea within
Bade me wade the God of Heaven, bade me wend me
hence
In the flood to fare—Nor so fearfully profound
Nor so mighty were the Ocean, that my mind should
ever waver—
Into the abyss I'd plunge, if I only might
Work the will of God!'

(From *Genesis B.*)

Prose from Ælfred to the Conquest.

Ælfred, though he began the prose of England, failed in establishing it. No results, save one, followed his work till ninety years had passed away. The one exception was the narrative in the *Chronicle* of the wars and government of Eadweard, Ælfred's son, 910–924. Ælfred's own work on the *Chronicle* ceased in 891. Another writer of vigour, earnestness, and conciseness told the story of the years from 894 to 897. From 897 to 910 the record is meagre, but a new life was given to the *Chronicle* by the narrative which began with 910. It may have been written by the same man who wrote of the years 894–97. His work ceases with the death of Eadweard, and it is the sole piece of secular prose which we possess at this date. From 925 to 940, during the reign of Æthelstan, the shallow records of the *Chronicle* are only once filled by the *Song of Brunanburh* (see page 24). From 940 to 975, during the reigns of Eadmund, Eadred, and Eadgar, the *Chronicle* contains nothing but short annual statements of leading events. Three small poems are inserted in it.

Secular prose then had died at Winchester. But religious prose now began to rise again with the revival of monasticism, begun by Dunstan and nursed into life by King Eadgar. Dunstan, in whom Celtic and English elements mingle, set up a school at Glastonbury, and made his pupils love the arts of music, of poetry, of design and embroidery, of gold-working, painting, and engraving, in all of which he was himself a master. He sang the Psalms with his boys, developed church ritual and music, drew the Irish scholars to his help, made a fine library and treasury, and, having trained his monks in all the known branches of learning, sent them forth as missionaries of education to various parts of England. His best scholar, Æthelwold, was made head of the Abbey of Abingdon, refounded by King Eadred; and Æthelwold, who died in 904, soon made Abingdon as good a school as Glastonbury. It was his favourite pupil, Ælfric, who created the new prose of England.

This revival of English prose kept step with the revival of monasticism. Monasticism had fallen into complete decay when Eadgar came to the throne in 959. Dunstan's effort, assisted as he was by Oswald of Ramsey and Odo of Canterbury, had not pushed it far. Even the *Rule* itself of Benedict had slipped out of memory, and Oswald and Æthelwold had to go or send to Fleury to recover it. But Eadgar threw himself eagerly into the movement, and Æthelwold, now Bishop of Winchester in 963, gave his full energy to the work He cleared Winchester of the lazy secular clergy; he refounded Ely, Peterborough, and Thorney. No better work could be done for literature than this re-creation of the monasteries. Art, the science of medicine, the study of the Scriptures, of philosophy, of astronomy, and of literature, revived with their revival. The preaching and homilies of the monks brought religion as well as a kind of education to the people. And the new teaching was now given in the language of the people. At last the work of Ælfred began to produce its fruit.

Æthelwold loved his native tongue; King Ælfred's books were studied at Abingdon, and his principle—Teach Englishmen in English—was followed and established. The *Blickling Homilies*, nineteen of which exist, and probably the *Homilies* in the *Vercelli Book* belong to the early time of the monastic revival—from 960 to 990. They represent, with certain books mentioned by Ælfric and now lost, the transition between the prose of Ælfred and that of Ælfric.

A new and more literary English prose now began with **Ælfric.** He was born about 955, and educated at Winchester. Ælfhead, Æthelwold's successor, sent him in 987 to teach and govern the new monastery of Cerne Abbas in Dorsetshire, and here he first followed King Ælfred's plan, and translated Latin books into English for the use of the people. He returned to Winchester in 989, where he continued his work till the Thane Æthelmær, who had founded a Benedictine monastery at Eynsham, near Oxford, made him its abbot. There, in that quiet place, he lived, learning and teaching, until he died about 1022.

His first book, *Homiliæ Catholicæ*, 990–94, is dedicated to Archbishop Sigeric, and consists of two collections of homilies, forty in each collection, on the Sundays and feast-days of the year. A small number of them are in alliterative verse. Then he composed the *Grammar* and the *Glossary*, which were probably followed by the *Colloquium*. As the Homilies addressed the people, these books addressed the pupils at the school of Winchester. The *Colloquium* is a discourse on the occupations of the monks and on various states of life; and as one of the manuscripts has an English translation over its lines, it becomes a kind of vocabulary. It was re-done by another Ælfric, one of his scholars, Ælfric Bata, with appendices. The lives of the saints, *Passiones Sanctorum*, another set of homilies, followed in 996. Other works of less importance were now taken up; but, urged thereto by Thane Æthelweard, he began to translate the Bible, part of which, from Genesis xxiv. to the end of Leviticus, Æthelweard had given to

another hand. The beginning, then, of Genesis was done by Ælfric, with Numbers, Deuteronomy, Joshua, Judges, Esther, Job, and Judith. The books are not literally translated; parts are omitted, and parts are thrown into homiletic form. Ælfric used the same liberties with the Bible which Ælfred had used with Boethius and Orosius; and he gave this work the same patriotic tinge as Ælfred had given to his translation of Orosius. The heroic sketches he made out of the Bible of the warriors of Israel not only taught the people the sacred history, but were also applied by him to encourage Englishmen against their foes. 'I have set forth *Judith*,' he says, 'in English for an example to you men that ye may guard your country against her foes;' and he closes the Homilies with a hymn of praise to God for the great men in all history who had borne witness to the faith, and among them to Ælfred, Æthelstan, and Eadgar, the noble champions of England.

The *Canones Ælfrici*, which followed his translations of the Bible, were written about the year 1000. They were in Latin and addressed to the clergy. In 1006 or 1007, when he was Abbot of Eynsham, he made a book of extracts from the writings of his master, Æthelwold—*De Consuetudine Monachorum*; addressed a homily on forgiveness to his friend Wulfgeat, a royal thane at Ilmington; another on chastity to Thane Sigeferth; and about the same time, 1008, composed a treatise *Concerning the Old and New Testament*, which was a practical introduction to the study of the Scriptures. Then, turning from English to Latin prose, he wrote a sympathetic life of his master, *Vita Æthelwoldi*, and a *Sermo ad Sacerdotes* for Wulfstan, Bishop of Worcester, about 1014–16; and Wulfstan made him turn it into English. Other homilies, needless to record, he also made, and then died quietly between 1020 and 1025.

Ælfric was the Bæda of his time. He was the assimilator, collector, and distributor of learning, not its creator. He had no originality, but he loved his work and his country. The principles of education which Ælfred had established he carried out steadily. He trained the people as well as the clergy in their duties, in the history of the Church abroad and at home; and his charming character, full of moral dignity, tact, gentle charity, and wisdom in affairs, recommended and enhanced his books and letters. In one thing he was original—in his style. He made a new, a lighter, more musical, more lissome prose. He fitted English to take up the number of new subjects which were soon to engage the interests of the country. We cannot tell what English prose might have become had this modern style been developed. But the Danish invasion checked and the Norman Conquest paralysed it for a long time. Ælfric's English prose had, however, one great fault. It became more and more alliterative—that is, it was prose written in poetic form. This manner, chiefly practised in his *Homilies*, may have been used to please the people and for their sake, but it injures the life of prose, and, when continued, kills it.

The creation of this new, popular, and flexible prose was one result of Ælfric's work. Another result was the increase of learning and of a higher life among the clergy. The Archbishops Sigeric and Wulfstan, the Bishops Wulfsige and Kenulf, were inspired by him, and they begged him to write such books in English as would enable them to teach their clergy the rudiments of learning and the practice of a holy life. And the effort was not in vain. The clergy began to have a higher ideal of their profession, and to follow it; and so many small books on various ecclesiastical and theological matters were put forward in the eleventh century that it is plain the English clergy at the Conquest were not so ignorant as the Normans declared them to be.

A third result of Ælfric's work was the creation of a small literary class among the nobles, some of whom now became learners and patrons of literature. Æthelweard, probably the writer of the Chronicle which bears his name, a royal thane, urged Ælfric to write and began his translation of the Bible. Æthelmær, his son, was Ælfric's close friend and patron, and brought him into friendship with Wulfgeat, Sigweard, and Sigeferth, also nobles, for whom he wrote books. It is clear that the class Ælfred was unable to touch had now begun to be a cultivated class.

The mass of the people were also educated by the great body of homilies which Ælfric had written for them; and the legends of the saints and the tales of the martyrs, going hand-in-hand with the saga stories over England, awakened the imagination of the farmer and the peasant.

Then, too, the monasteries, under his influence, now became the home of learned men who wrote on science as well as on theology. Byrchtfercth, of the monastery at Ramsey, was a well-known mathematician; and his commentaries on the scientific works of Bæda, and his Life of Dunstan, prove his literary activity. The varied knowledge shown in these books, which date before 1016, makes it almost certain that he was the writer of a *Hand-book* in English which discusses the alphabets and subjects belonging to natural philosophy. Then a number of medical books were published in this eleventh century. The *Læce-Boc* of the tenth century was re-edited, with many interesting additions; the *Herbarium Apuleii*, the *Medicina de Quadrupedibus*, and others of the same kind show how active were the dispensaries of the monasteries. Many religious books — translations of the Psalms, the Gospels, and the Pseudo-gospels, Biographies of the Fathers, of the martyrs, of saints, and a number of sermons—belong also to the first half of the eleventh century. Certain books of a proverbial and ethical tendency—a Dialogue between *Salomo and Saturnus*, another between

the Emperor *Adrianus and Ritheus*, a selection from the *Disticha* of Cato—illustrate that English love for sententious literature which had arisen long before Ælfred, and which was afterwards, in the *Proverbs of Ælfred*, connected with his name. The *Glossaries*, in which the Latin is explained by English words, show how much Ælfric had brought Latin into English learning. The *Ritual of Durham* now added to itself a Northumbrian gloss. The splendid *Evangelium of Lindisfarne* was now interlineated, and so were the Rushworth Gospels.

Reduced facsimile of MS. of Ælfric's abridged English version of the Pentateuch and Joshua, now in the British Museum (Cotton MSS.), and written early in the eleventh century. The text in this page, an almost literal translation of Genesis, xii. 12–16, on the adventures of Sara in Egypt when Abraham bade her say she was his sister, runs thus (*þ* standing for *þæt* and 7 for *and*):

> sce an the geséoth . thónne cwethath hi thæt thú mín wif sý . *and* hí óf sleath me . and the healdath ; Sege nú íc the bidde *thæt* thu min swúster sý . thæt me wel sý for the . *and* min sáwel lýbbe for thinum intingan :
>
> Hi cwomon tha to egýpta lánde . and tha egýptiscean gesáwon thæt *thæt* wif wæs swýthe wlitig and thæs cýninges éaldormén spæcon be hýre wlite to tham cýninge . farao . *and* heredon hi beforan him ; Thæt wíf wearth tha gelæht . and gelædd to tham cýninge . and abram underfeng féla sceátta for hýre :
>
> He hæfde tha onórfe . *and* ontheowum ón oluéndum *and* on ássum mýcele æhta :

By the time of Ælfric's death (1025) the Danish storm was gathering fast. There was, then, no little literary activity in the first half of this century. But it would have been much greater had not England again been fighting for her life with the Danes. In 1010 Thurkill began those dreadful raids in which East Anglia, Oxfordshire, Buckingham, Bedford, Northampton, Wiltshire, and other parts of Wessex were ravaged and plundered, and Ælfhead, Archbishop of Canterbury, was murdered in his burning town. Wulfstan, Archbishop of York 1002–23, heard of these horrors, and his *Sermo Lupi* (he called himself Lupus) *ad Anglos quando Dani maxime persecuti sunt eos*, in which he tells the tale of the invasion, and blames the sins and cowardice of the English, places him among the prose-writers of England. Some other homilies he wrote, but the passion and indignation with which he filled this sermon, and its weighty and vigorous English, isolate it from the rest. He sits closest to Ælfric, who saw along with him the outbreak of the Danish storm.

During the Danish rule over England no fresh literature was produced, but the coming of the Normans with Edward the Confessor not only strengthened the tendency, which had begun under Ælfric, to write in Latin rather than in English, but also introduced, and for the first time into English, tales from the East already tinged with the thoughts, feelings, colour, and life which were to grow into the full body of medieval Romance. The history of *Apollonius of Tyre*, used by Shakespeare in the play of *Pericles*, was now rendered into English prose out of the Latin translation of the late Greek story. Two other translations out of the Latin reproductions of the Greek legends of

the life of Alexander—the *Letters of Alexander to Aristotle from India* and the *Wonders of the East* —were also made, and brought with them the air and the scenery of a new world. They are put into excellent English—the last fine English of the times before the Conquest, the last fruit, with the exception of the *Chronicle*, of the tree which Ælfred had planted ; and which, when it grew again above the soil, bore so changed an aspect that its original planters would not have recognised it. Its roots were the same ; its branches and foliage were different. Ælfred would have been puzzled to read the English in which the *Ancren Riwle* (the Rule of Anchoresses) was written in the reign of Henry III. It was the first Middle English Prose.

The English of the *Chronicle* illustrates this transition. The *Chronicle* is the continuous record of English history in English prose, and it passes undisturbed through the Norman Conquest up to the death of Stephen. Its *Winchester Annals* practically cease in 1005, or even earlier. They were preserved in Canterbury from 1005 to 1070, but there are only eleven entries during these sixty-five years, and these were made after the Conquest, at the election of Lanfranc as archbishop. The rest of these Annals is written in Latin, and they end with the consecration of Anselm. What Winchester dropped Worcester continued. The *Worcester Annals* were carefully kept to the year 1079. If they were continued to 1107, that continuation was merged in the *Annals of Peterborough*. The *Worcester Annals* of the *Chronicle* are written in the English of Ælfric, and were probably done by Bishop Wulfstan, who held the see from 1062 to 1095, and by Colman, his chaplain, who wrote the bishop's life in English.

The *Peterborough Annals* were only fully edited after the rebuilding of the monastery in 1121. This fine and full edition of the *Chronicle* was made up out of the Annals of Winchester, Worcester, and Abingdon, and was then continued probably by one hand to the year 1131. Another hand, using a more modern English, carried it on from 1132 to 1154, when it closed with the accession of Henry II. The records at Worcester and Peterborough are not unworthy of the first records at Winchester. The Wars of Harold and the Fight at Stamford Bridge are boldly and picturesquely written. Even more picturesque is the account another writer gives of Senlac, and of William's stark, cruel, and just rule. This writer had lived at William's court, and we trace in his finer historical form that he had studied the Norman historians. The Peterborough scribe who followed him is rather a romantic than a national historian, and loves his monastery more than his nation. The second scribe of Peterborough, who probably composed his work in 1150–54, is well-known for his pitiful and patriotic account of the miseries of England under the oppression of the Norman nobles. When in 1154 the *Chronicle* was closed, the Norman chroniclers took up the history of England and wrote it in Latin ; but the *English Chronicle* remains for English literature the most ancient and venerable monument of English prose.

After the Conquest.

The Norman Conquest put an end to Old English literature. When that literature arose again its language and its spirit were transformed. Old English had become Middle English. Its prose, which was religious, had been profoundly changed by the Norman theology and the Norman enthusiasm for a religious life. Its poetry, equally touched by the Anglo-Norman religion and love of romance, adopted as its own the romantic tales, melodies, manners, and ways of thinking which came to it from France, both in religious and in story-telling poetry. But this change took nearly a century and a half before it began to bear fruit. During those long years of transition little English work was done, and none of it could be called literature. Old English writings, such as the *Homilies* of Ælfric and the *Translations of the Gospels* made in the eleventh century, and now called the *Hatton Gospels*, were copied and modernised. Monasteries, remote from Norman interests, still clung to, and made their little manuals and service books in, the English tongue. English prose was just kept alive, but only like a man in catalepsy.

English poetry had a livelier existence ; but we have no remains of the songs which were sung throughout the country, and which kept alive in the soul of franklin, peasant, and outlaw the glories and heroes of the past. We know that these were made and sung from the Norman chroniclers who used them, and from suggestions of them in the *Brut* of Layamon. Lays were made after the Conquest of the great deeds of Hereward, and are used in the Latin life of that partisan. Even in the twelfth century, songs were built on the old sagas, such as those which celebrated Weland and Wade, his father ; and sagas like *Horn*, *Havelok*, *Bevis of Hampton*, *Guy of Warwick*, and *Waltheof*, which took original form in English in the thirteenth century, existed as popular lays in the eleventh and twelfth. The noble figure of Ælfred appears again in the poem entitled the *Proverbs of Ælfred*, an ethical poem of sententious sayings, varying forms of which arose in the twelfth century.

Old English poetry, having neither rhyme nor a fixed number of syllables, depended on accent and alliteration. Every verse was divided into two half-verses by a pause, and had four accented syllables, the number of unaccented syllables being indifferent ; and the two half-verses were linked together by alliteration. The two accented syllables of the first half and one of the accented syllables of the second half began with the same consonant, or with vowels which were generally different from one

another. But often there was only one alliterative letter in the first half-verse; and the metre was further varied by the addition of unaccented syllables. The lays made after the Conquest illustrate the transition from the old alliterative metre to the short line and rhyme which were soon established by the Anglo-Normans when they began to write in English. The *Poema Morale* (of which an account will be found below, with specimens, at page 40) is thought by some to have first taken shape early in the twelfth century. In that case, it and other twelfth-century poems of little account bring us still nearer to Middle English poetry, if they do not form part of it; but it is best, when we speak of literature, to make Middle English poetry properly begin with the first noble piece of poetic literature, with the *Brut* of Layamon, at the beginning of the thirteenth century.

STOPFORD A. BROOKE.

BIBLIOGRAPHY.—The MS. of *Beowulf* is in the Cottonian Library in the British Museum, and *Judith* is in the same MS. The Exeter Book is in the library of Exeter Cathedral, and was placed there by Bishop Leofric in 1071. It contains the *Riddles*, the *Elegies*, the *Crist*, the *St Guthlac*, the *Phœnix*, the *Juliana*, the *Widsith*, the *Complaint of Deor*, and other poems. It is a kind of anthology. The Vercelli Book, found at Vercelli in 1822, contains, interspersed among homilies, the *Andreas*, the *Fates of the Apostles*, the *Dream of the Rood*, the *Elene*, and two unimportant poems. The *Junian* MS. of the so-called Cædmonian poems is in the Bodleian. The *Fight at Finnsburg* was found on the cover of a MS. of Homilies at Lambeth, *Waldhere* on two vellum leaves at Copenhagen; the *Battle of Brunanburh* is in the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle, and the *Battle of Maldon* in a copy of the original MS. made by Hearne. Only one MS. of each of these poems exists.

Of Ælfred's translations we have many MSS.—three of the *Cura Pastoralis*, five of *Bæda's History*, two of the *Orosius*, two of the *De Consolatione*, four of the *Laws*. The *Soliloquia* are in the MS. containing *Beowulf*. Of Ælfric's works there are many MSS. Seven MSS. of the *English Chronicle* exist. MS. A, the Parker MS. written at Winchester, is at Cambridge; MS. B is at the British Museum, and was made at Canterbury; MS. C is at the British Museum, and is an Abingdon MS.; MS. D, also at the Museum, is the Worcester Chronicle; MS. E, now at the Bodleian (the Laud MS.), was done at Peterborough; MS. F, at the British Museum, was probably kept at Canterbury; MS. G, also probably kept at Canterbury, is at the British Museum, and is likely to be a copy of MS. A.

[When Modern English was beginning to show its full powers in the hands of the early Elizabethan writers, the oldest stage of the tongue was almost forgotten, save for the little knowledge required by those whose business it was to spell out and interpret Anglo-Saxon charters and the like. At the Reformation Anglo-Saxon religious literature was looked up for controversial purposes; Archbishop Parker gathered and edited MSS., and greatly promoted 'Saxon' studies. Verstegen shows he knew some Anglo-Saxon in his *Restitution of Decayed Intelligence in Antiquities* (1606); and Spelman was driven to make his *Glossarium* (Part I. 1626) by the difficulties he met in studying our oldest laws. Francis Junius, or Du Jon, a Continental Protestant who settled in England in 1621, devoted himself to the study of Anglo-Saxon and the cognate Teutonic tongues, edited the so-called Cædmon and other Old English books, and gave his name to the Junian MS. Hickes, the nonjuring bishop, published the first edition of his Anglo-Saxon and Mœso-Gothic Grammar in 1689; and all students of early English history owe a debt of gratitude to Thomas Hearne, 'who studied and preserved antiquities.' Percy in his *Reliques* takes no cognisance of the oldest poetry. Warton's *History of English Poetry* (vol. i. 1774) professedly begins with the close of the tenth century; but what he says by way of introduction on the three successive 'dialects of Saxon'—British Saxon (till the Danish occupation), Danish Saxon ('British Saxon corrupted by the Danes'), and Norman Saxon ('Danish Saxon adulterated with French')—shows how far he was to seek in this field; 'the spurious Cædmon's beautiful poetical paraphrase of the Book of Genesis' he names as written in Danish Saxon. Gray's knowledge of Icelandic and his interest in Welsh poetry and in 'Ossian' make it certain that, had he carried out his projected *History of Poetry*, the section on what he called 'the introduction of the poetry of the Goths into these islands by the Saxons and Danes' would have received fuller attention than heretofore. Vicesimus Knox's *Elegant Extracts* (first of many editions, 1783) does not include this period within its scope. The first edition of Ellis's *Specimens of the Early English Poets* (1790) has nothing earlier than Surrey and Wyatt; but the 1801 edition gives not only Middle English poems, but the old song of Brunanburh, with a literal translation, and the ingenious rendering made by Hookham Frere, when an Eton schoolboy, into Rowley-like fourteenth-century English. In the notes Ellis accepts for Anglo-Saxon words derivations from 'Chaldaic' and Latin as unhesitatingly as from 'Gothic.' Rask the Dane put the study on a sounder philological footing by his Grammar (1817), which Thorpe translated; and the works of Thorpe, Bosworth, and Kemble in the first half of the century revived in the English people interest in their old language and literature. Conybeare's *Specimens of Anglo-Saxon Poetry* appeared in 1826. Campbell begins his *Specimens of the British Poets* (7 vols. 1819) with Chaucer and the *King's Quair*; and in the earlier issues and reprints of this Cyclopædia (1844–74) Anglo-Saxon literature was dismissed in less than three pages.

For further study the reader may be referred to *English Literature from the Beginning to the Norman Conquest* (1898), by the writer of the preceding section of this work, Dr Stopford A. Brooke, or to his *History of Early English Literature* (2 vols. 1892), which describes and appreciates still more fully the whole of the Anglo-Saxon literature down to the accession of Ælfred; to Professor Earle's little handbook (1884); to Wülker's *Grundriss der Angelsächsischen Litteratur* (1885); to the first volume of Ten Brink's *History of English Literature* (1877; transl. 1887); to the relevant parts of Professor Henry Morley's *First Sketch*, *English Writers*, and *Library of English Literature*, of Jusserand's *History of the Literature of the English People* (1896; transl. 1895), of Taine's *History of English Literature* (1863–64; transl. 1871), and of Wülker's *Englische Litteraturgeschichte* (1896); to Grein's *Bibliothek der Angelsächsischen Prosa und Poesie*, as re-edited by Wülker (1881–97); to the American *Library of Anglo-Saxon Poetry* (3 vols. 1883–88); to Sweet's *Anglo-Saxon Readers*, and Zupitza's; to the *Grammar* by Sievers, and Bosworth's *Dictionary* as edited by Toller. A bibliography giving the editions and translations of the various Anglo-Saxon works will be found in Dr. Stopford Brooke's *English Literature to the Conquest:* thus there are five or six English editions of *Beowulf*, and as many translations, including the verse translation by William Morris.—ED.]

MIDDLE ENGLISH LITERATURE.*

FROM THE ELEVENTH CENTURY TO THE SECOND HALF OF THE SIXTEENTH.

ALTHOUGH her own literary production was as yet but small, in the eleventh century France was intellectually as well as politically the most vigorous country of Europe. Throughout the reign of Edward the Confessor, Norman-French cultivation had been making its way into England. After the Conquest its hold was intensified in every direction, and England was thus brought, definitely and irrevocably, into the full current of the intellectual life of Europe. Despite the preparations of the previous reign, the change came with the abruptness and violence of a revolution, and, like all revolutions, it was dearly paid for. The undercurrent of vernacular song and vernacular preaching did not cease to flow; but for four generations literary English became a memory treasured only by a few monks, and dwindled year by year, till it seemed altogether to lose creative power. When literary composition in English begins again, early in the thirteenth century, we find that both in form and matter it retains traces of its hereditary origin. But its face is no longer turned in the old direction. The first English imaginative poem after the Conquest starts with the attempt to link the fortunes of our island with those of Troy, and this grafting upon English history of the classical traditions which form part of the heritage of the Latin nations is all the more noteworthy because entirely fanciful and wilful. Still more noteworthy is the fact that the one hero of præ-Conquest days who has become a vivid figure in our literature is no English king, such as the great Alfred, but the British—that is, the Celtic—Arthur. The Normans brought with them a veritable Pax Romana, or Pax Britannica, as we now call it. Conquerors and conquered, Britons, English, and Danes, lost their old relative positions, and became the equal inhabitants of a common land. Bitter as, while it lasted, was the Norman supremacy over them all, the new theory of government thus offered a remedy for many rancours. Under the feudal system the monarch was recognised not as Rex Normannorum or Rex Anglorum, but as Rex Angliæ, king of the English land, and the peace and equality between race and race which this title symbolised became retrospective. In the beginning of the Arthurian cycle Arthur retained his semi-historical character as the bulwark of Britons against Saxons; but the fighting with the Saxons was quickly pushed into the background, and Arthur became king of a purely romantic, non-historical Britain.

This adoption of the common land as the rallying-point of the different races might easily, more especially after the loss of the French possessions of the English kings and the growth of feeling hostile to France, have

* Copyright 1901 by J. B. Lippincott Company, to "The Arthurian Legend," page 35.

proved not merely a unifying but a quickening influence. The note of our island patriotism is struck by Robert of Gloucester in the opening lines of his Metrical Chronicle:

England is a well good land, I ween of lands the best,
Set at the one end of the world, all in the west.
The sea goeth it all about, it stands as in an isle;
Of foes they need the less them doubt, but it be through guile.[1]

The purely dynastic and predatory objects of the Hundred Years' War with France did not foster this spirit, and it is not until after the Armada—or perhaps, if we are to look carefully for its first notes, after the great rupture with Rome earlier in the sixteenth century—that patriotism becomes a force in English poetry. But the negative influence of the new conception was potent. Old English history and traditions soon ceased to interest our poets, the use of the forms of Old English poetry gradually died out, and English writers took their inspiration more and more from foreign sources. Welsh legends, French romances and miracle-plays; French allegory and love poetry; the stories of Troy and Thebes, of Theseus and Alexander, as filtered through Latin and Romance versions; the masterpieces of Virgil and Ovid; Eastern tales brought home by the Crusaders; lastly, the splendid new literature of Italy—these were the quickening influences in English literature from the days of Layamon till a new tide of foreign-born ideas began a fresh epoch in the sixteenth century. The blood which ran in the veins of the singers was, in the main, English, and to this we owe that continuity—perhaps, rather, that continual recurrence—of the Old English temper and way of thinking which constitutes a real unity amid the striking differences of our literature at different periods. But just as the English race assimilated Briton, Dane, and Norman, modified itself thereby, and yet remained English, so our English literature now, in all appearance, breaks wholly with its own past, in order to take to itself these foreign traditions, forms, and ideals, and yet never ceases to maintain its own individuality.

For us now it is easy to see that the gain which the Norman Conquest brought to English literature more than counterbalanced the loss. But for generations not merely our old literature, but the English speech itself, seemed in danger of extinction, and the loss of this would have been irreparable. To the reality of this danger the evidence of contemporaries is strikingly explicit. Himself the author of a long rhyming chronicle in English, and writing about a century after English imaginative literature had made its new start in Layamon's *Brut*, Robert of Gloucester gives this account of the relative positions of the French and English languages at the end of the thirteenth century. He has been describing the submission of the Londoners to William the Conqueror, and proceeds:

And thus came England into the Normans' hand,
And the Normans could speak then but their own speech,
And spake French as they did at home, and their children so did teach.
So that high men of this land, that of their blood come,
Hold all to that same speech that they of them nome. took
For but a man know French men count of him lute; little
But low men hold to English and to their own speech yute. yet
I ween that there be in all the world countries none
That hold not to their own speech save England alone.
But well men wot that to know both well it is,
For the more that a man knows the more worth he is.[2]
(Lines 7537–7547.)

Robert of Gloucester wrote his Chronicle, probably, soon after 1297, and if we rely implicitly on written testimony, the popularity of French must have gone on increasing during the next fifty years. Writing in Cheshire about 1350, Ranulph Higden tells us that the English, who had always had three forms of speech, Northern, Midland, and Southern, owing to the different German races from which they had sprung, had had their native language further corrupted by contact with Danes and Normans. This corruption, he goes on, 'has made great progress in our own times from two causes, because boys at school, contrary to the usage of all other nations, from the first coming of the Normans are obliged, leaving their own vulgar tongue, to translate [their Latin] into French; also because the children of the nobles from their first baby talk are trained to the

[1] England his a wel god lond, ich wene ech londe best,
I-set in the on ende of the worlde as al in the west.
The see geth him al aboute, he stond as in an yle;
Of fon hii dorre the lasse doute, bote hit be thorgh gyle.
(Cotton text, ed. Wright.)

[2] Thus com, lo! Engelond into Normandies hond,
& the Normans ne couthe speke tho bote hor owe speche,
& speke French as hii dude atom & hor children dude also teche.
So that heiemen of this lond that of hor blod come,
Holdeth alle thulke speche that hii of hom nome.
Vor bote a man conne Frenss me telth of him lute;
Ac lowe men holdeth to Engliss & to hor owe speche yute.
Ich wene ther ne beth in al the world contreyes none,
That ne holdeth to hor owe speche bote Engelond one.
Ac wel me wot vor to conne bothe wel it is,
Vor the more that a mon can the more wurthe he is.

French idiom. Desiring to resemble the nobles, that they may thus seem of greater consequence, the country people use every endeavour to talk French. In this way, to a surprising degree, the natural and proper speech of Englishmen, though confined in a single island, has become diverse in its very pronunciation, while the Norman speech, coming from abroad, remains very much the same with every one. As to this aforesaid threefold Saxon speech, which has with difficulty still survived among a few rustic folk, the east-countrymen agree more closely with the west (as living in the same latitude) than do northerners with southerners.'[1]

John Trevisa, who translated the *Polychronicon*, when he came to this passage in 1385, interpolated the comment that after the Black Death of 1348 John Cornwall (whose name deserves to be honoured) caused his pupils to translate their Latin into English instead of French, and that the change had become general, 'also gentilmen haveth now moche i-left for to teche here children frensche.' It is quite plain, however, that the whole passage in the *Polychronicon* is both carelessly written and exaggerated. Higden, who seems to have been a very aristocratic monk, is clearly speaking all the time of well-to-do people, ignoring the great bulk of the population beneath them. But even if we stretch a point and make his 'rurales homines' and 'pauci agrestes' refer to people of the franklin class, it is plain that he was a bad observer. In 1362, within a dozen years or so of his writing the *Polychronicon*, the citizens of London prevailed on Edward III. to allow their suits in the law-courts to be pleaded in English instead of French; in the same year Langland was writing his first draft of his famous *Vision;* seven years later Chaucer was at work on his first original poem, the *Dethe of Blaunche the Duchesse.* By 1370 English had definitely triumphed over French, and the stream of English literature, original as well as translated, which flows steadily from Robert of Gloucester onwards shows that English cannot have been in any serious danger at any time after the reign of Henry III. Nevertheless, we must not forget that as late as 1320 or 1330 a preaching friar like Nicholas Bozon thought it well to write popular sermons for English audiences in French, and that as late as the reign of Richard II. the excellent Gower sought immortality as a poet in French and Latin as well as in the language with which Chaucer was content. Clearly French continued to be much spoken as a fashionable and polite language till nearly the end of the fourteenth century, and we may remember that in the miracle-plays great persons, like Herod and Pilate, often begin their speeches in it.

During the period when the English language was still little used by cultivated people there was no lack of literary production in England. The bulk of this was written in Latin, and alike for its quantity, its variety, and the talent displayed in it, the **Latin literature** of England during the twelfth and thirteenth centuries is very remarkable. In history within less than fifty years we have the *Chronicon ex Chronicis* of Florence of Worcester (d. 1118); the *Historia Novorum* and *Vita Anselmi* of Eadmer of Canterbury (d. 1124); the *Historia de Gestis Anglorum* of Simeon of Durham (d. 1130); the *De Gestis Regum Anglorum* (449–1120), *Historiæ Novellæ* (a continuation to the year 1143), the *De Gestis Pontificum Anglorum*, Life of Aldhelm, and treatise on the antiquities of Glastonbury, all by William of Malmesbury; the *Historica Ecclesiastica* of Ordericus Vitalis (c. 1142); and the *Historia Anglorum* of Henry of Huntingdon, which is brought down to the year 1154. Geoffrey of Monmouth's imaginative history of the kings of Britain (*Historia Regum Britanniæ*), to which we shall refer again, seems to have acted as a discouragement to sober chroniclers; but towards the end of the century we have the works of the Welshman Gerald de Bary (Giraldus Cambrensis) on Ireland and Wales, and the *Historia Rerum Anglicarum* of William of Newbury (1198). The Annals of Roger de Hoveden end with the year 1201, the Chronicle of Roger of Wendover in 1235; while in his *Historia Major*, *Historia Minor*, and Lives of the Abbots of St Albans, Matthew Paris (d. 1259) glorified the office of history-writer to St Albans Abbey, which had been created before 1183, and which produced a series of chronicles extending over more than

[1] Hæc quidem nativæ linguæ corruptio provenit hodie multum ex duobus: quod videlicet pueri in scholis, contra morem cæterarum nationum, a primo Normannorum adventu, derelicto proprio vulgari, construere gallice compelluntur: item, quod filii nobilium ab ipsis cunabulorum crepundiis ad gallicum idioma informantur. Quibus profecto rurales homines assimilari volentes, ut per hoc spectabiliores videantur, francigenare satagunt omni nisu. Ubi nempe mirandum videtur quomodo nativa et propria Anglorum lingua, in unica insula coartata, pronunciatione ipsa sit tam diversa, cum tamen Normannica lingua, quæ adventitia est, univoca maneat penes cunctos. De prædicta quoque lingua Saxonica tripartita, quæ in paucis adhuc agrestibus vix remansit, orientales cum occiduis tanquam sub eodem cœli climate lineati, plus consonant in sermone quam boreales cum austrinis.—*Polychronicon*, Book I. ch. lix.

two centuries, only ending in 1388. Turning to other learned subjects, we have in the twelfth century the treatise of Athelard of Bath on natural history and philosophy, and his translation of Euclid; the *De Naturis Rerum* of Alexander Neckham; the famous *Dialogus de Scaccario*, or treatise on the Exchequer, written in 1176–78 by Richard Fitz-Neal; and the work on the Laws of England attributed to the Chief Justiciary Ranulph de Glanvil. Nearly a century later another work with the same title, *De Legibus Angliæ*, and founded on Glanvil's, was written by Henry de Bracton; and in 1268 Roger Bacon, the Franciscan friar, was writing the *Opus Majus*, in which and its successors, the *Opus Minus* and *Opus Tertium*, he embodied so much of the learning of his time and of his own genius, which so greatly transcended it.

Nor was this Latin literature confined to learned subjects only. Perhaps the *Polycraticus, de Nugis Curialium et Vestigiis Philosophorum*, which John of Salisbury finished in 1156, ought to come under this head, for the triflings of courtiers and footsteps of the philosophers are surveyed in a purely moral and didactic spirit. But the work for which, a generation later, Walter Map took part of the same title (*De Nugis Curialium*) is entirely literary, running over the whole range of courtiers' small-talk, with an abundance of anecdotes, cleverly told. With Map's name also are connected the satires on the corruption and evil-living of the clergy in the person of the bibulous Bishop Golias. The *Brunellus* of Nigel Wireker is another lively satire, this time on medieval philosophy. The attempt of Joseph of Exeter to write a Latin poem on the Trojan War is perhaps worth noting, as is also the composition (c. 1195) by Geoffrey of Vinsauf of a treatise on poetry. In the following century at least a considerable part of the great medieval story-book, the *Gesta Romanorum*, had its origin in England. Quite at the close of the period of literary Latin (c. 1344) comes the *Philobiblon* of Richard de Bury, the book-loving bishop, a work which those who share his hobby still treasure, and which may remind us that from the twelfth to the fourteenth century the art of book-production in England, alike in beauty of writing and in splendour of illustration, attained the very highest excellence, equalling that of France itself.

The fact that the liturgies of the Church were all in Latin accounts for the last point we have to notice—the beginning, that is, of the drama in England in the form of Latin miracle-plays, which were acted in church on various high festivals as part of the service of the day. The earliest mention we have of a play of this kind is of one in honour of St Catherine, performed at Dunstable by a certain Geoffrey, who by 1119 had become Abbot of St Albans; but in the Life of St Thomas à Becket written, about 1182, by William Fitzstephen we are told that plays representing the miracles and sufferings of the martyrs of the Church were at that time frequently performed in London. The plays of Hilarius, an Englishman, which have come down to us, already show touches of humour; but the early dramas on such subjects as the Resurrection are thoroughly religious in feeling, following closely the Bible narrative and introducing appropriate hymns.

Besides this literature in Latin there existed a second, more popular, quite as prolific, and nearly as varied in its contents—the literature of books written in England, or by subjects of the English king, in the French or Anglo-Norman language. Probably the largest section of this **French literature** was that of the various kinds of books written with a religious aim—devotional treatises, translations or explanations of the Psalms, the Gospels, and the Apocalypse, sermons, lives of the saints, moralisations on the properties of beasts and things (Bestiaires, Lapidaires), &c. In addition to these there were what may be called educational works of all sorts, abridgments of history, treatises on geography and natural history, law-books, &c. Many of these have perished utterly; many others have never been edited in modern times or printed in any form. Besides the mere abridgments of Latin works, there were original metrical chronicles of much higher value, such as the *Roman de Rou* of the Jersey poet Wace (c. 1100–1170), an account of the Norman Conquest which gives the best description of the battle of Hastings; or, again, the *Song of Dermot and the Earl* (edited by Mr C. H. Orpen in 1892), which is of considerable value for the history of Ireland about 1170.

In the thirteenth century we may mention two religious poems written in French, Robert Grosseteste's *Chasteau d'Amour*, in honour of the Blessed Virgin, and William Waddington's *Manuel des Pechez*, speedily Englished by Robert Mannyng of Brunne as the *Handlyng Synne* (see page 41). Again, as late as the last quarter

of the fourteenth century we find John Gower writing long poems in Latin and French (see page 74) before he turned to English in his Latin-named *Confessio Amantis*. Gower also wrote French balades which have real literary merit, but he is the last English poet who seriously used a foreign language as the medium of poetry; and though later writers, such as Sir Thomas More and Bacon, used Latin for works in prose, this was with a view to appealing to a European audience rather than from any distrust of the capabilities of their native tongue. Coincident with this final disuse of Latin and French in literature intended for Englishmen, we find, a little before 1380, the beginning of a long series of translations of foreign works into English—not merely works of devotion and religious instruction as in the previous period, but works on every variety of subject. About 1380 also we have the beginning of a new influence in English poetry, for it was then that Chaucer turned from his French and Latin sources and enriched our literature from his study of the great Italian writers, Dante and Boccaccio. Thenceforth what we may call the literary or Court poetry of England takes an entirely new turn; for, though Chaucer's successors could but very imperfectly follow in his footsteps, it was yet in his footsteps that they tried to walk. Thus the period of some three hundred and fifty years from the first revival of the literary use of English after the Norman Conquest in Layamon's *Brut* (c. 1205) to the accession of Elizabeth, with the nearly coincident literary landmark, the publication of *Tottel's Miscellany* in 1557, divides itself almost exactly at the half, about the year 1380. Before this date English is only one of three rival literary languages; after it English reigns supreme, and in prose advances unfalteringly. In poetry, as we shall see, there was no such steady progress, for until Surrey and Wyatt sought inspiration from the Italian models where Chaucer had found it, there was no English writer who could understand his secrets so as to prove in any way a worthy successor to him.

The Arthurian Legend.

The trilingual character of the literature written for Englishmen in the early part of our period is well illustrated by the fact that the legendary history of Britain with which English literature takes its new beginning appeared first in Latin, then in French, and only finally in English. It was the *Historia Regum Britanniæ* of **Geoffrey of Monmouth** which started the legends on their literary career. This famous book, which differs widely from the ordinary Latin chronicles among which it has already been named, was extant, in a form now lost, before January 1139, and as we now have it dates from some eight or ten years later. Its author called himself Gaufridus Arturus (Geoffrey Arthur)—that is, the son of Arthur; his signature is found as witness to a charter of Oseney, near Oxford, in 1129; probably in 1140 he became Archdeacon of Monmouth; in 1152 he was consecrated Bishop of St Asaph; and in 1154 he died at Llandaff. He was certainly of Welsh origin, and Welsh tradition has it that he was born at Monmouth. He does not tell us, however, that what was new in his book was gathered from local Welsh tradition, but that he learnt it from a certain very ancient book in the British language which Walter, Archdeacon of Oxford, brought out of Brittany and gave him, and in which he found the acts of all the British kings, from Brut to Cadwalader, set forth in their order. This Archdeacon Walter was one of the co-signatories of the Oseney charter of 1129, and the attempts made to get rid of both him and his Breton book are rather unnecessary. Brutus, the great-grandson of Æneas, the supposed founder of the royal line of Britain, is mentioned by the præ-Conquest historian Nennius, and Nennius and Bede speak of Lucius, the first Christian king; of Vortigern and Ambrosius Aurelius; while Arthur appears in Nennius as a warrior, not a king, who won twelve battles against the Saxons. The insertion of intermediate British kings—among them Leir, whose story, as Shakespeare knew it, here first appears—and the great development, though only in part, of the Arthur legend, were Geoffrey's innovations on the received version of British history, and they sufficed to set the literary world of France and England on fire. Writing almost certainly in 1149 or the following year, Alfred of Beverley remarks that he found it was thought a proof of clownishness to know nothing of the stories of the Britons, about which every one was talking, and he therefore made an abridgment of Geoffrey's History. Three versions or abridgments were made at early dates in Welsh. It is hardly possible to doubt that the book was used by Geoffrey Gaimar in the lost first part of his *Estorie des Engles;* and another French poet, Wace, the author of the *Roman de Rou*, with the help of some additions, turned it into a metrical chronicle of over fourteen thousand lines, to which he gave the title *Geste des Bretons*, or *Brut d'Angleterre*. This was in 1155; and about the end of the century Wace's romance and two other works, identified as the Latin original of Bede's *Historia Ecclesiastica* and the Anglo-Saxon version of it, fell into the hands of **Layamon** (Lazamon), a priest at Areley Regis, on the Severn, in north Worcestershire, and spurred him to write on the same subject a poem of some thirty-two

thousand lines (or half-lines) in alliterative verse of the Old English kind, but mixed with rhyming couplets. With this poem, the *Historia Britonum*, or *Brut*, English literature takes its new start.

Whether out of his own head, or from legends of the Welsh border, or (as is most probable) from amplifications already in progress or made elsewhere, Layamon made some notable additions to the story as Geoffrey of Monmouth and Wace had left it. He tells us of the 'elves' who came at Arthur's birth, and who wafted him at his death in the magic boat to Avalon. Merlin is more important; so is the Round Table (first mentioned by Wace); so is Guinevere; while Sir Gawain and Sir Bedivere make their appearance. He made additions also in the earlier part of the story, such as of a legend to account for the name Gloucester; but these are of less importance. But it is fair to note that, though as a rule he follows Wace closely, he is not a slavish translator. We may take as a specimen of his style, where it needs little explanation, the lament of Lear when the ingratitude of his elder daughters has been revealed to him. The text is that of Cotton MS. Caligula, A ix. (ll. 3454–3497), as edited by Sir F. Madden:

Tha seide the alde king:
æruu e was on herten:
Wallan dæth! wela death!
that thu me nelt for-demen.
Seoth seide Cordoille:
for cuth hit is me nouthe.
Mi yengestte dohter:
heo was me wel dure,
Seotthen heo me wes leathest:
for heo me seiden alre sohust.
That he bithe unworth and lah:
the mon the litul ah.
And ich nas na wurdra:
thenne ich nes weldinde.
Over soh seiden that yunge vismon:
hire folweth mochel wisdom.
Tha wile the ich hævede mi kinelond:
luveden me mine leoden.
For mine londe and for mine feo:
mine eorles fulle to mine cneo.
Nu ich æm a wrecche mon:
ne leovet me no mon for than.
Ah mi dohter me seide seoh:
for nou ich hire ileve inoh.
And ba twa hire susteren:
lasinge me seiden.
That ich ham wæs swa leof:
levere thenne hire aghe lif.
And Cordoille mi dohter:
seohthe me seide
That heo me leovede swa feire:
swa mon his fader scolde.
Wet wold ich bidde mare:
of mire dohter dure.
Nu ich wullen faren feorth:
and ouer sæ fusen.
I-hiren of Cordoille:
wat beon hire wille.
Hire seohthe word ich nam to grame:
thar-fore ich habbe nu muchele scame.
For nu ich mot bi-secchen:
that thing that ich ær for-howede.
Nule heo me do na wurse:
thanne hire londe forwurnen.

Then said the old king—
rueful was he at heart—
Welaway, death, death!
That thou wilt not me doom!
Sooth said Cordoille,
known it is to me now.
My youngest daughter,
she to me was right dear,
but thereafter most loathsome,
for she said me the very truth,
that little worth is he and low,
the man who little owns,
and that I was no worthier
than my wealth made me.
Over sooth said that youthful woman,
there follows her much wisdom.
What time I had my kingdom,
my people loved me;
for my land and my fee
my earls fell at my knee.
Now I am a wretched man,
no man loves me therefore.
Ah, my daughter said me sooth,
now I believe her well enough:
and both her two sisters,
lies they said me,
that I to them was so lief,
liefer than their own life.
And Cordoille my daughter,
soothly to me she said
that she loved me so fairly
as a father should be loved.
What would I ask more
of my daughter dear?
Now I will fare forth,
and haste over sea,
to hear of Cordoille
what is her will.
Her sooth word I took in ill part,
therefore I have now mickle smart.
For now I must beseech
that which erst I despised.
She will do me no worse
than warn me from her land.

Not a great speech this certainly, but yet with more simplicity and pathos in it than is to be found in either Geoffrey or Wace. Nor in the rest of the incident, where, according to Geoffrey's generous imagination, Cordelia arranges that Lear shall visit her and her husband not as a forlorn beggar but in royal state, does Layamon fall below his theme. Altogether his poem is worth more study than has been given it since it was edited by Sir F. Madden for the Society of Antiquaries in 1847. In that handsome edition two texts are printed, the first, from which we have quoted, written about 1200, in which the author calls himself 'Layamon the son of Leovenath;' while in the

second, which is shorter by nearly a fourth, the names appear as 'Laweman the son of Leuca,' and the language is considerably later. Sir F. Madden asserted that in the first text there were only fifty words of French origin, and in the second only eighty. Even if, as is probable, this is an underestimate, it is clear that the author, writing with a French text before him, studiously endeavoured to keep his vocabulary wholly English. On the other hand, even the short extract here given will have shown that he had lost the secret of Old English verse—the four beats and triple alliteration in each pair of short lines—and was pleased to fall in with the French fashion of rhyme, when, as in *lah* and *ah*, *feo* and *cneo*, *grame* and *scame*, the rhymes came readily to his hand. Thus in form as well as in matter Layamon's *Brut* marks the beginning of new influences in English poetry.

The poem of Wace which Layamon took as his main original had followed Geoffrey of Monmouth's with only a few additions. But the enthusiasm with which the History was received led in an extraordinarily short time to developments of far greater importance. In the Arthurian legend as we now know it the king's military exploits against Saxons, Romans, and the people of other countries are a mere incident or excrescence; the interest of the story moves within the two interlacing circles of the Quest of the Holy Graal and the love of Lancelot, the peerless knight, for Guinevere, Arthur's queen, both of them unmentioned in Geoffrey's History. The Graal (the word is possibly derived from the Low Latin *gradalis*, a shallow vessel) is the cup used by Christ in the institution of the Eucharist, and afterwards—so the legend ran—by Joseph of Arimathæa, to catch the blood shed upon the Cross. Brought to Britain by Joseph's son (or brother-in-law), it forms part of the treasury of a mysterious king, and can only be seen by the pure in heart. This Christian legend may, as is strenuously maintained, have been grafted upon earlier tales, purely Celtic, of a miraculous food-producing vessel, but it is only in its Christian form that it here concerns us. According to the testimony of the romances themselves the story of the Graal was first written in Latin, and translated thence into French. These earliest French versions are ascribed to Chrestien de Troyes, and to Robert de Borron, a knight of northern France, about the end of the twelfth century. The French prose romances of *Lancelot* and of the *Queste del Saint Graal* are connected with the name of Walter Map (the author of the *De Nugis Curialium* already mentioned), and he is also credited by some scholars with the authorship of the lost History of the Graal in Latin from which Robert de Borron translated. The whole question of the authorship and order of composition is immensely complicated, and all the study bestowed on the subject has only made it clear that materials do not exist from which any really convincing theory can be evolved. What is certain is, that by the beginning of the thirteenth century the main outlines of the Arthurian legend, with its wonderful combination of religious mysticism, chivalry, and passion, had come into existence, and that throughout that century they were being added to, either by the invention of new exploits for individual knights, or by the incorporation of other legends, such as the wonderful Tristram romance, the Celtic origin of which is generally admitted.

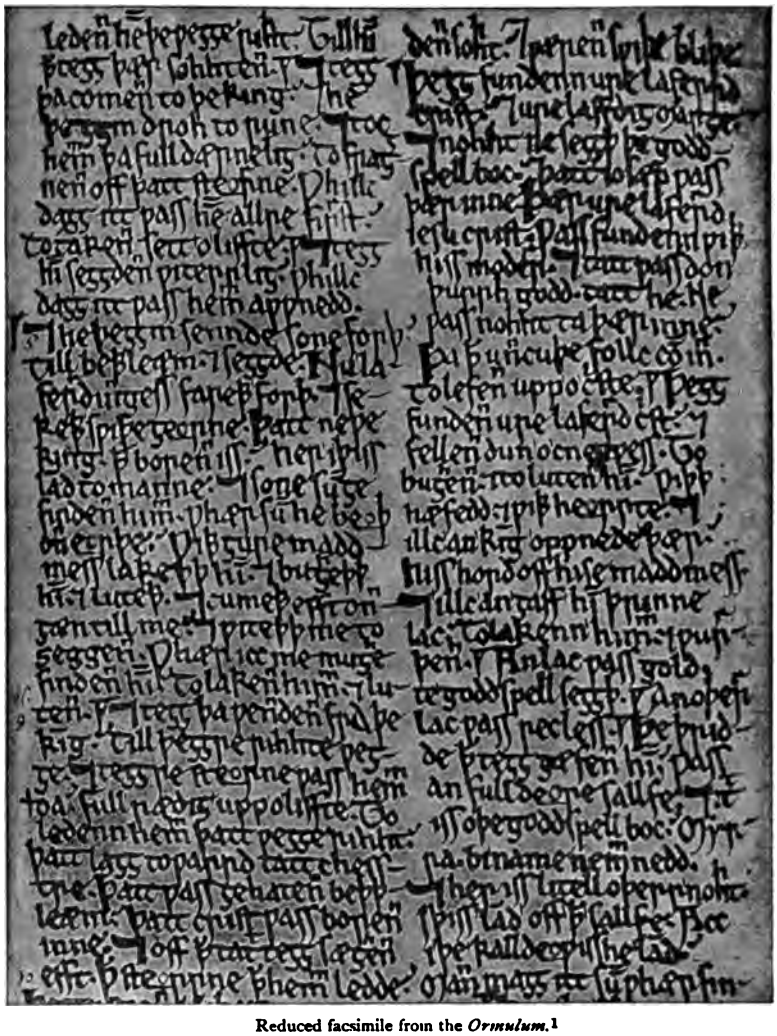
In France, nearly a century before the Arthurian romance had taken root, there had sprung up a great literature round the personality of Charlemagne. These *chansons de gestes*, as they are called, differed from the later romances by their greater simplicity and directness, and their greater national feeling. They were being written in France in great numbers and at amazing length during the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, and translations of a few of them appeared at a later date in England, together with echoes of two other much smaller and less important French cycles, those connected with the stories of Alexander the Great and of the siege of Troy. As will be seen, moreover, England received back from France more than one story on an old English subject, which had passed to France (possibly in an epic form of the same kind as *Beowulf*, possibly merely as a legend told from mouth to mouth), had been rendered into French in the prevalent romance form, and reappeared in English verse as a translation from the French.

These various French cycles of romance and the popular French books on other subjects to which we have alluded, whether written in France or in England, formed for a long time one-half of the literature sought after by the ruling class in England, while the Latin books already mentioned formed the other; for in those days people who could read at all, and were not merely dependent on the recitations of the wandering minstrels or the instruction of their priests, could mostly read Latin in addition to French. Books written in English had thus to fight their way into a field already occupied, and it is clear that until the fourteenth century they failed to obtain any real popularity among well-to-do people. Of Geoffrey of Monmouth's *Historia Regum Britanniæ* there are thirty-five manuscripts in the British Museum alone, and nearly a third of these date from the twelfth century. Of English works, on the other hand, written before 1360, perhaps the majority survive only in a single copy, which in no single case bears any trace of the fine writing or illumination found in manuscripts written for wealthy book-buyers. At a later date there is no lack of manuscripts of Langland, the Wyclifite Bible, and Chaucer, some of them most beautifully written and decorated. The inference is obvious that in the earlier period English books appealed to a very small and by no means wealthy class of readers, and the development of our literature was retarded for lack of encouragement; while

of the books written some at least, which we would gladly have inherited, perished utterly, partly, no doubt, because so few copies were made in the first instance.

Religious Literature.

About the same time as Layamon's *Brut* another long English poem was being written. This was the **Ormulum**, a fragment, as we have it, of about ten thousand lines of a poem, originally perhaps seven or eight times as long, in which the gospel of each day is first paraphrased, and then elaborately expounded out of the writings of Ælfric, Bede, and Augustine. Its author was an Augustinian monk named Orm or Ormin, possibly of Danish descent, who may have lived somewhere near the borders of Lincolnshire, and who dedicated his long work to his brother and fellow-monk, Walter. The book, we are told, was called *Ormulum* 'because that Orm it wrote;' and Orm must have been interested in matters of language, for he took the trouble to double the consonant after every short vowel, while his vocabulary is kept so free from French words that it is said not to contain five. On the other hand, in his metre he breaks away from Old English traditions, writing without alliteration in long lines of fifteen syllables, which divide quite regularly into short ones



Reduced facsimile from the *Ormulum*.[1]

[1] ledenn hemm þe we33e rihht Till himm
þatt te33 þær sohhtenn ¶ And te33
þa comenn to þe king and he
þe33m droh to rune Anp toc
hemm þa full dærneli3 To fra33
nenn off þatt steorrne Whillc
da33 itt was hemm allre firrst
To takenn sett o liffte ¶ And te33
himm se33denn witerrli3 Whillc
da33 itt wass hemm awwnedd
¶ And he þe33m sennde sone forþ
Till beþþleæm and se33de Nu la
ferrdinngess fareþþ forþ And se
keþþ swiþe 3eorne þatt newe
king þatt borenn iss Ner i þiss
land to manne And sone summ 3e
findenn himm Whær summ he beoþ
onn eorþe Wiþþ 3ure madd
mess lakeþþ himm And bu3heþþ
himm and luteþþ And cumeþþ eft onn
3æn till me And witeþþ me to
seggenn Whær icc me mu3he
findenn himm To lakenn himm and lutenn ¶ And te33 þa wendenn fra þe
king Till þe33re rihhte we3-
3e And te33re steorne was hemm
3a Full rædi3 upp o liffte To
ledenn hemm þatt we33e rihht
Þatt la33 towarrd tatt chess-
tre Þatt wass 3ehatenn beþþ
leæm Þatt crist wass borenn
inne And off þatt tatt te33 sæ3henn
efft Þatt steorrne þatt hemm ledde

denn sohht And wærenn swiþe bliþe
¶ Þe33 fundenn ure laferrd
crist And ure laffdi3 Mar3e
And nohht ne se33þ þe godd-
spell boc Þatt iosæp wass
þærinne Þær ure laferrd
iesu crist Wass fundenn wiþþ
hiss moderr And tatt wass don
Þurrh godd tatt he Ne
wass nohht ta þærinne

Þa þatt unncuþe follc comm inn
To lefenn upp o criste ¶ Þe33
fundenn ure laferrd crist And
fellenn dun o cnewwess To
bu3henn and to lutenn himm Wiþþ
hæfedd and wiþþ heorrte And
illc an king oppnede þær
Hiss hord off hise maddmess
And illc an 3aff himm þrinne
lac To lakenn himm and wurr-
penn ¶ An lac wass gold
te goddspell se33þ ¶ An oþerr
lac wass recless ¶ Þe þrid-
de þatt te33 gæfenn himm Wass
an full deore sallfe And itt
iss o þe goddspell boc Myr-
ra bi name nemmnedd
And her iss litell oþerr nohht
I þiss land off þatt sallfe Acc
i þe kalldeowisshe land
Mann ma33 itt summ whær fin-

eight and seven. In the following quotation, ken from the edition edited by the Rev. Robert olt in 1878, the peculiarities of spelling are nitted, and the letters þ and ȝ represented by th d *g*, *gh*, or *y*, in order that no needless difficulties ay repel modern readers. The extract is from m's dedication:

Nu, brother Walter, brother min
After the flæshés kinde,
And brother min i Cristendom
Thurh fulluht and thurh trowthe,
And brother min i Godés hus
Yet o the thridé wise,
Thurh that wit hafen taken ba
An reghel-boc to follghen
Under kanunkés had and lif,
Swa sum Sant Awstin sette;
Ic hafé don swa sum thu bad
And forthéd to thin wille,
Ic hafé wend intil English
Godspellés halghé lare,
After that little wit that me
Min Drihtin hafeth lened.
Thu thohtest tat it mihté wel
Till mikell framé turnen,
Gif English folc, for lufe of Crist
It woldé yerné lernen,
And folghen it, and fillen it
With thoht, with word, with dede,
And forthi yerndest tu that ic
This werc the sholde wirken;
And ic it hafé forthéd the,
Ac all thurh Cristés helpe.

Now, brother Walter, brother mine
After the flesh's kind,
And brother mine in Christendom
Through baptism and through truth,
And brother mine eke in God's house,
Once more, in a third way,
Since that we two have taken both
One book of rules to follow,
Under the canons' rank and life
So as Saint Austin set;
I now have done even as thou bad'st,
Forwarding to thy will,
I now have turned into English
The Gospel's holy lore,
After that little wit that me
My Lord and God has lent.
Thou thoughtest how that it might well
To mickle profit turn,
If English folk, for love of Christ,
It readily would learn
And follow it, fulfilling it
With thought, with word, with deed,
And therefore yearnedst thou that I
This work for thee should work;
And I have forwarded it for thee,
And all through help of Christ.

In the body of his work Orm weakens his verse r repetition and diffuseness, but this prologue is rect enough, and the accidental rhyming of ıes 18 and 20 immediately gives the quatrain a curiously modern lilt well sustained in the next four lines, till we are pulled up by the absence of the expected jingle at the end of the fourth. Another specimen of Orm's poetry may be spelt out from our facsimile of a page from the only extant manuscript of his work (Junius MS. I., in the Bodleian Library), and from the transcript, as printed by the Palæographical Society, in which all the author's peculiarities of spelling are faithfully preserved. The illustration, it need hardly be said, has not been chosen for its beauty, but rather to show, in its absence of grace of writing or illumination, how entirely shut off from the patronage of wealthy book-lovers were the English authors of this period who had the courage to use their native tongue.

To the same period as the *Ormulum*—that is, the first quarter of the thirteenth century—belongs another religious work, **Ancren Riwle** ('Anchoresses' Rule'), a prose treatise written for a little community of three religious women living at Tarrant, on the Stour, in Dorsetshire. Richard Poor, who died in 1237 as Bishop of Durham, was born in Tarrant, and loved the place so well that he ordered that he should be buried there. The book has, therefore, been assigned to him, but nothing more can be said of the ascription than that it is not impossible. Certainly, whoever wrote the 'Rule' deserved to obtain high office in the Church, for he combined in a remarkable degree devotional feeling, wisdom, and a sense of humour. There are several beautiful passages in the eight books of which the 'Rule' is composed, notably the parable of the Love of Christ in the seventh. Of its wisdom we have proofs in the writer's refusal to let the nuns bind themselves with strict vows or to practise needless austerities. For the humour, perhaps this passage, which enforces the value of silence, may be chosen as an example. It is taken from page 66 (Part ii. § 2) of the edition of the *Ancren Riwle*, edited by the Rev. James Morton for the Camden Society in 1853, and in the modernised version use has also been made of Mr Morton's translation:

Eve heold ine Parais longe tale mid te neddre, & told hire al the lescun the God hire hefde i-lered, & Adam, of then epple: & so the veond thurrh hire word understond anonriht hire wocnesse, & i-vond wei toward hire of hire vorlorenesse. Ure lefdi, Seinte Marie, dude al another wise: ne tolde heo then engle none tale: auh askede him thing scheortliche the heo ne kuthe. Le, mine leove sustren, voleweth ure lefdi & nout the kakele Eve. Vorthi ancre, hwat se heo beo, alse muchel as heo ever con & mei, holde hire stille: nabbe heo nout henne kunde. The hen hwon heo haveth i-leid, ne con buten kakelen. And hwat birit heo therof? Kumeth the cove anonriht & reveth hire hire eiren, & fret al the of hwat heo schulde vorth bringen hire cwike briddes: & riht also the luthere cove deovel berth awei vorm the kakelinde ancren, & vorswoluweth al the god the heo i-streoned habbeth, the schulden ase briddes beren ham up touward heouene, *gif* hit nere i-cakeled. The wreche peoddare more noise he maketh

to *ȝeien* his sope, then a riche mercer al his deorewurthe ware.

Eve held, in Paradise, long talk with the adder, and told him all the lesson that God had taught her and Adam concerning the apple; and so the fiend, through her word, understood at once her weakness and found the way to her for her destruction. Our lady, Saint Mary, did all another wise; nor told she the angel any tale, but asked him shortly the thing she did not know. Do you, my dear sisters, follow our lady, and not the cackling Eve. Wherefore let an anchoress, whatso she be, as much as ever she can and may, hold herself still. Let her not have the hen's nature. The hen, when she has laid, cannot but cackle. And what buys she thereof? Comes the chough at once and bereaves her of her eggs, and eats all that of which she should bring forth her living birds. And right so the wicked chough, the devil, beareth away from the cackling anchoresses, and swalloweth up all the good they have brought forth, and which ought, as birds, to bear them up toward heaven, if it were not cackled. The poor peddler makes more noise to cry his soap than a rich mercer all his precious wares.

It is best to assign to this period, at any rate in the earliest versions in which it has come down to us, the so-called Moral Ode (*Poema Morale*), written in rhyming couplets, with, as a rule, fourteen syllables, or seven accents, to the line. It has been claimed for this poem that it represents a later version of an original much older than the second half of the twelfth century, or the beginning of the thirteenth, to which we should assign it. Such an hypothesis, however, appears to be quite superfluous. Words of French origin appear as rhymes—that is, in a position where they could not easily have been foisted in by a later scribe—and the literary and metrical features of the poem make for as late a date as philology will allow to be assigned to it. The poem is of man's life, of the joys of heaven, and, still more, of the pains of hell. It is full of striking lines, mostly dictated by the vivid sense of punishment to come. For example:

Beter is worie wateres drunc thane atter meynd myd wyne.
Swynes brede is swete, so is of the wilde deore.
Al to deore he hit buth, that yeveth thar-vore his sweore.
Ful wombe may lihtliche speken of hunger and of festen;
So may of pyne that not hwat it is that evermo schal lesten.

Worie, turbid; *drunc*, drink; *atter . . . wyne*, poison mixed with wine; *al to . . . sweore*, all too dearly he it buys who gives for it his neck; *wombe*, belly; *festen*, fast; *pyne*, punishment; *not*, knows not.

But the opening passage (here quoted from Morris's *Specimens of Early English*) is perhaps the finest of the poem:

Ich am eldre than ich wes a winter and ek on lore.
Ich welde more than ich dude, my wyt auhte beo more.
Wel longe ich habbe child ibeo a werke and eke on dede.
Thah ich beo of wynter old to yong ich am on rede.
Unneth lif ich habbe ilad and yet me thinkth ich lede,
Hwenne ich me bithenche ful sore ich me adrede.
Mest al that ich habbe idon is idelnesse and chilce.
Wel late iche habbe me bi-thouht, bute god do me mylce.
Veole idel word ich habbe ispeke seotthe ich speke cuthe,
And feole yonge deden ido that me of-thincheth nuthe.
Al to lome ich hable agult on werke and on worde.
Al to muchel ich habbe i-spend, to lutel i-leyd an horde.
Best al that me likede er nu hit me myslyketh.
The muchel foleweth his wil him seolve he biswiketh.

A winter . . . lore, in winters and also in learning; *weale*, own; *auhte*, ought; *habbe*, have; *ibeo*, been; *Thah*, though; *on rede*, in counsel; *Unneth*, useless; *Hwenne . . . adrede*, when I bethink me of it full sorely I dread; *Mest*, most; *chilce*, childishness; *do me mylce*, show me mercy; *Veole*, many; *seotthe*, since; *cuthe*, could; *feole*, many; *of-thincheth*, repents; *nuthe*, now; *lome*, frequently; *agult*, trespassed; *The*, he who; *biswiketh*, deceives.

Judging from the number of manuscripts which have come down to us, the *Ancren Riwle* and the Moral Ode both enjoyed exceptional popularity. With the *Ancren Riwle* we may group, though without claiming for them common authorship, the legends of St Katherine, St Margaret, and St Juliana, and the vehemently anti-matrimonial homily on Holy Maidenhead (*Hali Meidenhad*), all written in an alliterative unrhymed metre with four accents; also the high-flown prose of the Wooing of our Lord (*Wohunge of Ure Lauerd*), *Ureisun* (Orison) *of God Almihti*, and some smaller pieces, printed among the Old English Homilies published by the Early English Text Society. Of more literary value than any of these are the poetical paraphrases of **Genesis and Exodus**, written probably in Suffolk about the middle of the century, from which we may take, as the shortest possible extract, eighteen lines from the scene between Isaac and Esau, when Jacob has stolen his brother's blessing. The text followed is that of the *Story of Genesis and Exodus*, edited by Richard Morris, E.E.T.S., 1865 (ll. 1553–1570):

Quan Ysaac it under-nam	When—understood
That Esau to laté cam,	too—came
And that is brother, after boren,	his
Was kumen and hadde is bliscing bi-foren,	come
Wel selkuthlike he wurth for-dred;	[1]
And in that dred his thogt was led	
In to ligtnesse for to sen,	see
Quow God wulde it suldé ben.	How
Tho seide Ysaac to Esau,	Then
'Thin brother Iacob was her nu,	here now
And toc thin bliscing lither-like,	took—wickedly
And he wurth blisced witterlike.'	assuredly
Quad Esau, 'Rigt is his name	Said
Hoten Iacob, to min un-frame;	Called—disadvantage
Or he min firme birthe toc	[2]
Nu haveth he stolen min bliscing oc:	eke
Thog, fader dere, bidde ic the	Though—I
That sum bliscing gif thu me.'	give

[1] Wondrously—was afraid. [2] Ere this he my birthright took.

To about the same date belongs a Northumbrian translation of the Psalter, which we may refer to again when we come to speak of translations of

the Bible. All through the thirteenth century, under the influence of the friars who had come to England in 1221, the production of religious literature went on; and towards its close or in the early years of its successor we have cycles of legend written both in the south and the north of England. In 1303 Robert Mannyng, who became a canon of the Gilbertine order at Sempringham, six miles from his native place, Brunne (or Bourne), in Lincolnshire, translated, under the title **Handlyng Synne**, the *Manuel des Pechez*, written in French by William of Waddington some thirty years earlier. Mannyng added freely to his original, and his poem, with its mixture of exhortation, satire, and anecdote, is by no means dull reading. Here, for instance, are a few lines from an attack on the trailing gowns of women and their saffron-colour wimples:

What sey *ye* men of ladyys pryde,
That gone traylyng over syde? — go trailing too widely
Gif a lady were ryghtely shreve, — shriven
Better hyt were yn almes geve; — it
To soule helpe hyt myght do bote — profit
That trayleth lowe undyr the fote.
Wymples, kerchyves, saffrunde betyde,—
*Y*elughe under *y*elughe they hyde;— — Yellow
Than wete men never whether ys whether, — know
The *y*elughe wymple or the lether. — skin

(Robert of Brunne's *Handlyng Synne*; ed. F. J. Furnivall, Roxburghe Club, 1862, ll. 3442–3451.)

And here is an account of the evil fate which befell a workman who broke the Saturday half-holiday instituted in honour of the Blessed Virgin:

Fel hyt on a Satyrday
A man hyrede folke to ful pay;
The halfe day ne halewde he noghte,
For al hole day hyt shulde be wroghte; — whole
The tyme come that noun they rong, — noon—rung
As they hadde ordeyned hem among:
Alle the wyrkmen homward *y*ede — went
But he and hys dede furth hys dede. — did—deed
Outher men seyde they shulde nat werche
Lengyr than they rong none at the chyrche.
'Comyth alle home, and havyth doun, — done
And haleweth wyth us at the noun
In the wurschip of oure lady,
As now ys custome comunly.'
One of hem swore hys othe
That he ne wlde, for lefe ne lothe, — would
Halew more at the none
Than hyt was wnt to be done; — wont
Ne he ne shulde, for oure lady,
But wyrche forthe the day holy. — wholly
Dowun he smote hys mattok, — Down
And fyl hym-self, dede as a stok. — dead

(*Ibid.* ll. 918–939.)

It is a misfortune that a book so full of stories and illustrations of social life should hitherto only have been printed for the benefit of members of the Roxburghe Club—i.e. in an edition of less than a hundred copies.

Lyrics.

Meanwhile lyric poetry, both secular and religious, was springing up. The famous 'Sumer is i-cumen in,' written about the middle of the thirteenth century, and reproduced on page 43 in reduced facsimile from a manuscript in the British Museum, owes some of its reputation to the fact that the music also has been preserved, and is said to be the earliest of English authorship in existence; but the words are pretty enough in themselves:

Sumer is i-cumen in, — come
Lhude sing cuccu; — Loudly
Groweth sede and bloweth mede
And springeth the wde nu. — wood now
Sing cuccu, cuccu.
Awe bleteth after lomb, — Ewe
Lhouth after calve cu; — Loweth—cow
Bulluc sterteth, bucke verteth; — 1
Murie sing, cuccu.
Cuccu, cuccu!
Wel singes thu, cuccu,
Ne swik thu naver nu; — cease—never
Sing cuccu nu.
Sing cuccu, cuccu.
Sing cuccu nu.

1 Starts—harbours amongst the fern.

Equally pretty, if not quite so well known, is this spring song, written in the reign of Edward I.:

Lenten ys come with love to toune, — Spring is
With blosmen and with briddes roune, — birds' whispering
That al this blisse bryngeth;
Dayes-eyes in this dales, — Daisies—these
Notes suete of nyhtegales,
Uch foul song singeth. — Each fowl
The threstelcock him threteth oo, — ever
A-way is huere wynter wo, — her
When woderove springeth; — woodruff
This foules singeth ferly fele, — wondrously much
And wlyteth on heure wynter wele, — loathe
That al the wode ryngeth.

Here again is a charming love-song of the same date:

Blou, northerne wynd,
Send thou me my suetyng,
Blou, northerne wynd, blou, blou, blou.

Ichot a burde in boure bryht, — I knew
That fully semly is on syht,
Menskful maiden of myht, — Noble
feir and fre to fonde;
In al this wurhliche won,
A burde of blod and of bon
Never *y*ete y nuste non — he knew
lussomore in londe. — pleasanter
Blou, &c.

Prettiest of all, perhaps, is this love-song 'To Alison:'

Bytuene Mershe and Averil
When spray biginneth to springe,
The lutel foul hath hire wyl
On hyre lud to synge; — In her language

Ich libbe in lovelonginge — live
For semlokest of alle thynge, — seemliest, fairest
He may me blisse bringe,
Icham in hire baundoun. — I am at her disposition
An hendy hap ichabbe y-hent — gracious chance I 've taken
Ichot from hevene it is me sent — I wot
From alle wymmen mi love is lent
And lyht on Alysoun.

. . . . . .

Nihtes when y wende and wake, — I turn
For-thi myn wonges waxeth won; — Because—cheeks
Levedi, al for thine sake — Lady
Longinge is y-lent me on.
In world nis non so wyter mon — wise
That al hire bounté telle con;
Hire swyre is whittore then the swon, — neck
And feyrest may in toun.
An hendy, &c.

Some of the religious lyrics are no less musical than these snatches we have quoted, and with the music they combine that vivid sense of the shortness of life, of the joys of heaven and 'the stronge pine of helle,' and of the sweetness of the love of Christ, which, amid all its legendary excrescences, gives such reality to medieval religious literature. Secular and religious alike, the best of the few thirteenth-century lyrics that have come down to us strike a note that is only heard again twice in English literature—in Elizabethan times and, with a difference, in the nineteenth century.

Passing from these lyrics, we must notice **The Owl and the Nightingale**, written about the middle of the century, and attributed to a Master Nicholas of Guildford, who is mentioned in it. The form of the poem is that of a 'strife' or contention between the two birds, and the opening lines (text from *Specimens of Early English;* ed. R. Morris, 1885) which give the local colour are perhaps the prettiest of the poem:

Ich was in one sumere dale,
In one swithe digele hale, — very secret nook
I-herde ich holde grete tale — talk
An ule and one nightingale. — owl
That plait was stif and starc and strong, — contention
Sum wile softe, and lud among, — [1]
And aither agen other swal, — swelled
And let that vule mode ut al. — [2]
And either seide of otheres custe — character
That alre-worste that hi wuste; — [3]
And hure and hure of otheres songe — now and again
Hi heolde plaiding swithe stronge. — They
The nightingale bi-gon the speche,
In one hurne of one beche; — corner
And sat up one vaire boghe, — fair bough
Thar were abute blosme i-noghe, — enough
In ore waste thicke hegge, — one
I-meind mid spire and grene segge. — [4]
Heo was the gladur vor the rise, — She—branch
And song a vele cunne wise: — very clever manner
Bet thughte the drem that he were
Of harpe and pipe, than he nere,
Bet thughte that he were i-shote
Of harpe and pipe than of throte. — [5]
Tho stod on old stoc thar bi-side
Thar tho ule song hire tide,
And was mid ivi al bi-growe, — overgrown with ivy
Hit was thare ule earding-stowe. — [6]

[1] Sometimes soft, at others hard. [2] And let out all that evil mood. [3] The worst of all they knew. [4] Mingled with grass and green sedge. [5] The sound seemed more like that of harp and pipe than not; more as if sped from harp or pipe than from a throat. [6] It was the dwelling-place of the owl.

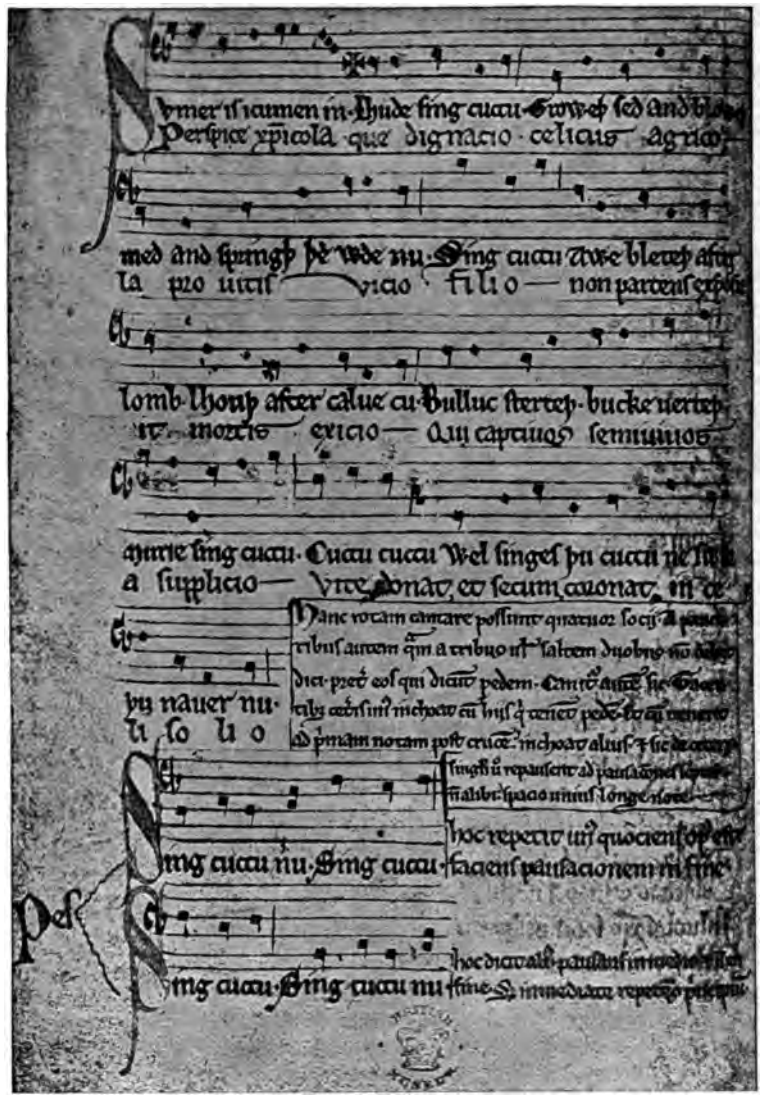
Chronicles and Romances.

Shortly after 1297 a Metrical Chronicle was written in Gloucestershire dialect by a monk named Robert, who probably lived at Gloucester, and who, after the usual preliminary sketch of history from the earliest times (borrowed chiefly from Henry of Huntingdon and William of Malmesbury), gives an account of his own times, which now and again has the vivid touch of an eye-witness, or one who had mixed with eye-witnesses. Thus Robert describes the darkness which extended for thirty miles during the battle of Evesham, and he gives this spirited account of a scene in the streets of Gloucester:

A freinss knight was at Gloucetre the sserreve thoru the king,
Sir Maci de Besile and constable also.
The barons it bispeke, that it was noght wel ido;
Ac aghe the pourveance, vor hii nolde Frenss man non.
An-other sserreve hii made thoru commun conseil echon
A knight of the contreie, Sir William Traci,
And of thulke poer clene pulte out Sir Maci.
Ac Sir William ssire huld in a monenday
Sir Maci com i-armed, as mani man isay,
With poer isend fram the court, i-armed wel inou,
And evene as the ssire sat to the tounes ende him drou.
Hii alighte with drawe suerd with macis manion,
And with mani an hard stroc rumede hor wey anon.
Vort hii come up to the deis and the sserreve vaste
Bi the top hii hente anon and to the grounde him caste,
And harlede him vorth villiche with mani stroc among.
In a foul plodde in the stret sutthe me him slong,
And orne on him mid hor hors and defoulede him vaste,
And bihinde a squier sutthe villiche hii him caste,
And to the castel him ladde thoru out the toun,
That reuthe it was vor to se, and caste him in prison.
Tho the tithings her of com to the baronie
Hii thoghte in time amendi suich vileinie.
(Lines 11061-11081.)

A French knight was at Gloucester, made sheriff by the king,
Sir Macy de Besile, and constable also.
The barons spoke against it that it was not well i-do,
So they made provision, for they would Frenchman none.
Another sheriff made they by consent of every one,
A knight of the country, Sir William Traci,
And from that same power clean pulled out Sir Maci.
As Sir William held shire upon a Monday
Sir Maci came all armed, as many men i-say [saw],
With a power sent from the court, armed well enough,
And even as the shire sat to the town's end him drew.
They lighted down with drawn sword, with maces many a one,
And with many a hard stroke made room and way anon.

y came up to the dais, and the sheriff fast
ad they seized anon and to the ground him cast,
ed him forth vilely with many a stroke among.
puddle in the street they afterwards him slung,
on him with horses and befouled him fast
nd a squire next vilely they him cast,
ıe castle led him throughout all the town,
ı it was for to see, and
him in prison.
e tidings hereof came
ıe barony
ıght in time they should
ıd such villainy.

ıst be allowed that
isodes like this are
ıs history than as
ınd Robert of Glou-
Chronicle is not easy
for more than a few
The slightly later
le of Robert Man-
:he author of the
ng Synne, is even
uable, being mainly
on Wace's version
ffrey of Monmouth,
ve in the pleasant
on the need of books
English language, is
riginality, literary or
al. The *Handlyng*
by its abundance of
:es gives a real pic-
the time, while the
:le, which professes
history, is entirely
s, and dull as well.
ıe thirteenth century
besides the works
:h we have already
at least three impor-
nances, *Sir Tristrem*,
k, and *Horn*, in all
:h a tradition at one
British or English
to have come back
original home after
leveloped on foreign
in a foreign tongue.
well known, the
e of **Sir Tristrem** was attributed by its first editor, Sir Walter Scott, to Thomas Rymour of Ercildoune or Earlston in Berwick (fl. 1280), and not without reason, since in the Chronicle of Robert Mannyng mention is made of it in connection with Ercildoune and *a* Thomas; and the reference, with its mention of the strange English in which the story is written, might well point, as

Reduced facsimile from the Harleian MSS. 978.[1]

ong or round from the MS. in the British Museum is set to six voices—the oldest thing of the kind—and is in a hand 1245. The English text is given on page 41. The intertin is a hymn in the same rhythm, and runs thus, with on of stops:

Perspice, christicola,
que dignacio!
celitus agricola
pro uitis uicio,
filio
non parcens, exposuit
mortis exicio;
Qui captiuos semiuiuos
a supplicio
vite donat,
et secum coronat
in celi solio

[Behold, Christian, what condescension! The husbandman from heaven, for the fault of the vine, not sparing His Son, offered him to the destruction of death, and He restores the half-perished prisoners from punishment to life, and crowns them with him in the throne of heaven.]

The eleven Latin lines in the right-hand lower corner in a smaller hand are directions for the singing of the 'rota' or round.

has been supposed, to an earlier Scottish text of which the extant version is a southernised transcript. Unfortunately, a hundred years earlier, the German version by Gottfried of Strasburg had also ascribed the authorship of the plot to a Thomas, and this Thomas could not possibly be Thomas of Ercildoune. It is possible, of course, that the Thomas mentioned in the German version and Thomas of Ercildoune both handled the story; but it is possible also that the fame of the prophecies of the Scottish Thomas led to the work of his unknown namesake being ascribed to him, and in the absence of any other Scottish work of this kind until many years later, this second theory seems the more credible of the two. The story, whoever wrote it, is told not without some skill, though with its full share of the surplusage by which so many of the later romances are damaged. As a specimen of its style and metre we may take the lines which tell how the famous love-potion mixed by Yseult's mother, and entrusted to the maiden Brengwain to cement the love of Yseult and King Mark, was unwittingly shared by Yseult and Tristram, to their undoing:

Her moder about was blithe, — mother
And tok a drink of mi*gh*t,
That love wald kithe; — would show
And tok it Brengwain the bri*gh*t,
To think:
'At er spouseing a-ni*gh*t — her
*G*if Mark and hir to drink.'

Ysonde bri*gh*t of hewe
Is fer out in the se.
A winde o*g*ain hem blewe, — against them
That sail no mi*gh*t ther be,
So rewe the kni*gh*tes trewe, — rowed
Tristrem, so rewe he,
Ever as thai com newe—
He on o*g*ain hem thre— [1]
Gret swink. — Great labour [was it]
Swete Ysonde, the fre, — noble
Asked Bringwain a drink.

The coupe was richeli wrou*gh*t; — cup
Of gold it was, the pin; [2]
In al the warld nas nought
Swiche drinke as ther was in.
Brengwain was wrong bi-thought, — got a wrong idea
To that drink sche gan win — make her way
And swete Ysonde it bi-tau*gh*t; — gave to
Sche bad Tristrem bigin,
To say. [3]
Her love mi*gh*t no man twin — Their—sunder
Til her ending-day.

An hounde ther was biside
That was y-cleped Hodain; — called
The coupe he licked that tide
Tho doun it sett Bringwain; — Then, When
Thai loved al in lithe — all together
And ther-of were thai fain;
To-gider thai gun abide
In joie and ek in pain,
For thought;
In ivel time, to sain, — evil—to say
The drink was y-wrou*gh*t.

(*Sir Tristrem*; ed. G. P. M'Neill, Scottish Text Society, 1886, ll. 1644–1683.)

[1] One against them three—that is, he rowed continuously, while they took turns. [2] A pin placed in the cup to measure the amount drunk. [3] That is, to drink; the *To say* is a mere expletive.

The story of **Havelok the Dane**, which in our own day provided Mr William Morris with the plot of his prose romance, *Child Christopher*, is of a king's son of one country and a king's daughter of another, each of them kept out of their rights by wicked guardians; of the hap which brings them together, and the might with which the king's son wins back both his own kingdom and his wife's. The fisherman Grim who was bidden to kill Havelok of Denmark brings him to England, and himself becomes the founder of Grimsby. Havelok wanders to Lincoln, and serves in the kitchen of the Earl Godrich of Cornwall, who is anxious to be rid of his ward Goldburgh, whose kingdom he enjoys. But her father had bidden the Earl marry Goldburgh to the handsomest and strongest man he could find, and when the kitchen-lad Havelok performs wonderful feats of strength, he insists on Goldburgh marrying him in order to get her out of the way. Not unnaturally Goldburgh is very angry, and this is how she is reassured:

On the nith, als Goldeborw lay, — night—as
Sory and sorwful was she ay,
For she wende she were bi-swike, — deceived
That she were *y*even un-kyndelike. [1]
O nith saw she ther-inne a lith, — light
A swithe fayr, a swithe bryth, — exceedingly
Al so brith, al so shir, — clear
So it were a blase of fir. — fire
She lokede north, and ek south,
And saw it comen ut of his mouth — out
That lay bi hire in the bed:
No ferlike thou she were adred, [2]
Thouthe she, 'Wat may this bi-mene! — Thought
He beth heyman yet, als y wene, — nobleman
He beth heyman er he be ded:' — is
On hise shuldre, of gold red
She saw a swithe noble croiz; — cross
Of an angel she herde a voyz: — voice
'Goldeborw, lat thi sorwe be,
For Havelok, that haveth spuset the, — espoused
[Is] kinges sone, and kinges eyr, — heir
That bikenneth that croiz so fayr. — betokens
It bikenneth more, that he shal
Denemark haven and Englond al;
He shal ben king strong and stark
Of Engelond and Denemark;
That shalt thu wit thine eyne sen,
And tho shalt quen and levedi ben.' — lady

(*The Lay of Havelok the Dane*; ed. W. W. Skeat, E.E.T.S., 1868, ll. 1247–1274.)

[1] Given (that is, in marriage) unnaturally. [2] No wonder though she were afraid.

Havelok takes Goldburgh to Grimsby, and by the help of Grim's sons and another faithful friend, Ubbe, he recovers Denmark and puts the usurper

cruel death. Then he wins England from Earl ich, and he and Goldburgh live there happily, ng Denmark to Ubbe. The story is told lly and well, and is doubtless founded on old ish legend, the memory of which is still pre- d in the ancient seal of Grimsby, which shows em,' with sword and shield, and little figures Habloc' and 'Goldeburgh' on either side of

ng Horn is also a good story, not unlike *elok*, and well told; but it is less simple and conventional. It has come down to us in manuscripts, and whereas in two of these 's father is called King Murry, in the third his is Allof. The 'Saracens' slay Allof; and gh they will not kill Horn because of his ty, they set him adrift in a boat with twelve anions. The boat carries them to Wester-, and there Horn wins the love of Rymenhild, ing's daughter. His secret is betrayed to her r by his false friend Fikenhild, and he sets off arch of adventures, receiving from Rymenhild gic ring. He returns, disguised as a pilgrim, s Rymenhild is about to be married to a King . Here is the scene when Horn makes himself n to her as she is offering wine to the guests:

Horn sat upon the grunde,
In thu*gh*te he was i-bunde, bound, wrapped
He sede 'Quen, so hende, gentle
To me-ward thu wende,
Thu *ge*f us with the furste,
The beggeres beoth of thurste.'
Hure horn heo leide adun, she
And fulde him of a brun, filled from a brown jug
His bolle of a galun, bowl that held a gallon
For heo wende he were a glotoun, she
He seide, 'Have this cuppe,
And this thing [?] ther uppe:
Ne sa*gh* ihc nevre, so ihc wene, I
Beggere that were so kene.'
Horn tok hit his ifere, I
And sede 'Quen, so dere,
Wyn nelle ihc muche ne lite I will not
Bute of cuppe white.
Thu wenest I beo a beggere,
And ihc am a fissere, fisher
Wel feor i-come bi este 2
For fissen at thi feste;
Mi net lith her-bi-honde, hard by
Bi a wel fair stronde,
Hit hath i-leie there
Fulle seve yere. seven
Ihc am i-come to loke
Ef eni fiss hit toke.
Ihc am i-come to fisse:
Drink to me of disse, dish, bowl
Drink to Horn of horne:
Feor ihc am i-orne.' journeyed
Rymenhilde him gan bihelde,
Hire heorte bigan to chelde, grow cold
Ne kneu heo no*gh*t his fissing,
Ne Horn hymselve nothing:
Ac wunder hire gan thinke,
Whi he bad to Horn drinke.
Heo fulde hire horn with wyn,
And dronk to the pilegrym;
Heo sede, 'Drink thi fulle,
And sutthe thu me telle,
If thu evre i-si*ge* saw
Horn under wude li*ge*.' wood lie
Horn dronk of horn a stunde, a while
And threu the ring to grunde, 3
The quen *ye*de to bure went to her bower
With hire maidenes foure.
Tho fond heo what heo wolde,
A ring i-graven of golde
That Horn of hure hadde;
Sore hure dradde
That Horn i-sterve were. killed

(*King Horn*; ed. J. R. Lumby, E.E.T.S., 1866, ll. 1115-1167.)

[1] Took it from his companion (love). [2] Come very far from the East to fish at thy feast. [3] That is, to the bottom of the cup.

After Horn has won his bride he leaves her again to recover his kingdom, and in his absence Fikenhild plots against him, causing a repetition in the story which is rather a blot on it.

Miracle-Plays and the Cursor Mundi.

Reference has already been made (page 34) to the first miracle-plays acted in England. By the beginning of the fourteenth century a great change had come over these representations, but of the gradual stages by which it must have developed we know very little. The dramatic poem of the **Harrowing of Hell**, which is thought by some critics to be as early as the reign of Henry III., is the only extant remnant of this period when the plays had begun to be written in English, and were still of such a character that they might be acted in church. It contains some two hundred and forty lines, and begins with a prologue, whose opening—

Allé herkneth to me nou,
A strif wil I tellen you,
Of Jesu and of Satan—

makes it uncertain whether it should be regarded only as a poem intended for recitation or as really dramatic. But the speeches which follow, spoken by Christ and Satan, Hell's Porter, Adam, Eve, Abraham, David, John Baptist, and Moses, form a perfect little play; and their beauty and directness may be well illustrated by the opening colloquy, which is here given as printed in the appendix to *English Miracle-Plays, Moralities, and Interludes*, edited by A. W. Pollard, third ed. 1898:

Dominus. Hardè gatès have I gon, ways
Sorewes suffred mani on; one
Thritti winter and thridde half *ye*r 1
Have I woned in londe her. dwelt
Almost is so michel gan, much gone
Sithen I bicam first man;
Ich have sithen tholed and wist suffered
Hot and cold, hunger and thrist: thirst
Man hath don me shame inoh. enough
With word and dede in here woh; evil

He nomen me withouten sake, They took—cause
Bounden min honden to mi bake; hands—back
He beten me, that I ran on blode,
Demden me to deye on rode; Condemned—cross
For Adames sinne, ful iwis, certainly
Ich have tholéd al this.
Adam, thou hast dere aboht, dearly paid for
That thou levedest me noht; believedst—not
Adam, thou havest aboht sore
And I nil suffre that na more; will not
I shal the bringe of hellé pine, out of—pain
And with the allé mine.
Satan. Who is that ich heré thore? there
Ich him redé speke na more, I—advise
For he mai so michel do,
That he shal us comé to,
For to ben oure fere companion
And fonden hou we pleien here. find, prove
Dominus. Wost thou never, what ich am?
Almost the thridde winter is gan,
That thou havest fonded me tried
For to knowe, what I be;
Sinné found thou never nan
In me, as in other man;
And thou shalt wite well to-dai,
That mine will I have awei,
Whan thou bilevest al thin one, relinquishest
Thanne miht thou grete and grone. weep
Satan. Par ma fei! ich holdé mine By my faith!
Allé tho, that ben her-inne;
Resoun will I tellé the,
Ther agen miht thou noht be.
Whoso biggeth ani thing, buyeth
It is his and his ofspring.
Adam hungri cam me to,
Manrede dide I him me do; Homage
For on appel ich *g*af him,
He is min and al his kin.
Dominus. Satanas, it wes min.
The appel, that thou *g*avest him,
The appel and the appel-tre
Bothe were maked thourh me.
How mihtest thou on ani wise
Of other mannes thing make marchandise?
Sithen he wes boht with min,
With resoun wil ich haven him.

[1] Thirty-two and a half years.

Dialogue like this gives us the best idea we can attain of such a play of the Resurrection as, according to the *Handlyng Synne* (*supra*, page 41), might lawfully be acted by a priest in church to teach the unlearned. But in the same passage Mannyng mentions, though only to reprobate, the acting of plays 'in weyes or grenes,' and this removal from the church and its precincts speedily altered their character. In every important English town at this period there were guilds of the different trades or crafts, with objects partly religious, partly secular, and these guilds during the fourteenth century took the acting of the miracle-plays very largely into their own hands. In 1311 the Council of Vienne enjoined the strict observance of the festival of Corpus Christi, and in many towns this day, or in some instances its eve, was selected by the guilds for the annual performances of their plays, though in other towns these were given at Whitsuntide. Both Whitsuntide and Corpus Christi, which falls on the Thursday after Trinity Sunday, although movable feasts, always come within a few weeks of the longest day, and as the plays began between four and five in the morning, there was time enough before sunset for a series of performances of what seems to us enormous length. These Corpus Christi and Whitsuntide representations were thus restricted to no single subject, such as the Nativity or the Resurrection, but embraced 'matter from the beginning of the world' to the Day of Judgment. Their rise into importance during the fourteenth century is thus closely connected with the popularity of the great narrative poem on the same subject, the **Cursor Mundi**, so called by its unknown author because it 'runs over' the world's history. In some manuscripts this poem extends to nearly thirty thousand lines, and it groups its subject under 'seven ages,' the first ending with the Flood, the second with Babel, the third with the death of Saul, the fourth with the Captivity of Judah, the fifth with the preaching of John the Baptist. The sixth age begins with the Baptism of Christ, and extends to the Finding of the Cross by the Empress Helena; the seventh and last is taken with a bound to the Day of Judgment. The main sources from which this long poem was compiled are the Bible, sometimes directly, sometimes as its story is retold in the *Historia Scholastica* of Petrus Comestor (written c. 1175), the apocryphal Gospels, the *Chasteau d'Amour* or *Carmen de Creatione Mundi* of Robert Grosseteste, Bishop of Lincoln, and the *Golden Legend* of Jacobus de Voragine. It is thus a storehouse of medieval legend as well as of biblical history, and its popularity was very great. The *Cursor* was edited for the Early English Text Society by Dr Richard Morris in four different versions, with the aid of six other manuscripts, and seems to have been the first English book which was copied and recopied again and again. Writing in Northumbria, probably about 1320, the author prefaces his poem with a prologue of two hundred and seventy lines, in which he notes how eager men were in his day to read 'rimes' and 'gestes,' the romances of Alexander and Julius Cæsar, of Greece and Troy, of Brut who conquered England, of King Arthur, Gawain and Kay, of Tristram and Isoude, and of the wars of Charlemagne and Roland with the Saracens. His own aim is to sing of the Blessed Virgin, and he will therefore 'run over' all the events which led to the Incarnation, 'and tell sum gestes principale.' Lastly, after summarising the contents of his book, he proceeds (ll. 232–248), like other writers of his day, to justify himself for writing in English:

This ilké boke is translate
In-to Inglis tonge to rede
For the love of Inglis lede, people
Inglis lede of Ingéland.
For the commun to understande

Frenché rimes here I rede
Communely in ilka stede, — in every place
That mast ys worth for Frenché man — most
Quat is for him na Frenché can? — What—knows no French
Of Ingelande the nacioun
Ys Inglis man thar in commoun.
The speche that man with mast may spede,
Mast thar-wit to speke war nede; — therewith
Selden was for ani chance
Praised Inglis tong in France;
Give we ilkan thare langage, — each one
Me think we do tham non outrage.

One of the most interesting sections of the *Cursor Mundi*, and the one which hitherto has defied all tempts to trace it to its source, is the mythical story of the Cross on which Christ died. The iotation which must serve as our chief specimen the poem relates to its finding ('invention') by e Empress Helena, and joins on in a curious ıy to Shakespeare's *Merchant of Venice*—the w who guides the Empress to the place where e three crosses are found being the prototype Shylock, and giving up his secret to save himself ɔm the punishment pronounced on him for having ught to enforce his bond for a pound of flesh ɔm a Christian:

Son quen thai had thair praier maked, — Soon when
The erth al under thaim it quaked,
Than said the Juu, that all it herd,
'Christ! thou es sauver of all this werld!'
Of he kest al to his serk — Off he cast—shirt
To mak him nemel til his werk. — nimble to
Sithen he nam a spad in hand, — Then—took
Lang he delf, bot noght he fand; — digged
Quen he right depe had dolven thare,
I hope tuenti fote or mare, — I reckon 20 feet or more
He fand tua crosses and that ilk, — 1
Bot yeit ne wist thai quilk was quilk, — which
The quilk moght be the lauerd tre — Lord's
And quilk it moght the theves be.
Wit mikel joi and mikel gle — With much
Unto the tun bar thai thaa tre, — town—those
Thar war thai don als in mide place,
For to abide ur lauerd grace. — our
Abute the time o middai or mar, — or more
A ded man bodi forth thai bar;
Sant Eline mad hir praier thar, — there
And sua did all the folk was thar,
That Crist suld tham sum-quat scau, — somewhat show
His aun dere tre to knau. — own
With aither tre the cors on-ran, — 2
Bot allwais lai it still as stan; — stone
The thred thai toched til his hide, — thick—skin
And up he ras wit-uten bide, — rose without delay
And spak wit a blithful voice, — with
The tre thus hailsand o the croice. — hailing—cross

(*Cursor Mundi*; ed. R. Morris, 1877-92, ll. 21,523-21,552.)

That same—i.e. the true one. 2 They approached the corpse th either tree.

The *Cursor Mundi* rises to no great height poetry, but throughout its enormous length maintains a steady level which commands admiration, and its popularity, as has already been noted, was very great. Partly no doubt through its influence the **cyclical miracle-plays** came rapidly into favour during the fourteenth century, more especially in the north of England, where the *Cursor* was best known. The York cycle as we now have it is made up of no fewer than forty-eight different plays, of which one to six deal with the Creation and Fall; seven to eleven with the Murder of Abel, the Flood, the Sacrifice of Isaac, and the Exodus; twelve to nineteen with the Prophecies of Christ's Advent and the incidents of the Nativity; twenty to twenty-four with some of the chief events of His ministry; twenty-five to thirty-six with the Passion; thirty-seven to forty-four with the Harrowing of Hell, Resurrection, the appearance of Christ to His disciples, the Ascension and Gift of the Holy Spirit; forty-five to forty-seven with the death of the Blessed Virgin, her appearance to St Thomas, Assumption, and Coronation; and the forty-eighth with the Day of Judgment. In other cycles some incidents were added and others omitted, but the general sequence of the plays was much the same, and there can be no doubt that at the outset their intention was wholly didactic and religious, and that they must have contributed not a little to the instruction of the ignorant. Their final development in the fifteenth century will be touched on again; but it is clear from Chaucer's allusions that long before his day the dramatists had sought to relieve the strain on the spectators by the introduction of humorous incidents, the quarrel of Noah and his wife when the time came to go into the ark being already a stock scene, while the ranting of Pilate and Herod was also a well-established convention. We know, moreover, that at York before 1378 the management of the different plays was already divided out between the different crafts, and it is probable that the allusions to the method of representation which have been gleaned from later records apply equally well to these fourteenth-century performances. As early as Lent, we are told, the 'moste connyng discrete and able players' the city could furnish were selected, 'all other insufficiant personnes, either in connyng, voice or personne,' being sternly 'discharged, ammoved and avoided.' A first rehearsal would be held in Easter week, a second in Whitsun week, and at both these the players would be refreshed with bread and ale—this and other expenses being defrayed by a levy, varying from a penny to fourpence, on every member of the guild. No player was allowed to take more than two parts, and he would receive for his services, according to his ability and the parts he played, sums varying from fourpence to four shillings, the latter amount being worth about £2, 10s. of modern money. The dresses in which these players were attired were more magnificent than appropriate. We hear of Herod wearing a blue satin gown with a helmet gilded and silvered, of Pilate in a green robe, of

Judas in yellow; while the player who took the part of Christ wore a coat of white sheepskin and red sandals. The stages or 'pageants' on which the performances took place are described as high 'scaffolds, with two rooms, a higher and a lower, upon four wheels.' In the lower the players apparelled themselves; in the higher, which was open at the top, they played. On the morning of the performance each pageant would be rolled out of its shed and dragged in its turn to the first of the 'stations' at which the plays were acted. The first performance over, the pageant would be dragged through the streets to the second station, and then the play repeated. At York each play was performed twelve times, and occasionally oftener, the choice of the stopping-places or stations being determined by the liberality of the owners of the adjacent houses. These contributions were much needed, for the cost of the plays fell heavily on the guilds; five or six of them had sometimes to club together to produce a single pageant, while the sharing of the expenses led to frequent disputes. In a few cases the reason for the assignment of a play to a particular guild is obvious; thus the Shipwrights or Fishmongers commonly interested themselves in Noah and the Flood, while the Goldsmiths and Goldbeaters played the Magi. But as a rule the wealth of the guild and the cost of the necessary dresses and stage properties were the chief considerations.

Four cycles of miracle-plays have come down to us, three connected respectively with York, Wakefield, and Chester, and a fourth, probably written in the East-Midlands, but, by a tradition with very little claim to respect, passing under the name of Coventry. The York, Wakefield, and Chester cycles were probably all in existence by the middle of the fourteenth century, though not in the form in which we have them. Partly to suit the convenience of the crafts, partly to please the changing taste of audiences, plays were from time to time added or taken away, or recast in a new form, while the scribes of our manuscripts seem frequently to have depended on imperfect oral tradition. It is possible, however, sometimes to pick out the older work from its surroundings, and we may take the scene between Isaac and his sons (for the sake of comparison with the quotation already given on page 40 from the *Genesis*) as an example of the Wakefield plays in their earliest form:

Isaac. Com nere, son, and kys me,
That I may feyle the smell of the.
The smell of my son is lyke
To a feld with flouris, or hony-bike. hive
Where art thou, Esau, my son?
Iacob. Here, fader, and askis youre benyson.
Isaac. The blyssyng my fader gaf to me,
God of heven and I gif the;
God gif the plente grete,
Of wyne, of oyll and of whete;
And graunt thi childre all
To worship the, both grete and small;
Who-so the blyssys, blyssed be he;
Who-so the waris, wared be he. curses, cursed
Now has thou my grete blyssyng,
Love the shall all thyne ofspryng;
Go now wheder thou has to go.
Iacob. Graunt mercy, sir, I will do so.
[Recedet Iacob.
Esau. Have, ete, fader, of myn huntyng,
And gif me sythen your blyssyng.
Isaac. Who is that?
Esau. I, youre son
Esau, bryngis you venyson.
Isaac. Who was that was right now here,
And brought me bruet of a dere? broth
I ete well and blyssyd hym;
And he is blyssyd ich-alym. in every limb
Esau. Alas! I may grete and sob. weep
Isaac. Thou art begyled thrugh Iacob,
That is thyne awne german brother. thine own full brother
Esau. Have ye kepyd me none other
Blyssyng then ye set hym one?
Isaac. Sich another have I none;
Bot God gif the to thyn handband covenanted portion
The dew of heven and frute of land;
Other then this can I not say.
Esau. Now, alas, and walo-way!
May I with that tratoure mete,
My faders dayes shall com with grete, weeping
And my moders also;
May I hym mete I shall hym slo. slay

(*The Towneley Plays*; re-edited by George England, E.E.T.S., 1897. Play v. ll. 1–40.)

The great themes of the miracle-plays, especially Christ's Passion, which is always treated in vivid detail, are handled with medieval familiarity, yet not without feeling. But there are no passages in which the unknown authors rise sufficiently to the dignity of their subject to make detached quotations helpful. Even the play on the sacrifice of Isaac, which more than one of the playwrights invests with real pathos, is a little spoilt by repetition and prolixity. The lighter side of the miracle-plays is more easily illustrated by the stock scene of 'the sorrow of Noah and his fellowship,' as Chaucer calls it, when Noah's wife refused to come into the ark. It is best given in the Chester cycle, from which, therefore, we here quote, though the text, as we have it, represents a version probably somewhat later than our period, and itself belongs to the end of the sixteenth century. As here printed it has been purged of some of the corruptions of the Elizabethan scribe:

Noah. Wif, com in: why standes thou there?
Thou art ever forward, I dar well swere;
Com in, on Goddes halfe! time it were, for God's sake
For fere lest that we drowne.
Noah's Wife. Yea, sir, sette up your saile,
And rowe forth with evil haile, with ill-luck
For withouten any faile
I will not out of this towne.
But I have my gossippes everychon,
One foot further I will not gon;
They shall not drowne, by Sante John!
And I may save ther life.

They loven me full well, by Christe!
But thou lette them in thy chiste, [1]
Elles rowe nowe wher thee liste,
And gette thee a new wife.
Noah. Shem, sonne, lo! thy mother is wrawe. angry
Forsooth swich another I do not knawe.
Shem. Father, I shall fett her in, I trawe fetch
Withouten any faile.
Mother, my father after thee sende,
And biddes thee into yonder ship wende,
Loke up and see the winde,
For we bene ready to saile.
Noah's Wife. Shem, go again to him, I saye,
I will not come therin to daye.
Noah. Com in, wife, in twenty devills way!
Or elles stand ther withoute.
Ham. Shall we all fett her in?
Noah. Yea, sonnes, in Christs blessing and mine!
I wolde you hiéd you betime,
For of this flood I doubte.
Japhet. Mother, we praye you all togeder,—
For we are here your owne childer,
Com into the ship for fere of the wedder,
For his love that you boughte.
Noah's Wife. That will not I, for all your call,
But I have my gossippes all. Unless
Shem. In faith, mother, yet you shall,
Whether thou wilt or not. [*They force her in.*
Noah. Welcom, wife, into this bote.
Noah's Wife. Have thou that for thy note. [2]
[*Strikes him.*
Noah. A ha! Mary, this is hote,
It is good to be still.
A! children, me-thinkes my bote remeves, moves
Our tarying here heighly me greves.
Over the land the watter spredes;
God do as he will.

[1] Chest, a disrespectful allusion to the ark. [2] For thy head—that is, a blow.

Other Religious Literature.

Richard Rolle of Hampole.

We shall allude again to the later developments of the miracle-plays in the fifteenth century; but even these two short quotations will have helped to explain the secret of their rapid popularity, illustrating at once the fidelity with which the dramatists followed the Bible narrative, and the freedom with which at times, when it seemed permissible, they supplied details of a kind to give relief to the strained attention of the spectators. Of religious literature of a more definite kind there was no lack in the first half of the fourteenth century. We must notice some religious poems and a translation of the Psalms and Canticles in prose by William of Shoreham (near Sevenoaks), who in 1320 was appointed vicar of Chart Sutton, near Leeds (Kent), where he had been a monk; also the *Ayenbyte of Inwyt* ('Remorse of Conscience') of Dan (Dominus = the Reverend) Michel of Northgate, a monk of St Augustine's Abbey, Canterbury, who in 1340 translated, under this title, a French treatise (*Le Somme des Vices et des Vertus*) written by Frère Lorens in 1279, and wrote or adapted some sermons, which have also come down to us. More important than these Kentish treatises are the very curious and interesting metrical homilies in the Northumbrian dialect, written about 1330, in octosyllabic couplets, and as full of stories as the *Handlyng Synne* of Robert of Brunne; also the numerous works in English and Latin, in prose and verse, of **Richard Rolle.** This remarkable man was born at Thornton, in Yorkshire, in or about 1290; and after being educated at Oxford at the expense of a patron, resolved when eighteen or nineteen to become a hermit. Borrowing two kirtles, a white and a gray, from his sister, he made himself a temporary habit, and began a solitary life. Though half-suspected of insanity, he was allowed to preach in a church, and his sermon deeply moved his hearers. One of them provided him with a hermit's cell and dress and the means of support, and henceforth his life was passed between the raptures of contemplation and devotional writing. For some time before his death, in 1349, he lived at Hampole, near Doncaster, and it is as Richard of Hampole that he is best known. Besides two prose versions, with commentaries, of the Psalms, differing considerably from each other, which have been attributed to him, Hampole wrote a metrical translation of the Psalter and of parts of Job; also the *Pricke of Conscience*, a rather lifeless poem, in short couplets, dealing with the transitoriness of human things, with death and judgment, heaven and hell. His devotional writings in prose contain passages of real fervour and beauty; and though an unquestioning believer in the Church as he found it, he shows that power of piercing through the form to the spirit which brings devout mystics of every religion so close to each other. The following legend of Divine forgiveness transcending all human forms is the complement to its predecessor, in which, though all forms had been punctiliously observed, forgiveness was withheld for lack of 'verray contricioun:'

A scolere at Pares had done many full synnys, the whylke he hade schame to schryfe hym of. At the last gret sorowe of herte overcome his schame, and, whene he was redy to schryfe hym till the priore of the Abbay of Saynte Victor, swa mekill contricione was in his herte, syghynge in his breste, sobbinge in his throtte, that he moghte noghte brynge a worde furthe. Thane the prioure said till hym: 'Gaa and wrytte thy synnes.' He did swa and come agayne to the pryoure and gafe hym that he hadde wretyn, for yitt he myghte noghte schryfe hym with mouthe. The prioure saghe the synnys swa grette, that thurghe leve of the scolere he schewede theyme to the abbotte, to hafe conceyle. The abbotte tuke that byll that thay ware wrettyn in, and lukede thareone. He fande na thynge wretyn and said to the priour: 'What may here be redde, thare noghte es wretyne?' That saghe the pryour and wondyrde gretly and saide: 'Wyet ye, that his synns here warre wretyn and I redde thaym, bot now I see, that God has sene hys contrycyone and forgyfes hym all his synnes.' This the

abbot and the prioure tolde the scolere, and he with gret joye thanked God.

(*English Prose Treatises of Richard Rolle de Hampole*; ed. G. G. Perry, E.E.T.S., 1866, p. 7.)

Pares, Paris; *full*, foul; *schryfe*, confess; *till*, to; *swa mekill*, so much; *Gaa*, go; *saghe*, saw; *conceyle*, counsel; *tuke that byll*, took the paper; *fande*, found; *wyet*, know.

We should not fail to notice in this extract the simple and straightforward, but by no means colourless, prose in which it is written. It has all the merits which we can look for in plain narrative, and it would not be easy to find anything at once so rapid and so full of unaffected dignity till we come to Tyndale's version of the Gospels. A second quotation on 'How God comes to His lovers and how He sometimes from them parts' shows that Hampole could rise quite naturally to real beauty of style:

How god comes to his lofars and how he some-tyme fra thaim partis. God, when he comes to his lufars, he gifs thaim to taste how swete he is: & are thai mai fulli fele he fra thaim wendis, & als an egle he spredis his wengis & above thaim risis, als if he said: 'Som dele mai *ye* fele how swete I am; bot if *ye* wil fele this swetenes to the full, flies up after me, & lift youre hertis up to me, thar I am sittand on mi fader right hand, & thare sal ye be fulfillid in joie of me. God comes till his lufars til comforte thaim; he partis fra thaim for thai suld the mare meke thaim, & that thai suld noght overmikil pride thaim of the gladdyng that thai haf of his come. For if thi spouse ware ai with the, thou wold late over-wele of the selfe & despice other; & if he ware ai with the, thou wold rete it to kynde, & noght to grace. For-thi thorugh his grace he comes when he wil, & to whaim he wil, and departis when he wil; so that his lang duellyng make him noght mare unworthi, bot after his departynge [he] be the mare *yernid* & soght with geluse luf & sighinges & teres.

('Yorkshire Writers:' *Richard Rolle of Hampole*; ed. C. Horstmann, vol. i., 1895, p. 147.)

Fra, from; *are*, ere, before; *som dele*, some part; *sittand*, sitting; *till*, to; *meke thaim*, humble themselves; *come*, coming; *ai*, aye, ever; *late*, think; *rete it to kynde*, attribute it to nature; *For-thi*, therefore; *yernid*, yearned after; *geluse*, jealous.

Later Romances.

In secular literature the chief feature of the first half of the fourteenth century, as of the closing years of the thirteenth, is the great vogue of the metrical romance. We have already spoken of *Sir Tristrem*, *Havelok*, and *Horn* as written before 1300; and there are several others which may have been in existence as early as this, though the manuscripts in which they have come down to us are much later. Of those which appear to be earliest the majority are written in couplets; but various forms of twelve-line stanzas soon became popular, and the stanza of six lines was also used, both forms of stanzas appearing (as in the miracle-plays) in combination with couplets. The alliterative romances will be treated by themselves. Of those in rhyme written during the fourteenth century we possess more than a score, varying in length from a few hundred to upwards of ten thousand lines apiece. It is impossible to discuss them all at length; they defy epitome and are not easily represented by extracts, nor is a general criticism likely to be very profitable. It is perhaps unfair to say of them that they are the 'sensational novels' of the fourteenth century, but in their use of stock incidents, their lack of characterisation, and their low standard of style, on their weaker side they do not deserve to rank much higher. The great majority must have been translated from the French, though in many cases the originals are lost or have not been printed; and as the romance in France had long ere this lost its early freshness, these imitations share the weakness of their models. Three of these romances have English heroes, and might be expected, therefore, to be racier than the rest. This is certainly true of that which celebrates the exploits of **Richard Cœur de Lion.** Richard is depicted as a truculent person, who orders the slaying of sixty thousand Saracens in cold blood, and bursts into a great laugh when he finds that his cook, unable to comply with his demand for pork, has served him with pickled Saracen instead! But the story is told with life and vigour, and the fighting—witness this account of the assault on Jaffa—is very good:

'Az armes!' he cryede, 'make you yare!' 1, 2
To hem that wyth hym comen ware.
'We have,' he sayde, 'lyf but on: only one life
Selle we it, bothe flesch and bon,
For to cleyme our herytage,
Slee we the houndes full of rage!
Who-so doutes for her menace,
Have he never syght of Goddes face!
Here armure no more I ne doute,
Thenne I doo a pylche-cloute. cloth
Thorwgh grace of God in trinite,
Thys day men schal the sothe i-see!'
Alther-fyrst on land he leep; 3
Of a doseyn he made an heep. dozen
He gan to cry with voys ful cler,
Wher be these hethene pawtener, vagabond
That have the cyte of Jaffe i-take?
Unwyvvely I schal you wake. Unwifely, Roughly
To waraunt that I have i-do,
Wesseyl I schal drynk you to! 6
He leyde on ilka syde ryght, each
And slow the Sarezynes aplyght; slew—on my faith
The Sarezynes fledde and were al mate; confused
With sorwe they ranne out of the gate.
In there herte they were so yarwe nimble
All here yates they thought too narwe. gates
Both walles they fledde of the toun,
On every syde they felle adoun.
Some of hem broke her swere, neck
Legges and armes, al in fere,
And ilkon cryede in this manere, each one
As ye schal afterward here:
'*Malcan staran naw arbru*
Lor fermoir toir me moru.'
This is to saye in Englys,
'The Englyshe devyl i-comen is:

ff he us mete we schal deye,
ɜe we faste out of hys weye.'
('Richard Cœr de Lion,' ll. 6727–6764, Weber's *Metrical Romances*, 1810, vol. ii. p. 264.)

armes! ² Ready! ³ First of all (text, *Al the fyrst*).
l, I shall drink your healths.

arlier account (lines 2503–2570) of a sea-fight
:h we are told of the sailors,

They rowed hard, and sunge ther-to
With hevelow and rumbeloo,

take the enemy, is no less vivid; and though
re some dreary wastes in the seven thousand
f which it consists, the romance must take
ank. **Bevis of Hampton** is the story of a
old by his unnatural mother as a slave to the
ns. He wins the affections first of his
, King Ermyn, and then of Ermyn's daughter,
Josyan. When Josyan becomes a Christian
love for Bevis, her father turns against the
, and there are numberless thrilling adven-
Bevis regaining his heritage, boiling the
r in pitch, brimstone, and lead, and then
off on new wars until his son, Sir Mili, is
d King of England, and he himself, his wife
, and his horse Arundel enjoy a happy death
same day. **Guy of Warwick** is neither so
conceived nor so well told, though its
rity in different forms seems to have been
than that of any of its rivals. Guy loves
the daughter of his lord, Rohand, Earl of
ck; but the lady is haughty, and though, at
mmand of an angel, she promises him her
hen he shall have proved himself worthy of
insists, even after he has shown his bravery,
e shall undertake further adventures; and
ead him far afield. Returning to England,
ıfter incidentally slaying a dragon, claims
tains Felice's hand. But after forty days of
ge he bethinks him how he had—

Slain many a man with hand,
Burnt and destroyed many a land,
And all was for womanes love,
And not for Goddes sake above.

ɔurneys to the Holy Land as a palmer,
g now and then when need arises, and on
turn engaging in single combat with the
ı champion, Colbrand. As soon as he has
this giant he resumes his palmer's dress,
his castle without declaring himself to
, and only sends for her at last that she
ɔceive his dying breath. Probably the fight
Colbrand was the germ of the story, and
ed its popularity, which is hardly justified
merit of the romance as a whole.
h the *Richard Cœur de Lion* three other
ces have been connected on the ground
ilarity of style, though there is no strong
for believing in their common authorship.
are the *Merlin and Arthur*, *King Alis-*
; and the *Seven Sages*, all written in rhyming couplets. The first-named gives a full and graphic account of the birth and early adventures of Merlin; but the bulk of the story, dealing with the wars of Arthur and the help Merlin lends him, is rather dull. The romance of *King Alisaunder* opens, like the *Merlin*, with a full account of its hero's origin, the remainder of the poem, a translation of the French *Roman d'Alixandre*, being slightly shortened. The *Seven Sages* is mainly interesting as an English version of tales of immemorial antiquity, those which the wicked Queen tells to persuade her husband of his son's guilt, and the counter-stories by which the friendly sages combat her on his behalf, being all of Eastern origin. Of the other metrical romances, mostly shorter than these, it is impossible to mention more than a few of the best. Among these are two on Arthurian subjects, *Ywain and Gawain* and *Lybeaus Desconus* (i.e. 'The Fair Unknown'), *Ipomydon*, *Emaré* (the plot of which resembles that of Chaucer's *Man of Law's Tale*), *Amis and Amiloun*, and *Sir Isumbras*. As tales these are superior to the lengthy mock-historical romances, and they are quite as well told. We have still left unnamed the romance of

A squyer of lowe degre
That loved the kings daughter of Hungarie,

which in some respects ranks with the best of them, but it is such a compound of cleverness and absurdity that we may almost believe that it was written between jest and earnest.

The **alliterative romances**, including those which have both alliteration and rhyme, are not nearly so numerous as those which have rhyme only, but both in poetic interest and technical execution their standard is higher. Written in the north and north-west, some of them, on account of their dialect and as corresponding in title to works mentioned by Andrew Wyntoun (see below, page 181) as written by a mysterious 'Huchown of the Awle Reale,' have been claimed as Scottish (page 171); but until this Huchowne has been identified it is hardly safe to dogmatise as to whether they were composed north or south of the Tweed. The *Pistyl of sweet Susane*, a wonderfully well-told version of the story of Susanna and the Elders, is one of these, and in the height of tragic pathos to which it rises when Joachim comes to bid farewell to his condemned wife, strikes a note rare at all times in British poetry, and not previously met with. Another poem attributed to Huchowne is an alliterative *Morte d'Arthur*, of some four thousand lines, which has been identified with 'the great geste of Arthure' mentioned by Wyntoun. The romance of *Joseph of Arimathea* and the long tale of the *Destruction of Troy* can only be mentioned here; but the story of **William of Palerne** (Palermo) and *Sir Gawane and the Grene Knight* demand longer notice, because in both of them, in addition to the

charm of wonderful adventures, there is real characterisation. William of Palermo (the romance is freely translated from a French original still extant) had the advantage of being brought up by a werewolf—that is, a prince whom enchantment had caused to assume a wolf's form. From the care of the werewolf William passed to that of a peasant, and from the peasant to that of the Emperor of Rome, whose daughter Melior gradually fell in love with him. Melior confides her love to her cousin Alexandrine, who, by the aid of a little white magic, brings William's wishes into harmony with Melior's, and all promises well till Melior's hand is claimed for the son of the Emperor of Greece. The lovers disguise themselves as two white bears (a strange device to escape observation in Italy), and, aided by the werewolf, make their escape, the romance ending happily after adventures as wonderful as any reasonable reader could desire. The plot is perhaps a little too romantic, but the telling of it is excellent; and the girlish charm of Melior and Alexandrine and the naïveté of William are very pleasing. Here, from Professor Skeat's edition (*The Romance of William of Palerne*; E.E.T.S., 1867, ll. 967–1001), is the passage in which the pretty magician Alexandrine, having bewitched William into loving Melior, gravely takes him under her protection and persuades the amorous Melior to have pity on him:

Alysaundrine a-non thanne answered and sayde
'Now i-wisse, William, witou for sothe,
Seththe thou sadli hast me said the sothe of thi cunsaile,
And tellest me treuly thou trestes to my help,
Gif I mi*gh*t in ani maner mende thi sorwe,
But I were busi ther a-boute to blame I were.
Ther-for certes, be thou sur, seth it may be no other,
Holliche al min help thou schalt have sone.'
Than William was gretliche glad & loveliche hire thonked.
Than Alisaundrine a-non as sche wel couthe,
Clepud that mayde Meliors mekeliche hir tille,
And seide, 'A mercy, madame, on this man here,
That negh is drive to the deth al for youre sake!'
'How so for my sake?' seide Melior thanne;
'I wrathed him never that I wot, in word ne in dede.'
'No, sertes, madame, that is soth,' saide that other.
'Ac he has langured for your love a ful long while;
And but ye graunt him your grace him greithli to help,
And late him be your lemman, lelly for ever,
His liif nel nou*gh*t, for langour, last til to-morwe.
Therfor, comeliche creature, for Crist that the made,
Les nou*gh*t is liif *y*ut for a litel wille.
Seththe he so lelly the loves, to lemman him thou take.'
Than Meliors full mekliche to that mayde carped,
And seide ful soburli, smyland a litel,
'Nou, bi God that me gaf the gost and the soule,
I kepe yut for no creature manquellere be clepud,
Ac lever me were lelly a manes liif to save,
Seththe he for me is so marred & has misfare long,
Ful prestely for thi praire & for the perile als
That I se him set inne and to save his live,
Here I graunt him grethli on Godis holi name,
Lelliche mi love for ever, al mi lif time,
And gif a gift here to God and to his gode moder,
That other lud, while I live, schal I love never.'

I-wisse, certainly: *witou*, know thou; *Seththe*, since; *sadli*, earnestly; *Holliche*, wholly; *Clepud*, called; *sertes*, certainly; *greithli*, quickly; *lemman*, love; *lelly*, *lelliche*, loyally; *Les*, lose; *yut*, yet; *carped*, spoke; *myland*, smiling; *manquellere*, man-killer; *ac*, but; *prestely*, readily; *lud*, man.

Unlike *William of Palerne*, the romance of **Sir Gawane and the Grene Knight** is, as far as we know, an original and not a translated work; and though it begins with the fantastic episode of the Green Knight allowing his head to be cut off, picking it up, and continuing to talk, it possesses a serious psychological interest which, with its metrical and poetical excellence, gives it a unique place among English romances. It is Gawain the courteous who strikes off the Green Knight's head at Arthur's court in pursuance of a challenge to an exchange of blows. When his uncanny challenger has disappeared with his head in his hand, Gawain knows that he must abide his blow a year hence at an unknown Green Chapel, and early in November he starts on his quest, only anxious lest he may fail to find the Green Chapel by New Year's Day, and so appear forsworn. At last, on Christmas Eve, he reaches a castle whose lord not only entertains him hospitably, but promises to lead him to the Green Chapel, which is hard by, on the appointed day. Meanwhile Gawain must stay at the castle to rest himself, and his host bargains that he will on three successive days give Gawain the proceeds of his hunting if Gawain will give him whatever he receives during his absence. Gawain lies late in bed, and when her lord and his men are afield the lady of the castle comes to his bedside and shows her love to him. On her challenge Gawain craves a kiss at parting, and when his host returns and spreads before him the game he has caught, he clasps his hands round the lord's neck and kisses him courteously, thus keeping his bond. The next morning the same thing happens:

He commes to the cortyn and at the kny*gh*t totes,
And Wawen her welcumed worthy on fyrst,
And ho hym *y*eldes a*g*ayn, ful *y*erne of hir wordes,
Settes hir softly by his syde, and swythely ho la*gh*es
And wyth a luflych loke ho sayde hym these wordes:
'Syr, *gif y*e be Wawen, wonder me thynkkes,
Wy*gh*e that is so wel wrast alway to god,
And connes not of companye the costes under-take,
And if mon kennes yow hom to knowe, ye kest hom of your mynde;
Thou hats for-*y*eten *y*ederly that *y*isterday I ta*gh*tte
Bi alder-truest token of talk that I cowthe.'
'What is that,' quoth the wyghe, 'i-wysse I wot never,
If hit be sothe that *y*e breve, the blame is myn awen.'
'Yet I kende yow of kyssyng,' quoth the clere thenne,
'Quere-so countenaunce is couthe, quikly to clayme,
That bicumes uche a kny*gh*t, that cortaysy uses.'
'Do way,' quoth that derf mon, 'my dere, that speche,
For that durst I not do, lest I denayed were,
If I were werned, I were wrang i-wysse, *gif* I profered.'

'Ma fay,' quoth the mere wyf, '*ye* may not be werned,
Ye are stif in-noghe to constrayne wyth strenkthe, *gif* yow lykes,
*G*if any were so vilanous that yow denaye wolde.'
'Ye, be God,' quoth Gawayn, 'good is your speche,
Bot threte is unthryvande in thede ther I lende,
And uche gift that is geven not with goud wylle;
I am at your comaundement, to kysse quen yow lykes,
Ye may lach quen yow lyst, and leve quen yow thynkkes,
In space.'
The lady loutes a-doun,
And comly kysses his face,
Much speche thay ther expoun,
Of druryes greme and grace.
(*Sir Gawayne and the Green Knight*; ed. R. Morris, E.E.T.S., 1864, ll. 1476–1507.)

She came to the bedside and looked on the knight, and Gawain gave her fit greeting, and she greeted him again with ready words and sat her by his side and laughed, and with a sweet look she spoke to him: 'Sir, if ye be Gawain, I think it a wonder that ye be so stern and cold, and care not for the courtesies of friendship; but if one teach ye to know them ye cast the lesson out of your mind. Ye have soon forgotten what I taught ye yesterday, by all the truest tokens that I knew!' 'What is that?' quoth the knight. 'I trow I know not. If it be sooth that ye say, then is the blame mine own.' 'But I taught ye of kissing,' quoth the fair lady. 'Wherever a fair countenance is shown him, it behoves a courteous knight quickly to claim a kiss.' 'Nay, my dear,' said Sir Gawain, 'cease that speech; that durst I not do, lest I were denied, for if I were forbidden I wot I were wrong did I further entreat.' 'I' faith,' quoth the lady merrily, 'ye may not be forbid; ye are strong enough to constrain by strength an ye will, were any so discourteous as to give ye denial.' 'Yea, by Heaven,' said Gawain, 'ye speak well; but threats profit little in the land where I dwell, and so with a gift that is given not of good-will. I am at your commandment to kiss when ye like, to take or to leave as ye list.' Then the lady bent her down and kissed him courteously.
(*Sir Gawain and the Green Knight*, retold in modern prose, by Jessie L. Weston, 1898.)

The kiss is again passed on to her lord in return for the produce of his hunting. On the third morning the lady, when Gawain has refused her proffered gift of a ring, presses him to accept her green girdle:

'Now forsake *ye* this silke,' sayde the burde thenne,
'For hit is symple in hit-self, and so hit wel semes?
Lo! so hit is littel, and lasse hit is worthy;
But who-so knew the costes that knit ar ther-inne,
He wolde hit prayse at more prys, paraventure;
For quat gome is so gorde with this grene lace,
While he hit hade hemely halched aboute,
Ther is no hathel under heven to-hewe hym that my*gh*t;
For he my*gh*t not be slayn, for sly*gh*t upon erthe.'
Then kest the kny*gh*t, and hit come to his hert,
Hit were a juel for the joparde, that hym jugged were,
When he acheved to the chapel, his chek for to fech;
My*gh*t he haf slypped to be unslayn, the sle*gh*t were noble.
Thenne he thulged with hir threpe, and tholed hir to speke,
And ho bere on hym the belt, and bede hit hym swythe,
And he granted, and ho hym gafe with a goud wylle,
And bisoght hym, for hir sake, discever hit never,
Bot to lelly layne for hir lorde; the leude hym acordes,
That never wy*gh*e schulde hit wyt, i-wysse, bot thay twayne,
For noghte;
He thonkked hir oft ful swythe,
Ful thro with hert and tho*gh*t
Bi that on thrynne sythe
Ho hats kyst the kny*gh*t so toght.
(Lines 1845–1869.)

'Now,' said the lady, 'ye refuse this silk, for it is simple in itself, and so it seems, indeed; lo, it is small to look upon and less in cost, but whoso knew the virtue that is knit therein he would, peradventure, value it more highly. For whatever knight is girded with this green lace, while he bears it knotted about him there is no man under heaven can overcome him, for he may not be slain for any magic on earth.' Then Gawain bethought him, and it came into his heart that this were a jewel for the jeopardy that awaited him when he came to the Green Chapel to seek the return blow—could he so order it that he should escape unslain, 'twere a craft worth trying. Then he bare with her chiding, and let her say her say, and she pressed the girdle on him and prayed him to take it, and he granted her prayer, and she gave it him with good-will, and besought him for her sake never to reveal it, but to hide it loyally from her lord; and the knight agreed that never should any man know it, save they two alone. He thanked her often and heartily, and she kissed him for the third time.
(*Miss Weston's retelling.*)

At night Gawain gives up the kiss to his host, but conceals the girdle. On New Year's Day a squire, who tries to frighten him, leads him to the Green Chapel. There the Green Knight makes two feints at him, and then strikes a blow which grazes his neck and no more. Gawain seizes his sword and declares the compact fulfilled. The Green Knight reveals himself as his Christmas host, and says that because he took the girdle he has been grazed, otherwise his constancy had held him scatheless. Gawain is abashed, and vows to wear the green girdle ever to remind him of his fall; but when he tells the story at Arthur's court all his brother-knights vow to wear a green girdle also! The story thus strikingly conceived is no less strikingly told. The Lancashire dialect and the needs of the alliteration make the language present more difficulties than most of the poetry of the date (about 1360) at which it is supposed to have been written. But it is always picturesque and full of variety, and the hunting scenes, the description of the Christmas festivities, as well as the temptation of Gawain by the fair lady, stand out as the work of a literary artist of some skill.

Alliterative Poems.

The same manuscript which contains this romance contains three other poems written in the same dialect and style, probably about the same time, and, so it is thought, by the same unknown author. Two of these, written in alliterative blank

verse, are didactic exaltations of *Cleanness* (see page 174) and *Patience*. The former, which is much the longer, running to 1812 lines, to show the perils of impurity narrates at length the fate of the man without a wedding garment, the Fall of the Angels, the punishment of the world by the Flood, the destruction of Sodom, and the story of Nebuchadnezzar and Belshazzar, and exhorts the listener who would loyally love his Lord:

> Then conform thee to Christ and thee clean make,
> For ever is [He] polished as plain as the pearl itself.

The latter, which has 531 lines, enforces the duty of patience by the story, not of Job, but of Jonah. Both poems rise far above the mere stringing together of stories and denunciations which made the usual medieval exhortation. *Cleanness* especially is full of poetry and of passion, and yet preserves a sanity and proportion which on this subject are peculiarly rare in medieval literature. The third poem, **Pearl,** midway in length between the other two (it has 1211 lines), tells of the poet's dream in which the Pearl he has lost, his little two-year-old daughter, appears to him, standing on the other side of a river, in heavenly array. She is now, she tells him, a queen in heaven; and when the father cannot understand how so little a child can have so rich a reward, the parable of the Labourers in the Vineyard is told to enlighten him. Much of the poem is taken up with the glories of an apocalyptic vision; and at last, when the father tries to cross the stream to join his little maid, the dream ends and he wakes. The combination of elaborate alliteration and elaborate rhyme at times gives the poem a slight artificiality, but its human tenderness and love, and its sympathy with the joys of heaven, are so overflowing that they carry us over all obstacles. Here are three stanzas (21–23) from the talk of father and daughter in which the music must be evident even to those who are repelled by the number of now obsolete words:

'O Perle,' quoth I, 'in perles pyght, — set in, decked with
Art thou my perle that I haf playned,
Regretted by myn one, an nyghte? — by me when lonely
Much longeyng haf I for the layned, — concealed
Sythen into gresse thou me aglyghte; — 1
Pensyf, payred, I am for-payned, — weakened—tortured
And thou in a lyf of lykyng lyghte — 2
In paradys erde, of stryf unstrayned. — region
What wyrde has hyder my juel wayned — 3, 4
And don me in del and gret daunger? — put me in sorrow
Fro we in twynne wern towen and twayned — 5
I haf been a joyles jueler. — jeweller, jewel-keeper

That juel thenne in gemmes gente — fair, dainty
Vered up her vyse with yghen graye, — Raised—face—eyes
Set on hyr coroun of perle orient — crown
And soberly after thenne con ho say: — did she say
'Syr, ye haf your tale myse-tente, — mistaken
To say your perle is al awaye,
That is in cofer, so comly clente, — enclosed
As in this gardyn gracios gaye,
Here-inne to lenge for-ever and play, — remain
Ther mys ne mornyng com never ner; — loss
Her were a forser for the in faye, — treasury—in faith
If thou were a gentyl jueler.

Bot jueler gente if thou schal lose — gentle
Thy joy for a gemme that the was lef, — was dear to thee
Methynk the put in a mad porpose,
And busyes the aboute a raysoun bref, — 6
For that thou lestes was bot a rose, — lostest
That flowred and fayled as kynde hit gef, — 7
Now thurgh kynde of the kyste that hyt con close, — 8
To a perle of prys hit is put in pref; — 9
And thou has called thy wyrde a thef,
That oght of noght has mad the cler; — 10
Thou blamest the bote of thy meschef, — remedy
Thou art no kynde jueler.

1 Since thou glided away from me into the grass. 2 Hast lighted upon a life of delight. 3 Weird, fate. 4 Caused to come. 5 Since we were drawn apart and sundered. 6 Thou seemest set in a foolish intent, and concernest thyself with little reason. 7 As nature caused it. 8 Chest that did enclose it. 9 It is proved to be a pearl of price. 10 That hath bereft thee of no whit.

Mr Gollancz, from whose edition of *Pearl* (Nutt, 1891) our text, with some slight simplification of spelling, and most of our glosses have been taken, has adduced some rather slender arguments for assigning its authorship, and that of *Cleanness* and *Patience*, to Radulph Strode ('the philosophical Strode' Chaucer called him), of Merton College, Oxford, of whom there is a record: 'Nobilis poeta fuit et versificavit librum elegiacum vocatum Phantasma Radulphi.' At present this is no more than a conjecture; but it would be pleasant if we could find a name for one who, on the evidence only of these three poems, was a considerable poet, and who, if *Sir Gawayn and the Grene Knyght* may be added to them, was a very considerable poet indeed.

Minot.

The advantage of a name and, we may add, of popular subjects is shown in the case of Laurence Minot, who, for lack of a better place, must be mentioned here. His poems on the wars of Edward III. have but small literary merit, and his patriotism, which is supposed to eke this out, is rather loyalty to the king's person than true national feeling. But his possession of a name—and it is only his name we know—and the names of the battles he sings have served to keep alive his verse, of which these stanzas on the taking of Calais are at least a fair specimen:

Lystens now, and ye may lere, — learn
Als men the suth may understand, — As—truth
The knightes that in Calais were
Come to Sir Edward sare wepeand, — sorely weeping
In kirtell one and swerd in hand,
And cried, 'Sir Edward, thine we are;
Do now, lord, bi law of land
Thi will with us for evermare.'

The nobill burgase and the best
Come unto him to have thaire hire;
The comun puple war ful prest — forward
Rapes to bring about thaire swire: — Ropes—neck
Thai said all, 'Sir Philip oure syre,

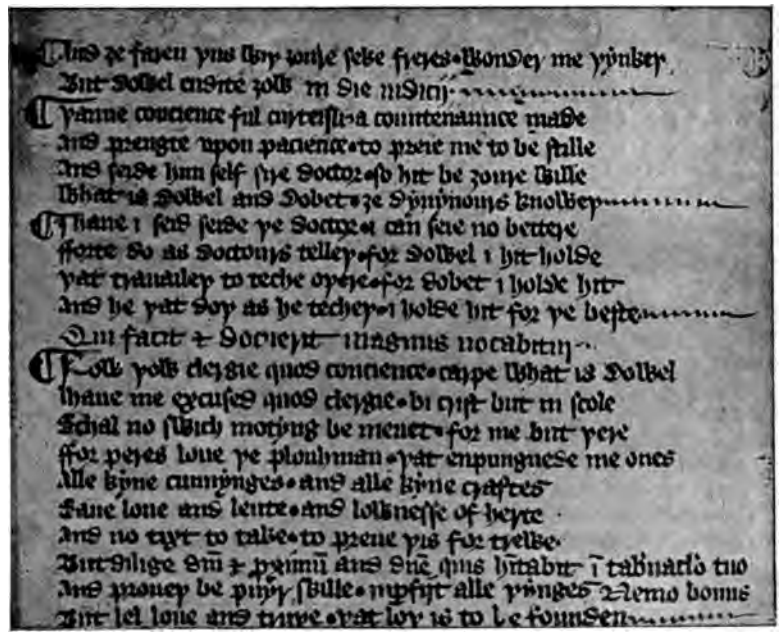
And his sun, Sir John of France,
  Has left us ligand in the mire — lying
And brought us till this doleful dance.'

'Oure horses that war faire and fat
  Er etin up ilkone bidene; — All are eaten already
Have we nowther conig ne cat — coney, rabbit
  That thai ne er etin and hundes kene.
  Al er etin up ful clene,
Es nowther levid biche ne whelp. — left
  That es wele on oure sembland sene, — appearance
And thai er fled that suld us help.'

(*The Poems of Laurence Minot*; ed. J. Hall, 1897.)

William Langland.

Returning to the sequence interrupted by Minot, we pass to another poet who wrote in alliterative verse and belonged to the western side of England, with which this revival of the old English form is specially connected. This is William Langland (or Longlond), who in 1362, or a little after, completed the first draft of the poem to which the manuscripts give the titles *Liber de Petro Plowman* and *Visio Willelmi de Petro Plouhman*, the 'Book of Piers Ploughman,' or 'William's Vision of Piers Ploughman.' Our knowledge of Langland himself is derived from doubtful traditions and from the information which can be gleaned from various passages in his poem, on the assumption that they are really autobiographical. Of the traditions, one—that preserved in Bishop Bale's *Scriptorum illustrium Majoris Britannie Summarium* (1548)—tells us that the poet's name was Robert Langelande; that he was born at Cleobury Mortimer, in Shropshire, a few miles from the Malvern Hills; and that he was, apparently, a priest. Another tradition, a note in a fifteenth-century hand in a Dublin manuscript of the *Vision*, calls him William de Langlond, and makes him the son of a freeholder, Stacy de Rokayle, of gentle birth, holding lands at Shipton-under-Wychwood, in Oxfordshire, where research has traces, not indeed of Langlands, but of both a family and a hamlet of Langley. The evidence of the poem itself is strongly against the poet's having come of gentle birth, and Bale's tradition is the better to follow, though we may safely discard the name Robert in favour of that of William, despite the fact that there are some passages in the poem which might make us think that the poet only calls himself Will because he represents the human will in its search for truth. From the *Visions* themselves it is easy to obtain much more information, subject to the usual risk which attends the attempt to extract autobiography from poetry. As will be explained later, the *Visions* exist in three clearly defined versions (referred to as A, B, and C), the earliest of which can be shown



Reduced facsimile from *Piers Plowman* in Cotton MS.[1]

[1] In all three of the versions the poem must have attained a wide circulation. In 1886 Professor Skeat was able to enumerate no fewer than forty-five extant manuscripts, of which ten contain the A text, thirteen the B, fifteen the C, the other seven showing a mixture of A and C, or B and C. Our illustration is taken from Cotton MS. Vespasian B. xvi. of the C text, attributed to the end of the fourteenth century, and therefore copied within a few years of the writing of this version. The lines shown are 118–137 of *Passus* xv., and a transcript is appended:

☞ And ȝe faren þus wiþ ȝoure seke freres. wonder me þynkeþ.
But dowel endite ȝow in die iudicii.
¶ þanne concience ful curteisli. a countenaunce made
And prengte vpon pacience. to preie me to be stille
And seide him self sire doctor. so hit be ȝoure wille
What is dowel and dobet. ȝe dyuynours knoweþ

¶ I haue iseid seide þe doctor. i can seie no bettere
Forte do as doctours telleþ. for dowel i hit holde
þat trauaileþ to teche oþere. for dobet i holde hit
And he þat doþ as he techeþ. i holde hit for þe beste.
Qui facit et docuerit magnus vocabitur.
¶ Now þow clergie quod concience. carpe what is dowel
Haue me excused quod clergie. bi crist but in scole
Schal no swich motýng be menet. for me but þere
For peres loue þe plouhman. þat enpungnede me ones
Alle kýne cunnýnges. and alle kýne craftes
Saue loue and lente. and lownesse of herte
And no tixt to take. to preue þis for trewe
But *dilige deum et proximum* and *domine quis habitat in tabernaculo tuo nemo bonus*
And prouetb be puyr skille inperfijt all þynges.
But let loue and truþe. þat loþ is to be founden.

to have been written in or soon after 1362; the second, in or soon after 1377; and the third, perhaps in 1393, perhaps in 1398. In the second of these the dreamer is spoken of (Book xii. 3) as forty-five years old, which would give his birth-year as 1332, a date in itself very probable. A theory that he was the son of a bondman, and only became free by taking holy orders, rests on a doubtful interpretation of a line which may more easily refer to the freedom of God's kingdom conferred by baptism. But there is a clear statement, in a section of the poem added in the last revision and apparently purely biographical, that his father needed the help of friends to send him to school. The death of these friends seems to have cut short his career, and he describes himself as living in London, and *on* London, earning money by singing requiems for hire. 'Reason,' one of the characters in the poem, has been asking him what he does for a living, and he answers:

'Whanne ich yong was,' quath ich, 'meny yer hennes,
My fader & my frendes founden me to scole,
Tyl ich wiste wyterliche what holy writ menede,
And what is best for the body, as the bok telleth,
And sykerest for the soule, by so ich wol continue,
And yut fond ich nevere in faith sytthen my frendes deyden,
Lyf that me lyked bote in these longe clothes
Yf ich by labour sholde lyve and lyflode deserven,
That labour that ich lerned best, ther-with lyve ich sholde,
And ich lyve in Londone and on Londone bothe,
The lomes that ich laboure with and lyflode deserve
Ys *pater-noster* and my prymer, *placebo* and *dirige*,
And my sauter som-tyme, and my sevene psalmes.
Thus ich synge for hure soules, of suche as me helpen,
And tho that fynden me my fode vouchen-saf, ich trowe,
To be welcome whanne ich come, other-whyle in a monthe,
Now with hym and now with hure, and thus-gate ich begge
With-oute bagge other botel, bote my wombe one.

(*The Vision of William concerning Piers the Plowman*; ed. W. W. Skeat, 1886; C text vi. 35–52.)

Wyterliche, certainly: *sykerest*, surest: *lyflode*, livelihood; *lomes*, tools; *sauter*, psalter; *bote my wombe one*, save my belly alone.

Born of a father too poor to educate him without the help of friends, the help of these friends cut off by death probably before his education was finished, Langland seems to have taken minor orders, and to have gained his living as a chanter of psalms for the souls of the dead, without ever rising to the priesthood. In the same section of the poem from which this extract is taken—a section inserted in Langland's old age as if for the purpose of telling his story—we find references to his living on Cornhill, 'Kytte and ich in a cote,' Kit being his wife. Elsewhere there is mention of a daughter, Kalote; and allusions to the wording of legal documents make it probable that he eked out his earnings as a chanter by copying for the lawyers. He must have been poor, and he has given us a picture of himself walking the London streets, eyeing the rich folk discontentedly, and refusing to make way for or salute them, until people looked on him as a fool. It is thought that in his old age he may have returned to Malvern, and if he was the author of the poem on 'Richard the Redeless,' he was certainly at Bristol when Henry IV. entered England to claim the throne. But wherever he went he must have taken the same restless spirit, and in the scantiness of our knowledge it is as living 'in London and on London both' that it is easiest for us to think of him.

When he was thirty or thereabouts Langland wrote his *Vision concerning Piers Plowman*. His was not the temper which could lead him to add yet another to the romances of chivalry, or to make a popular sermon in verse by stringing together stories and anecdotes. Preach he must, but not in this way, and so for the machinery of his poem he chose a Dream or Vision, a device which since the success of the *Roman de la Rose* had been increasingly popular in France, and was now, as in *Pearl* and several of the poems of Chaucer, to find favour in England also. Into a dream, with the help of the personifications of allegory, he could put whatever he wished; his form also gave him the right to shift his scenes as he chose, and so in a medley of satire, exhortation, and disquisition he pours out all his thoughts on human life. According to convention the dream was dreamed on a May morning:

In a somer sesun, whan softe was the sonne,
I shope me into a shroud, a sheep as I were; [1]
In habite of an hermite, unholy of werkes, [2]
Wende I wyde in this world, wondres to here.
But in a Mayes morwnynge, on Malverne hulles,
Me bifel a ferly, a feyrie me thouhte; [3]
I was wery of wandringe and wente me to reste
Under a brod banke, bi a bourne syde,
And as I lay and lened, and loked on the waters,
I slumberde on a slepyng; it sownede so murie.

(*A. Prologue*, 1–10.)

[1] I put myself into a rough garment as if I were a shepherd. [2] That is, a hermit who did not stay in his cell. [3] There befell me a wonder, of fairyland, it seemed.

[In this and subsequent quotations from the text of the first version (A) the spelling is normalised to that of the better-spelt B text.]

So Langland began, with music enough to have charmed a fashionable audience, but there was little else in his 'swevene,' or dream, for which fashionable people can have cared. What he saw was a wilderness with a tower on a hill, and beneath the hill a deep dale with a dungeon. Betwixt hill and dale lay a fair field, full of folk—honest workers and honest devotees, merchants and minstrels, and rogues of every sort, especially the pilgrims, palmers, hermits, friars, pardoners, unworthy priests and worldly bishops, who professed religion merely to live an easy life at the expense of others.

As the dreamer gazes a lovely lady appears (*Passus* i.), who tells him that the tower is the abode of Truth—that Truth who made all things,

and gave man clothing, meat, and drink, to use in due measure. The dungeon in the dale is the Castle of Care, wherein dwells the tempter of mankind. She herself is Holy Church, who received him at baptism and taught him his faith. Her message to him is that, 'when all treasure is tried, Truth is the best.' When he asks what Truth is, she answers:

'It is a kynde knowynge that kenneth the in herte, teaches
For to love thi lorde lever than thi-selve;
No dedly synne to do, dey though thou sholdest.
This I trowe be treuthe! who can teche the better,
Loke thou suffre him to seye, and sithen teche it forther;
For thus techeth us his word, (worch thou ther-after!)
That love is the levest thing that our lord asketh.'
(*A. Passus* i. 130–136.)

Truth, then, is Love:

For though ye be trewe of tonge and trewliche wynne,
And eke as chaste as a child that in chirche wepeth,
But ye liven trewely, and eke love the pore,
And such good as God sent treweliche parten, share
Ye ne have no more merit, in masse ne in houres,
Than Malkyn of hire maydenhod that no man desireth.
(*Ibid.* 153–158.)

That he may know Truth's opposite, Holy Church points out to him (*Passus* ii.) the company of Falsehood, where stands

A womman wonderliche clothed,
Purfiled with pelure, the richest upon erthe, Embroidered—fur
Y-crounede with a corone—the kyng hath no better;
Alle hir fyve fyngres were fretted with rynges, ornamented
Of the preciousest perre that prince wered evere; jewellery
In red scarlet she rod, i-rybaunt with gold;
Ther n'is no qweene qweynter that quik is alyve. daintier
(*A. Passus* ii. 8–14.)

This is Meed the maiden, who is to be married to-morrow to False; and when the dreamer looks again he sees a pavilion and ten thousand tents, where the lawyers and flattering friars, who are to be witnesses of the marriage, are assembled. The dowry, 'the earldom of Envy,' 'the kingdom of Covetise,' the 'isle of Usury,' &c., is rehearsed; but Theology appears and exclaims against the marriage, bidding that Meed should be led to London, 'where law is handled,' for the King's decision as to whether it shall proceed. Meed is set on a sheriff's back, her friends mount the summoners, provisors, &c., who work their favourite sins, and ride after her to the King's court. Warned by Conscience, the King would hang the whole crew:

Thanne Fals for fere fleih to the freeres,
And Gyle doth him to go agast for to dye;
But marchaundes metten with him and maden him to abide,
Bisoughten him in here shoppes to sellen here ware,
Apparayleden him as a prentis, the peple for to serve.
Lightliche Lyer lepe awey thennes,
Lurkede thorw lanes, to-logged of manye;
He was no-wher welcome for his many tales,
But over-al y-hunted and hote to trusse.
Pardoners hadden pite, and putten him to house,
Wosschen him and wrongen him and wounden him in cloutes,
And sente him on Sondayes with seales to churches,
And gaf pardoun for pens, poundmele aboute.
(*A. Passus* ii. 186–198.)

Fleih, flew; *doth*, causes; *here*, their; *thorw*, among; *to-logged*, lugged about; *hote to trusse*, bidden to pack away; *pens*, pence; *poundmele*, by pounds, plentifully.

Deserted by her friends, Meed trembles for fear, weeps, and wrings her hands; but (*Passus* iii.) the King will assay her himself, and with all courtesy she is lodged at Westminster. She rewards her hosts bounteously, and when a friar shrives her of her sins and promises her heaven if she will glaze the gable of his convent and inscribe her name on the window, she assents gladly; whereat the author allows himself a digression against such vainglorious benefactions. The King offers to marry her to his knight, Conscience. Meed assents; Conscience, however, receives the proposal with denunciations. 'But Reason rede me ther-to erst will I die' is his answer (*Passus* iv.); so Reason is sent for, and comes riding on 'Suffer-till-I-see-my-time' (a mild instance of Langland's anticipation of Puritan names), attended by Witty and Wisdom. He is given a place between the King and his son (i.e. the Black Prince), and while they are conversing Peace enters with a long complaint against Wrong. The King sentences Wrong to seven years in irons; but Meed buys over Peace with a purse of gold, so that he beseeches the King that Wrong may be forgiven. Reason is appealed to, and will hear of no ruth while Meed hath the mastery, for a king's motto should be that no evil go unpunished and no good unrewarded. His answer is acclaimed, and the King says he will have him as a counsellor for ever. King and knights then go to church (*Passus* v.), and before the dreamer's eyes the scene changes again to the 'field full of folk,' and Conscience (in later versions Reason) preaches to them on their sins, with the peroration:

And ye, that secheth seynt James and seintes at Rome,
Secheth seint Treuthe; for he may saven yow alle.

Repentance appears, and personifications of the Deadly Sins confess themselves, the shrift of Envy, Covetise, and Gluttony being described most fully. The last is the most dramatically told:

Now ginneth the Gloton for to go to schrifte,
And carieth him to chircheward his schrift for to telle.
Thenne Betun the brewstere bad him good morwe,
And sithen she asked of him whider that he wolde?
'To holi chirche,' quod he, 'for to here masse,
And sithen I wil be shryven and synne no more.'
'I have good ale, gossib,' quod she. 'Gloton, wilt thou assaye?'
'What havest thou?' quod he. 'Any hote spices?'
'I have peper and piones and a pound of garlik,
A ferthing-worth of fenel-seed for fasting-dayes.'
(*A. Passus* v. 146–156.)

Schrifte, confession; *brewstere*, brewer-woman; *peper*, pepper; *piones*, peony-seed.

After this follows a curious description of a game of barter at the tavern, and at last Glotton staggers away so foully drunk—

That with al the wo of this world his wyf and his wenche
Bere him home to his bedde and broughte him therinne,
And after al this surfet an accesse he had,
That he slepte Saturday and Sonday til sonne wente to reste.
Thenne he wakede of his wynk and wypede his eyghen;
The fyrste word that he spak was 'wher is the cuppe?'
His wif warnede him tho of wikkednesse and of sinne.
Thenne was he ashamed, that shrewe, and scraped his eren,
And gon to grede grimliche and gret deol to make
For his wikkede lyf that he i-lived hadde.
(*Ibid.* 208–217.)

Accesse, attack; *wynk*, nap; *tho*, then; *gon*, began; *grede*, cry out; *deol*, dole, lamentation.

At last comes Robert the robber:

Robert the robbere on *Reddite* he lokede,
And for ther nas not wher-with he wepte ful sore.
But yet the synful shrewe seide to himselven:
'Crist, that upon Calvarye on the crosse deydest,
Tho Dismas my brother bisoughte the of grace,
And haddest mercy of that man for *memento* sake,
Thi wille worth upon me, as I have wel deserved
To have helle for evere, if that hope ne were.
So rewe on me, Robert, that no rede have,
Ne nevere weene to wynne, for craft that I knowe.
But for thi muchel merci mitigacion I beseche;
Dampne me not on domes-day for I did so ille.'
(*Ibid.* 242–253.)

Nas, was not; *wher-with*, i.e. to make reddite or restitution; *shrewe*, rogue; *Tho*, when; *Dismas*, the name given in legend to the Penitent Thief; *memento*, remember; *worth*, be done.

And the *Passus*, which in all its three forms is one of the best of the book, ends with a general repentance:

A thousent of men tho throngen to-geders,
Wepyng and weylyng for here wikkede dedes,
Crying upward to Crist and to his clene moder
To have grace to seche seint Treuthe—God leve they so moote.

The folk set out (*Passus* vi.) to seek Saint Truth, but they know not the way; nor can a palmer, whom they ask, help them on their quest. The Ploughman, from whom the book is named, now makes his appearance:

'Peter!' quod a plowman and put forth his hed,
'I knowe hym as kyndely as clerk doth his bokes; naturally
Clene conscience and wit kende me to his place, taught
And diden enseure me sitthen to serve him for evere.
. . . . . .
He is the prestest payer that pore men habbeth; [1], [2]
He with-halt non hyne his hyre that he ne hath it at even. [3]
He is as low as a lomb, lovelich of speche,
And if ye wolleth i-wite wher that he dwelleth, know
I wol wissen yow the wey hom to his place.' show
(*A. Passus* vi. 28–31, 40–45.)

[1] Readiest. [2] Have. [3] He withholds not his hire from any servant so that he does not have it by evening.

He will take no hire, but the way, as he explains it, is intricate, passing the croft called 'Coveyte-noght-mennes-catel-ne-her-wyves-Ne-none-of-her-servauntes-that-noyen-hem-myghte,' and other like-named landmarks. The pilgrims are daunted (*Passus* vii.), and Piers offers, if they will first help him to plough his half-acre, to go with them. Some work well, others sham sickness, others threaten Piers, but with the aid of Hunger he makes them work. But now (*Passus* viii.), as they are about to set out—

Treuthe herde telle her-of and to Pers sent,
To taken his teeme and tilyen the erthe,
And purchasede him a pardon *a pena et a culpa*
For him and for his heires ever-more after.
And bad holden hem at hom and heren heore leyes, [1]
And al that evere hulpen him to heren or to sowen,
Or eny maner mester that myghte Pers helpen,
Part in that pardon the pope hath i-granted.
(*A. Passus* viii. 1–8.)

[1] Plough their fields.

There is some rejoicing, but (*Ibid.* 90–100)—

'Pers,' quod a prest tho, 'thi pardon most I reden,
For I wil construe eche clause and knowen it in Englisch.'
And Pers at his preyere the pardon unfoldeth,
And I bihynden hem bothe bihelde al the bulle.
Al in two lynes it lay and not a lettre more,
And was i-writen ryght thus in witnesse of treuthe;
Et qui bona egerunt, ibunt in vitam eternam;
Qui vero mala in ignem eternum.
'Peter,' quod the prest tho, 'I con no pardon fynde,
But Do wel and have wel, and God shal have thi soule,
And do yvel and have yvel, hope thou non other,
That after thi deth-day to helle shaltou wende!'
And Pers, for pure tene, pulled it asunder,

and resolves to give up the active life and turn him to prayer and penance and weeping. The wrangling of Piers and the priest awakes the dreamer, with his head still full of Piers and his fate. But thus, as the manuscript says, ends the Vision of William concerning Piers Plowman; and 'the Life of Do-wel, Do-bet, and Do-best, according to Wit and Reason,' which follows upon it, is obviously an after-thought.

It will be seen from our summary that the poem, in this, its earliest, form, has a certain continuity—the continuity, that is, of a real dream. Characters are introduced, and we know not what becomes of them; but the plot, if it can be called one, moves forward, till Langland is face to face with the great problem of religion. Here he fails. His Pardon, as the priest is made to say, is no pardon. That they who have done good shall receive life everlasting, and they that have done evil be damned, taken by itself leaves mankind hopeless; and when Langland, starting from this position, set himself to write the so-called 'lives' of Do-well, Do-bet, and Do-best, despite the thirty years he gave to them, he effected far less than in the comparatively short poem which formed his first draft. In his first continuation 'Thought' suggests to him that

Do-well is a humble labourer, Do-bet one who adds to his meekness and honesty an active charity, Do-best a kind of bishop, the three selecting a king who rules them all by their assent. Then he imagines a castle of Anima, in which Do-well is a knight, Do-bet the soul's 'damoisele,' Do-best again a kind of bishop. But he feels that he is getting into deep waters, and after seeking counsel of 'Study,' 'Theology,' and 'Scripture,' represents himself as meeting once more with 'Hunger,' and with 'Fever,' the messenger of Death, and then hastening to finish his poem:

And whan this werk was wrought, ere Willie myghte aspie,
Deth delt him a dent and drof him to the erthe,
And is closed under clom. Crist have his soule! clay

But he could not leave his poem alone. About 1377 (probably after some intermediate tinkerings) he rewrote it from the beginning, suppressing the conclusion, altering almost every line, and inserting new passages (notably the famous apologue of the 'Mice who would bell the Cat'), suited to the reign in which he was now writing, or embodying new ideas. In this second form there are ten new books, or *passus*, concerning Do-well, Do-bet, and Do-best, but except here and there, as in the picture of Haukyn the Active Man, the characters introduced have little to do with contemporary manners: they are abstractions who talk. Amid a wilderness of discussion Langland comes near at one point to a solution which would have given religious and poetical completeness to his poem. Piers Plowman, from the type of the true-hearted worker, becomes almost identical with Christ Himself. Clad in the armour of Piers, Christ 'jousts' in Jerusalem against the Devil and harrows Hell. But the poet still wanted to work out in detail a gospel of action, and his ending is confused and inconclusive. In his old age, about 1393, possibly as late as 1398, he put forth a third version of his poem, following the lines of the second, but with countless alterations, seldom for the better, and many added passages (including five new *passus*), of which only those which touch on his own life possess much freshness. All these labours, which occupied so many years, added nothing to the poem as a work of art, and the immense additions repel rather than attract modern readers. On the other hand, they enabled Langland to pour into his poem everything he had to say, and amid much that is merely dull there are fine passages and felicities of thought and phrase which increase our respect for him as a poet. Witness such a line as—

'To se moche and suffre more, certes,' quod I, 'is Do-wel;' (*B.* xi. 402)

or these in a passage on the duty of godfathers—

For more bilongeth to the litel barne, er he the lawe knowe,
Than nempnyng of a name, and he nevere the wiser!
(*B.* ix. 77–78)

or these on 'Kynde' or Nature—

He is the pyes patroun and putteth it in hire ere
There the thorne is thickkest to buylden and brede.
(*B.* xii. 227–228.)

To lose these would be a misfortune; and the same may be said of the numerous passages in which Langland expounds his views on politics, social and ecclesiastical, on the Jews, and on many other topics. Yet it remains true that his attempts to improve his poem were only very slightly successful. He had no literary foresight or power of self-criticism. In his successive alterations he omitted some of his finest lines, spoilt others, and inserted many passages of extraordinary dullness. He seems to have stumbled on his felicities of phrase rather than to have sought for and recognised them. He was intensely in earnest, could think for himself, had quick eyes for what was going on around him, and a great command of language—gifts all useful to a poet, and which can hardly exist in fusion without poetical result. He challenges greater attention than his predecessors because he essayed so much harder a task, and because his temper and personality are so much more interesting; but compared with his great contemporary, Geoffrey Chaucer, he is but a journeyman of genius by the side of a great master.

Chaucer.*

Chaucer, to whom we must now turn, used to be called the 'Father of English Poetry,' and although such epithets are rightly going out of fashion, if we call him the father of our modern poetry we shall be speaking the literal truth. While the works of his predecessors have only been brought back into notice during the nineteenth century, and still are read by few except professed students, Chaucer's poetry has been read and enjoyed continuously from his own day to this, and the greatest of his successors, from Spenser and Milton to Tennyson and William Morris, have joined in praising it. Moreover, he himself deliberately made a fresh beginning in our literature. He disregarded altogether the old English tradition, and even the work written at an earlier period under French influence. For miracle-plays and romances he had a sovereign contempt, and, for any influence which they exerted on him, the writings of his fellow-countrymen, from Cædmon to Langland, might never have existed. His masters in his art were the Frenchmen, Guillaume Lorris, Jean de Meung, Deguilleville, Machault; the Latins, Ovid, Virgil, and Statius; above all, the Italians, Dante, Petrarch, and Boccaccio. The break between Layamon and the Old English writers before the Conquest is not greater than the break between Chaucer and his predecessors, and the break proceeded in each case from the same cause, the enlargement of the literary horizon and the adoption of new forms and subjects and ideas under foreign influence. We can see that there were special circumstances in Chaucer's life which

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helped him to make this new departure. He was, as far as we know, the first notable English poet who was born in London, the first who was a layman, the first who was connected with the Court. The writers of some of the romances may have possessed all these qualifications, but their work was impersonal and never rose to poetic self-consciousness; nor need we trouble to inquire if Minot also was a layman and a courtier. But to a real poet the three points were all of importance. With the English language still divided into widely different dialects the penalty of provincialism was crushing. To be born in London carried with it the use of the dialect which, in the now rapidly declining vogue of French, was fast assuming the position of standard English, and allowed the writer to appeal to the widest and best educated class of readers. To be a layman, and a layman in the king's service, was no less important. It meant a new standpoint, freedom from cramping influences, and a wider knowledge of life. For three centuries English poets had lived in the shade—a shade at first so gloomy that it crushed them out, and which even when it lightened must have numbed and depressed them. Now at last the gift of poetry came to an Englishman who was in the centre of English life, who had an audience ready to listen, quick to appreciate whatever he wrote. There is melancholy in Chaucer's early work, the melancholy from which hardly any true poet seems able to escape; but it is no deeper than the clouds in April, and the sense of the warmth and beauty of life pervades all he wrote. His 'May mornings' are, no doubt, conventional, but the love of the spring was in his blood, and he himself represents the spring-tide of our modern poetry.

An interesting theory has lately been propounded that the name Chaucer, which is found in many different spellings, stands for 'Chauffecire,' or Chaff-wax, a chaff-wax being the officer who had to prepare the large wax seals then in use for official documents. The older explanation makes it equivalent to 'chaussier,' or shoemaker, and this is perhaps still the more probable. Whatever its origin, the name was not very uncommon in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, being found more especially in London and in the eastern counties. Chaucer's grandfather and father were connected with both these parts, living in London and holding some small estate at Ipswich. The grandfather, Robert Chaucer, was a collector of customs on wine; the father, John Chaucer, a vintner, who had a house in Thames Street, went abroad on the king's service in 1338, and ten years later acted as deputy to the king's butler in the port of Southampton. Geoffrey Chaucer was probably born in 1340, or a little earlier, but we first hear of him in April 1357, when, as fragments of her houshold accounts show, a pair of red and black breeches, a short cloak, and shoes were provided for him as one of the servants of the Lady Elizabeth, wife of Lionel, Duke of Clarence. An entry of another payment to him shows that Chaucer passed the winter of 1357–58 at her seat at Hatfield in Yorkshire, where his future patron, John of Gaunt, was a visitor. In 1359 he bore arms for the first time, taking part in the unlucky campaign of that year in France, till he was made prisoner at 'Retters,' probably Réthel, not far from Rheims. In March 1360 the king contributed £16 towards the amount required for his ransom, and either about this time or a little earlier Chaucer must have passed into his service, for we next hear of him in 1367, as Edward III.'s 'dilectus valettus' ('well-beloved yeoman'), to whom, in consideration of his past and future services, an annuity of twenty marks was granted for life. By this time Chaucer was married, for in 1366 (when she received a pension of ten marks) the name Philippa Chaucer appears among those of the ladies of the queen's bedchamber. In 1372 John of Gaunt granted her a pension of £10, and in 1374 this same pension was regranted to Geoffrey and Philippa Chaucer for good services rendered by them 'to the said Duke, his consort, and his mother the Queen.' It is practically certain that this Philippa Chaucer was a daughter of Sir Payne Roet of Hainault, and sister of the Katherine Swynford who ultimately became John of Gaunt's third wife.[1]

Not long, probably, after 1367 Chaucer was promoted to be one of the king's esquires; in 1369 he saw another campaign in France, and between 1370 and 1379 was abroad no fewer than seven times in the king's service. Two of these missions (those of 1370 and 1376) were secret, and we know nothing of them except that in the second Chaucer was in the suite of Sir John Burley. In 1377 he went to Flanders with Sir Thomas Percy, and in this and the following year was twice in France in connection with negotiations for a peace and Richard II.'s marriage. The two missions still to be mentioned were the most important of all, for both took him to Italy. In December 1372 Chaucer was sent to Genoa to arrange with its citizens as to the choice of an English port where they should have privileges as traders; and in May or June 1378 he followed Sir Edward Berkeley to Lombardy, there to treat ('touching the King's expedition of war') with Bernabo Visconti, Lord of Milan, and with the famous free-lance Sir John Hawkwood. The earlier of these two Italian journeys probably only lasted a few months, but during it Chaucer was fortunate enough to meet at Padua the famous Petrarch, and to learn from him the story of Griselda which

[1] We hear of two sons born of this marriage—(1) Thomas Chaucer, who occupied the house in which his father died till his own death, was King's Butler, several times Speaker of the House of Commons, and in other ways an important person; and (2) a much younger Lewis, for whom Chaucer translated a treatise on the *Astrolabe*. Elizabeth Chaucer, for whose noviciate at the Abbey of Barking John of Gaunt paid a large sum in 1381, was probably the poet's daughter.

trarch had recently turned into Latin from the lian of Boccaccio. Of his second mission, on ich he was away eight months, we know no such asing incident; but from the energy with which devoted himself to poetry immediately after his urn, and from the intimate acquaintance with Italian of Dante, Petrarch, and Boccaccio ich his own poems now first show, it must ık as one of the most important events in his

On St George's Day 1374 Chaucer received m the king a grant of a pitcher of wine daily, ich he subsequently commuted for an additional nsion of twenty marks. In June of the same ar he was appointed Comptroiler of the Customs d Subsidy of Wools, Skins, &c. in the Port of ndon, with the obligation to keep the rolls of office with his own hand. In 1375 he was ıde the guardian of a certain Edmund Staple- te of Kent, from whom he received, for wardship d marriage-fee, a sum of £104, or over £1200 ɔdern value. The profits of another wardship anted at the same time are not known to us; t in 1376 we hear of a grant by the king of 'ı, 4s. 6d., the price of some wool forfeited at the stoms for not paying duty. In 1382 the con- ɔllership of the petty customs was given him in dition to the post he already held, and in this w appointment he was allowed to employ a puty. It is clear that Chaucer's income during ese years must have been very considerable; but is clear also that between his controllership at ɔme and his missions abroad he was kept busily ıployed, and that until the missions ceased he uld have had but little time for poetry.

Of the works which Chaucer, in his references his own writings, ascribes to his earliest period veral have not come down to us. The hymns r Love's holy days 'that highten Balades, oundels, Virelayes' have nearly all perished; e translation of Innocent III.'s treatise, *De 'iseria Conditionis Humanæ* ('Of the wrecched ıgendring of mankynde,' as Chaucer calls it), ıs left its mark on a few stanzas of the 'Man Law's Tale;' the story of 'Ceyx and Alcioun,' ɔm Ovid, survives, in part or whole, not as a parate piece, but in the prologue to the *Dethe the Duchesse*. 'Origenes upon the Maude- yne'—that is, a translation of the homily on St ary Magdalene wrongly attributed to Origen— ıs perished utterly; and a 'Book of the Lion,' signed to Chaucer by Lydgate, probably a trans- tion of Guillaume Machault's *Le Dit du Lion*, ıs shared the same fate. Of what has become Chaucer's translation of the *Roman de la Rose*, e poem of over twenty-two thousand French tosyllables, begun in the previous century by uillaume de Lorris, and completed by Jean de eung, it is difficult to write with brevity. A anslation of about one-third of the French ıginal has come down to us; but this translation ıs been shown to consist of two fragments, with a long gap between them, while the first of these fragments is again divided by linguistic tests into two sections, which yet read on without any obviously abrupt transition. The one manuscript which preserves these fragments does not give any suggestion as to who translated them; the attribution to Chaucer in the earliest printed edition—that of 1532—is of no value. The fragmentary translation is throughout quite good enough to be Chaucer's; but on the evidence of the linguistic tests, philologists now declare that, while lines 5811–7696 are not likely to be by Chaucer, lines 1706–5810 cannot possibly be by him, and lines 1–1705 not only may be, but certainly are, his work.[1]

All that can here be said is, that by general consent the greater part of the extant *Romaunt of the Rose* is pronounced un-Chaucerian, and that the lines which have a good claim to be his come under some suspicion from the company in which they are found.

Of the early poems by Chaucer which have come down to us, all exhibit a vague melancholy and tender grace, and several are more or less distinctly religious. The *Dethe of Blaunche the Duchesse*, which he wrote in 1369–70 to commemorate Blanche of Castile, John of Gaunt's first wife, shows him strongly under the influence of his French models. The central feature of the poem (which runs to over thirteen hundred lines) is the description by the knight who represents John of Gaunt of the beauty and virtue of the 'goode faire white' whom he had won and lost. This is led up to by the conventional devices of a dream in which the poet finds himself in a fair park, joins in a hunt, and then strays from it, and finds, seated in sorrow beneath an oak, the knight, whom he persuades to tell him the cause of his grief. Perhaps a little before, perhaps a little after, the *Dethe of Blaunche the Duchesse*, Chaucer translated from the French of Guillaume de Deguilleville a hymn to the Blessed Virgin, in which the stanzas began with the different letters of the alphabet in their order, whence its name *The A. B. C.* Most of the stanzas open well, but Chaucer had not yet learnt to translate with freedom and ease, and few of them end as well as they begin. A much finer poem, the *Exclamacion of the Dethe of Pite*, is mostly connected with the *Dethe of Blaunche the Duchesse*, because its complaint against the cruelty of Love is thought to fit in well with a passage in the latter poem

[1] The linguistic characteristics which exclude the possibility of Chaucerian authorship (except on some hypothesis too violent to be admitted) are the occurrence of northern forms in the rhymes, assonances instead of rhymes, and rhymes (especially of infinitives and French substantives in *-yē*—for example, 'cryē,' 'maladyē'—with adverbs in *-y*—for example, 'trewely,' 'tendrely') of words and forms to which the *e*-final is essential with other words or forms which have no claim to it. The first and second characteristics give negative evidence that poems which show them cannot be Chaucer's; the third, it is claimed, goes beyond this, because no one save Chaucer cared for these niceties, and therefore any poem in which they are strictly observed must be by him.

which speaks of the poet's sleeplessness and of a mysterious eight-year sickness, which is explained as referring to a hapless love-affair. It is by no means certain that either poem has any real biographical import, and the *Dethe of Pite* is so finely written that it seems rash to claim for it a very early date on the score of the meaning we read into it. With the dubious exception of an ingenious poem, the *Compleynt of Mars* (full of astronomical learning and with a possible reference to a Court intrigue between the Lady Isabella of York and Lord Huntingdon), claimed, on no very strong evidence, for the year 1379, we know of no other separate poems which Chaucer wrote during the 'seventies and which are now extant. It seems certain, however, that three or four of the *Canterbury Tales* were written during this period, long before that great scheme had entered the poet's head, and were subsequently inserted in their place with more or less revision. The first of these is the 'Second Nun's Tale,' the 'Lyf of Saint Cecyle,' a weak translation from the *Legenda Aurea* of Jacobus de Voragine. As it stands among the *Canterbury Tales* the narrator is still made to speak of herself as a *son* of Eve; there is a reference to readers instead of listeners, and the feebleness with which the story is handled proves still more surely than it was written long before the earliest possible date at which the *Tales*, as a whole, can have been planned. With this we may reckon the 'Clerk's Tale' of the Patience of Griselda, the story, as he tells us himself, which Chaucer heard from Petrarch, from whose Latin version of Boccaccio's Italian it is translated; also the 'Man of Law's Tale' of the Fortitude of Constance (the Emperor of Rome's daughter, so cruelly persecuted by her heathen mothers-in-law), translated from the Anglo-French chronicle of Nicholas Trivet, a Dominican friar who had died soon after Chaucer was born. Both these are well told, with passages of pathetic beauty, and we can trace in them the increasing freedom with which Chaucer used his poetic material. The last *Canterbury Tale* for which an early date is claimed, the story of the tragedies of great men told by the sporting Monk, seems at first sight obviously late, for one of the stories refers to the death of Bernabo Visconti of Milan in 1385. But it is possible, without hair-splitting, to divide the seventeen tragedies into five written when the *Canterbury Tales* were in view, and twelve earlier ones; and even when these are thrown into the scale, Chaucer's extant work which can be assigned to an earlier date than 1380 remains strikingly small in comparison with his splendid productiveness during the next ten or twelve years.

CHAUCER.
From a MS. in the British Museum.

The great quickening of Chaucer's poetic gifts which we can trace about 1380 must be directly connected with the second of his two Italian missions, that of 1378–79. Six years before, when he had made his first journey to Italy, he had probably known very little Italian, and had very little money to buy books. His second mission enabled him to perfect himself in the language, and we cannot doubt that he brought home with him at least three Italian masterpieces, the *Divina Commedia* of Dante, and the *Teseide* and *Filostrato* of Boccaccio. At first he made experiments. A fragment of metrical essays, now called for convenience *A Compleynt to his Lady*, is partly written in Dante's terza-rima: and another fragment, *Anelida and Arcyte*, shows him beginning an ambitious rehandling of the *Teseide*, from which seventy of its three hundred and fifty-seven lines are translated. His third manuscript proved more immediately productive, for (probably between 1380 and 1383) he carried to completion his magnificent version of the *Filostrato* the *Troilus and Creseyde*, which still remains the finest narrative poem of its kind in the English language. Here for the first time

his absolute poetic mastery is apparent. He translates, when he chooses to translate, with ease and grace, and he raises the whole poem to a higher level, investing the faithless Creseyde with a piteousness which pleads for her forgiveness, and turning her go-between uncle, Sir Pandarus, whose original character has made his name a hateful word, into a good-natured humorous friend, whose easy code of morals is quite distinct from baseness. While at work on the *Troilus*, Chaucer seems to have found time to translate a treatise of a very different kind, the *De Consolatione Philosophiæ* of the Roman statesman Boethius, who wrote it in prison while awaiting his murder by the Emperor Theodoric in A.D. 525. The *De Consolatione* is written in alternate prose and verse. Chaucer rendered it all into rather obscure and laboured prose, but some of the passages which most attracted him appear after this date embedded in his poetry, the easy flow of the verse presenting a striking contrast to the artificiality of his prose. He was called off again from the *Troilus* in 1381 or 1382 to celebrate the betrothal of Richard II. to Anne of Bohemia, and in the *Parlement of Foules*, with its tale of the mustering of the birds on St Valentine's Day, and their debate as to which of her suitors is worthiest of the beautiful 'formel-eagle,' who represented the queen, produced the brightest and daintiest of courtly allegories.

When the *Troilus* was finished Chaucer turned to his *Divina Commedia*, and in the *Hous of Fame* endeavoured to describe a journey with a heaven-sent guide, in which, despite its lighter vein, the influence of Dante is clearly discernible. When contrasted with the *Dethe of Blaunche the Duchesse*, written in the same octosyllabic couplet, the growth of metrical power in the *Hous of Fame* is very marked. It contains also fine passages, notably the description of the temple of Fame and of the suitors to the wayward goddess, but Chaucer's lack of constructive genius left it a failure and a fragment. The golden eagle of Jupiter had soared with him to Fame's abode, and he had been shown all that there was to see; but there was no possible climax to be reached, and for lack of a climax Chaucer left the poem unfinished.

His next venture, as to which we can speak with certainty,[1] the *Legende of Good Women*, shared the same fate. Elsewhere he refers to this poem as the 'Seintes Legende of Cupide,' the Legend of Cupid's Saints, of the fair women who had loved too well, and had died as Love's martyrs. In a prologue, of which two versions exist, both admirably written, he feigns that Love had threatened him with punishment for the treasons he had written against him in his translation of the *Roman de la Rose*, and in *Troilus and Creseyde;* that he had been saved by the intercession of Love's queen, the fair Alcestis—the heroine of Greek legend who died for her unworthy husband, Admetus—and had been bidden to write these stories of women's faithfulness as a palinode. There were to be nineteen such stories, with that of Alcestis herself to crown them, and the book when finished was to be presented to the queen (not Cupid's, but Richard II.'s), who was no doubt intended to identify herself with Alcestis. Not nineteen but nine stories were written, the earlier ones, especially those of Cleopatra and Dido, together with the prologue, being admirably told. But, as the Greek philosophers had long since discovered, while wickedness is multiform, virtue admits of less variation; and as Chaucer wrote story after story of faithful women—Thisbe, Medea, Lucretia, Ariadne, Philomela, Phyllis, Hypermnestra—he began to tire of so uniform a theme, and even falls from tragedy into comedy by throwing out a hint that he was the only man to whom women could safely trust. In 1385 he was permitted to exercise his Controllership of the Customs of Wool by deputy, a privilege accorded from the first in the case of the petty customs; and perhaps in this or the next year a holiday pilgrimage to Canterbury, made in his own person, set his brain throbbing with a new scheme which, in its variety and boundless possibilities, was in striking contrast with that on which he was engaged. In any case, the *Legende of Good Women* was abandoned, and the *Canterbury Tales*, the crowning work of his life, took its place.

At this date of 1385–86, when we think of Chaucer as beginning to plan his *Canterbury Tales*, he was eminently prosperous. The *Tales* can have been only just begun when misfortune befell him. In October 1386 he sat in Parliament as one of the knights of the shire for Kent, an accession of dignity which, by bringing him into active political life, probably cost him his offices. His patron, John of Gaunt, was out of England, and his place in the government was filled by the hostile Duke of Gloucester. A commission was appointed to inquire into the state of the subsidies and customs, and by December new appointments show us that Chaucer had been superseded in both his controllerships. His deputies may have played him false, or he himself may have been in fault, but it seems at least as likely that the supersession was political, and would not have been enforced had he not sat in Parliament a month before. In the second half of 1387 he lost his wife's pension (granted her in 1366), either by her death or by its being commuted. In May 1388 he assigned away his own pensions from the king, obviously in order to raise money, and was thus, as far as we know, left with nothing but the pension of £10 originally granted by John of Gaunt to Philippa Chaucer, but subsequently regranted to both husband and wife. It seems reasonable to believe that it was during

[1] It is not improbable that the rehandling of the story of Palamon and Arcite, from the *Teseide*, which has come down to us as the 'Knight's Tale,' was written contemporaneously with, or before, the *Legende*.

these distressful times that Chaucer wrote some or all of the series of balades, *The Former Age*, *Fortune*, *Truth*, *Gentilesse*, *Lak of Stedfastnesse*, which all owe something to the *De Consolatione Philosophiæ* of Boethius. In the *Truth*, with its fine opening, 'Flee from the press, and dwell with soothfastness,' we must imagine that Chaucer is consoling himself; in the *Fortune* (the *balade de visage sans peinture*, the 'unpainted face' of a faithful friend) he makes the fickle goddess herself plead on his behalf:

> Prynces, I prey you of your gentilesse
> Let nat this man on me thus crye and pleyne,
> And I shal quyte you your bysynesse.

In the *Lak of Stedfastnesse*, which has been strangely misinterpreted, and therefore misdated, he seems to applaud the measures which Richard II. took against the 'merciless Parliament' when he declared himself of age in May 1389. According to a copyist (Shirley), who records several such traditions, this poem was sent by Chaucer 'to his soverain lorde kynge Rycharde the secounde, than being in his Castell of Windesore,' and nothing that we know of Chaucer makes it likely that he would have offered advice unless he was sure it would be acceptable. In any case, he speedily profited by the change of Ministry, being appointed Clerk of the King's Works in July 1389, and a Commissioner of the Roadway between Greenwich and Woolwich in 1390. But a year later he had lost his clerkship again, and even if he is to be identified with the Geoffrey Chaucer who about this time was made Forester of North Petherton Park in Somersetshire (an appointment in the gift of the family of his first patroness), his income must have seemed to him sadly small.

It was probably during these five years (1386–91) of financial vicissitudes that the bulk of the *Canterbury Tales* were written. If Chaucer had less income he had more leisure, and he used it to good purpose. The idea of the Canterbury Pilgrimage as a framework for a series of stories seems to have been entirely his own. Pilgrimages were still immensely popular in England, and that to the shrine of St Thomas of Canterbury the most popular of all. It offered a pleasant holiday in varied company, and with religious opportunities which the pilgrims could use as they pleased. The men and women whom Chaucer pictures as meeting at the Tabard Inn at Southwark, the usual starting point for pilgrims from London and the neighbourhood, were distinctly holiday folk, but they were religious enough to be willing to listen to a very long sermon as they drew near their destination. In his immortal Prologue Chaucer tells us all about them—about the brave courteous Knight, his son the Squire, and their sturdy Yeomen; about the Lawyer and the Doctor who rode on pilgrimage, though the one was so busy and the other's study was 'but little on the Bible;' about the dinner-loving Franklin, the Merchant with his thoughts always on his business, the pirate Shipman, the rascally Miller, the drunken Cook, the crafty Man ciple, the crabbed Reeve, the five London burgesses and the honest, kind-hearted Ploughman; most of all about the 'religious' people—the tender-hearted Prioress, with her lady-chaplain and priests, the hunting Monk, the Friar, 'the best beggar in his house,' the Summoner and Pardoner, types of the very worst hangers-on of the Church; and, to balance these, the good Parson and the studious Clerk of Oxford, with not an ounce of worldliness between them. All these Chaucer paints for us in lively colours, and then starts them on their four days' ride through Deptford, Greenwich, Rochester and Sittingbourne, fitting them with tales of chivalry and romance, of noble endurance and low adventure, of medieval miracle and old-world legend and myth, a range of narrative as great as the diversity of the tellers, and the narrative, with few exceptions, almost perfectly told. It was a great scheme worthily carried out, though not to completion, for instead of the hundred and twenty tales originally planned only twenty-four were written, and of these one was only just begun, another left incomplete, and two others more dramatically broken off before they were finished.

The scheme which Harry Bailey, the host of the 'Tabard,' proposed to his guests was that each of them should tell two tales on the way to Canterbury and two on the return journey, and that the teller of the best tale should be rewarded by a supper at the cost of the rest. In the morning, when they reach the halting-place known as the Watering of St Thomas, lots are cast as to who shall tell the first tale, and the Knight, to whom the lot falls, responds with the story of Palamon and Arcyte, a splendid rendering of Boccaccio's *Teseide*. Then follow tales by two of the Churls, the Miller and Reeve, each seeking to discredit the other's craft by a knavish story, into the telling of which, more especially the Reeve's, Chaucer put all his skill. A similar tale by the Cook is placed next in order, but is a mere fragment; and these are all Chaucer wrote for the first day's ride from Southwark to Deptford.

The next day's tale-telling, after a late start (ten o'clock) from Deptford, begins with the old story of Constance (see page 62), which Chaucer, rather unsuitably, assigns to the Man of Law. Then the Shipman tells a story of a trusting husband, faithless wife, and roguish monk; to which an effective contrast is offered by the Prioress's legend, told with devout simplicity, of a little Christian chorister murdered by the Jews. The poet himself is then called upon, and the 'merry words' of Harry Bailey, the host of the 'Tabard,' who acted as leader of the party, may serve as a good example of the talks on the road with which the *Tales* are linked together:—

> Whan seyd was al this miracle, every man
> As sobre was that wonder was to se,
> Til that oure Hostė japen tho bigan

jest the

And than at erst he lookéd upon me, then at first
And seydé thus: 'What man artow?' quod he; art thou
'Thou lookest as thou woldest fynde an hare;
For ever upon the ground I se thee stare.

Approché neer, and looke up murily.
Now war yow, sires, and lat this man have place; beware
He in the waast is shape as wel as I;
This were a popet in an arm t' embrace
For any womman, smal and fair of face.
He semeth elvyssh by his contenaunce,
For unto no wight doth he daliaunce.

Sey now somwhat, syn other folk have sayd;
Telle us a tale of myrthe, and that anon.'
'Hosté,' quod I, 'ne beth nat yvele apayd, 1
For other talé certés kan I noon, know
But of a rym I lernéd longe agoon.' rhyme
'Ye, that is good,' quod he, 'now shul we heere
Som deyntee thyng, me thynketh by his cheere.'
(*Canterbury Tales*, B. 1881–1901, Globe Ed.)

[1] Do not be ill-pleased.

But Chaucer was far too wise really to put one of his dainty things into his own mouth. The rhyme 'he lerned longe agoon' proves to be a parody of the old romances, the delightful 'Tale of Sir Thopas,' which, of course, Harry Bailey takes quite seriously and indignantly interrupts. Then Chaucer gives up poetry and tells an interminable tale of 'Melibeus and his wife Prudence' (translated from a French version of the *Liber Consolationis* of Albertano of Brescia, written c. 1238), which is heard to the bitter end. As if this were not enough, the Monk, instead of a hunting story, pours out the string of 'tragedies' which Chaucer had written some years before, with five new ones, and the Knight and Harry Bailey interrupt him most righteously. Unlike Chaucer, he will not make a second attempt, but the Nun's Priest comes to the rescue with a bright rendering of the old folk-tale of the 'Fox and the Hen,' filled out in the poet's happiest vein.

To the morning of the third day have been assigned, with no great certainty, the Doctor of Physic's very poor retelling of the story of Appius and Virginia (from the *Roman de la Rose*), the Pardoner's unblushing Prologue, with its revelations of the tricks of his wretched trade, and his story (ultimately of Indian origin) of the three ruffians who went out in search of Death, and found him by murdering each other in their eagerness to have possession, each for himself alone, of a treasure-trove of gold. It is as likely as not that these tales belong to the fourth day; but to the third, while the pilgrims were on their way to dine at Sittingbourne, and thence, according to the accustomed route, to sleep at Ospringe, we can certainly assign five stories. Of these, the first, preceded by a prologue as shameless and as amusing as the Pardoner's, is the Wife of Bath's tale of the knight who, when he took courage to marry the hag who had saved his life, found her a fair maid. This is followed by the tales in which, like the Miller and Reeve, the Friar and Summoner cast stones at each other's calling; the Summoner's Tale, though its humor is of the lowest, being another example of Chaucer's supreme skill. After a break the Clerk is furnished with a story by Chaucer's hunting up his old version of Patient Griselda, with some added stanzas; and then the Merchant redresses the balance by his tale showing how Jove himself could not prevent a young wife from fooling her old husband.

The fourth day's story-telling opens on a higher level with the Squire's 'half-told' romance of Cambuscan and the horse of brass, followed by the Franklin's version of a lost French story in which a wife is ready to sacrifice even her honour rather than break her word. In reading this, as in the stories of Constance and Griselda, we have to remember that medieval moralists were apt to think of only one virtue at a time, and when this is understood it takes a high place among the *Tales*. Again there is a gap. Then the legend of St Cecilia, left in all its weakness of early work, is assigned to the Prioress's attendant Nun, to be followed by an unexpected incident, the overtaking of the Pilgrims by a Canon and his Yeoman, who have ridden hard to catch them up. The Canon is an alchemist, who wastes his own substance and that of his dupes in trying to turn silver into gold; and his Yeoman, after putting his master to flight by his frank confessions, tells a tale of another rogue of the same sort. After this the Manciple explains (from Ovid) how a white crow's indiscreet revelations caused Apollo to turn all crows black; and then, as Canterbury comes in sight, the Pilgrims bethink them of their religious duties, and listen to a long sermon on repentance, delivered by the good Parson, who at an earlier stage of the journey had been very peremptorily given to understand that no preaching was wanted.

Altogether the *Canterbury Tales* contain some eighteen thousand lines of verse besides the two prose treatises—i.e. the tale of Melibee and the Parson's sermon. We have no record and no sure grounds for conjecture as to over how many years their composition was spread, but except it be in the Doctor's tale or the Manciple's they show no sign of failing power; and it is probable that they were written in quick succession, until loss of favour at Court or some other cause discouraged the poet, and he laid his bulky manuscript aside, unfinished. As we have seen, he lost his Clerkship of the Works in 1391; and if, as seems probable from the occurrence of the date '12 March 1391' [O.S.] in one of its calculations, he was writing the treatise on the Astrolabe soon after this, we may fairly take it as a sign that his interest in the *Tales* was already waning. In his humorous *Envoy a Bukton*, which was written about 1396, he prays his friend to read the 'Wife of Bath' upon the marriage question; and we are left to wonder whether he allowed copies of the *Tales* in their incomplete form to be multiplied during his life, or whether it was only after his death that they

reached a wider public than his immediate friends. Of other work he did but little during the last decade of his life. His treatise on the Astrolabe (an instrument for taking astronomical observations), addressed to his little ten-year-old son Lewis, was left incomplete, like so much else, though in this case he had the treatises of the old Arabian astronomer Messahala, and of the Yorkshire mathematician John Holywood (Johannes de Sacro Bosco), on which to draw. Of poems of this period we have only four remaining, all of them short, and all apparently written with something less than his wonted ease. The sportive *Envoy a Scogan*, on the vengeance he might expect from Venus for having 'given up' his lady, may belong to the year 1393, and ends with a pitiful request from the poor road-commissioner that the favoured dweller 'at the stream's head'—i.e. the Court at Windsor—would 'mind his friend there it may fructifye.' The so-called *Compleynt of Venus*, a triple balade from the French of Graunson, a Savoyard knight, pensioned by Richard II. in 1393, may belong to the same year. The *Envoy a Bukton*, giving him his 'counseil touching mariage,' is dated by its reference to the English expedition to Friesland in 1396. The *Compleynt to his Purs*, sent to the 'Conquerour of Brutes Albioun,' from whom it elicited a fresh pension, belongs, of course, to 1399. None of these poems are unworthy of Chaucer, and it is true that he never wrote his balades and short poems with the ease of his narrative in the couplet stanza, but they seem to belong to a later and less happy period than any of the *Canterbury Tales*, and we may reasonably conclude that the *Tales*, though the crowning work of his life, were not being written right up to the last.

In truth, it is to be feared that the last nine years of Chaucer's life were not very prosperous or happy. His friends did not desert him, for in 1394 Richard II. granted him a new pension of twenty pounds a year; but we find him frequently anticipating it by small loans from the Exchequer, and in May 1398 he obtained from the king letters of protection to prevent his creditors suing him. In October Richard granted him a tun of wine yearly, apparently in answer to a petition which begged for it as a 'work of charity;' and a year later, when Richard had been deposed, Henry IV., the son of Chaucer's old patron, John of Gaunt, by an additional pension of forty marks (£26, 13s. 4d.), granted in answer to the *Compleynt to his Purs*, placed the old poet once more in comfortable circumstances. On the following Christmas Eve Chaucer took a long lease, for fifty-three years, of a house in the garden of St Mary's Chapel, Westminster, which his son, Thomas Chaucer, the King's Butler, continued to occupy after his death; and there are records of his drawing instalments of his pensions in February and June of 1400. The June payment was received on his behalf by a friend, which may or may not, point to his already being ill. All that we know is that, according to an inscription on a tomb erected to him by a lover of his works in 1556, he died on 25th October 1400, and that he was buried in St Benet's Chapel in Westminster Abbey, the first of the many poets who have found their last resting-place in what we now know as Poet's Corner.

In estimating Chaucer's position among English poets we have to consider his work in relation to that of his predecessors and contemporaries, and, secondly, the extent of his actual achievement. On the first point something has already been said; but the most important difference which separates Chaucer from the poets whose work we have already reviewed is that he first of English writers whose names we know (the limitation is introduced to exclude the author of *Pearl*, a possible exception) conceived of poetry as an art. Our earlier poets, whose subjects would often have been as fitly treated in prose, wrote 'straight on,' with very little ornament, and very little care for finding the right word or varying their verse. Their modesty saved them from many mistakes, and though their work is always on a level, it is by no means on a dead level. But any one who will read, say, the *Cursor Mundi* from end to end and not find it tedious must have a special taste for old-world things. Even Langland, who was continually recasting his *Vision*, recast it not so much that he might improve what he had already said, but that he might say something different; and, as we have noted, he as often changed a good line for a worse as a poor line for a better. In Chaucer's poetry, on the other hand, we find a continuous development, and evidence of the hard work and enterprise by which that development was attained. He begins as a mere translator, and becomes, in his own way, one of the most individual of poets; he begins with monotonous verse, full of padding, and attains a metrical freedom as complete as Shakespeare's; he begins in the prevalent fashion, and soon enriches English literature with two new metres of capital importance (the seven-line stanza and decasyllabic couplet), and with a new range of subjects. Though he had to work harder for his living than most of his predecessors, he took his art far more seriously, and starting at a happier moment and with greater natural gifts, he attained results which differ from theirs not merely in degree but in kind.

As regards his positive achievement some large admissions must be made. The pretty little songs in the *Dethe of the Duchesse* and the *Parlement of Foules* do not entitle us to claim for him any serious lyrical gift, and his shorter poems generally are known rather by fine single lines than as successful wholes. With the absence of the lyrical faculty goes the absence of passion and depth of thought. The true tragic note is not sounded once in all his poems, and his portrayal of love is languishing and sensuous, never strong. Three of his women are perfectly drawn: the fashionable

Prioress, the triumphantly vulgar Wife of Bath, as sketches; the small-souled, piteous Cressida as a finished portrait. The rest are personifications or conventional types, quickened now and again by some happy touch, but not possessed of flesh and blood. As for his asserted deep religious feelings, there has certainly been much exaggeration. He was interested in the problems of free-will and predestination; he had the man of the world's admiration for practical piety wherever he saw it; he had his religious moments, and towards the end of his life may have been devout; but the humorous lines in 'The Knightes Tale'—

> His spirit chaungèd hous and wentè ther,
> As I cam never, I kan nat tellen wher:
> Therfore I stynte, I nam no divinistre
> Of soulès fynde I nat in this registre,

are typical of his spirit in the heyday of his powers; and though he laid bare the worldliness and knavery of the hangers-on of religion, they fill him with no deep repugnance.

Lastly, it must be owned that Chaucer had little or no constructive power. He could fill in other men's outlines and improve other men's work as triumphantly as Shakespeare himself, but the inconclusiveness of the *Dethe of the Duchesse* and the *Parlement of Foules*, and the unfinished condition of every other poem in which he tried to work on his own lines as regards plot, prove that he had no aptitude for inventing a story and developing it from prelude to climax.

When all these admissions have been made, Chaucer yet remains one of the greatest English poets, because in his own art of narrative verse he attained a mastery which has never been approached. Where he should be ranked, as compared with Shakespeare, Milton, Pope, Shelley, or Tennyson, depends entirely on the value the critic attaches to different kinds of excellence. In his own Chaucer stands first. While his predecessors lack readers because they had too little art, later writers have often failed because they have tried to introduce too much. In Chaucer alone we find narrative in perfection—simple, direct, fluent, varying easily with the subject, full of his own individuality, everywhere controlled and enlivened by his abounding humour, and written in verse of never-failing music and metrical power. He is a great artist, with an artist's self-consciousness; at the same time he is absolutely natural and at his ease. There are few English poets to whom we should attribute the combination of these qualities; there is no other who has combined them to the same extent.

A narrative poet can never receive justice from quotations, but the extracts which follow are chosen to illustrate as far as is possible in a few pages the variety of Chaucer's verse and his happiness in dealing with different subjects. We take him first in his early days as the pensive, rather sentimental young poet, weaving his own sorrows, real or imagined, into his lament for the wife of his patron, John of Gaunt,[1] of which our quotation forms the opening lines:

> I have gret wonder, by this lyghte,
> How that I lyve, for day ne nyghte
> I may slepè wel neigh noght;
> I have so many an ydel thoght,
> Purely for defaute of slepe,
> That, by my trouthe, I take no kepe — heed
> Of no thyng how hit cometh or gooth, — it—goes
> Ne me nis no thyng leef nor looth. — is not—dear nor hateful
> Al is y-lichè good to me,— — alike
> Joye or sorwe, wherso hit be,—
> For I have felyng in no thyng,
> But as it were, a masèd thyng — dazed
> Alway in poynt to falle a-dqun;
> For sorwful ymagynacioun
> Is alway hoolly in my mynde. — wholly
> And wel ye woot agaynès kynde — against nature
> Hit were to liven in this wyse,
> For Nature woldè nat suffyse
> To noon erthly crëature
> Not long tymè to endure
> Withoutè slepe, and been in sorwe;
> And I ne may, no nyght ne morwe,
> Slepe; and this melancolye
> And drede I havè for to dye,
> Defaute of slepe and hevynesse,
> Hath sleyn my spirit of quyknesse
> That I have lost al lustihede.
> Suche fantasyes been in myn hede
> To I noot what is best to do. — know not
> But men myghte axè me why so — ask
> I may not slepe, and what me is? — what is wrong with me
> But nathèless, who askè this — nevertheless
> Leseth his asking trewèly. — Loses

[1] This and the following quotations are taken from the 'Globe' Chaucer, *The Works of Geoffrey Chaucer*, edited by A. W. Pollard, H. F. Heath, Mark H. Liddell, W. S. McCormick (Macmillans, 1898). The *Canterbury Tales* were printed by Caxton in 1478 and 1483, and reprinted by Pynson (c. 1492) and Wynkyn de Worde (1498). Caxton also printed the *Parlement of Foules* and some of the minor poems about 1478, and the *Troilus* about 1483, this being printed again by Wynkyn de Worde in 1517. In 1526 Pynson printed most of Chaucer's works in a volume in three parts, but the first collected edition was that printed by Godfray in 1532, and edited by Thynne. This was reprinted in 1542 and 1550, and again (with additions supplied by the antiquary John Stowe) in 1561. In 1598 and 1602 editions appeared edited by Thomas Speght, and others were issued in 1687 and 1721, the latter edited by Urry. These collected editions contained many works not by Chaucer, and their text was disfigured by every possible blunder, so that the music of Chaucer's verse was entirely lost and his meaning obscured. A beginning of better things was made by Thomas Tyrwhitt's edition of the *Canterbury Tales* (1775–78), a really fine piece of editing for its date. Thomas Wright's edition for the Percy Society (1842), and that of Richard Morris in Bell's Aldine Classics (1866), both of them founded on Harleian MS. 7334, were further improvements. But no accurate text was possible until Dr Furnivall founded the Chaucer Society in 1866, and printed parallel texts from all the best manuscripts that could be found, including the Ellesmere, which is now generally considered the best. From these texts Professor Skeat in 1894 edited for the Clarendon Press *The Complete Works of Geoffrey Chaucer*, in six volumes, with a wealth of illustrative notes; and the 'Globe' edition of 1898 was based on the same materials. In addition to its work on Chaucer's text, the Chaucer Society has cleared up the sources of many of his poems, and has settled the true order of the *Canterbury Tales*, the letters A–I which appear in references to line-numbers denoting the different groups under which, in their incomplete conditions, it is necessary to arrange them.

My selven can not tellė why
The sothe; but trewely, as I gesse,
I holdė hit ben a siknesse — to be
That I have suffred this eight yere,
And yet my boote is never the nere; — cure—nearer
For ther is phisicien but oon
That may me hele; but that is doon.
Passe we over until eft; — after
That wil not be, moot nede be left. — must needs
(*Dethe of Blaunche the Duchesse*, ll. 1–42.)

The gentle melancholy of this prelude finds a more sonorous echo in the *Compleynt of the Dethe of Pitee*, from which also we may quote the opening lines:

Pitė that I have sought so yore ago
With hertė sore and ful of besy peyne,
That in this worlde was never wight so wo
With-outė dethe; and if I shal not feyne,
My purpos was to Pite to compleyne
Upon the crueltee and tirannye
Of Love, that for my trouthė doth me dye.

And when that I, by lengthe of certeyn yeres,
Had evere in oon a tymė sought to speke, — alike
To Pitė ran I, al bespreynt with teres, — sprinkled
To preyen hir on Crueltee me a-wreke; — avenge
But er I myght with any worde out-breke,
Or tellen any of my peynės smerte,
I fond hir deed and buried in an herte. — found her dead

Adoun fel I when that I saugh the herse,
Deed as a stoon, whyl that the swogh me laste; — swoon
But up I roos with colour ful dyverse,
And pitously on hir myn eyen I caste,
And ner the corps I gan to presen faste, — 1, 2
And for the soule I shoop me for to preye; — 3
I nas but lorne, ther was no more to sey. — was utterly lost

Thus am I slayn sith that Pitė is deed;
Allas the day! that ever hit shulde falle!
What maner man dar now holde up his heed?
To whom shal any sorwful hertė calle?
Now Crueltee hath cast to sleen us alle,
In ydel hope, folk redėlees of peyne,— — 4
Sith she is deed, to whom shul we compleyne?
(*Compleynt of the Dethe of Pitee*, ll. 1–28.)

[1] Nearer. [2] Began to press. [3] Addressed myself. [4] Bewildered from suffering.

To illustrate Chaucer's earlier narrative work, we must be content with three stanzas from the 'Tale of Constance.' They strike that note of pathos and pity which with Chaucer takes the place of deeper tragedy. King Alla had married Constance after the miracle which proved her innocent of a murder of which she had been falsely accused; but now, in his absence from home, he has been beguiled, and sends an order that both she and his little child are to be thrust out to sea in a rudderless boat in three days' time:

Wepen bothe yonge and olde in al that place
Whan that the kyng this cursėd lettrė sente,
And Custance, with a deedly palė face,
The ferthė day toward the ship she wente; — fourth
But nathelees she taketh in good entente
The wyl of Crist, and knelynge on the stronde,
She seydė, 'Lord, ay welcome be thy sonde; — sending
He that me kepte fro the falsė blame,
While I was on the lond amongės yow,
He kan me kepe from harm, and eek fro shame,
In saltė see, al-thogh I se noght how.
As strong as ever he was he is yet now.
In hym triste I, and in his mooder deere,—
That is to me my seyl, and eek my steere.' — sail—rudder

Hir litel child lay wepyng in hir arm,
And knelynge, pitously to hym she seyde,
'Pees, litel sone, I wol do thee noon harm!'
With that hir coverchief of hir heed she breyde, — 1
And over his litel eyen she it leyde,
And in hir arm she lulleth it ful faste,
And into hevene hir eyen up she caste.
('Man of Lawes Tale,' *Canterbury Tales*, ll. 820–840.)

[1] She tore the kerchief from her head.

From all this tenderness we must pass rapidly to the tales of chivalry and romance, full of vivid colour, the brightness of youth, and joy of love, which are the most prominent feature in Chaucer's second period. Among these *Troilus and Cressida* stands supreme; and we may take from it first this picture of Criseyde when Troilus first sees her, and is suddenly struck down, amid his mockery of love, by the beauty he despised:

Among thise othrė folk was Criseydá
In widwes habit blak; but nathėles, — widows
Right as our firstė lettre is now an A,
In beauté first so stood she makėlés: — matchless
Her goodly loking gladėd al the prees; — crowd
N'as neverė seyn thing to ben prayséd derre, — 1, 2
Nor under cloudė blak so bright a sterre, — star

As was Criseyde, as folk seyde everychone
That her behelden in her blakė wede.
And yit she stood ful lowe and stille alone
Behinden othrė folk in litel brede — breadth
And nigh the dore, ay under shamės drede, — 3
Simple of atir and debonaire of chere, — attire
With ful assurėd loking and manére.

This Troilus, as he was wont to gide
His yongė knightės, ladde hem up and doun
In th'ilkė largė temple on every side, — that same
Biholding ay the ladies of the toun,
Now here, now there; for no devocioun
Hadde he to non, to reven him his reste, — deprive
But gan to preyse and lakken whom him leste. — disparage

And in his walk ful faste he gan to wayten — watch
If knyght or squiėr of his companýe
Gan for to sike or lete his ýen bayten — sigh—feed
On any woman that he coude espýe:
He woldė smile and holden it folýe,
And seye him thus, 'God wot, she slepeth softe
For love of thee, whan thou tornest ful ofte!

'I have herd told, pardieux, of your livínge,
Ye lovers, and your lewėd ôbservauncės, — 4
And which a labour folk han in winnínge
Of love, and in the keping which doutaunces;
And whan your preye is lost, wo and penaunces!
O verray foolės, nyce and blynd ben ye! — foolish
Ther n'is nat oon can war by other be!' — beware

And with that word he gan caste up the browe
Ascaunces, 'Lo! is this nat wisly spoken?'
At which the God of Love gan loken rowe roughly
Right for despit, and shop for to ben wroken: 5
He kidde anon his bowé n'as nat broken! showed
For sodeinly he hitte him at the fulle;
And yit as proud a pecok can he pulle! pluck
(*Troilus and Cressida*, Bk. i. ll. 169–210.)

[1] There was not. [2] More dearly. [3] In dread of being shamed (he was daughter of the Greek Calchas). [4] Common, foolish. [5] Prepared himself to be avenged.

Cupid made Troilus pay heavily for his gibes, and cheated him at the last; yet he allowed him a little spell of happiness; and here is Chaucer's description of the supreme moment of love's reward:

O, soth is seid, that heléd for to be
As of a fevere, or other gret siknésse,
Men mostė drinke, as men may alday see,
Ful bittrė drinke; and for to han gladnésse,
Men drinken oftė peyne and gret distresse:
I mene it here, as for this áventure
That thorugh a peyne hath founden al his cure.

And now swetnéssė semeth moré swete
That bitternesse assayéd was biforn;
For out of wo in blissė now they flete; float
Non swich they felten sin they weré born. since
Now is this bet than bothė two be lorn! better
For love of God, take every womman hede
To werken thus, whan it com'th to the nede!

Criseyde, al quit from every drede and tene, sorrow
As she that justė cause had him to triste, trust
Made him swich feste, it joyé was to sene,
Whan she his trouthe and clene ententė wiste;
And as aboute a tree with many a twiste
Bitrent and wryth the swotė wodébinde, 1
Gan ech of hem in armés other winde.

And as the newe abayséd nightingale abashed
That stinteth first whan she biginneth singe, stops
Whan that she hereth any herdė tale, herdsman talk
Or in the hegges any wight steringe, hedges—stirring
And after siker doth her vois out-ringe; in sure tones
Right so Criseydá, whan her dredė stente, ceased
Opned her herte, and tolde al her entente.

And right as he that saw his deth y-shapen,
And deyen moste, in aught that he may gesse, must
And sodeinly rescous doth him escapen, 2
And from his deth is brought in sikernesse; safety
For al this world, in swich presént gladnésse
Is Troilus, and hath his lady swete.—
With worsė hap God lat us neveré mete!
(*Troilus and Cressida*, Bk. iii. ll. 1212–1246.)

[1] Betwines and wreathes the sweet honeysuckle. [2] A rescue causes him to escape.

In the end, as we all know, Criseyde failed to fight against the stress of circumstance and was faithless; and Chaucer, as he tells of the death of Troilus, takes, for the moment, a higher strain:

Swich fyn hath tho this Troilus for love! Such end
Swich fyn hath al his greté worthinesse!
Swich fyn hath his estat réál above! royal
Swich fyn his lust, swich fyn hath his noblesse!
Swich fyn, this falsė worldés brotelnesse!— brittleness
And thus bigan his loving of Criseyde
As I have told, and in this wise he deyde.

—O yongė fresshė folkés, he or she,
In whiche ay love up-groweth with your age,
Repeireth hom fro worldly vanité!
And of your herte up-casteth the viságe
To th'ilkė God that after his imáge
You made; and thinketh al n'is but a faire
This world, that passeth sone as flourés faire!

And loveth Him, the whiche that right for love
Upon a cros, our soulés for to beye, buy, redeem
First starf, and roos, and sit in hevene above; 1, 2
For He n'il falsen no wight, dar I seye,
That wol his herte al hoolly on him leye!
And sin He best to love is, and most meke, since
What nedeth feynéd lovés for to seke?
(*Troilus and Cressida*, Bk. v. ll. 1828–1848.)

[1] Died. [2] Sitteth.

The *Troilus*, which has this solemn end, is a 'tragedy,' but it is a tragedy as full of light as of shade; in it we first find Chaucer's humour in its perfection, and to suit this humour he attunes his verse to another key with masterly ease. Here is a passage from an earlier part of the poem describing a call paid (in the interest of Troilus) by Sir Pandarus on his niece, then in the stage of widowhood in which thoughts of consolation may be trifled with:

Whan he was come unto his neces place,
'Wher is my lady?' to her folk quod he;
And they him tolde, and he forth in gan pace, passed
And fond two othré ladies sete and she seated
Withinne a pavéd parlour; and they three
Herden a mayden reden hem the geste story
Of al the sege of Thebés, whil hem leste.

Quod Pandarus, 'Madámé, God you see,
With al your book and al the companýe!'—
'Ey, uncle, now welcóme y-wis!' quod she; surely
And up she ros, and by the hond in hye hastily
She took him faste, and seydė, 'This night thrye— thrice
To goodė mote it torne!—of you I mette.' dreamt
And with that word she doun on bench him sette.

'Ye, necė, ye shal farė wel the bet, better
If God wile, al this yer!' quod Pandarus; will
'But I am sory that I have you let hindered
To herken of your book ye preisen thus.
For Goddés love, what seith it? Tel it us!
Is it of love? O, som good ye me lere!' teach
'Uncle!' quod she, 'your maistresse is not here!'

With that they gonnen laughe; and tho she seyde,
'This rómaunce is of Thebés, that we rede;
And we han herd how that King Laius deyde
Thorugh Edippus his sone, and all that dede;
And here we stinten at thise lettres rede, 1, 2
How that the bisshop, as the book can telle,
Amphiorax, fil thorugh the grounde to helle.'

Quod Pandarus, 'Al this knowe I my-selve,
And al th' assege of Thebés, and the care;
For herof ben ther makéd bookés twelve.
But lat be this, and tel me how ye fare.

Do wey your barbe, and shewe your facé bare. 3
Do wey your book: ris up, and lat us daunce,
And lat us don to May som óbservaunce!'

'Ey, God forbedé!' quod she, 'Be ye mad?
Is that a widwes lif, so God you save?
By God, ye maken me right sore adrad! afraid
Ye ben so wilde, it semeth as ye rave!
It saté me wel bet, ay in a cave would be fit
To bidde and rede on holy seintés lives! pray
Lat maydens gon to daunce, and yongé wives!'
(*Troilus and Cressida*, Bk. ii. ll. 78–119.)

[1] Stop. [2] The chapter-heading written in red letters in a manuscript. [3] A collar partly hiding the face.

The absolute ease of this passage is in striking contrast to Chaucer's early use of the stanza in the story of St Cecyle, and has perhaps never been equalled in the same form save by Byron. To accompany these quotations from the *Troilus*, we may take the 'Knightes Tale' out of its place in the *Canterbury* series, in order to show how Chaucer treats chivalry under arms, as in the *Troilus* he treats of chivalry in love. The cousins Palamon and Arcite both love the fair Emily, sister to their enemy, Theseus, 'Duke' of Athens. Arcite overhears Palamon speaking of his love when in hiding from Theseus, and, as his cousin is weaponless, rides off to fetch him armour and weapons that they may fight out their quarrel. The quotation describes how they arm each other and then fight furiously till Theseus interrupts them. It is the more noteworthy because, while Chaucer is translating the *Teseide* of Boccaccio, all the vivid and dramatic touches are his own:

Arcite is riden anon unto the toun,
And on the morwe, er it were dayés light,
Ful privély two harneys hath he dight, 1, 2
Bothe suffisaunt and metè to darreyne fight out
The bataille in the feeld betwix hem tweyne;
And on his hors, allone as he was born,
He carieth al the harneys hym biforn:
And in the grove, at tyme and place y-set, appointed
This Arcite and this Palamon ben met.
To chaungen gan the colour in hir face,
Right as the hunters, in the regne of Trace, 3
That stondeth at the gappé with a spere,
Whan hunted is the leoun or the bere,
And hereth hym come russhyng in the greves, groves
And breketh both bowés and the leves,
And thynketh, 'Heere cometh my mortal enemy,
With-outé faile he moot be deed or I; must be dead
For outher I moot sleen hym at the gappe, either
Or he moot sleen me, if that me myshappe':
So ferden they in chaungyng of hir hewe, 4, 5
As fer as everich of hem oother knewe,
Ther nas no 'Good day,' ne no saluyng,
But streight, withouten word or rehersyng,
Everich of hem heelpe for to armen oother,
As frendly as he were his owene brother;
And after that, with sharpé sperés stronge,
They foynen ech at other wonder longe. fence
Thou myghtest wené that this Palamoun,
In his fightyng were a wood leoun, mad
And as a cruel tigre was Arcite:
As wildé borés gonné they to smyte,
That frothen whit as foom for iré wood;— mad anger
Up to the ancle foghte they in hir blood. their
And in this wise I lete hem fightyng dwelle,
And forth I wole of Theséus yow telle.
. . . . .
Cleer was the day, as I have toold er this,
And Theséus, with allé joye and blis,
With his Ypolita, the fairé queene,
And Emelyé, clothéd al in grene,
On huntyng be they riden roially;
And to the grove, that stood ful fasté by,
In which ther was an hert, as men hym tolde,
Duc Theséus the streighté way hath holde;
And to the launde he rideth hym ful right,— open space
For thider was the hert wont have his flight,—
And over a brook, and so forth in his weye.
The Duc wol han a cours at hym, or tweye,
With houndés, swiche as that hym list commaundé.
And whan the Duc was come unto the launde
Under the sonne he looketh, and anon
He was war of Arcite and Palamon
That foughten breme, as it were borés two. furiously
The brighté swerdés wenten to and fro
So hidously, that with the leesté strook
It semed as it woldé fille an ook; fell
But what they weré no thyng he ne woot.
This duc his courser with his sporés smoot,
And at a stert he was bitwix hem two,
And pulléd out a swerd, and cridé, 'Hoo!
Namoore, up peyne of lesynge of youre heed! upon
By myghty Mars, he shal anon be deed
That smyteth any strook, that I may seen.
But telleth me what mystiers men ye been, what kind of
That been so hardy for to fighten heere
Withouten juge, or oother officere,
As it were in a lystés roially?'
('Knightes Tale,' *Canterbury Tales*, A. ll. 1628–1662, 1683–1713.)

[1] Suits of armour. [2] Got ready. [3] Kingdom of Thrace. [4] Behaved. [5] Their colour.

After the *Troilus* came the *Hous of Fame*, and from this, did space permit, we should quote Chaucer's autobiographical colloquy with the Golden Eagle, and some of the prayers of Fame's suitors and their answers. But we must hasten to the *Legende of Good Women*, and choose from this a characteristic passage on Chaucer's favourite season, Spring, not unlike that at the end of the *Parlement of Foules*, but written with more freedom:

Forgeten had the erthe his pore estate
Of wyntir, that him naked made and mate, forlorn
And with his swerd of colde so soré greved;
Now hath the atempré sonne al that releved temperate
That naked was, and clad it new agayne.
The smalé foulés, of the sesoun fayne,
That of the panter and the nette ben scaped, a bag-net
Upon the foweler, that hem made a-whaped scared
In wynter, and distroyéd hadde hire broode,
In his dispite hem thoghte it did hem goode
To synge of hym, and in hir songe dispise
The foulé cherle, that, for his coveytise,

:m betrayèd with his sophistrye.
was hir songe, 'The foweler we deffye,
his crafte.' And somé songen clere
of love, that joye it was to here,
shipynge and in preysing of hir make; mate
or the newé blisful somers sake,
he braunchés ful of blosmés softe,
delyt, they turnéd hem ful ofte,
ngen, 'Blesséd be Seynt Valentyne!
his day I chees you to be myne,
iten répentyng myne hertè swete!'
erewithal hire bekés gonnen meete,
g honóur and humble obeysaunces
:, and diden hire othere observaunces
ngeth onto love, and to nature;
ieth that as yow lyst, I do no cure.
tho that haddé don unkyndènesse,—
i the tydif, for newfangelnesse,—
té mercy of hir trespassynge,
mblèly songen hir répentynge,
oren on the blosmés to be trewe,
hire makés wolde upon hem rewe,
the lasté maden hir acorde.

(*Legende of Good Women*, ll. 125–159.)

e Prologue to the *Legende*, whence this , is in Chaucer's happiest vein, both in its nd in this later form; and as in the last i it was hard to have to stop before speech in which he first condemns and ffs the lovers, so here it would be pleasant all the talk with Cupid and Alcestis which on our extract. From the legends them- e can only take these few lines as an of how vigorously Chaucer could describe ht of the ancient kind:

nius was war, and wol nat fayle aware
en with thise Romaynes, if he may,
ke his rede, and both upon a day, counsel
f and he, and al his ost, forthe wente host
ope anon, no lenger they ne stente, stayed
the see hit happéd hem to mete. 1
h the trumpe, and for to shoute and shete, shoot
ynen hem to sette on with the sonne; 2
risly soune out goth the gretè gonne,
terly they hurtelen al at ones, furiously
i the top doun cometh the gretè stones.
h the grapénel so ful of crokes,
e the ropés, and the sheryng hokes;
the polax preseth he and he; this one and that
le the maste begyneth he to fle,
t aguyn, and dryveth hem over borde;
iteth hem upon his sperés orde; 3
t the sayle with hokés lyke a sithe; rendeth
ngeth the cuppe, and biddeth hem be blithe;
ireth pesen upon the hacches slidre; 4
ottés ful of lyme, they goon togidre;
us the longé day in fight they spende,
he last, as every thing hath ende,
is shent, and put hym to the flyghte; discomfited
his folke to-go, that best go myghte.

(*Legende of Good Women*, ll. 629–653.)

, Antony and Octavian. 2 That is, so that the sun might nemy's face. 3 Stops them on his spear's-end. 4 Dried vent the enemy getting a firm footing.

We come now to the *Canterbury Tales*, and as from the portrait-gallery of the Prologue we can only take two examples, two have been chosen which show in effective contrast the good and bad sides of religion in Chaucer's day. Here is the good Parson:

A good man was ther of religioun,
And was a POURÉ PERSOUN OF A TOUN;
But riche he was of hooly thoght and werk;
He was also a lernéd man, a clerk,
That Cristès Gospel trewély wolde preche:
His parisshens devoutly wolde he teche.
Benygne he was, and wonder diligent,
And in adversitee ful pacient;
And swich he was y-prevéd oftè sithes. times
Ful looth were hym to cursen for his tithes,
But rather wolde he yeven, out of doute, give
Unto his pourè parisshens aboute,
Of his offrýing and eek of his substaunce:
He koude in litel thyng have suffisaunce.
Wyd was his parisshe, and houses fer asonder,
But he ne laftè nat, for reyn ne thonder,
In siknesse nor in meschief to visíte
The ferreste in his parisshe, much and lite, rich and poor
Upon his feet, and in his hand a staf.
This noble ensample to his sheepe he yaf gave
That firste he wroghte and afterward he taughte.
Out of the gospel he tho wordés caughte, those
And this figure he added eek therto,
That if gold rustè what shal iren doo?
For if a preest be foul, on whom we truste,
No wonder is a lewéd man to ruste;
And shame it is, if a prest takè keepe, heed
A shiten shepherde and a clenè sheepe.
Wel oghte a preest ensample for to yive
By his clennesse how that his sheepe sholde lyve.
He settè nat his benefice to hyre
And leet his sheepe encombred in the myre, left
And ran to Londoun, unto Seînt Poules,
To seken hym a chaunterie for soules;
Or with a bretherhed to been withholde, 1
But dwelte at hoom and keptè wel his folde,
So that the wolf ne made it nat myscarie,—
He was a shepherde, and noght a mercenarie:
And though he holy were and vertuous,
He was to synful man nat despitous,
Ne of his speché daungerous ne digne, difficult nor haughty
But in his techyng discreet and benygne,
To drawen folk to hevene by fairnesse,
By good ensample, this was his bisynesse:
But it were any persone obstinat,
What so he were, of heigh or lough estat,
Hym wolde he snybben sharply for the nonys. reprove
A bettrè preest I trowe that nowher noon ys;
He waited after no pompe and reverence,
Ne makèd him a spicèd conscience,
But Cristès loore, and his Apostles twelve,
He taughte, but first he folwed it hym selve.

(*Canterbury Tales*, Prologue, ll. 477–528.)

1 To lodge in a monastery.

And here the rogue of a Pardoner:

With hym ther rood a gentil PARDONER 1
Of Rouncivale, his freend and his compeer,
That streight was comen fro the court of Romè.

Ful loude he soong *Com hider, love, to me!*
This Somonour bar to hym a stif burdoun, accompaniment
Was never trompe of half so greet a soun.
This Pardoner hadde heer as yelow as wex hair
But smothe it heng as doth a strike of flex; hank of flax
By ounces henge his lokkes that he hadde, In small pieces
And therwith he his shuldres overspradde.
But thynne it lay by colpons oon and oon; 2
But hood, for jolitee, ne wered he noon,
For it was trussed up in his walet,
Hym thoughte he rood al of the newe jet; fashion
Dischevelee, save his cappe, he rood al bare. 3
Swiche glarynge eyen hadde he as an hare,
A vernycle hadde he sowed upon his cappe; 4
His walet lay biforn hym in his lappe
Bret-ful of pardon, come from Rome al hoot. Brimful
A voys he hadde as smal as hath a goot.
But of his craft, fro Berwyk unto Ware
Ne was ther swich another pardoner,
For in his male he hadde a pilwe-beer, bag—piilow-case
Which that, he seyde, was oure lady veyl; lady's
He seyde he hadde a gobet of the seyl piece
That Seint Peter hadde, whan that he wente
Upon the see, til Jhesu Crist hym hente.
He hadde a croys of latoun, ful of stones, cross of brass
And in a glas he haddé piggés bones.
But with thise relikés, whan that he fond found
A pouré person dwellynge upon lond,
Upon a day he gat hym moore moneye
Than that the person gat in monthes tweye;
And thus with feyned flaterye and japes
He made the person and the peple his apes.
But, trewely to tellen atte laste,
He was in chirche a noble ecclesiaste;
Wel koude he rede a lessoun or a storie,
But alderbest he song an Offertorie; best of all
For wel he wiste, whan that song was songe,
He moste preche, and wel affile his tonge polish
To wynne silver, as he ful wel koude;
Therefore he song the murierly and loude. more merrily
(*Canterbury Tales*, Prologue, ll. 669–714.)

[1] That is, with the Summoner. [2] In shreds, lock by lock. [3] Dishevelled, with his hair loose. [4] Copy of the supposed imprint of Christ's face on the handkerchief of St Veronica, which the Pardoner might have seen at Rome.

From the *Tales* themselves we have already quoted an example of Chaucer's chivalrous style; our second extract exhibits him where he is perhaps at his strongest of all—as the teller of tales of low life, tales of which he can only have received from others the mere outline, while his expansions of them are full of humour and individuality. As to the stories of this class, Chaucer himself advised some of his readers to 'choose another page,' and the folk-story of the 'Fox and Hen' assigned to the Nonnes Prest is the only one of them which can be recommended *virginibus puerisque;* but this incident from the 'Reeves Tale,' of how a knavish miller frustrated the device of the two Cambridge clerks to prevent him from stealing their corn, stands by itself, and is altogether delightful. The clerks, it should be said, are northerners, and speak in the northern dialect. Symond is the miller:

'Symond,' quod John, 'by God, nede has na peer,
Hym boes serve hymself that has na swayn, 1
Or elles he is a fool, as clerkes sayn.
Our manciple I hope he will be deed expect
Swa werkes ay the wanges in his heed; 3, 4, 5, 6
And forthy is I come and eek Alayn. therefore
To grynde oure corn and carie it ham agayn. home
I pray yow spede us heythen that ye may.' hence
'It shal be doon,' quod Symkyn, 'by my fay!
What wol ye doon, whil that it is in hande?'
'By God, right by the hopur wil I stande,' hopper
Quod John, 'and se how that the corn gas in. goes
Yet saugh I never, by my fader kyn,
How that the hopur waggés til and fra.' to and fro
Aleyn answérde, 'John, and wiltow swa?
Thanne wil I be bynethé, by my croun!
And se how that the melé fallés doun
Into the trough,—that sal be my disport;
For, John, y-faith, I may been of youre sort,
I is as ille a millere as are ye.'
This millere smyléd of hir nycetee, foolishness
And thoghte, 'Al this nys doon but for a wyle; 7
They wené that no man may hem bigile;
But by my thrift yet shal I blere hir eye, cheat them
For al the sleighte in hir philosophye.
The more queynté crekés that they make, cunning devices
The more wol I stelé whan I take.
In stide of flour yet wol I yeve hem bren; bran
The gretteste clerkes been noght wisest men,
As whilom to the wolf thus spak the mare; 8
Of al hir art ne counte I noght a tare.'
Out at the dore he gooth ful pryvely,
Whan that he saugh his tyme softely.
He looketh up and doun til he hath founde
The clerkes hors, ther as it stood y-bounde.
Bihynde the mille, under a levesel, bower
And to the hors he goth hym faire and wel;
He strepeth of the brydel right anon, strips off
And whan the hors was laus, he gynneth gon 9, 10
Toward the fen, ther wildé marés renne,— run
Forth with 'Wehee!' thurgh thikké and thurgh thenne.
This millere goth agayn, no word he seyde,
But doth his note and with the clerkés pleyde, business
Til that hir corn was faire and wel y-grounde;
And whan the mele is sakked and y-bounde,
This John goth out, and fynt his hors away, findeth
And gan to crie, 'Harrow!' and, 'Weyl-away!
Oure hors is lorn; Alayn, for Goddés banes bones
Stepe on thy feet; com out, man, al atanes! at once
Allas, our wardeyn has his palfrey lorn!'
This Aleyn al forgat bothe mele and corn;
Al was out of his mynde his housbondrie.
'What, whilk way is he geen?' he gan to crie.
The wyf cam lepynge inward with a ren;
She seyde, 'Allas, youre hors goth to the fen
With wildé mares, as faste as he may go;
Unthank come on his hand that boond hym so,
And he that bettré sholde han knyt the reyne!'
'Allas,' quod John, 'Aleyn, for Cristés peyne,
Lay doun thy swerd, and I wil myn alswa. also
I is ful wight, God waat, as is a raa; 11
By Goddés herté! he sal nat scape us bathe. both
Why nadstow pit the capul in the lathe? 12
Il-hayl, by God, Aleyn, thou is a fonne.' Ill-luck—fool
Thise sely clerkés han ful faste y-ronne innocent
Toward the fen, bothe Aleyn and eek John;

And whan the millere saugh that they were gon,
He half a busshel of hir flour hath take,
And bad his wyf go knede it in a cake.
He seyde, 'I trowe the clerkės were aferd;
Yet kan a millere make a clerkės berd, befool
For al his art; now lat hem goon hir weye!
Lo wher they goon; ye, lat the children pleye;
They gete hym nat so lightly, by my croun!'
('Reeves Tale,' *Canterbury Tales*, A. 4026–4099.)

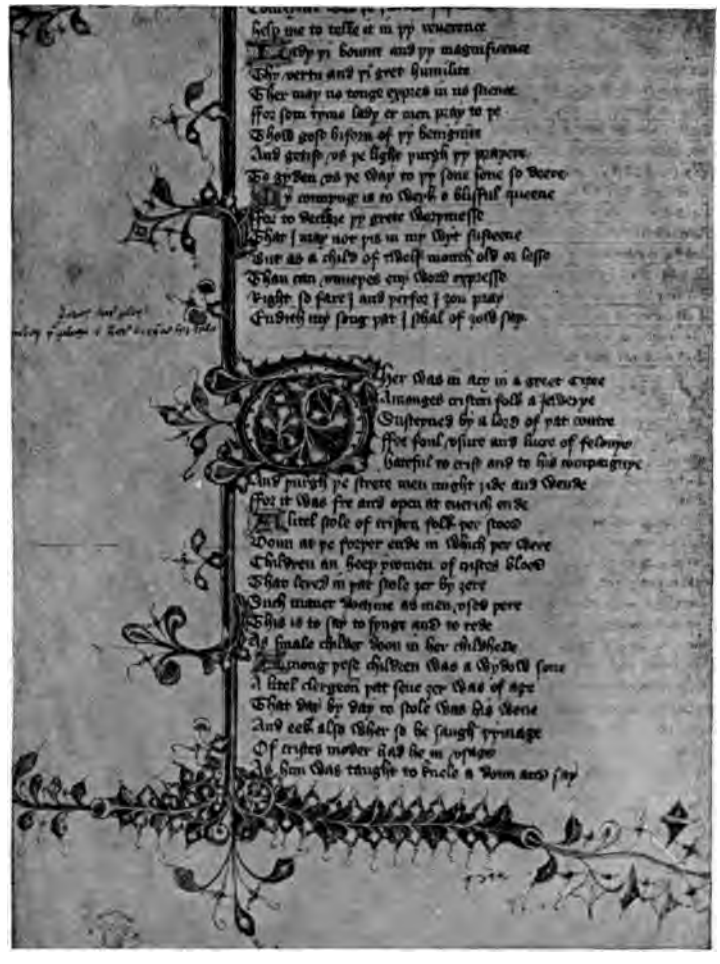
[1] Behoves. [2] No servant. [3] So. [4] (Northern plural) work. Cheek-teeth. [6] Head. [7] Is only done for a trick. [8] See 'Reynard the Fox.' [9] Loose. [10] Begins to go. [11] I am full swift, God knows, as is a roe. [12] Why didn't you put the palfrey in the stable?

Thus hath this wydwe hir litel sone y-taught
Oure blisful lady, Cristės mooder deere,
To worshipe ay, and he forgate it naught,
For sely child wol alday soonė leere,— 1, 2, 3
But ay whan I remembre on this mateere,
Seint Nicholas stant ever in my presence, standeth
For he so yong to Crist dide reverence. 4

This litel child his litel book lernýnge,
As he sat in the scole at his prymer,
He *Alma redemptoris* herdė synge,
As children lernėd hire antiphoner;
And, as he dorste, he drough hym ner and ner, 5

Lastly, as a contrast to these road humours, here from the Prioresses Tale' is a return to haucer's earlier manner of nderness and devotion, no less raceful and pleasing than of ore, and written with far greater iastery. The legend is one of iany which good men—Heaven orgive them!—all over Europe ncerely believed, of a little hristian boy wantonly murdered y the Jews:

A litel scole of cristen folk ther stood
Doun at the ferther ende, in which ther were
Children an heepe, y-comen of Cristen blood,
That lernėd in that scolė yeer by yere
Swich manere doctrine as men usėd there,—
This is to seyn, to syngen, and to rede,
As smalė children doon in hire childhede.

Among thise children was a wydwės sone,
A litel clergeoun, seven yeer of age, chorister
That day by day to scolė was his wone; wont
And eek also, where as he saugh thymage saw the image
Of Cristes mooder, he hadde in usage,
As hym was taught, to knele adoun and seye
His *Ave Marie*, as he goth by the weye.

Reduced facsimile of part of a page of the 'Prioresses Tale,' from the famous Harl. MS. 7334 in the British Museum.[1]

Lady þi bounte and þy magnificence
Thy vertu and þi gret humilite
Ther may no tonge expres in no science
For vom tyme lady er men pray to þe
Thow gost biforn of þy benignite
And getist vs þe light þurgh þy prayere
To gyden vs þe way to þy sone so deere

My connyng is to weyk o blisful queene
For to declare þy grete worþinesse
That I may not þis in my wyt susteene
But as a child of twelf month old or lesse
Than can vnneþes eny word expresse
Right so fare I and þerfor I 3ou pray
Endith my song þat I schal of 3ow say

Ther was in acy in a greet bitee
Amonges cristen folk a Jewerye
Susteyned by a lord of þat contre
For foul vsure and lucre of felonye
Hateful to crist and to his compaignye
And þurgh þe strete men might ride and wende
For it was fre and open at euerich ende

A litel scole of cristen folk þer stood
Doun at þe forþer ende in which þer were
Children and heep ycomen of cristes blood
That lered in þat scole 3er by 3ere
Such maner doctrine as men vsed þere
This is to say to synge and to rede
As smale childer doon in her childhede

Among þese children was a wydow sone
A litel clergeoun þat seue 3er was of age
That day by day to scole was his wone
And eek also wher so he saugh þymage
Of cristes moder had he in vsage
As him was taught to knele a doun and say

The variations in the last two stanzas show how the Harleian text differs from the Ellesmere used in our quotation.

And herkned ay the wordés and the note,
Til he the firsté vers koude al by rote.

Noght wiste he what this Latyn was to seye,
For he so yong and tendre was of age;
But on a day his felawe gan he preye
Texpounden hym this song in his language,
Or telle him why this song was in usage;
This preyde he hym to construe and declare
Ful often time upon his knowés bare. knees

His felawe, which that elder was than he,
Answerde hym thus: 'This song I have herd seye
Was makéd of oure blisful lady free, noble
Hire to salue, and eek hire for to preye salute
To been oure help and socour whan we deye;
I kan na moore expounde in this mateere,
I lerné song, I kan but smal grammeere.' know but little

'And is this song makéd in reverence
Of Cristés mooder?' seyde this innocent.
'Now certés, I wol do my diligence
To konne it al, er Cristémasse is went,
Though that I for my prymer shal be shent, scolded
And shal be beten thriés in an houre, thrice
I wol it konne oure lady for to honóure!'

His felawe taughte hym homward prively
Fro day to day, til he koude it by rote,
And thanne he song it wel and boldély
Fro word to word, accordynge with the note.
Twiés a day it passéd thurgh his throte, Twice
To scoléward and homward whan he wente;
On Cristés mooder set was his ententé.

('Prioresses Tale,' *Canterbury Tales*, B. 1685–1740.)

[1] Innocent. [2] Always. [3] Learn. [4] While at his mother's breast. [5] Drew him nearer and nearer.

Of Chaucer's prose two short specimens will be given below (pp. 81 *sq.*). Here it is sufficient to say that, though he could write with ease and simplicity when off his guard, in his attempts at more ornate prose he never attained to the artistic mastery which everywhere marks his verse.

John Gower.

John Gower was born before Chaucer, possibly as early as 1327, and as a worker on older lines from which Chaucer soon broke loose has some claim to have been given precedence. But his only English poem can hardly have been written until after Chaucer's *Troilus* and *Hous of Fame*, and as it was probably his friend's success which caused him to abandon the French and Latin in which he had previously written, for English, he may be ranked with those whom Chaucer influenced, though not in the same sense as Lydgate and Hoccleve. He came of the Kentish Gowers, and must have been a kinsman of the Sir Robert Gower buried in Brabourne Church near Ashford, as Sir Robert's manor of Kentwell in Suffolk passed into his possession. John Gower owned other property in Norfolk, Suffolk, Essex, and Kent itself. By a grant from Richard II., from 1390 to 1397 the rectory of Great Braxted in Essex, close to Gower's Essex property, was held by a clerk of the same name, and the fact that the rector is spoken of as a clerk, not as a priest, has caused him to be identified with the poet, who, however, at the time he wrote his *Mirour de l'Omme*, was not even a clerk (see l. 21772). Without any aid from ecclesiastical preferment, the poet must have been a man of considerable wealth and importance. In the first edition of his *Confessio Amantis* he tells how Richard II. met him on the Thames, invited him to come into his barge, and bade him write a book for him to read. He must, therefore, have been well known to the king and have had a footing at Court. Gower, however, ultimately sided with Henry of Lancaster, and in 1393 transferred to him the dedication of his poem, being rewarded soon after by the present of a collar. In 1397, when he must have been nearly seventy, Gower married one Agnes Groundolf, and lived with her henceforth within the Priory of St Mary Overy's (now St Saviour's), Southwark, to the rebuilding of which he was a generous contributor. In 1400 he became blind, but lived for another eight years, dying in 1408, and being buried in St Saviour's, where his tomb, which bears his effigy, still remains. In this his head is resting on his three chief works, the French *Speculum Meditantis* (or, as it is also called, *Speculum Hominis*, or *Mirour de l'Omme*), the Latin *Vox Clamantis*, and the English *Confessio Amantis*, with which only we are much concerned. The *Speculum Meditantis*, after having been lost sight of for many years, was rediscovered in 1895, and forms the first volume of a complete edition of Gower's works, edited by Mr G. C. Macaulay, published by the Clarendon Press in 1899–1900. From this excellent edition, the *Speculum* or *Mirour* is now known to be a poem of nearly thirty thousand lines of passable verse, in which a classification of the Vices and Virtues leads up to a survey of modern society, and this in its turn to a life of the Blessed Virgin, by whose mediation society was to be bettered. There are interesting passages in the poem, notably those which initiate us into the tricks of the fourteenth-century tradesmen, but its poetical value is not high. Gower did far better work in French in the *Cinkante Balades*, printed by Mr Macaulay in the same volume as the *Mirour*, for some of these are really of great merit.

Wat Tyler's rising of 1381 was the occasion of the Latin poem, *Vox Clamantis*, and the choice of language, though probably mainly due to the belief that Latin was the proper medium for an historical poem, may have been partly dictated by the same motive which caused Godwin in 1793 to publish his *Political Justice* at a prohibitive price—the desire to escape any accusation of inflaming popular passions. For Gower, though a landowner and a Conservative, was outspoken in his denunciation of wrong. Later on he chose the same language for his *Chronicon Tripartitum*, a poem on Richard II.'s misgovernment. This was

attack on the unfortunate king even more
er than the English *Richard the Redeles*
ribed to Langland.

'he *Confessio Amantis*, by which Gower takes
place in English literature, contains a prologue,
en books on the seven deadly sins, and one on
duties of a king. As had already been shown
:he *Handlyng Synne*, such a book need by no
ins be dull; and although Gower's poem has
that close touch with the daily life of its time
ch gives interest to its predecessor, it contains
ellent reading. The sins are illustrated by
ies, mostly from Ovid, but also from Statius,
ephus, Vincent de Beauvais, the *Gesta*
nanorum, and other sources. The duties of
ing are laid down mainly from a celebrated
lieval treatise, the *Secreta Secretorum*, supposed
ave been written by Aristotle for the guidance
lexander the Great. The octosyllabic couplets
which the poem is written are handled with
dom, and both rhymes and rhythm are regular
good. If accepted dates are right, Gower must
e been nearly sixty when he wrote the *Confessio*
antis, and it has the easy, pleasant garrulity
ch is sometimes found in old men's verse. This
ow it began in its first form, written, it is
ght, between 1383 and 1386. Mr Macaulay's
text not having appeared at the time of
ing, our quotation is taken from the late
fessor Morley's edited text in his Carisbrooke
rary (1889), an excellent example of a popular
ion:

Of hem that writen us to-fore — wrote
The bokés dwelle, and we therfore
Ben taught of what was written tho; — then
Forthy good is, that we also — Therefore
In ouré time amonge us here
Do write of newé some matere
Ensampled of the oldé wise,
So that it might in suche a wise,
Whan we be dede and ellés where,
Belevé to the worldés ere, — Remain
In timé comend after this. — coming
But for men sain, and sothe it is,
That who that al of wisdom writ — writeth
It dulleth ofte a mannés wit
To hem that shall it allday rede; — them
For thilké cause, if that ye rede,
I woldé go the middel wey
And write a boke betwene the twey,
Somwhat of lust, somwhat of lore, — pleasure
That, of the lasse or of the more, — either of poor or rich.
Som man may like of that I write.
And for that fewé men endite
In our Englisshe, I thenké make
A boké for King Richardes sake,
To whom belongeth my legeaunce
With all min hertes obeisaunce
In all that ever a legé man
Unto his king may don or can,
So ferforth, and me recommaunde
To him which all me may commaunde,
Preiénd unto the highé regne — Praying
Which causeth every king to regne
That his coroné longé stonde.
I thenke and have it understonde
As it befell upon a tide,
As thing which shuldé tho betide,
Under the town of newé Troye,
Which toke of Brute his firsté joye,
In Themsé, whan it was flowend — flowing
As I by botė came rowend,
So as Fortune her timė sette,
My legé lord perchaunce I mette,
And so befell as I came nigh
Out of my bote, whan he me sigh, — saw
He bad me come into his barge,
And whan I was with him at large,
Amongés other thingés said
He hath this charge upon me laid
And bad me do my besinesse
That to his highé worthynesse
Some newé thing I shuldé boke — put into book form
That he himself it mightė loke
After the forme of my writing.

When Gower had transferred his service to Henry of Lancaster, he changed all the latter part of this, and wrote:

I thenké make
A boké for Englondé sake,
The yere sixtenthe of King Richard;
What shall befalle here-afterward,
God wote, for nowe upon this side
Men seen the worlde on every side
In sondry wisé so diversed
That it wel nigh stant all reversed.

Richard had been no ill patron of poetry, and the unanimity with which Chaucer, Gower, and Langland (if he wrote *Richard the Redeles*) all welcomed the change of dynasty, though it may really represent the trend of popular opinion, proves also that, if poets do well not to put their trust in princes, princes on their side have small reason to trust poets.

In 1377, when starting for his second visit to Italy, Chaucer had appointed Gower one of his agents to look after his affairs during his absence; in 1382 or 1383 he sportively dedicated his *Troilus* to the 'moral' Gower and the 'philosophical' Strode, the 'moral' Gower having probably just completed his *Vox Clamantis*. Five or six years later, in the talk on the road which precedes the 'Tale of Constance,' as it takes its place in the *Canterbury* series as the 'Man of Lawes Tale,' Chaucer goes out of his way to express his horror of the story of Canacee which Gower had taken from Ovid and included in the *Confessio Amantis*. There can be no doubt that the attack was dictated by personal feeling against Gower, and the cause may perhaps have been that the latter had included in the *Confessio* not only an epitome of the *Troilus* story, but also the very tale of Constance which the Man of Law was about to tell. We need not concern ourselves with this poets' quarrel, but the comparison between the two versions of Constance's story is not uninteresting. Here is

Gower's rendering of the scene on the seashore of which Chaucer's version has already been given on page 68 :

There was wepinge and there was wo,
But finally the thinge is do.
Upon the see they have her brought,
But she the causè wistè nought.
And thus upon the flood they wone
This lady with her yongè sone.
And than her hondès to the heven
She straught, and with a mildè steven voice
Knelend upon her barè kne
She saide : 'O highè magestee
Which seest the point of every trouth,
Take of thy wofull woman routh
And of this childe that I shal kepe.'
And with that word she gan to wepe
Swounend as dede, and there she lay,
But he, whiche allè thingès may,
Comforteth her, and attè laste
She loketh and her eyen caste
Upon her childe, and saydè this :
'Of me no maner charge it is
What sorwe I suffre, but of thee
Methenketh it is great pitee,
For if I stervè thou shalt die,
So mote I nedès by that weie,
For moderhed and for tendernesse,
With al min hotè besinesse,
Ordeignè me for thilke office,
As she that shal be thy norice.'
Thus was she strengthed for to stonde,
And tho she toke her childe in honde
And gaf it souke and ever amonge
She wepte and otherwhile songe
To rockè with her childe aslepe.

Gower was not happy when he made Constance tell her babe that she would

With al min hotè besinesse
Ordeigne me for thilke office,

and there is no line in his version of the exquisite simplicity of Chaucer's 'Pees, litel sone, I wol do thee noon harm,' but it would be hypercritical to deny Gower very considerable merit as a story-teller ; and as we find him turning from one tale to another and putting each of them into straightforward verse, not without some adjustment of tone to subject, it becomes possible for us to understand how for two centuries and more his name was always linked with Chaucer's, as only a little his inferior. In reality the difference was immense, but it was hardly greater than that which separates Gower's pleasant and readable verse from the pretentious prolixities of the next century.

Chaucer's Successors.

That Chaucer's delightful spring-tide should have been immediately succeeded, as far as what we may call literary poetry is concerned, by sheer November fog seems at first sight one of the strangest of accidents. In other departments of literature during the fifteenth century good work was being done. Prose, if it did not advance rapidly, was yet in quite a healthy condition. There was a respectable undergrowth of unpretentious religious verse ; the English ballads came into existence ; and in the miracle-plays and moralities, along with much very poor stuff, vivid and forcible writing can easily be found. But for a century and a half after Chaucer's death the literary or Court poetry at its best gives but little pleasure, at its average is tedious, and at its worst represents the lowest depth to which English poetry has ever fallen.

To attribute this long interregnum to an accident by which for more than a century no Englishman was born with an aptitude for poetry is against the law of average ; nor is it really difficult to find an explanation of the collapse. During the whole of the century every circumstance was unfavourable to literature. The continual wars told on the rich and educated classes even more heavily than on the commons, and the absolute cessation of the English school of illumination and calligraphy, which had reached such perfection at the end of the fourteenth century, proves how few wealthy patrons of literature were left in England during the Wars of the Roses. Closely connected with this is the depressing environment in which any literary poet must have found himself. After Agincourt there is nothing to be proud of in English history for the rest of the century, and the poverty of the country was probably a bar to literary intercourse with the Continent. When Chaucer began to write, English poetry was in great need of fresh inspiration, and through him she obtained it first from France, and then, to a far more important extent, from Italy. Among Chaucer's successors Stephen Hawes availed himself of French help to the extent of going back to that very dried-up fountain, the *Roman de la Rose ;* but no one turned to Italy at all ; and as far as kinship of spirit is concerned, not Lydgate, Hoccleve, or Hawes should be reckoned as Chaucer's real followers, but Surrey and Wyatt, who, by the help of Italian models, restored to English poetry the secrets of rhythm which he had found and his immediate successors had lost. Why they had lost them brings us to our last point, the fact, namely, that, while language is always in a state of transition, the condition of the English language was peculiarly transitional in the fifteenth century. Chaucer himself, with a poet's instinct, had probably been slightly archaic in matters of pronunciation and grammatical inflection. The music of his verse depends entirely on its full force being given to every syllable, and on the due pronunciation of the final *e* as an integral part of many words and as an inflection. During the fifteenth century the final *e* was largely disused, and the struggles of poets who took Chaucer as their model under these changed conditions are truly pitiable. On the one hand, his mobile decasyllabics are parodied by lifeless lines which require absolute.

· of voice for their scansion, and are
rse by their authors' fondness for long
on the other, it seems possible that
the dropping of the final *e* many later
isread the decasyllabics altogether, and
Chaucer's heroic couplets as only a new
f the old octo-
to be read with
and a hasty slur-
ny inconvenient
Both these
ere destructive
, and from the
have suggested
e of poetic in-
fter Chaucer's
transferred to
(see page 166),
example was as
as that of Dante,
and Boccaccio
to him.
s now to the first
s of Chaucer,
Hoccleve and
lgate, of whom,
ne birth-date of
known with cer-
Hoccleve was
a year or two
. In a poem
presumably in
1422 he says of
'Of age am I
r and three,' and
therefore have
in 1368 or 1369
about the time
ucer was writing
of Blaunche the
He was prob-
n in London,
ained there till
age, living in
Inn. Originally
for the priest-
n he was nine-
enty he entered
Seal Office as a
387), and, as no ecclesiastical preferment
d him, stayed there all his working life
ve-and-thirty years—till in 1424, by way
ng allowance, he was quartered on the
Southwick, Hants. In November 1399
., within six weeks of his accession (his
dier benevolence to Chaucer will be re-
l), had granted Hoccleve an annuity of £10 until some such provision could be made for him; and in 1409 this had been increased to £13, 6s. 8d. His earnings over and above this annuity, according to his own account, were no more than £4 a year, so that lack of pence pursued him all his life, and he may have sadly envied the comparative wealth with which a discriminating age rewarded Chaucer. But, as he justly remarks himself,

> He that but little hath may do excess
> In his degree, as well as may the rich;

and in his youth Hoccleve was a spendthrift, and in middle age, when he had given up hopes of a benefice, took 'more tow on his distaff' (his own

Hoccleve presenting his Poems to Henry V.: Facsimile from the Arundel MSS.[1]

wing is a transcript of the stanza of text shown in the

Hye noble and myȝtty Prince excellent
My lord the Prince . o . my lord gracious
I humble seruant and obedient
Vnto ȝour estate hye and glorious
Of whyche I am ful tendre and ful gelous
Me recommaunde vnto ȝour worthynesse
Wyth herte enter and spirit of meeknesse.

phrase) by marrying a wife. When he writes of his follies and troubles Hoccleve becomes interesting. He was a weak creature, who tried to win popularity by spending more than he could afford, sinned and repented with much facility, and was always complaining. But he shows us himself just as he was, and writes in these passages with more ease and simplicity than on any other subject. His longest poem is the *Regement of Princes*, dedicated to Henry V., when Prince of Wales, in 1412, our illustration from Arundel MS. 38 in the British Museum, the Prince's own copy, representing the poet on his knees before his patron. The *Regement of Princes* is a patchwork from the *De Regimine Principum* of Ægidius Romanus (c. 1280), the *Secreta Secretorum*, the moral treatise of Jacobus de Cessolis afterwards printed by Caxton as 'The Game and Pley of the Chesse,' and other works. It is written in Chaucer's seven-line stanza, abounds in long words, and, save for its prologue, is tedious and dull. Another poem of some length, the story of 'Jereslaus' Wife,' from the *Gesta Romanorum*, is cast on the same lines as the 'Tale of Constance' used by Chaucer and Gower, and is readable, though poorly told. But all Hoccleve's best work is contained in the autobiographical prologue to the *Regement;* his *Male Regle de T. Hoccleve*, in which he recites his youthful follies; his *Dialogue with a Friend;* and some few others of his minor poems, not all of which have yet been printed.

Here, from the *Male Regle*, are some of his reminiscences (ll. 177–208):

Wher was a gretter maister eek than I,
Or bet acqweyntid at Westmynstre yate
Among the taverneres namely, specially
And cookes whan I cam, eerly or late?
I pynchid nat at hem in myn acate, 1, 2
But payed hem as that they axe wolde;
Wherefore I was the welcomer algate, always
And for 'a verray gentilman' y-holde.

And if it happid on the someres day
That I thus at the taverne hadde be,
Whan I departe sholde and go my way
Hoom to the Privee Seel, so wowed me wooed
Hete and unlust and superfluitee distaste
To walke unto the brigge and take a boot, boat
That nat durste I contrarie hem all three,
But dide as that they stired me, God woot.

And in the wyntir, for the way was deep,
Unto the brigge I dressid me also,
And there the bootmen took upon me keep, heed
For they my riot kneewen fern ago: long
With them was I y-tugged to and fro,
So wel was him that I with wolde fare
For riot paieth largely evermo;
He styntith never til his purs be bare.

Othir than 'Maister' callid was I nevere,
Among this meynee, in myn audience. company
Methoughte I was y-maad a man for evere,
So tikelid me that nyce reverence foolish
That it me made larger of despense
Than that I thoght han been. O Flaterie!
The guyse of thy traiterous diligence
Is folk to mescheef haasten and to hie. hurry

[1] Grumbled. [2] Purchasing.

The Prologue to the *Regement of Princes*, with its talk of Chaucer, the follies of fashionable clothing, and the treatment of old soldiers, is interesting throughout, but we can only quote from it Hoccleve's complaint of the irksomeness of his work as a clerk:

With plow can I nat medlen, ne with harwe,
Ne wot nat what lond good is for what corne;
And for to lade a cart or fille a barwe,—
To which I never used was to-forne,—
My bak unbuxum hath swich thyng forsworne, stubborn
At instance of Writyng, his werreyour foeman
That Stooping hath hym spilt with his labour. hurt

Many men, fadir, wenen that writynge
No travaile is; thei hold it but a game:
Art hath no foe but swich folk unconnynge: 1
But whoso list disport hym in that same,
Let him continue, and he schal fynd it grame; harm
It is well gretter labour than it seemeth;
The blinde man of coloures al wrong deemeth.

A writer mot thre thynges to hym knytte,
And in tho may be no disseverance;
Mynde, eye and hand, non may fro othir flitte
But in hem mot be joynt continuance.
The mynde all hoole, withouten variance, whole
On the eye and hand awayte moot alway,
And thei two eek on hym: it is no nay.

Whoso schal wryte, may nat holde a tale talk
With hym and hym, ne synge this ne that; this man and that
But all his wittes hoole, grete and smale,
Ther must appere, and halden hem ther-at;
And syn he speke may, ne synge nat,
But bothe two he nedes moot forbere,
Hir labour to hym is the alengere. more troublesome

Thise artificers se I day by day,
In the hotteste of al hir bysynesse
Talken and syng and make game and play,
And forth hir labour passith with gladnesse;
But we labour in travaillous stilnesse; irk-some
We stowpe and stare upon the shepes-skyn,
And keepe muste our song and wordes in.
(Lines 988–1015.)

[1] Ignorant. The line translates the Latin proverb, *Ars non habet inimicum nisi ignorantem.*

The whole passage is good, and the last couplet gives Hoccleve a claim to the affectionate respect of all the many poets since his day who have had, by some distasteful occupation, to earn the livelihood which their verses would not buy them. It need hardly be said, however, that a writer whose claims to remembrance have to be based on work like this had only the slightest touch of poetry in him, and Hoccleve himself seems to have regarded his verse-making chiefly as a means of winning influential friends. When he left the Privy Seal

appears almost to have given up writing, ılade to my gracious Lord of Yorke' (the Edward IV.) shows that he must have 1450 or thereabout, and still occasionally l out poetry. It need only be added that : was a very orthodox person, argued with Oldcastle about his heresies in a poem undred and twelve lines, and thoroughly of the burning of John Badby in 1410. *ment of Princes* and a volume of his minor ave been edited for the Early English :iety by Dr F. J. Furnivall, from whose ions the foregoing notice of him has been rawn.

'London Lyckpenny,' **John Lydgate** hat he could, when he used his eyes and :st his verse with the same interest which to Hoccleve's reminiscences. Unfortu- .is short poem is the only thing of the .ch has come down to us among the and fifty thousand lines, more or less, poured out during his long life. Born in . little after, at Lydgate, near Newmarket, :red his noviciate at the great Benedictine Bury St Edmund's before he was fifteen, . sub-deacon in 1389, deacon in 1393, and 1397. In 1423 he was elected Prior of Regis, but in 1434 went back to Bury :alth's sake. In his old age he received, ıction with a certain John Baret, a small his share coming to £3, 16s. 8d., and he ıarently to within a year or two of 1450. have studied in his youth at Oxford, 421 he was at Paris, on what business ' not, but over and above his religious a monk, his sole occupation in life was ɔut verses, and this he did with painful :e.

ng the chronology of Dr Schick, the editor *'mple of Glass* for the Early English Text 1891), we find that before he was thirty versified some of the fables of Æsop, and ɔ poems, the *Chorl and Bird*, and *Horse, ıd Sheep*, which subsequently enjoyed the f being printed and reprinted by Caxton. the next dozen years (1400–1411) he is with having written the *Flour of Curtesie, night, Temple of Glass, Assembly of Gods, ' Sapience, Reason and Sensuality*, and a *)ur Lady*. From 1412 onwards his work enormously in volume, and deteriorates '. The *Troy-Book* (30,000 lines) is thought ɔccupied him till 1420, and to have been tely succeeded by the *Storie of Thebes* es). The *Pilgrimage de Mounde*, trans- m the French of De Guilleville (12,000 as his next large work; and in 1430 he e *Falls of Princes*, a prolix rendering from o's *De Casibus Illustrium Virorum*, which over thirty-six thousand lines, or about many as all the verse in Chaucer's *ry Tales*. At intervals amid these compositions Lydgate wrote on *Guy of Warwick*, on the *Dance of Death*, on *St Margaret*, *St Edmund* (with unusual success), and *St Alban*. In 1445 he composed verses for Queen Margaret's entry into London, and about this time wrote his poetical Testament and engaged in a rendering of the *Secreta Secretorum*, which was finished after his death by Bennet Burgh, the last line of Lydgate's section being the curiously apposite, 'Death all consumeth, which may nat be denied.'

Lydgate's admiration for Chaucer was as hearty as Hoccleve's. His *Complaint of the Black Knight* is an imitation of Chaucer's *Dethe of Blaunche*, and his *Story of Thebes* was written as an additional Canterbury Tale, which he supposes himself to have told on the way home at Harry Bailey's request. He wrote in all of Chaucer's three chief metres; in the octosyllabic couplet with some fluency; in seven-line decasyllabics, woodenly enough, but not so badly as to be past hope of scansion; in the decasyllabic couplet, even if allowance be made for the defects of the sixteenth-century texts, with an absolute failure to grasp the elementary principles of its music. Save as specimens of language all these poems are dead, and it is waste of space to speak of them; but here, in contrast to them, is Lydgate's one bit of real life, poetry only of a very low order, but with vigour and swing in it, and still full of interest. The poet has come to Westminster to seek justice, but finds that without money in his purse he can do nothing, and so he goes from place to place and fares no better, till he takes his way back again to the country:

To London once my steppes I bent,
  Where trouth in no wyse should be faynt;
To Westmynster-ward I forthwith went,
  To a man of law to make complaynt;
  I sayd, 'For Mary's love, that holy saynt!
Pity the poore that wold proceede;'
But for lack of mony I cold not spede.

And as I thrust the prese amonge, crowd
  By froward chaunce my hood was gone,
Yet for all that I stayd not longe,
  Tyll to the Kinges Bench I was come.
  Before the judge I kneled anon,
And prayd hym for Godes sake to take heed;
But for lack of mony I myght not speede.
  . . . . . .
In Westmynster-Hall I found out one,
  Which went in a long gown of raye; striped cloth
I crowched and kneled before him anon,
  For Mary's love I of help hym pray.
  'I wot not what thou meanest,' gan he say:
To get me thence he dyd me bede: pray
For lack of mony I cold not speed.

Within this hall, nether rich nor yett poor
  Wold do for me ought, although I shold dye:
Which seing, I gat me out of the doore,
  Where Flemings began on me for to cry:
  'Master, what will you copen or by? purchase

Fyne felt hattes? or spectácles to reede?
Lay down your sylver, and here you may speede.'

Then to Westmynster-gate I presently went,
When the sonné was at hyghé prime: about nine o'clock
Cookés to me they tooke good entente,
And profered me bread, with ale and wyne,
Rybbés of befe, both fat and ful fyne;
A fayré cloth they gan for to sprede,
But, wantyng mony, I myght not speede.

Then unto London I dyd me hye,
Of all the land it beareth the pryse;
'Hot pescods!' one began to cry;
'Strabery ripe, and cherryes in the ryse!' on the bough
One bad me come nere and by some spyce;
Peper and safforne they gan me bede; offer
But, for lack of mony, I myght not spede.

Then to the Chepe I gan me drawne,
Where much people I saw for to stand;
One ofred me velvet, sylke, and lawne;
Another he taketh me by the hande,
'Here is Parys thred, the fynest in the land!'
I never was used to such thynges, in dede;
And, wantyng mony, I myght not spede.

Then went I forth by London Stone,
Throughout all Canwyké Streete: 1
Drapers much cloth me offred anone;
Then met I one cryed 'Hot shepe's feete;'
One cryde 'makerell;' 'ryshes grene' another gan greete; cry
One bad me by a hood to cover my head;
But, for want of mony, I myght not be sped.

Then I hyed me unto Est-Chepe,
One cryes rybbs of befe, and many a pye;
Pewter pottes they clattered on a heape;
There was harpe, pype, and mynstralsye;
'Yea, by tock! nay, by cock!' some began cry; by God
Some songe of Jenkin and Julyan for their mede; 2
But, for lack of mony, I myght not spede.

Then into Cornhyll anon I yode, went
Where was much stolen gere amonge;
I saw where honge mine ownė hoode
That I had lost amonge the thronge;
To by my own hood I thought it wronge:
I knew it well, as I dyd my Crede;
But, for lack of mony, I could not spede.

The taverner tooke me by the sleve,
'Sir,' sayth he, 'wyll you our wyne assay?'
I answered: 'That can not much me greve,
A peny can do no more then it may;'
I drank a pynt, and for it dyd paye;
Yet, sore a-hungerd from thence I yede, went
And, wantyng mony, I cold not spede; &c.

[1] Or Candlewick Street, now Cannon Street. [2] To win reward.

Lydgate was not the only ecclesiastic prolific of bad verses in Chaucerian metres; we have, for instance, the *Legends of the Saints*, in some ten thousand decasyllabics, by Osbern Bokenam, a Suffolk man and an Augustinian friar; also the *Life of St Katherine of Alexandria*, in seven-line stanzas (some nine thousand lines), by John Capgrave, another Augustinian, belonging to the neighbouring county (see below, page 89). Benet Burgh, the 'young follower' who carried on Lydgate's version of the *Secreta Secretorum*, translated also the *Moralia* of Dionysius Cato in stanzas quite up to the average work of this century. George Ashby, a Writer to the Signet, may be said to have carried on Hoccleve's tradition by the dreary poem on the *Active Policy of a Prince*, which he addressed to Edward Prince of Wales, possibly in 1460, possibly ten years later. He wrote also a *Prohemium unius Prisonarii* ('A Prisoner's Prologue'), and Englished in verse some of the 'Sayings of the Philosophers,' afterwards printed by Caxton in Lord Rivers' prose. His chief interest is that he illustrates with unusual clearness the process by which Chaucer's five-foot decasyllabics were being converted into a ragged line of four beats. It is not too much, indeed, to say that in all this wilderness of tedious verse the only oases to be found (outside pieces at one time attributed to Chaucer himself) are a few devotional poems in which true feeling has gifted some unknown writer with a felicity he could hardly himself have appreciated. The 'Vernon' manuscript, printed by the Early English Text Society in 1892, contains some such pieces; and here is a snatch from another, embedded in a *Speculum Christiani* ('Christian's Looking-Glass') printed by William de Machlinia about 1485, attributed not very certainly to John Watton:

Mary moder, wel thou be!
Mary moder, thenke on me;
Mayden and moder was never none
Togeder, Lady, saf thou allone.
Swete Lady, mayden clene,
Schilde me fro ille schame and tene;
Out of synne, Lady, schilde thou me,
And oute of dette for charitee.
Lady, for thy joyés fyve,
Gete me grace in thys lyve,
To knowe and kepe over all thyng
Cristen feith and Goddes byddyng,
And trewly wynne alle that I nede
To me and myn clothe and fede.
Helpe me, Lady, and alle myne;
Schilde me, Lady, from helle pyne; tormen
Schilde me, Lady, from vyleny,
And from all wicked companye.

Poetry was not utterly dead when such simple lines as these could be written; and in another quarter modern research has recently discovered for us three poets who, writing for their own pleasure and not at the bidding of prince or abbot, have enjoyed the distinction of having their work pass for nearly four centuries under the name of Chaucer himself. The first of these is a certain Clanvowe, identified with a Sir Thomas Clanvowe, who, though he ultimately held Lollard views, was a courtier and friend of Prince Hal's in the reign of Henry IV. His poem is *The*

Cuckoo and the Nightingale, written in a five-line stanza with a delicacy and sense of rhythm not unworthy of Chaucer himself. Witness these lines:

'Allas,' quod she, 'my hertė wol to-breke
To heren thus this falsė brid to speke
Of love, and of his worshipful servyse.
Now, god of love, thou help me in som wyse
That I may on this Cukkow been awreke.'

Me thoughtė than that I sterte up anon
And to the brooke I ran, and gat a ston,
And at the Cukkow hertėly I caste;
And he, for dredė, fley away ful faste;
And glad was I when that he was a-goon.

And evermore the Cukkow, as he fley,
He seydė 'Farewel! farewel, papinjay!'
As though he haddė scornėd, thoughtė me;
But ay I hunted him fro tree to tree
Til he was fer al out of sighte awey.

And thanné com the Nightingale to me,
And seydė 'Frend, forsothe I thankė thee,
That thou hast lyked me thus to rescowe;
And oon avow to Love I wol avowe,
That al this May I wol thy singer be.'

(*Chaucerian and other Pieces*: ed. Skeat, 1897.)

Professor Skeat has shown that a reference to the queen at Woodstock must apply to Joan of Navarre, who held the manor of Woodstock as part of her dower, and that the poem must have been written between 1403 and 1410, a date quite in keeping with the purity with which the fragrance of Chaucer's manner has been preserved.

Our second poet is a **Sir Richard Ros**, a Leicestershire knight, who about 1460 translated *La Belle Dame sans Merci* of Alain Chartier. Despite the charm of its title, which the translator had the good sense to retain, Chartier's poem is a dull one, and the best that can be said of Sir Richard's rendering is, that it is smoother and more fluent than most of the verse of its time. But he prefixed to it a short prologue of his own, and the two splendid lines with which this begins—

Half in a dream, not fully well awaked,
The golden sleep me wrapt under his wing—

entitle their author to respectful mention.

Our last Chaucerian poet is unidentified, a fact the more to be regretted as it can hardly be doubted that she was a lady. The two pieces which are assigned to her are (1) *The Flower and the Leaf*, a delightfully pretty poem, based on Chaucer's line, 'I ne wot who serveth Leef ne who the Flower,' in the prologue to the *Legend of Good Women*; and (2) the less happily conceived *Assembly of Ladies*. Both are written in Chaucer's seven-line stanza with ease and abundant music. Here, from the former poem, is a description of the effect of heat and storm on the gay company of the flowers:

For-shronk with hete; the ladies eek to-brent — burnt up
That they ne wist where they hem might bestow;
The knightės swelt, for lak of shade ny shent; — 1, a
And after that within a litel throw, — time
The wind began so sturdily to blow,
That down goth al the flourės everichon,
So that in al the mede there laft not on,

Save suche as socoured were, among the leves,
Fro every stormė, that might hem assail,
Growing under hegges and thikkė greves; — groves
And after that there came a storm of hail
And rain in-fere, so that, withouten fail, — together
The ladies ne the knightės ne hadde o threed
Drye upon hem, so dropping was hir weed.

And when the storm was clenė passed away,
Tho clad in whyte, that stood under the tree,
They feltė nothing of the grete affray
That they in greenė without had in y-be.
To hem they yedė for routh and pitė, — went
Hem to comfort after their greet disese;
So fain they were the helpless for to ese.

(*Skeat's Chaucerian Pieces.*)

[1] Sweltered. [2] Almost destroyed.

Professor Skeat, to whom scholars are under deep obligations for his admirable edition of these 'Chauceriana,' places these two poems, mainly for linguistic reasons, as late as the last quarter of the fifteenth century. If this be so, the three poets, Clanvowe, Ros, and the unknown lady, come at the beginning, the middle, and the end of the dullest century of English verse, and certainly help greatly to redeem its credit.

English Prose Writers, 1380–1500.

The necessity of exhibiting the influence of Chaucer's poetry on his successors has caused us to leave the history of English prose far behind, but we must now review its development during this period. Chaucer's own work in prose, though very inferior to his poetry, is not without its interest and importance. The 'Tale of Melibee' and the 'Parson's Sermon' in the *Canterbury Tales*, considering that they are both translations, are written with fluency and directness. In the address to his little son Lewis, prefixed to the treatise on the Astrolabe, he stumbled, as other writers have done in talking to children, on a graceful simplicity. With the omission of a few sentences, it runs thus:

Lyte [little] Lowys my sone, I aperceyve wel by certeyne evydences thyn abilite to lerne sciences touching nombres and proporciouns; and as wel considre I thy bisy praier in special to lerne the Tretys of the Astrelabie. . . . Therefore have I yeven the a suffisant Astrolabie as for oure orizonte [horizon] compowned [constructed] after the latitude of Oxenforde; upon which, by mediacioun of this litel tretys, I propose to teche the a certein nombre of conclusions perteynyng to the same instrument. . . .

This tretis, divided in five parties, wol I shewe thee under full light reules and naked wordes in Englisshe, for Latyn canst thou yit but small, my litel sone. But natheles suffise to thee these trewe conclusions in Eng-

lisshe as wel as sufficith to these noble clerkes Grekes these same conclusions in Greke; and to Arabiens in Arabike, and to Iewes in Ebrewe, and to the Latyn folk in Latyn; whiche Latyn folke had hem first oute of othere dyverse langages, and writen hem in her owne tunge, that is to seyn in Latyn. And God woot that in alle these langages and in many moo han these conclusions ben suffisantly lerned and taught, and yit by diverse reules; right as diverse pathes leden diverse folke the right way to Rome. Now wol I preie mekely every discret persone that redith or herith this litel tretys to have my rude endityng for excused, and my superfluite of wordes, for two causes. The first cause is for that curiouse endityng and harde sentence [meaning] is ful hevy at onys [once] for such a childe to lerne. And the secunde cause is this, that sothly me semith better to writen unto a childe twyes a gode sentence, than he forgete it onys.

And Lowys, yf so be that I shewe the in my light Englisshe as trewe conclusions touching this mater, and not only as trewe but as many and as subtile conclusiouns, as ben shewid in Latyn in eny commune tretys of the Astrelabie, konne me the more thanke. And preie God save the king, that is lorde of this language, and alle that him feithe berith and obeieth, everiche in his degre, the more and the lasse. But considre wel that I ne usurpe [claim] not to have founden this werke of my labour or of myn engyn [ingenuity]. I nam but a lewde [ignorant] compilator of the labour of olde astrologiens, and have it translatid in myn Englisshe only for thy doctrine [instruction]. And with this swerde shal I sleen [slay] envie.

In his only other prose work, his translation of the *De Consolatione Philosophiæ* of Boethius, Chaucer's positive success is much less. The *De Consolatione* is a difficult book, and Chaucer's translation often needs the Latin to make it intelligible. But the test of progress in prose is the ability of the writer to find phrases for new ideas, and to arrange in due order sentences of a more complex kind than are used in conversational narrative. In making the first English translation of a philosophical work—a work, moreover, full of high-flown metaphor—Chaucer had to face these difficulties; and though he is often defeated, his attempt was a noteworthy event in the history of English prose. Here are a few sentences from his version of the fifth 'Metre' of Book I., 'O stelliferi conditor orbis:'

O thow makere of the wheel that bereth the sterres, whiche that art festnyd to thi perdurable chayer [throne], and turnest the hevene with a ravysschynge sweighe [sound as of wind], and constreynest the sterres to suffren thi lawe; so that the moone som-tyme, schynynge with hir fulle hornes metynge with alle the beemes of the sonne hir brothir, hideth the sterres that ben lasse, and som-tyme, whan the moone pale with hir derke hornes aprocheth the sonne, leeseth hir lyghtes; and that the eve sterre, Hesperus, whiche that in the first tyme of the nyght bryngeth forth hir colde arysynges, cometh eft ayen hir used cours, and is pale by the morwe at rysynge of the sonne, and is thanne clepid Lucifer! Thow restreynest the day by schortere duellynge in the tyme of cold wynter, that maketh the leeves falle. Thow devydest the swyfte tydes of the nyght, whan the hote somer is comen. Thy myghte attempreth the variauntes sesouns of the yer, so that Zephirus, the debonere wynd, bryngeth ayen in the first somer sesoun the leeves that the wynd that hyghte Boreas hath reft awey in autumpne; and the seedes that the sterre that highte Aucturus saugh, ben waxen heye cornes whan the sterre Syrius eschaufeth [warms] hem. Ther nys no thyng unbounde from his olde lawe, ne forleteth [nor that foregoes] the werk of his propre estat. O governour, governynge alle thynges by certein ende, whi refusestow only to governe the werkes of men by duwe manere?

Crabbed as this seems at a first reading, the successive clauses rise and fall with a true prose rhythm; and that Chaucer attained this rhythm, however fitfully, in translating so difficult a book, gives him a place among the pioneers of the more complex harmonies of English prose, as distinct from simple narrative.

Chaucer's translation was responsible for another prose work, the *Testament of Love*, which, until the discovery that the opening letters of its chapters formed the sentence, 'Margarete of virtu have merci on thin[e] Usk,' was often attributed to his own pen. **Thomas Usk** was arrested in 1384 for complicity in the schemes of John of Northampton (Mayor of London, 1381–83), to whom he had acted as secretary. He gave evidence against his associates, and on this score, and because of his return from Lollardy to orthodoxy (his Margaret, or Pearl, of Virtue probably stands for the Church), confidently expected an acquittal, but was executed in 1388. During his imprisonment he wrote the *Testament of Love*, a kind of adaptation of the *De Consolatione* to his own case, in which he alludes to Chaucer by name, and makes free use not only of his translation of Boethius, but of his *Hous of Fame* as well. Though intolerably tedious, the book is not badly written; but lovers of Chaucer still owe it a grudge because of the accusation of treachery founded on it at the time when it was, quite inexcusably, reckoned among his works.

We come now to another book about which modern research has dispelled some venerable errors—the *Travels* of **Sir John Mandeville.** Mandeville, it used to be said, wrote an account of his own travels in English in 1356, and thereby became the 'Father' of English Prose, just as Chaucer was the 'Father' of English Poetry. We now know that, though an English knight named Sir John Mandeville lived at an earlier date, his only connection with the *Travels* was that the real compiler of them chose to use this name at first as a *nom de guerre*, eventually (apparently) as if it were really his own. This compiler was a certain Jean de Bourgogne or Jean à la Barbe, who depicts himself as meeting 'Mandeville' on his travels. Thirdly, though this Jean de Bourgogne may have visited Palestine, there is no probability of his having gone farther afield, his description of other lands being demonstrably borrowed from earlier writers, such as Jacques de Vitry and Friar Odoric

of Pordenone. Fourthly, the *Travels* were originally written not in English, nor in Latin, but in French, and the earliest English reference to them is to the original and not to any English version. Lastly, three distinct English translations are extant, all probably made within twenty years before or after 1400, and all showing clear traces of their origin by obvious blunders due to misreading French words—e.g. by rendering *signes* (signs) as if it had been written *cygnes* (swans). A full account of all three versions and of the whole history of the book (details of which belong rather to French literature than to English) will be found in the introduction to Mr G. F. Warner's edition of the most northern of the three English translations, printed for the Roxburghe Club in 1889. Now that we know that the *Travels* is not an original English work, the importance of the English texts in the history of English prose is naturally diminished; but it must also be said that, even as an original work, their importance would not be so great as used to be maintained. Any one who looks at the Prologue in the best of the three versions (that of the unique Cotton MS. in the British Museum) will see at once that the writer was absolutely incapable of dealing with a complex sentence, while in simple narrative he is certainly not superior to Hampole. The real importance of the 'Mandeville' lies in its subject. From the Conquest to the reign of Richard II. there is no English prose except on religious subjects. At last Englishmen are tempted to render into their own tongue a delightful book of travels, and the novelty of this attempt, aided by the straightforward narrative of the original, lends a charm and a freshness to their style which has enabled the book to retain its hold on English readers for five centuries. As the use of the plural in our last sentence indicates, the English version of the *Travels* now current is really of composite authorship, owing much to a slightly earlier rendering, made from a defective French text, but which was much the most popular. This earlier version was printed by Wynkyn de Worde, and often reprinted during the sixteenth century. The current text exists only in a single manuscript, and was first printed in 1725; while the third version, also extant only in one manuscript, was first printed by Mr Warner in 1889. Our specimen is taken from the current text, and follows the Cotton manuscript itself:

From that contree men passen be [by] many marches [borders] toward a contree a ten journeys thens, that is clept Mabaron; and it is a gret kyngdom, and it hath many faire cytees and townes.

In that kyngdom lith the body of seynt Thomas the Apostle in flesch and bon, in a faire tombe in the cytee of Calamye; for there he was martyred and buryed. And men of Assirie beere his body into Mesopatayme, into the cytee of Edisse, and after, he was brought thider agen. And the arm and the hond that he putte in oure Lordes syde, whan He appered to him after His resurrexioun and seyde to him, *Noli esse incredulus sed fidelis*, is yit lyggynge [lying] in a vessell withouten the tombe. And be that hond thei maken all here [their] juggementes in the contree, whoso hath right or wrong. For whan ther is ony dissencioun betwene two partyes and every of hem [them] meynteneth his cause and seyth that his cause is rightfull, and that other seyth the contrarye, thanne bothe partyes writen here causes in two billes and putten hem in the hond of Seynt Thomas, and anon he casteth awey the bille of the wrong cause, and holdeth stille the bille with the right cause, and therfore men comen fro fer contrees to have juggement of doutable causes, and other juggement use thei non there.

Also the chirche where seynt Thomas lyth is bothe gret and fair and all full of grete simulacres, and tho be grete ymages that thei clepen here goddes, of the whiche the leste is als [as] gret as two men. And amonges theise othere there is a gret ymage, more than ony of the othere, that is all covered with fyn gold and precious stones and riche perles, and that ydole is the god of false cristene that han reneyed [denied] hire feyth. And it sytteth in a chayere of gold; full nobely arrayed, and he hath aboute his necke large gyrdles wrought of gold and precious stones and perles. And this chirche is full richely wrought and all over-gylt withinne. And to that ydole gon men on pilgrimage als comounly and with als gret devocioun as cristene men gon to seynt James or other holy pilgrimages. And many folk that comen fro fer londes to seke that ydole, for the gret devocyoun that thei han, thei loken nevere upward, but everemore down to the erthe, for drede to see ony thing aboute hem that scholde lette [hinder] hem of here devocioun. And somme ther ben that gon on pilgrimage to this ydole that beren knyfes in hire hondes, that ben made full kene and scharpe, and allweyes as thei gon thei smyten hemself in here armes, and in here legges, and in here thyes with many hidouse woundes, and so thei schede here blood for love of that ydole. And thei seyn that he is blessed and holy that dyeth so for love of his god. And othere there ben that leden hire children for to sle to make sacrifise to that ydole, and after thei han slayn hem thei spryngen [sprinkle] the blood upon the ydole. And summe ther ben that comen fro ferr, and in goinge toward this ydole, at every thrydde pas that thei gon fro here hous, thei knele and so contynnew till thei come thider. And whan thei comen there thei taken ensense and other aromatyk thinges of noble smell and sensen the ydole, as we wolde don here Goddes precyouse body. And so comen folk to worschipe this ydole, sum fro an hundred myle and summe fro many mo.

And yee schull understonde that whan grete festes and solempnytees of that ydole, as the dedicacioun of the chirche and the thronynge of the ydole, be, all the contree aboute meten there togidere, and thei setten this ydole upon a chare [car] with gret reverence, wol arrayed with clothes of gold of riche clothes of Tartarye, of Camacia, and other precyous clothes, and thei leden him aboute the cytee with gret solempnytee. And before the chare gon first in processioun all the maydenes of the contree two and two togydere full ordynatly; and after the maydenes gon the pilgrymes; and summe of hem falle doun under the wheles of the chare and lat the chare gon over hem so that thei be dede anon, and summe han here armes or here lymes all to-broken and somme the sydes, and all this don thei for love of hire god

in gret devocioun. And he thinketh that the more peyne and the more tribulacioun that thei suffre for love of hire god the more joye thei schull have in another world. And schortly to seye you thei suffren so grete peynes and so harde martyrdomes for love of here ydole that a cristene man, I trowe, durst not taken upon him the tenthe part the peyne for love of oure lord Jhesu Crist.

And after I seye you before the chare gon all the mynstrelles of the contrey withouten number with dyverse instrumentes, and thei maken all the melodye that thei cone. And whan thei han gon all aboute the cytee thanne thei returnen agen to the mynstre and putten the ydole agen into his place. And thanne for the love and in worschipe of that ydole and for the reverence of the feste thei slen hem-self, a cc or ccc persones, with scharpe knyfes. Of the whiche thei bryngen the bodyes before the ydole, and than thei seyn that tho ben seyntes, because that thei slowen hem-self of here owne gode wille for love of here ydole. And as men here that hadde an holy seynt of his kyn wolde thinke that it were to hem an high worschipe right so hem thinketh there. And as men here devoutly wolde wryten holy seyntes lyfes and here myracles and sewen for here canonyzaciouns, right so don thei there for hem that sleen hemself wilfully for love of here ydol, and seyn that thei ben gloriouse martyres and seyntes and putten hem in here wrytynges and in here litanyes, and avaunten hem gretly, on to another, of here holy kynnesmen that so becomen seyntes and seyn I have mo holy seyntes in my kynrede than thou in thine.

(Chap. xvi.)

With the Mandeville translators must be mentioned **John of Trevisa**, a Cornishman, born in 1326, who became an Oxford scholar, and devoted many years of his long life to translations, and even wrote a little treatise (*A Dialogue between a Lord and a Clerk*) on how the work of translation should be done. Among other books, he rendered into English the great medieval compilation of natural history, *De Proprietatibus Rerum* ('Of the Properties of Things'), by Bartholomew the Englishman; a sermon of Richard Fitzralph, Archbishop of Armagh, against the Friars; Vegetius, *De Re Militari;* Ægidius, *De Regimine Principum;* and Nicodemus, *De Passione Christi.* But the book by which Trevisa is best known, chiefly because Caxton continued and printed it, is his translation, finished in 1387, of the *Polychronicon*, or General History, written by Ranulph Higden, a monk of Chester, about 1350. As we have already seen (page 33), in Englishing Higden's Latin, Trevisa sometimes interpolated an interesting note, and when his author gives him a chance he can find vigorous enough English, as witness this account of the deposition of Edward II.:

The same while the kyng of Engelond was i-take in the castel of Neth in West Wales, and i-putte in ward, in the castel of Kelyngworthe. Hewe the Spenser the yonge was i-take with the kyng, and anhonged and todrawe at Hereford, byheded and i-quartered, and his heed was i-sent to Londoun brigge. Also that yere in the occabis [octave] of the Twelfthe Day was made a parlement at Londoun, there by comoun ordynaunce weren solempne messangers i-sent to the kyng that was in prisoun, thre bisshoppes, thre erles, tweye baroun, two abbottes and two justices, forto resigne to the kyng that was thoo in warde the homage that was i-made to hym somtyme, for they wolde no lenger have hym for her lord. One of hem, Sire William Trussele, knyyt and procuratour of all the parlement, spak to the kyng in the name of all the othere and seide these wordes: 'I, William Trussell, in the name of alle men of the lond of Engelond, and of al the parlement procuratour, I resign to the, Edward, the homage that was i-made to the somtyme, and fro this tyme forthward I defie the, and prive the of al real [royal] power, and I schal nevere be tendaunt to thee as for kyng after this tyme.' Also this was opounliche i-cried at Londoun.

(*Polychronicon*, ed. Lumby, vol. vii. p. 323.)

But the general level of the *Polychronicon* is not high, and no such popular success as the 'Mandeville' attained was possible to its translator.

John Wyclif.—The philosophy of Boethius, the travels of Mandeville, the nature-lore of Bartholomæus Anglicus, and the history of Higden were all put into English prose within a few years of 1380, and it was just at this time also that the scholar, theologian, and patriot, John Wyclif, awoke to the importance of the weapon which the development of English prose offered to his hand. Born about 1320 near Richmond in Yorkshire, and probably connected with the family of Wycliffe who were lords of the manor of Wycliffe-on-Tees, John Wyclif must have entered Oxford as a lad, and by 1360 had become Master of Balliol. This office he resigned in 1361 to become Rector of Fillingham, in Lincolnshire; but in 1365 he was again at Oxford, holding the Wardenship of Canterbury Hall (afterwards incorporated with Christ Church), from which in 1367 he was ousted by Archbishop Langham to make room for a monastic head.

Up to this date Wyclif had been simply an Oxford scholar, and had no doubt gained his reputation by the Latin treatises on Logic and Metaphysics, which have come down to us among his works. He was now to take a prominent part in public affairs, and he seems to have been singled out as a champion against papal aggression owing to his maintenance of a theory of *dominium*, or the ideal source of all rights in property, which is so important, as the keynote of his teaching, that it may be briefly explained.

The feudal system had accustomed men's minds to expect that all property should be held by tenure from some higher power, and there had been great controversy on the Continent as to whether the Emperor was the source of all earthly lordship and himself held the Empire direct from God, or whether he and every one else held their lordship only through the Pope. As England was outside the Holy Roman Empire, the question had presented itself in a different light in this country, and indignation at the compact by which King John held his crown subject to tribute to the Pope

offered further inducements to a broader view. Thus Wyclif was only following Richard Fitzralph, Archbishop of Armagh, in maintaining that God Himself was the chief lord of all possessions, and that, ideally, all property was held directly from Him and subject to the obligation of faithful service. That at a later date this theory was misrepresented as justifying the mob in depriving wicked property-owners of their wealth does not detract from its ideal truth. With it Wyclif combated the theological and historical arguments adduced to prove the Pope's right to 'provide' for his servants at the expense of the patrons of English livings, and to justify the excessive endowment of the clergy. We must not trench on English history by narrating in detail how he supported the king and Parliament in their refusal of Pope Urban V.'s demand (made in 1366) for the arrears of tribute due under John's compact; or how he took part in the movement to confiscate superfluous clerical endowments, and was one of a mission to Bruges in 1374 to treat with the papal delegates in the matter of 'Provisions;' or, finally, how he was summoned before the Archbishop of Canterbury at St Paul's on February 19, 1377, to answer for his opinions, and saw his judges routed by the influence of the Court on the one hand, and of the Londoners on the other. Papal bulls were issued against him, but an attempt to enforce them at Lambeth met the same fate as the previous trial at St Paul's; and meanwhile the Great Council showed its respect for Wyclif by submitting to him the question whether it could rightly forbid money to be taken out of the country for the Pope's behoof.

Up to this time, as far as we know, Wyclif had concerned himself chiefly with the politics of Church and State, and no charge of heresy in other matters had been brought against him; but the papal schism of 1378, which led to the supporters of the rival popes taking up arms against each other, shook his belief in the whole fabric of medieval theology. He now attacked the papacy on nearly every point on which the English Church subsequently revolted, and by this time, if not before, was maintaining with great vehemence a quarrel with the Friars, and sending out his 'Poor Preachers' into the villages to take their place. He still wrote in Latin with restless activity, but he wrote now, both in controversy and in teaching, in English far more than ever before. In these English tracts he was aided, no doubt, by many of his Oxford friends, so that many of them must be roughly classed as Wyclifite rather than assigned dogmatically to Wyclif himself—a distinction which applies also to the great work of translating the Bible, with which his name will always be connected. At Oxford his influence was very great, even after he began the attacks on papal doctrines, which were far less calculated to enlist popular support than those on papal practice.

From 1380 to 1382 the battle went on, and at last Wyclif's friends in the university were finally defeated by the Archbishop's influence, and forced to submit. But Wyclif himself, for some reason, was left practically unmolested, and died peacefully at his rectory of Lutterworth on the last day of 1384. Of his work as a preacher and a theologian this is not the place to speak; nor is any one of his English tracts, taken by itself, of any importance in English literature. Collectively their importance is considerable, for they enlarged the bounds of the language, and by their individual appeal and vigorous tone brought a new element into English literature. The extracts which follow are taken from *The English Works of Wyclif hitherto Unprinted*, edited by Mr F. D. Matthew for the Early English Text Society in 1880, and are all from tracts which in the editor's judgment may reasonably be assigned to Wyclif himself. As here printed the spelling has been slightly normalised. The first quotation is from the tract 'Of Servants and Lords,' and combats accusations of socialism:

But yet summe men that ben out of charite sclaundren pore prestes with this errour, that servauntes or tenauntes may lawefully withholde rentes and servyce fro here lordes, whan lordes ben openly wickid in here livynge. And thei maken thise false lesynges [lies] upon pore prestes to make lordes to hate hem, and not to meyntene treuthe of Goddes lawe, that thei techen openly for worschipe of God and profit of the rewme [realm] and stablynge of the kynges power and destroynge of synne. For these pore prestes destroien most by Goddes lawe rebelté of servauntes agenst lordes, and charge servaunts to be suget [subject], though lordes be tirauntes. For Seynt Peter techeth thus: 'Be ye servauntes suget to lordes in alle manere of drede, not only to goode lordes and bonere [kindly], but also to tirauntes, or siche that drawen fro Goddes scole.' For, as Seynt Poul seith, eche man oweth to be suget to heighere potestates, that is to men of heighe power, for ther is no power but of God; and so he that agenstondeth [resist] power, stondeth agenst the ordynaunce of God; but thei that agenstonden geten to hemself dampnacioun.

Our second extract, from the *Tractatus de Pseudo-Freris*, is from one of Wyclif's milder denunciations of the Friars:

The thridde deceyt of thise ordres is that thei passen othere in prayeres, both for tyme that thei preyen and for multitude of hem. Who shuld not bye dere siche preyeris? sith thei bryngen men swiftliche to hevene; and other men when thei slepen on nyghtes haven of hem preyeres at midnyght, that crien devowteliche on God bi clere voys, stif and clene. Here men seyen that in this poynt many seculers ben deceyved, for thise ordres witen not whether that thei shal come to hevene, and so hou is here conscience brent [seared], that thei dar thus selle siche preyeres; and algates sith it is proprid [reserved] to God to parte [apportion] merites as hym liketh, and noon man may approve [establish] his merites but as God judgeth that it is worthi; and thus this preyere of thise ordres is of a nest of blasfemye and chaffaryng of fendes [fiends'] preyere bi the craft of

symonye. And where thei maken hem a rewele to ryse reweliche [regularly] at midnyght, thei passen Crist and David and the ordynaunce of the Godhede; for God undisposeth ofte tymes men to ryse thus at midnyght, and asketh of hem a bettere lif, that thei putten off bi here statute. Crist dwelled in preyere al the nyght, but by hym-self withoute swiche coventes; and so thise ordres holden not Cristes rewele, neither in tyme, nor in stede [place], for Crist preyede withoute siche criynge, lyk to the state of innocence, bi hym-self under the cope of heven.

Our last quotation is from the *De Officio Pastorali* (Cap. xv.), and leads us to a very important subject:

The Hooly Gost gaf to the apostles wit at Witsunday for to knowe al maner langages to teche the puple [people] Goddes lawe therby; and so God wolde that the puple were taught Goddes lawe in diverse tunges; but what man on Goddes halfe shulde reverse Goddes ordenaunce and his wille? And for this cause Seynt Jerom travelede and translatede the Bible fro diverse tunges into Latyn, that it myghte be after translated to othere tunges. And thus Crist and his apostles taughten the puple in that tunge that was most knowen to the puple; why shulden not man do so now? And herfore [for this cause] autours of the newe law, that weren apostles of Jesu Crist, writen ther gospels in diverse tunges that weren more knowen to the puple. Also the worthy rewme of Fraunce, notwithstondynge alle lettinges [hindrances] hath translated the Bible and the Gospels with othere trewe sentences of doctours out of Latyn into Freynsch, why shulden not Englische men do so? as lordes of Englond han the Bible in Freynsch, so it were not agen resoun that they hadden the same sentence [meaning] in Englische; for thus Goddes lawe wolde be bettere knowen and more trowed for onehed [unity] of wit, and more acord be bi-twixe rewmes.

This brings us to the greatest of the works connected with Wyclif's name, the first English translation of the whole **Bible.** The allusion in it to the Bible as read by Englishmen in French may help us to understand why such a translation had not been undertaken before. From the earliest times efforts had been made to translate certain portions of the Bible, especially the Psalms and the Gospels, into the vulgar tongue. Thus we hear of Bede as engaged on a version of St John's Gospel at the time of his death, and of King Alfred translating the Psalms. In the tenth century we find the priest Aldred interlineating an English gloss in the famous Lindisfarne manuscript of the Latin Gospels, and in this century also we have a translation of the Gospel of St Matthew and glosses on the other three evangelists which go by the name of the Rushworth Gospels. By the beginning of the eleventh century Ælfric had translated or epitomised the Pentateuch, Joshua, Judges, Kings, Job, Esther, Judith, and the Maccabees, though not without misgivings lest some ignorant priest, on reading of polygamy in the Bible, should imagine that it was a practice to be imitated. After the Conquest the Anglo-Saxon versions of the Gospels were kept in existence by fresh copies as late as the twelfth century, but the work of English translation was effectually stopped by the fact that every one who could read at all could read French, and probably Latin as well. There was no demand for translations of any book into English prose, and therefore the Bible, like other books, remained untranslated, though attempts were made, as in the *Ormulum*, the *Cursor Mundi*, and the miracle-plays, to make the Bible story familiar to the unlearned as well as the learned. Translation was resumed early in the fourteenth century—that is, as soon as the English language was definitely coming to the front—with a verse-rendering of the Psalter, followed soon afterwards by the prose version by William of Shoreham, and then by the two widely differing translations with commentaries, both attributed to Richard Rolle of Hampole, who died in 1349.

After the century had entered on its second half, Bible translation took a distinct step forward. A commentary on the Apocalypse, a very favourite book in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, was written by an unknown author, and with the commentary there was given a translation of the text. Under the title *One of Four*—that is, a book of all four Gospels gathered shortly into one story—there was also made a translation of the *Monotessaron*, or Harmony of the Latin Gospels, originally compiled by Clement, Prior of Llanthony in Monmouthshire. Both these works have been claimed as Wyclif's, but without any good evidence. That such books should appear at this time was in accordance with the steady development of our vernacular literature, and there is no adequate reason for attributing them to Wyclif's hand. We now come to the translation of the complete Bible, and the first fact we find is the existence at the Bodleian Library of two copies of a translation of the Old Testament as far as Baruch iii. 20. One of these is the original manuscript of the translator, and the other, which is copied from it, contains a note attributing the version to Nicholas Hereford. This **Nicholas Hereford** was one of Wyclif's prominent supporters at Oxford, and on the Feast of the Ascension, May 15, 1382, had preached before the university in his defence. The following month, when Wyclif's followers at Oxford were finally defeated, Hereford disappeared, and went to Rome, and was there imprisoned. But by 1394 he had made his peace, for in that year we hear of him as appointed Chancellor of the Diocese of Hereford; he even became an examiner of heretics, and in 1417 joined the Carthusian monastery at Coventry, and there died. It is important to note this fact as proving that no suspicion of unorthodoxy would be likely to attach, at a later date, to the translation on the ground of his having had a hand in it. Meanwhile it is difficult not to imagine that the cause of the abrupt discontinuance of the translation at Baruch iii. 20 was Hereford's

retirement from Oxford in June 1382. The translation was completed by another hand in a less cramped style, and our illustration is taken from a splendid manuscript specially made for Thomas of Woodstock (Edward III.'s youngest son), murdered by Richard II. in 1397.

It is usually taken for granted that the task of completing Hereford's translation was undertaken by Wyclif himself, and it is pleasing to imagine him in his retirement at Lutterworth occupying himself with this pious and uncontroversial work. But except that the rendering becomes less stiff and constrained when the second hand took up the task, and that Wyclif was a vigorous writer, there is no jot of positive evidence to justify an assertion that the translation of the New Testament was Wyclif's own work, while against it is the probability that during the years 1383 and 1384 he was incapacitated by illness from undertaking such a task. The fault of Hereford's translation was his adherence to a word-for-word rendering, involving an introduction of Latin constructions quite foreign to the English language. Soon after its completion a new version was undertaken, and a copy of this preserved at Trinity College, Dublin, gives us strong reasons for attributing the translation to its first owner, **John Purvey**, a faithful Oxford friend of Wyclif's, who lived with him in his retirement at Lutterworth, and who, though as late as 1400 he was in trouble for his opinions, is yet mentioned with the greatest respect by one of Wyclif's chief opponents. The translator, however, only speaks of himself as a 'simple creature,' and though we have a reasonable ground for identifying him with Purvey, the identification can hardly be stated as a fact. Fortunately he has left us a long preface, in the course of which, besides much else of extreme interest, he has told us in the clearest way how he set about his task. Here, from the great edition by Forshall and Madden (Oxford, 1850), is the most important passage, which follows immediately upon a statement of the chief reasons why the work of translation had been undertaken:

For these resons and othere, with comune charite to save alle men in oure rewme whiche God wole have savid, a symple creature hath translatid the Bible out of Latyn into English. First, this symple creature hadde myche travaile, with diverse felawis and helperis, to gedere [gather] manie elde [old] biblis and othere doctouris, and comune glossis, and to make oo [one] Latyn bible sumdel [in some respects, fairly] trewe; and thanne to studie it of the newe [afresh], the text with the glose, and othere doctouris, as he might gete, and speciali Lire [i.e. Nicolas de Lyra, the great medieval commentator] on the elde testament, that helpide ful myche in this werk; the thridde tyme to counseile with elde gramariens, and elde dyvynis, of harde wordis, and harde sentencis, hou tho mighten best be undurstonden and translatid; the iiij. tyme to translate as cleerli as he coude to the sentence [meaning] and to have manie gode felawis and kunnynge at the correcting of the translacioun. First it is to knowe, that the best translating is out of Latyn into English, to translate aftir the sentence, and not oneli aftir the wordis, so that the sentence be as opin [plain], either openere, in English as in Latyn and go not fer fro the lettre; and if the lettre may not be suid [followed] in the translating, let the sentence evere be hool [whole] and open, for the wordis owen [ought] to serve to the entent and sentence, and ellis the wordis ben superflu either false. In translating into Englisch, many resolucions moun [must] make the sentence open, as an ablatif case absolute may be resolvid into these three wordis, with covenable [suitable] verbe, the while, for, if, as gramariens seyn; as thus, *the maister redinge, I stonde*, may be resolvid thus, *while the maistir redith, I stonde*, either, *if the maistir redith*, etc. either *for the maistir*, etc.; and sumtyme it wolde acorde wel with the sentence to be resolvid into *whanne*, either into *aftirward*, thus, *whanne the maistir red, I stood*, either *aftir the maistir red, I stood;* and sumtyme it mai wel be resolvid into a verbe of the same tens, as othere ben in the same resoun, and into this word *et*, that is, *and* in English, as thus, *arescentibus hominibus præ timore*, that is, *and men shulen wexe drie* [dry] *for drede*. Also a participle of a present tens, either preterit, of active vois, either passif, may be resolvid into a verbe of the same tens and a conjunccioun copulatif, as thus, *dicens*, that is, *seiynge* may be resolvid thus, *and seith*, either *that seith;* and this wole, in many placis, make the sentence open, where to Englisshe it aftir the word, wolde be derk and douteful.

The grammatical portion of this paragraph is of great interest in showing how intelligently the work of translation was approached, while the sentences which precede it show that there must have been an amount of co-operation in the translation which almost entitles us to speak of it as the work of a committee of translators. It has already been mentioned (page 84) that Trevisa also set down his thoughts upon translation into English, and the fact that we find an allusion to his having translated the Bible makes it possible that he was one of the Oxford men with whom Purvey (if, for convenience, we may assume his authorship) took counsel. Nicholas of Hereford must have been another, for it is clear that Purvey took his work as his basis, and in the few verses we now quote from the two translations of the 'Song of Moses' we see Purvey carrying out his grammatical theories by the smoother turn he gives to some of the phrases, changing, for instance, Hereford's 'The Lord as a man fighter, Almighty his name,' into 'The Lord is as a man-fighter, his name is Almighty:'

Synge we to the Lord, forsothe gloriously is he magnyfied; the hors and the steyer up he threwe down into the see. My strengthe and my preysyng the Lord; and he is maad to me into helthe. This my God, and hym Y shal gloryfie; the God of my fader, and hym Y shal enhaunce. The Lord is a man fighter, Almighti his name; the chare of Pharao and his oost he threwe fer into the see. His chosun princes weren turned upsedoun in the reed see; the depe watris coverden hem; thei descendiden into the depthe as a stoon. Lord, thi right hoond is magnyfied in strengthe; thy ryght hoond, Lord, hath smytun the enemye. And in multitude of thi glorie thow hast put doun alle my aduersaryes; thow hast sent thi wrath, that deuowride hem as stable. And in the spirit of thi woodnes watris ben gederid togidere; the

Reduced facsimile from the Wyclifite Bible, 1st version.[1]

[1] The following transcript of the facsimile showing the translation of St Jerome's preface to Isaiah is taken from that prepared for the Palæographical Society, but with the addition of punctuation, by Forshall and Madden, from whose text also the gap between the two columns is supplied. The page is headed 'Isaye.' The passage is a striking example of the clumsy English of the first translator. British Museum, Egerton MSS. 617, 618. Before A.D. 1397:

No man, when þe prophetis he schal
seen with versis to ben discriuid, in me-
tre eyme he hem anentis þe ebrues to be
bounden, and eny þinge liic to han of psal-
mys, or of þe werkis of salomon; bot þat
in demostene and tullio it is wont to be
don, þat bi deuysiouns and vnder distinccyouns þei
ben writen, þe whiche forsoþe in prose and
not in verse writen. We forsoþe to þe profit of
reders purueyinge, þe newe remenynge with
a new maner of wriitynge han distinctly
writen. And first, of ysay it is to wyten, þat
in his sermoun he is wiisse; forsoþe as
a noble man, and of curteise feire speche, ne
eny þinge is mengid of cherlhede in his
feire speche. Wherfor it falliþ, þat þe trans-
lacyoun schal not mowun keepen þe
floure of his sermoun, beforn oþer. Perafter
also þer is to be leid to, þat not more he
is to ben seid a prophete, þan euange-
list. So forsoþe al þe misteries of crist and
þe chirche to cleer, or clerli, he pursuede,
þat not him þou weene of þinge to cum to pro-
phecyen, bot of þe þingus passid storye
to weuen. Wherfor i eym þe seuenty
remenours þat tyme not to han wolde
þe sacramentis of þeir beleeue to sche-
we ful cleerli to þe heþen, lest holy to

[dogges, and margarites to swyn the 3eeue. The whiche when this making 3ee shul rede, of hem 3ee shul taken heed, or perceyne, hid thing. Ne I vnknowe of hou myche trauaile it be the profetes to vnderstonden, ne li3tly any man to moun demen of the remenyng, but if he schal vnderstonden before he schal reden; wee also to len opene to the bitingus of manye men, the whiche bi enuye stryende, that that thei moun not han thei dispisen. Thanne I witende and slee3, in to the flamme putte the hond; and nerthelatere this of no3esum rederes I pri3e, that as Grekes after the seuenty translatoures, Aquylam, and Symachum, and Theodocian thei reden, or for studie of ther doctrine]

or þat þe seuenty more þei vnderstonden
of þe to-gydir leyinge of hem, so and þe-
se namely oon remenour after þe raþer
vouche þey saaf to han. Reede þey after
þe raþer, and afterward dispiise þey; lest þei
be seen not of dome bot of presumpcyonn
of hate vnknowe þingus to dampne. For-
soþe ysay profecyede in ierslem and in ie-
werye, not 3it þe ten lynagis lad in to
caityfte; and of euer eyþer rewine, now to-gy-
der, nowe seueryngly, he ordeynyde þe pro-
phecye. And þou3 oþther whiile he be holde
to þe present storie, and efter þe caityfte of
babyloyne he betokne þe a3en-cummynge
of þe puple in to iewerye, neuer-þe-later
al his bisynesse is of þe clepynge of gen-
tilis, and of þe cummynge of crist, whom
hou myche more 3e louen, o paule and
eustoche, so miche more of him askiþ

e water stode, the depe watris ben gederid
in the myddil see. The enemye seide, Y shal
and Y shal tak; robries Y shal dyuyde, my
al be fulfillid. I shal drawe out my swerd; and
ond shal slee hym. Thi spiryt blewe, and the
rede hem; and thei ben vnder dreynt as leed in
watris. Who, Lord, is lijk to thee? thow doer of
ingis in holynes, and feerful, and preysable and
erueyls, &c.
e we to the Lord for he is magnefied gloriousli;
ide doun the hors and the stiere in to the see.
ngthe and my preisyng is the Lord; and he is
me in to heelthe. This is my God, and Y schal
hym; the God of my fadir, and I schal enhaunse
The Lord is as a man fighter, his name is Almighti;
le doun in to the see the charis of Farao, and his
Hire chosun princis weren drenchid in the reed
e depe watris hiliden hem; thei geden doun in to
he as a stoon. Lord, thi right hond is magnyfied
gthe; Lord, thi right hond smoot the enemye.
the mychilnesse of thi glorie thou hast put doun
aduersaries; thou sentist thin ire, that deuouride
stobil. And watris weren gaderid in the spirit of
dnesse; flowinge watir stood, depe watris weren
in the middis of the see. The enemy seide, Y
rsue, and Y schal take; Y schal departe spuylis,
e schal be fillid. I schal drawe out my swerde;
nd schal sle hem. Thi spirit blew, and the see
em; thei weren drenchid as leed in greet watris.
ho is lijk thee in stronge men, who is lijk thee?
greet doere in hoolynesse; ferdful, and preisable,
nge myraclis, &c. (*Exodus* xv.)

t as this quotation is, it suffices to show that
k of translating the Bible into English had
splendid beginning, and the success of the
rom the point of view of its reception, was
iate and great. In the great edition by For-
nd Madden no fewer than one hundred and
manuscripts (nearly four times as many
t of the *Canterbury Tales*) are enumerated,
book circulated freely during the fifteenth
, a splendid copy (sold in the Ashburn-
upplement' sale in 1899 for £5000) being
d as a gift by the Brigittine Monastery
at Isleworth, most orthodox of orthodox
The honesty and absence of bias of the
tors, perhaps also their wisdom in not
ng their names, contributed to this result;
ie acceptance of the book was so com-
hat Sir Thomas More evidently believed
he Wyclifite translation was something
different, while in our own day it has
een contended that Wyclif made no trans-
at all. In the bare literal sense of the
this latter theory may possibly be true.
ow that Tyndale and Coverdale took pen
d and translated day by day till their

þat for þe present bacbytynge bi which
me enmyes vncesyngly to teren, he to
me Jeelde meed in tyme to cum, þat wote
me for þat þinge to han swat in þe leer-
nynge of a straunge tunge lest þe iewis
lengre shulden putte reprefe to þe chir-
chis of him, of þe falshede of scripturis.

work was done. There is no part of the Bible for which we can say with certainty that Wyclif did this, and in the present writer's opinion the terms of Purvey's preface make it highly improbable that his leader and master had himself engaged in the task. But if Wyclif did not translate with his own hand, it was by his followers and under his inspiration that the work was carried through, and it would be ungrateful to dissociate his name from it. Were it not for this the work might perhaps best be called the 'Oxford' translation, for it certainly was the work of a group of Oxford men, and the word 'Wyclifite' suggests a sectarian character from which it is wholly free. But, despite his vehemence in denunciation, this absolute honesty and zeal for truth were among the most prominent characteristics of Wyclif himself, and few students will wish, as none is likely to be able, to deprive him of the honour which is justly his in connection with this great work.

Purvey's version of the New Testament was later rendered into the Scots vernacular of the early sixteenth century; of this specimens are given below at page 213.

As we have seen, English prose in the second half of the fourteenth century was mainly concerned with translation (the best possible training for style), and in the fifteenth century this was no less the case. But three writers of original prose, a chronicler, a jurist, and a theologian, now demand our attention.

John Capgrave, provincial of the Austin Friars in England, was an earnest and zealous ecclesiastic and a most industrious and voluminous author. He was born at Lynn in Norfolk in 1393, and there in 1464 he died. He studied probably at Cambridge, and was ordained priest about 1418, having already entered his order at Lynn. His works include, in Latin, Bible commentaries; sermons; *Nova legenda Angliæ*, printed by Wynkyn de Worde in 1516; *De illustribus Henricis*, giving the lives of twenty-four German emperors, kings of England, &c., all of the name of Henry; and *Vita Humfredi Ducis Glocestriæ*. Among his English works are a Life of St Katherine in verse (see page 80; ed. by Horstmann, Early Eng. Text Soc. 1893) and a *Chronicle of England* from the Creation to 1417. The last and the *De illustribus Henricis* were edited by Hingeston for the 'Rolls Series' in 1858. In style the *Chronicle* is simple, but eminently lacking in rhythm, vigour, or variety:

In this tyme on Jon Wyclef, Maystir of Oxenforth, held many straunge opiniones:—That the Cherch of Rome is not hed of alle Cherchis. That Petir had no more auctorite thanne the othir Aposteles; ne the Pope no more power than anothir prest. And that temporal lordes may take awey the godes fro the Cherch, whan the persones trespasin. And that no reules mad be Augustin, Benet, and Fraunceys, adde no more perfeccion over the Gospel than doth lym-whiting onto a wal. And that bischoppis schuld have no prisones; and many othir thingis. Upon these materes the Pope sent a bulle to

the archbischop of Cauntirbury and of London, that thei schuld areste the same Wiclef, and make him to abjure these seid opiniones. And so he ded, in the presens of the duk of Lancastir: but aftirward he erred in these, and in mo [more]. The same tyme thei of London wold a killid the forseid duk, had thei not be lettid be her [prevented by their] bischop. . . .

In the V. ȝere of Richard, Jon Wiclef resumed the eld dampned opinion of Berengari, that seide,—Aftir the consecracion of Cristis body, bred remayned as it was before. Mani foul errouris multipled Wiclef more than Berengari:—That Crist was there, as he is in othir places, but sumwhat more specialy; That this bred was no bettir than othir bred, save only for the prestis blessing; and, if Cristis bodi was there, it was possible to a man for breke Cristis nek. He seid eke it was lasse synne to worchip a tode than the Sacrament: for the tode hath lyf, and ȝhe Sacrament non. . . .

In the IX. ȝere of this Kyng, John Wiclef, the orgon of the devel, the enmy of the Cherch, the confusion of men, the ydol of heresie, the meroure of ypocrisie, the norischer of scisme, be the rithful dome [judgment] of God, was smet with a horibil paralsie thorw oute his body. And this veniauns [vengeance, punishment] fell upon him on Seynt Thomas day in Cristmasse; but he deyed not til Seynt Silvestir day. And worthily was he smet on Seynt Thomas day, ageyn whom he had gretely offendid, letting men of that pilgrimage; and conveniently [appropriately] deied he in Silvestir fest, ageyn whom he had venemously berkid for dotacion of the Church.

The French scholastic theologian Berengarius of Tours, who died in 1088, was in trouble for forty years because of his opinions on transubstantiation; and the Sylvester against whom Wyclif barked was Pope Sylvester I., to whom the Emperor Constantine was said (in the 'False Decretals') to have made the famous donation on which the pope's claim to temporal power was long based. Sylvester's Day was 31st December. St Thomas here was Thomas Becket.

Sir John Fortescue, the first notable English writer on Constitutional law, was born in Somersetshire about 1394 apparently, and educated at Exeter College, Oxford. Called to the Bar at Lincoln's Inn, he became serjeant-at-law and Lord Chief-justice of the Court of King's Bench, and was knighted. In the struggle between the Houses of Lancaster and York he was a zealous Lancastrian, and was attainted under Edward IV. He accompanied Margaret of Anjou and her young son, Prince Edward, on their flight into Scotland, and is supposed to have there received the nominal appointment of Lord Chancellor from Henry VI. Thence also he wrote a series of tracts, Latin and English, in support of the Lancastrian claims, afterwards recanted. In 1463 he embarked with the queen and her son for Flanders. During his exile he wrote his celebrated work, *De Laudibus Legum Angliæ*, for the instruction of Prince Edward, who was his pupil. But on the final defeat of the Lancastrian party at the battle of Tewkesbury (1471), where he is said to have been taken prisoner, Fortescue submitted to Edward IV. He seems to have died about 1476. The *De Laudibus* was not printed until 1537; it was translated by Mulcaster in 1573. His principal English work, written about 1475, is *The Governance of England*, otherwise called *The Difference between an Absolute and Limited Monarchy* (1714; new ed. by Plummer: Clarendon Press, 1885). It restates some of the arguments of the *De Laudibus;* contrasts constitutional and absolute monarchy, with illustrations from French usages; and discusses how to render the central administration more effective. It was much cited during the civil troubles of the seventeenth century. As basing its argument on a comparison of existing institutions instead of on the speculative deductions of the Middle Ages, this work is modern in method. The prose style, lucid, vigorous, and direct, is, in spite of lingering archaism, distinctly more modern than that of Chaucer or Wyclif, or of the Mandeville translations. The whole work extends barely to fifty pages in the best edition. The chapter dealing with the national defence (printed here with *th* for an occasional þ, and the contractions filled out) is entitled 'What Harme wolde come to England yff the Commons theroff were Pouere?'

Some men haue said that it were good ffor the kyng that the commons off Englande were made pore, as be the commons off Ffraunce. Ffor than thai wolde not rebelle, as now thai ȝone oftentymes; wich the commons off Ffraunce do not, nor mey doo; ffor thai haue no wepen, nor armour, nor good to bie it with all. To theis maner off men mey be said with the phylosopher, ad pauca respicientes de facili enunciant. This is to say, thai that see but ffew thynges, woll sone say thair advyses. Ffor soth theis ffolke consideren litill the good off the reaume [realm] off Englond, wheroff the myght stondith most vppon archers, wich be no ryche men. And yff thai were made more pouere [poor] than thai be, thai shulde not haue wherwith to bie hem bowes, arroes, jakkes, or any other armour off defence, wherby thai myght be able to resiste owre enymes, when thai liste to come vppon vs; wich thai mey do in euery side, considerynge that we be a Ilelonde; and, as it is said be fore, we mey not sone haue soucour off any other reaume. Wherfore we shull be a pray to all owre enymyes, but yff we be myghty off owre selff, wich myght stondith most vppon owre pouere archers; and therfore thai nedun not only haue suche ablements [habiliments] as now is spoken off, but also thai nedun to be much excersised in shotynge, wich mey not be done with owt ryght grete expenses, as euery man experte ther in knowith ryght well. Wherfore the makyng pouere of the commons, wich is the makyng pouere off owre archers, shalbe the distruccion of the grettest myght off owre reaume. . . . Item, whan any rysinge hath be made in this londe be ffor theis dayis by commons, the pouerest men theroff haue be the grettest causers and doers ther in. And thryfty men haue ben loth therto, ffor drede off lesynge off thair gode. But yet oftentymes thai haue goo with thaym, through manasheynge [menacing] that ellis the same pouere men wolde haue toke thair godes, wher in it semyth that pouerte hath be the holl cause off all suche rysynges. The pouere man hath be sturred therto be occasion off is pouerte, for to gete gode, and the riche men haue gone with hem, be cause thai wolde not be pouere be lesynge off ther gode. What than

, yff all the commons were pouere? Trewly that this lande then shulde be like vnto the f Boeme [Bohemia], wher the commons ffor se apon the nobles, and made all thair godis ıune. . . . Item, the reaume off Ffraunce er ffrely off thair owne gode will any subsidie ›rince, be cause the commons theroff be so thai mey not give any thyng off thair owne ınd the kyng ther askith neuer subsidie off ffor drede that yff he charged hem so, hai fedre with the commons, and perauentur putt e. But owre commons be riche, and thefore to thair kynge, at somme tymes quinsimes and dessimes [tenths], and ofte tymes other dies, as he hath nede ffor the gode and defence ume. How gret a subsidie was it, when the ff to thair kyng a quinsime and a desime quinınd the ix^th^ fflese [fleece] off thair wolles, and x^th^ shefe off ther graynes, ffor the terme off This myght thai not haue done, yff thai hade ıershed be thair kyng, as be the commons off nor such a graunte hath be made by any f cristendome, off wich any cronicle makith nor non other mey or hath cause to do so. haue not so much ffredome in thair owne be entreted by so ffauerable lawes as we be, ffewe regions be ffore specified. Item, we how men that haue lost thair godis, and be › pouerte, be comme anon robbers and theves; le not haue ben soche, yff pouerte hade not em therto. Howe many a theff then were like this lande, yff all the commons were pouere. st surete trewly, and also the most honour that to the kynge is, that is reaume be riche in euery for nothyng mey make is people to arise, but gode, or lakke off justice. But yet sertanly · lakke gode thai woll aryse, sayng that thai ice. Neuer the les yff thai be not pouere, ıeuer aryse, but yff ther prince so leve justice, ‹e hym selff all to tyranne. (Chap. xii.)

ːue thus enlarges on English courage:

ːt pouerte that kepith Ffrenchmen ffro rysinge, ›wardisse and lakke off hartes and corage, wich ıman hath like vnto a Englysh man. It hath tymes sene in Englande, that iij. or iiij. theves te haue sett apon vj. or vij. trewe men, and m all. But it hath not bene sene in Ffraunce, r vij. theves haue be hardy to robbe iij. or iiij. ı. Wherfore it is right selde that Ffrenchmen . ffor robbery, ffor thai haue no hartes to do so acte. Ther bith therfore mo men hanged in in a yere ffor robbery and manslaughter, then anged in Ffraunce ffor such maner of crime in Ther is no man hanged in Scotlande in vij. dur ffor robbery. And yet thai ben often ıged ffor larceny, and stelynge off good in the ff the owner theroff. But thar hartes serue hem ːe a manys gode, while he is present, and woll : wich maner off takynge is callid robbery. nglysh man is off another corage. Ffor yff he be ıd see another man havynge rychesse, wich mey from hym be myght, he will not spare to do so, at pouere man be right trewe. Wherfore it is te, but it is lakke off harte and cowardisse, that : Ffrenchmen ffro rysynge. (From Chap. xiii.)

Reginald Pecock was a keen-witted theologian, who by too venturesome arguments in support of orthodoxy fell into condemnation. Born in Wales about 1395, he was a fellow of Oriel, Oxford, and received priest's orders in 1422. His preferments were the mastership of Whittington College, London, together with the rectory of its church (1431); the bishopric of St Asaph's (1444), and that of Chichester (1450). He plunged into the Lollard and other controversies of the day, and compiled many treatises, of which the *Donet* (c. 1440), on the main truths of Christianity, is extant in MS.; and his *Treatise on Faith* (c. 1456) was partly printed in 1688. The object of his most famous work, *The Repressor of Over Much Blaming of the Clergy* (c. 1455), was to promote the cause of the Church against Lollardy. His breadth and independence of judgment brought upon him the suspicions of the Church. In 1457 he was denounced for having written on profound questions in English, for setting reason and natural law above the Scriptures, and for diminishing the authority of the fathers and doctors. He was summoned before Archbishop Bourchier, condemned as a heretic, and given the alternative of abjuring his errors or being burned. Electing to abjure, he gave up fourteen of his books to be burnt, and, forced into resigning his bishopric, spent the rest of his days in the abbey of Thorney in Cambridgeshire, dying about 1460. The *Repressor* is acutely logical —to the point of being casuistical—in argument, and in style is wonderfully clear and vigorous. It deals chiefly with the Lollard arguments against images, pilgrimages, clerical landholding, hierarchical distinctions, papal and episcopal authority, and monasticism.

Refuting the Lollards' denunciation of the monastic orders as unscriptural, Pecock thus begins an argument from the first chapter of the Epistle of St James:

The firste of these iiij. argumentis is this: It is writun, Iames the i^e^. c., thus: *A cleene religioun and an vnwemmed anentis God and the Fadir is this; to visite fadirles and modirlees children and widowis in her tribulacioun, and to kepe him silf vndefilid fro this world.* Out of this text a man may argue in twei maners. In oon maner thus: Iames assigneth this gouernaunce now rehercid in his text to be a cleene religioun and an vnwemmed [undefiled] anentis [before] God and the Fadir; wherfore noon other gouernaunce saue this same, as bi the entent and meenyng of Iames in his now rehercid text, is a cleene religioun and vnwemmed anentis God and the Fadir; and so the religiouns now had and vsid in the chirche ben not cleene and vnwemmed anentis God and the Fadir. In an other maner thus: What euer religioun lettith and biforbarrith [hinders and disallows], ȝhe [yea], and forbedith the religioun to be doon and vsid, which is a clene and vnwemmed religioun anentis God and the Fadir, is an vnleeful [unlawful] religioun, and not worthi be had and vsid.

See James Gairdner's *Studies in English History* (1881), Churchill Babington's edition of the *Repressor* in the 'Rolls Series' (1860), and the *Life* by John Lewis (1774; reprinted 1820).

Sir Thomas Malory.

While English was thus being recognised as the language in which an English theologian, jurist, or historian should naturally write, the work of translation still went on; but the book to which we must now turn, **Le Morte D'Arthur** of Sir Thomas Malory, though avowedly a compilation from various French sources, stands in a very different category from the renderings of Palladius *On Husbandry*, of the *Secreta Secretorum* (falsely attributed to Aristotle), of the *Sayings of the Philosophers*, and other works which translators were now rendering accessible to English readers. Despite the ridicule which Chaucer had cast on the romances in his *Sir Thopas*, English versifiers still continued to handle and rehandle them. Thus there are fifteenth-century versions of a long series of Charlemagne romances, of *Guy of Warwick* and *Bevis of Hampton*. Thomas Chester, in the second quarter of the century, wrote a metrical romance of *Sir Launfal;* and there are two versions (known as the 'Thornton' and the 'Harleian' from the MSS. which preserve them) of the *Morte D'Arthur*. The work which Malory undertook was of a different character, being nothing less than the welding into some approach to unity of the whole Arthurian cycle. Until 1896 nothing was known of Malory beyond the information given in the first edition printed by Caxton in 1485. In his preface Caxton tells us how he, 'under the favour and correctyon of al noble lordes and gentylmen, enprysed to enprynte a book of the noble hystoryes of the sayd kynge Arthur, and of certeyn of his knyghtes, after a copye unto me delyverd, whyche copye Syr Thomas Malorye dyd take oute of certeyn bookes of Frensshe and reduced it into Englysshe.' Besides this note of Caxton's we have the author's own farewell to his readers:

> And here is the ende of the deth of Arthur. I praye you all jentyl men and jentyl wymmen that redeth this book of Arthur and his knyghtes from the begynnyng to the endyng, praye for me whyle I am on lyve that God sende me good delyveraunce, and whan I am deed I praye you all praye for my soule. For this book was ended the ix. yere of the regne of kyng Edward the fourth, by syr Thomas Maleore knyght, as Ihesu helpe hym for hys grete myght, as he is the seruaunt of Ihesu bothe day and nyght.

In 1896 it was pointed out that the name of a Sir Thomas Malorie occurs among those of a number of Lancastrians excluded from a general pardon granted by Edward IV. in 1468. Further research, mainly by Professor Kittredge, identified this outlaw with a Sir Thomas Malory of Newbold Revell, Warwickshire, an adherent of Richard Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, and afterwards, probably, for a time, of Warwick the King-maker. This Malory represented his county in the Parliament of 1444–45, died on 14th March 1471, and was buried in the chapel of St Francis at the Grey Friars near Newgate. Of his fortune between his outlawry in 1468 and his death in 1471 we have no information, but the petition, 'praye for me whyle I am on lyve that God sende me good lyveraunce, and whan I am deed I praye you praye for my soule,' seems peculiarly appropriate to these glimpses which we catch of an existence under the shadow of impending death. The close of the thirty-seventh chapter of Malory's Book certainly heightens the probability of the identification. There he writes:

> So sire Tristram endured there grete payne, for whyle nesse had undertake hym, and that is the grettest payne that a prysoner maye have. For alle the whyle a prysoner may have his helthe of body, he maye endure until the mercy of God and in hope of good delyveraunce. But whanne sekenes toucheth a prysoners body thenne is he a prysoner say al welthe is hym berafte, and thenne he hath cause to wayle and to wepe. Ryght so dyde Sir Tristram whanne sekenes had undertake hym, for there he tooke suche sorou that he had almost slayne hym.

It is difficult not to find in the simple pathos of these words a touch of the feeling born of personal suffering; and in the first chapter of Book VIII. we seem to find once more a personal note not unsuitable to one who had fought on both sides in the civil war and had at last grown weary of change:

> Than was the comyn voys emonge them, that Arthur was none other lyf but warre and stryff wyth Syr Mordred was grete joye and blysse. Thus syr Arthur depraved and evyl sayd of. And many were that kyng Arthur had made up of nought and them landes myght not than say hym a good word. Ye, al Englissh men, see ye not what a myschyef here For he that was the moost kyng and knyght of the and moost loved the felyship of noble knyghtes, and hym they were al upholden, now myght not this Englissh men holde them contente wyth hym. Loo, thus was olde custome and usage of this londe. And also saye that we of thys londe have not yet loste ne forgotten [forgotten] that custome and usage. Alas, thys is a defaulte of us Englysshe men. For there may no plese us noo terme [i.e. no length of time].

If we may accept the identification which passages certainly support, Malory through his connection with the Warwicks must have seen something ever of the pomp of chivalry endured amid the horrors of the civil wars. He must have been, however, an old man when he wrote his book, for he is credited with having served at the siege of Rouen in 1418, and so could hardly have been born after 1400. But we must turn now from the man to his book, and note in the first place that literary antiquaries have traced the greater part of it, chapter by chapter, to the Romans of Robert de Borron and his successors (Book i.–iv.); to the English metrical romance,

[1] It may be noted that the English romances are indifferently called *Le Morte* and *La Morte*, the masculine referring to the regarded as a phrase, and the feminine to the proper gender of How thoroughly the title had passed into a phrase is shown Malory's own choice of it for a work which tells Arthur's history, beginning with his parentage.

rthur of the Thornton MS. (Book v.), the omances of Tristan (Books viii.–x.) and of ot (Books vi., xi.–xix.); and lastly, to the *Morte Arthur* of the Harleian MS. (Books ., xxi.), or perhaps rather to its French No original has yet been found for ., which tells the story of Sir Gareth; and xviii., chap. 20, which describes the arrival ody of the Fair Maiden of Astolat, and which discourses on True Love, have been ut as original additions; but in the main is, what it professes to be, a compilation ensshe bookes.' It is perhaps worth noting 464 Raoul Le Fèvre, chaplain of Philip the Burgundy, had in a similar way 'composed n out of divers books in Latin into French' *ecueil des Histoires de Troie*, and that while vas at work on the *Morte D'Arthur* Caxton translating the *Recueil* into English. It ble that it was Le Fèvre's 'Troy book' ave Malory the idea for his own work; in e it is worth while mentioning the two gether, because the contrast between them nto strong relief the difference between the Malory and that of an ordinary compiler, ugh possessed of Le Fèvre's industry and pectable skill. There are blemishes in the *D'Arthur*. The story of Tristram should ave been told more briefly, or have been o an end, and there are episodes in which version than that used by Malory is now to exist. But Malory, like every other his day, could only work from the books able to procure; and of the insight and y he brought to his task, the judgment ich he selected and omitted, and the skill ich he keeps his work throughout at the level of chivalry and romance there cannot question. Caxton's words, 'whyche copye omas Malorye dyd take oute of certeyn of Frensshe,' seem to point to his having from the author's own manuscript. But obviously left unrevised, for the printer had to act as a clumsy editor, dividing the o books and chapters, and adding chapter-s. For lack of revision disjointed sentences kward constructions are occasionally to be ut in general Malory's style possesses that merit of perfect adaptation to its subject. tracts follow, with modern punctuation, text as edited by Dr H. Oskar Sommer in The first relates to Arthur's famous sword, ur:

Arthur by the meane of Merlin gate Excalibur e of the Lady of the Lake: Ryghte so the kyng departed & wente untyl an ermyte that was a and a grete leche. Soo the heremyte serched oundys & gaf hym good salves; so the king e thre dayes, and thenne were his woundes wel that he myght ryde and goo, & so departed. hey rode Arthur said, 'I have no sword.' 'No o matter], said Merlin; 'here-by is a swerd that shalle be yours and [if] I may.' Soo they rode tyl they came to a lake, the whiche was a fayr water and brood, and in the myddes of the lake Arthur was ware of an arme clothed in whyte samyte, that held a fayr swerd in that hand. 'Loo,' said Merlin, 'yonder is that swerd that I spak of.' With that they sawe a damoisel goyng upon the lake: 'What damoysel is that?' said Arthur. 'That is the lady of the lake,' said Merlin; 'and within that lake is a roche, and theryn is as fayr a place as ony on erthe, and rychely besene [arrayed], and this damoysell wylle come to yow anone, and thenne speke ye fayre to her that she will gyve yow that swerd.' Anone with-all came the damoysel unto Arthur and salewed hym, and he her ageyne. 'Damoysel,' said Arthur, 'what swerd is that, that yonder the arme holdeth above the water? I wold it were myne, for I have no swerd.' 'Syr Arthur, kynge,' said the damoysell, 'that swerd is myn, and yf ye will gyve me a yefte [gift] whan I aske it yow, ye shal have it.' 'By my feyth,' said Arthur, 'I will yeve yow what yefte ye will aske.' 'Wel,' said the damoisel, 'go ye into yonder barge & rowe yourself to the swerd, and take it and [the] scaubart with yow, and I will aske my yefte whan I see my tyme. So syr Arthur & Merlyn alyght, & tayed their horses to two trees, & so they went into the ship, & whanne they came to the swerd that the hand held, syre Arthur toke it up by the handels & toke it with hym—and the arme & the hand went under the water; & so come unto the lond & rode forth.' (Book i. chap. 25.)

The constant single combats in the *Morte D'Arthur* are apt to seem a little monotonous to modern readers. The specimen of them which follows is not only good in itself, but is diversified by an interest of another kind. Gareth, a younger son of the Queen of Orkney, on arriving in disguise at Arthur's court had asked as the first of the king's promised boons only that he should have his meat and drink for a twelvemonth. The request was thought plebeian, and Sir Kay, the seneschal, while he dubbed him Beaumains because of his fair hands, kept the lad in the kitchen. At the end of the year, when a damsel came to Arthur's court for a knight to help her mistress, Beaumains demanded and was granted the quest, much to the anger of the damsel, who, despite the exploits he soon performed, continued to rail at him as a kitchen-knave. Our extract relates to his combat with the second of a series of four knights, Black, Green, Red, and 'of the colour of Ind [i.e. indigo, or blue]:'

How the brother of the knight that was slain mette with Beaumains and fought with Beaumains til he was yelden [yielded]: Thus as they rode to-gyders they sawe a knyght come dryvend [riding quickly] by them, al in grene, bothe his hors & his harneis; and whanne he came nyghe the damoysel he asked her 'Is that my broder the Black Knyghte that ye have brought with yow?' 'Nay, nay,' she sayd, 'this unhappy kechen knave hath slayne your broder thorou unhappinesse [mischance].' 'Allas,' sayd the Grene Knyghte, 'that is grete pyte that soo noble a knyghte as he was shold soo unhappely be slaine, and namely [especially] of a knaves hand, as ye say that he is. A! traytour,' sayd the Grene Knyghte, 'thou shalt dye for sleynge of my broder. He was a ful noble

knyghte, and his name was syr Pereard.' 'I defye the,' said Beaumayns, 'for I lete the wete I slewe hym knyghtely, and not shamefully.' There-with-al the Grene Knyghte rode unto an horne that was grene, and hit henge [it hung] upon a thorne, and there he blewe thre dedely motys [calls], and there came two damoysels and armed hym lyghtely. And thenne he took a grete hors, and a grene shelde and a grene spere. And thenne they ranne to-gyders with al their myghtes, and brake their speres unto their handes, and thenne they drewe their swerdes, and gaf many sadde strokes, and either of them wounded other ful yll. And at the last at an overthwart [cross-encounter] Beaumayns with his hors strake the Grene Knyghtes hors upon the syde, that he felle to the erthe. And thenne the Grene Knyghte avoyded his hors lightly, and dressid hym [made himself ready] upon foote. That sawe Beaumayns, and there-with-al he alighte, and they rasshed [rushed] to-gyders lyke two myghty kempys [champions] a longe whyle, and sore they bledde both. With that cam the damoysel and said, 'My lorde the Grene Knyghte, why for shame stand ye soo longe fyghtyng with the kechyn knave? Allas, it is shame that ever ye were made knyghte, to see suche a ladde to matche suche a knyghte, as [as if] the wede overgrewe the corne.' There-with the Grene Knyght was ashamed, and there-with-al he gaf a grete stroke of myghte, & clafe his shelde thorow. Whan Beaumayns sawe his shelde cloven a-sonder he was a lytel ashamed of that stroke, and of her langage; and thenne he gaf hym suche a buffet upon the helme that he felle on his knees: and soo sodenly Beaumayns pulled hym upon the ground grovelynge. And thenne the Grene Knyghte cryed hym mercy, and yelded hym unto syre Beaumayns, and prayd hym to slee him not. 'Al is in vayn,' said Beaumayns, 'for thou shalt dye, but yf [unless] this damoysel that came with me praye me to save thy lyf.' And ther-with-al he unlaced his helme, lyke as he wold slee [slay] hym. 'Fy upon the, false kechen page, I wyll never pray the to save his lyf, for I will never be soo moche in thy daunger [obliged to you].' 'Thenne shalle he deye,' sayde Beaumayns. 'Not soo hardy, thou bawdy [dirty] knave,' sayd the damoysel, 'that thou slee hym.' 'Allas,' said the Grene Knyghte, 'suffre me not to dye, for a fayre word may save me. Fayr knyȝt,' said the Grene Knyghte, 'save my lyf, & I wyl foryeve the [thee] the dethe of my broder, and for ever to become thy man, and xxx knyghtes that hold of me for ever shal doo you servyse.' 'In the devyl's name,' sayd the damoysel, 'that suche a bawdy kechen knave shold have the and thyrtty knyghtes servyse.' 'Sir knyght,' said Beaumayns, 'alle this avaylleth the not, but yf my damoysel speke with me for thy lyf.' And ther-with-al he made a semblaunt [pretence] to slee hym. 'Lete be,' sayd the damoysel, 'thou baudy knave, slee hym not; for and thou do, thou shalte repente it.' 'Damoysel,' said Beaumayns, 'your charge is to me a pleasyr, and at your commaundement his lyf shal be saved, & els not.' Thenne he said, 'Sir Knyghte with the grene armes, I releace the quyte at this damoysels request; for I wylle not make her wrothe; I wille fulfylle al that she chargeth me.' And thenne the Grene Knyghte kneled doune, and dyd hym homage with his swerd. Thenne said the damoisel, 'Me repenteth, Grene Knyghte, of your dommage [hurt], and of youre broders dethe the Black Knyghte; for of your help I had grete myster [need]; for I drede me sore to passe this forest.' 'Nay, drede you not,' sayd the Grene Knyghte, 'for ye shal lodge with me this nyghte, and to-morne I shalle helpe you thorou this forest.' Soo they tooke theyre horses and rode to his manoyr, whiche was fast there besyde. (Book vii. chap. 8.)

While this extract shows how a knight could endure and overcome a lady's caprice, our next exhibits the serious and religious aspect of knight-errantry at its highest:

How syr Boors mette syr Lyonel taken and beten wyth thornes, and also a mayde which shold have been devoured: Upon the morne, as soone as the day appiered, Bors departed from thens, and soo rode in-to a foreste vnto the houre of mydday, and there bifelle hym a merveyllous adventure. So he mette at the departyng of the two wayes two knyghtes, that ledde Lyonel his broder al naked, bounden upon a straunge hakney, & his handes bounden to-fore his brest: And everyche [each] of hem helde in his handes thornes, where-with they wente betynge hym so sore that the blood trayled doune more than in an honderd places of his body, soo that he was al blood to-fore and behynde, but he said never a word, as he whiche was grete of herte; he suffred alle that ever they dyd to hym as though he had felte none anguysshe. Anone syre Bors dressid hym to rescowe hym that was his broder: and soo he loked upon the other syde of hym, and sawe a knyghte whiche brought a fair gentylwoman, and wold have set her in the thyckest place of the forest, for to have ben the more surer oute of the way from hem that sought hym. And she, whiche was no thynge assured, cryed with an hyghe voys, 'Saynte Mary, socoure your mayde!'

And anone she aspyed where syre Bors came rydynge. And whanne she came nygh hym, she demed hym a knyghte of the Round Table, wherof she hoped to have some comforte; and thenne she conjured hym, by the feythe that he ought [owed] 'unto hym in whos servyse thow arte entryd in [i.e. Christ], and for the feythe ye owe unto the hyghe ordre of knyghthode, & for the noble kyng Arthurs sake, that I suppose made the [thee] knyght, that thow help me, and suffre me not to be shamed of this knyghte.'

Whanne Bors herd her say thus, he had soo moche sorowe there he nyst [knew] not what to doo. 'For yf I lete [leave] my broder be in adventure [risk] he must be slayne, and that wolde I not for alle the erthe. And yf I helpe not the mayde, she is shamed for ever, and also she shall lese her vyrgynyte, the whiche she shal never gete ageyne.' Thenne lyfte he up his eyen, and sayd wepynge, 'Fair swete lord Jhesu Cryste, whoos lyege man I am, kepe Lyonel my broder that these knyghtes slee hym not; and for pyte of yow, and for Mary sake, I shalle socoure this mayde.' (Book xvi. chap. 9.)

Lastly we may take a passage from an episode which, even without the popular currency which has been given to it by Tennyson's 'Elaine,' might deservedly be famous—that which tells of the arrival at Arthur's court of the body of the fair maid who died because she could not win Lancelot to love her:

How the corps of the Mayde of Astolat arryved before Kyng Arthur: Soo by fortune [chance] kynge Arthur and the quene Guenevere were spekynge to-gyders at a wyndowe, and soo as they loked in to Temse [Thames]

they aspyed this blak barget, and hadde marvelle what it mente. Thenne the kynge called sire Kay & shewed hit hym. 'Sir,' said sir Kay, 'wete you wel there is some newe tydynges.' 'Goo thyder,' sayd the kynge to sir Kay, 'and take with yow sire Brandyles and Agravayne and brynge me redy word what is there.' Thenne these four knyghtes departed and came to the barget and wente in, and there they fond [found] the fayrest corps lyenge in a ryche bedde and a poure man sittyng in the bargets ende, and no word wold he speke. Soo these foure knyghtes retorned unto the kyng ageyne and told hym what they fond. 'That fayr corps wylle I see,' sayd the kynge. And soo thenne the kyng took the quene by the hand & went thydder. Thenne the kynge made the barget to be holden fast, and thenne the kyng and the quene entred with certayn knygtes wyth them, and there he sawe the fayrest woman lye in a ryche bedde, coverd unto her myddel with many ryche clothes, and alle was of clothe of gold, and she lay as though she had smyled. Thenne the quene aspyed a letter in her ryght hand and told it to the kynge. Thenne the kynge took it and sayd, 'Now am I sure this letter wille telle what she was, and why she is come hydder.' Soo thenne the kynge and the quene wente oute of the barget, and so commaunded a certayne wayte [watch] upon the barget. And soo whan the kynge was come within his chamber he called many knyghtes aboute hym, and saide that he wold wete [know] openly what was wryten within that letter. Thenne the kynge brake it, and made a clerke to rede hit, and this was the entente [purport] of the letter: 'Moost noble knyghte sir Launcelot, now hath dethe made us two at debate for your love. I was your lover that men called the fayre mayden of Astolat. Therfor unto alle ladyes I make my mone. Yet praye for my soule and bery me atte [at the] leest, and offre ye my masse peny. This is my last request. And a clene mayden I dyed, I take God to wytnes. Pray for my soule, sir Launcelot, as thou art pierles [peerless].' This was alle the substance in the letter, and whan it was redde the kyng, the quene, and alle the knyghtes wepte for pyte of the doleful complayntes.

(Book xviii. chap. 20.)

'Herein may be seen,' wrote Caxton of the *Morte D'Arthur*, 'noble chyvalrye, curtosye, humanyte, frendlynesse, hardynesse, love, frendshyp, cowardyse, murdre, hate, vertue and synne. Doo after the good and leve the evyl and it shal brynge you to good fame and renommee.' That is perhaps the best comment that has been passed on a book at which some good men, since the days of Ascham, have shaken their heads, but which, as even our few extracts will have shown, epitomises in itself so much of the magic, the pity, and the chivalry of the old romances, that it ranks high among the masterpieces of our literature.

William Caxton.*

The manuscript of the *Morte D'Arthur* has disappeared, and the book is thus the first English classic for which we are dependent on a printed text, Caxton's edition, printed in 1485, being itself so rare that only two copies of it are known, while one of these is imperfect. When Caxton published it he himself had been engaged in printing for about ten years, and the art had been invented for rather over thirty.

Even in the days of manuscripts books had been manufactured for the English market in Flanders and the north of France, and as early as about 1475 a Breviary for English use had been printed at Cologne. By an Act of Richard III. special facilities were granted for the importation of books from abroad, and while one Sarum missal was printed at Basel and others at Venice, numbers of English service-books came from Paris or Rouen, and the Latin grammars for use in English schools were mostly printed in France and the Low Countries. Other books cannot be ear-marked in the same way, but the presses of Venice, Paris, Basel, and Cologne supplied the learned books needed by English scholars with sufficient completeness to deter any English printer from trying to rival them. William Caxton, who set up his press at Westminster in 1476, though a man of real literary taste, was not himself a scholar, and had quite another class of customers in view. Born in the Weald of Kent probably soon after 1420, he had been apprenticed in 1438 to a London mercer, and some time before 1453 had started in business at Bruges. Here in 1462 he was appointed by Edward IV. to the responsible post of Governor of the English Merchants, and continued in this office for some seven or eight years, at the end of which he entered the service of the Duchess Margaret (sister of Edward IV.), who had married Charles the Bold in 1468. In March 1469 he began to translate Raoul Le Fèvre's *Recueil des Histoires de Troye*, but then laid it on one side till March 1471, when, at the command of the Duchess, he resumed his work and carried it to a completion in the following September. When the book was finished, Caxton was besieged with commissions for copies of it, and as the readiest means of satisfying them turned to the new art of printing. Having watched an edition of the *De Proprietatibus Rerum* through the press at Cologne, 'himself to advance' in the rudiments of the craft, he associated himself with a Bruges calligrapher, Colard Mansion, and at Bruges the two in partnership printed seven books, Caxton's *Recuyell of the Histories of Troy* and its French original, Caxton's *The Game and Playe of the Chesse* (a translation from Jehan de Vignay's French version of the *Ludus Scacchorum Moralizatus* by Jacopus de Cessolis), Le Fèvre's *Les Fais et prouesses du noble et vaillant chevalier Jason*, Caxton's English rendering of this, and two French devotional treatises. The translation of the *Chess-book* was finished 31st March 1475, and all these books were probably printed in 1475–76. But in September 1475 Charles the Bold had begun the unlucky campaigns which two years later ended in his death, and even without the inducement of a quieter market which England thus offered, Caxton had good reason to wish to ply his double craft

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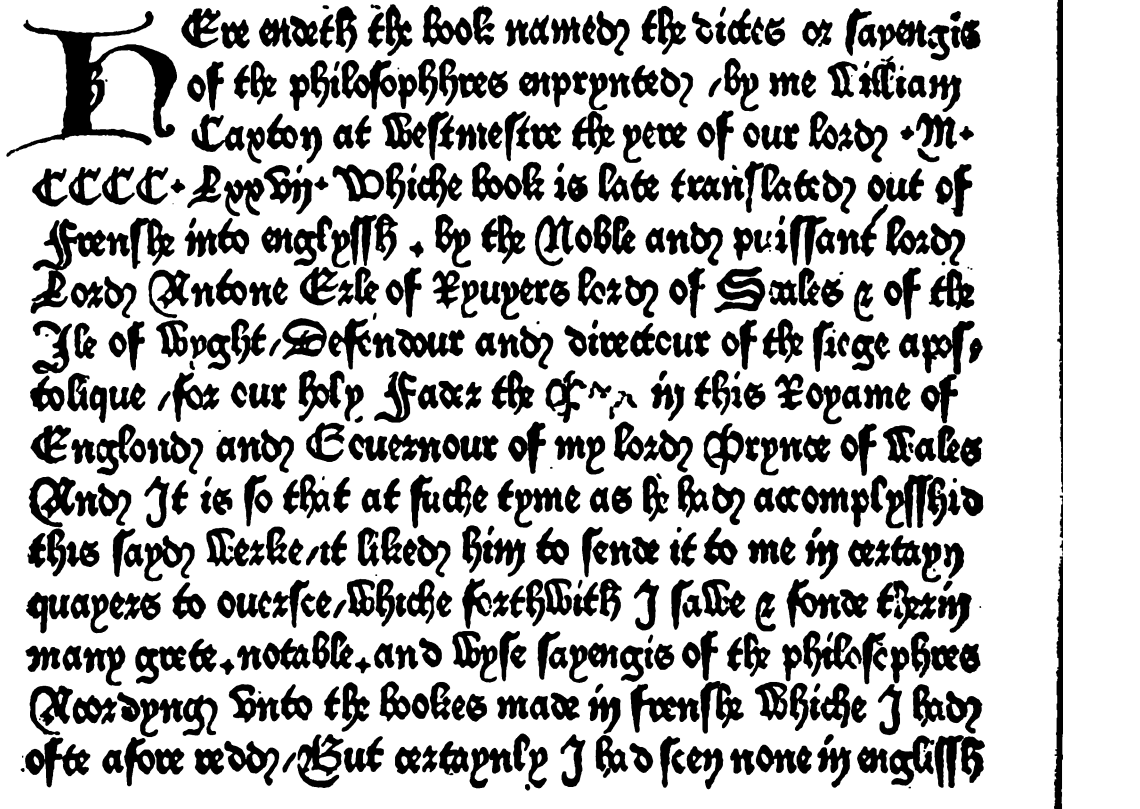
of printing and translating in his native land. At Michaelmas 1476 he rented from the Dean and Chapter a shop in the Sanctuary at Westminster for ten shillings a year, and in 1477 produced the first book printed on English soil, *The Dictes and Sayengis of the Philosophres*, translated by Earl Rivers, the king's brother-in-law, and edited by himself.

This is not the place to follow Caxton minutely through the ceaseless activity of the next fourteen years, during which he printed upwards of eighty books, or upwards of a hundred including new editions. What we have to remember is that as he took up the craft in order to multiply copies of his first translation, so the work of translation continued his own main employment. Both as translator and editor-publisher his attention was divided fairly equally between imaginative literature and books of popular edification and devotion. Of romances he translated and printed, besides the *Recuyell* and the *Jason*, those of *Godfrey of Boloyne*, *Paris and Vienne*, *Blanchardyn and Eglantyne*, *The Four Sons of Aymon*, and *Charles the Great*—all from the


Here endeth the book named the dictes or sayengis of the philosophhres enprynted / by me Wyllyam Caxton at Westmestre the yere of our lord M CCCC Lxxvij Which book is late translated out of frenshe into englysshe / by the Noble and puissant lord Lord Anthone Erle of Ryuers lord of Scales & of the Ile of Wyght / Defendour and directour of the siege apostolique / for our holy Fadre the [illegible] in this Royame of Englond and Gouernour of my lord Prynce of Wales And It is so that at suche tyme as he had accomplysshid this sayd werke / it liked him to sende it to me in certayn quayers to oversee / Whiche forthwith I sawe & fonde therin many grete / notable / and wyse sayengis of the philosophres Acordyng vnto the bookes made in frenshe Whiche I had ofte afore redd / But certaynly I had seen none in englisshe

Facsimile from Caxton's *Dictes and Sayengis of the Philosophres* (from Plomer's *Short History of English Printing*). The apparent defect in the middle is due to the erasure of the word *Pope* in accordance with Henry VIII.'s Proclamation.

French. His renderings of the story of the *Æneid* and of the fables of *Æsop* were also made from French versions, that of the former bearing very little resemblance to Virgil's poem; for *Reynard the Fox* he had recourse to the Dutch. In poetry he was a whole-hearted admirer of Chaucer, printing two editions of the *Canterbury Tales*, also the *Parlement of Foules* (under the title of the *Temple of Brass*), *Anelyda and Fals Arcyte*, the *Book of Fame*, and *Troylus and Cressida*, besides the prose version of *Boethius*. He printed also Gower's *Confessio Amantis*, and some seven poems by Lydgate. In history, at the instance of Hugh Bryce, a fellow-mercer, he translated from the French and printed a compilation called *The Mirrour of the World*, and he also edited and continued Higden's *Polychronicon* in Trevisa's version, and a popular fourteenth-fifteenth century compilation, known from its opening words as the *Chronicle of Brut*, to which he gave the title the *Chronicler of England*. In religious literature his most notable undertaking was the translation of the *Golden Legend* of Jacobus de Voragine, from the French version of Jehan de Vignay; but he also translated a *Life of St Winifred* and a *Doctrinal of Sapience*, was engaged at the time of his death on a translation of the *Lives of the Fathers*, and under the title of the *Royal Book* made a fresh version of the *Somme des Vices et des Vertues* of Frère Lourens, which had already

entered into English literature in the *Ayenbyt of Inwyt*. Nor did he neglect edifying books of other kinds, translating and printing, besides *The Game and Playe of the Chesse*, the *Fayts of Arms and of Chivalry* of Cristine de Pisan, Alain Chartier's *Curial*, the *Knight of the Tour* (for the better education of girls), and a *Book of Good Manners*. Lord Rivers supplied him with the translation of *The Dictes and Sayengis of the Philosophres* (of which an earlier English rendering already existed), and of the *Moral Proverbs* of Cristine de Pisan, and the Earl of Worcester with that of Cicero, *De Amicitia*, the version of the *De Senectute* being probably by Sir John Fastolfe. Caxton printed also a book of Statutes of Henry VII., a Latin speech made by John Russell, Bishop of Lincoln, at the investiture of Charles the Bold as Knight of the Garter, some diplomatic correspondence between the Pope and the Venetian Republic relative to a war about Ferrara, a few books for teaching children morals and manners, several devotional treatises, some of the smaller service books, and some indulgences. But the total bulk of all these is but small compared with that of the books which Caxton himself translated or edited. He had a shrewd eye for the class of books which the nobles of the court and the rich city merchants cared to read and buy, and he produced them, year after year, mainly by his own literary diligence. Working, as he must have done, always under pressure, and with no French or Latin dictionaries to help him, his translations are often slipshod and full of errors; but they have a homely and straightforward style, and the prefaces and epilogues show that Caxton was an excellent critic, and had a pleasant humour of his own. As a specimen of his style we may take first his own account of his edition of *The Dictes and Sayengis of the Philosophres*, the first book printed on English soil:

Here endeth the book named the dictes, or sayengis, of the philosophres, enprynted by me, William Caxton, at Westmestre, the yere of our lord M.CCCC.Lxxvij. Whiche book is late translated out of Frenshe into Englyssh, by the noble and puissant lord, Lord Antone, Erle of Ryvyers, Lord of Scales and of the Ile of Wyght, defendour and directour of the siege apostolique for our holy Fader the Pope in this Royame [realm] of Englond, and Governour of my lord Prynce of Wales. And it is so, that at suche tyme as he had accomplysshid this sayd werke, it liked him to sende it to me in certayn quayers [quires] to oversee, whiche, forthwith, I sawe, and fonde therin many grete, notable, and wyse sayengis of the philosophres, acordyng unto the bookes made in Frenshe, whiche I had ofte afore redd. But, certaynly, I had seen none in Englissh til that tyme. And so, afterward, I cam unto my sayd lord and told him how I had red and seen his book, and that he had don a meritory dede in the labour of the translacion therof into our Englissh tunge, wherin he had deserved a singuler lawde and thank, &c. Thenne my sayd lord desired me to oversee it and where as I sholde fynde faute to correcte it; wherein I answerd unto his lordship that I coude not amende it, but if I sholde so presume, I might apaire it, for it was right wel and connyngly made and translated into right good and fayr Englyssh. Notwithstondyng, he willed me to oversee it, and shewid me dyverce thinges, whiche as him, semed, myght be left out, as diverce lettres missives sent from Alisander to Darius and Aristotle, and eche to other, whiche lettres were lityl appertinent unto [the] dictes and sayenges aforsayd, forasmuch as they specifye of other maters. And also desired me, that don, to put the sayd booke in enprinte. And thus obeying hys request and comaundement, I have put me in devoyr to oversee this hys sayd book, and beholden, as nyghe as I coude, howe it accordeth wyth the origynal, beyng in Frensh. And I fynde nothyng dyscordaunt therin, sauf [save] onely in the dyctes and sayengys of Socrates, wherin I fynde that my saide lord hath left out certayn and dyverce conclusions towchyng women. Wherof I mervaylle that my sayd lord hath not wreton them, ne what hath mevyd [moved] hym so to do, ne what cause he hadde at that tyme. But I suppose that som fayr lady hath desired hym to leve it out of his booke. Or ellys he was amerous on somme noble lady, for whos love he wold not sette yt in his book; or ellys, for the very affeccyon, love and goodwylle that he hath unto alle ladyes and gentylwomen, he thought that Socrates spared the sothe and wrote of women more than trouthe, whyche I cannot think that so trewe a man and so noble a phylosophre as Socrates was, shold wryte otherwyse than trouthe. For, if he had made fawte in wryting of women, he ought not, ne shold not be belevyd in hys other dyctes and sayinges. But I apperceyve that my sayd lord knoweth veryly that suche defautes ben not had, ne founden, in the women born and dwellyng in these partyes ne regyons of the world. Socrates was a Greke, born in a ferre contre from hens, whyche contre is alle of othre condycions than thys is, and men and women of other nature than they ben here in this contre. For I wote wel, of what somever condicion women ben in Grece, the women of this contre be right good, wyse, playsant, humble, discrete, sobre, chast, obedient to their husbondis, trewe, secrete, stedfast, ever besy and never ydle, attemperat in speking and vertuous in alle their werkis, or at the leste sholde be soo. For whyche causes, so evydent, my sayd lord, as I suppose, thoughte it was not of necessite to sette in his book the saiengis of his auctor, Socrates, touchyng women. But, for as moche as I had comandment of my sayd lord to correcte and amende where as I sholde fynde fawte, and other fynde I none sauf that he hath left out these dictes and saynges of the women of Grece, therfore, in accomplisshing his comandement, for as moche as I am not in certayn wheder it was in my lordis copye or not, or ellis, peraventure, that the wynde had blown over the leef at the tyme of translacion of his booke, I purpose to wryte tho same saynges of that Greke Socrates whiche wrote of tho women of Grece and nothyng of them of this royame whom I suppose he never knewe. For, if he had, I dar plainly saye that he wold have reserved [excepted] them, in especiall, in his sayd dictes. Alway not presumyng to putt and set them in my sayd lordes book, but in the ende, aparte, in the rehersayll of the werkis; humbly requiring all them that shal rede this lytyl rehersayll, that yf they fynde ony faulte, to arette [ascribe]

it to Socrates and not to me, whiche wryteth as hereafter foloweth.

There is a touch of Chaucer's sly humour in this passage which explains Caxton's enthusiasm for him; and we shall not show the printer-editor at a disadvantage if as a second extract we take his 'Prohemye' to the second edition of the *Canterbury Tales*. This is full, as usual, of generous praise of the great poet, and interesting also for the light it throws on the difficulties against which the early printers had to contend in their efforts to find the right books to print from:

Grete thankes, lawde and honour ought to be gyven unto the clerkes, poetes, and historiographs, that have wreton many noble bokes of wysedom, of the lyves, passions, and myracles of holy sayntes, of hystoryes, of noble and famouse actes, and faittes [deeds], and of the cronycles sith the begynnyng of the creacion of the world, unto thys present tyme, by whyche we ben dayly enformed, and have knowleche of many thynges, of whom we shold not have knowen yf they had not left to us theyr monumentis wreton. Emong whom and in especial to-fore alle other we ought to gyve a singuler laude unto that noble and grete philosopher Gefferey Chaucer, the which for his ornate wrytyng in our tongue maye well have the name of a laureate poete. For to-fore that he by hys labour embelysshed, ornated, and made faire our Englisshe, in thys royame was had rude speech and incongrue, as yet it appiereth, by olde bookes, whyche at thys day ought not to have place ne be compared emong ne to hys beauteuous volumes and aournate [adorned] writynges, of whom he made many bokes and treatyces of many a noble historye as wel in metre as in ryme and prose, and them so craftyly made that he comprehended hys maters in short, quyck, and hye sentences, eschewyng prolyxyte, castyng away the chaf of superfluyte, and shewyng the pyked grayn of sentence utteryd by crafty and sugred eloquence, of whom emong all other of hys bokes I purpose to emprynte by the grace of God the book of the Tales of Cauntyrburye, in whiche I finde many a noble hystorye of every astate and degre, Fyrst rehercyyng the condicions and the arraye of eche of them as properly as possyble is to be sayd, And after theyr tales, whyche ben of noblesse, wysedom, gentylesse, myrthe, and also of veray holynesse and vertue, wherin he fynyshyth thys sayd booke, whyche booke I have dylygently oversen and duly examyned to the ende that it be made acordyng unto his owen makyng. For I fynde many of the sayd bookes whyche wryters have abrydgyd it and many thynges left out. And in some place have sette certayn versys that he never made ne sette in hys booke, of whyche bookes so incorrecte was one brought to me vj yere passyd whyche I supposed had been veray true and correcte. And accordyng to the same I dyde do enprynte a certayn nombre of them, whyche anon were sold to many and dyverse gentylmen, of whom one gentylman cam to me and said that this book was not accordyng in many places unto the book that Gefferey Chaucer had made. To whom I answered that I had made it accordyng to my copye and by me was nothyng added ne mynusshyd. Thenne he sayd he knewe a book whyche hys fader had and moche lovyd, that was very trewe and accordyng unto hys owen first book by hym made, and sayd more, yf I wold enprynte it agayn he wold gete me the same book for a copye, how be it he wyst well that hys fader wold not gladly departe fro it. To whom I said, in caas that he coude gete me suche a book, trewe and correcte, that I wold ones endevoyre me to enprynte it agayn for to satysfye the auctor, where as tofore by ygnoraunce I erryd in hurtyng and dyffamying his book in diverce places, in settyng in some thynges that he never sayd ne made, and levyng out many thynges that he made whyche ben requysite to be sette in it. And thus we fyll at accord [came to an agreement]. And he ful gentylly [courteously] gate of hys fader the said book and delyverd it to me, by whiche I have corrected my book as here after alle alonge by the ayde of almyghty God shal folowe, whom I humbly beseche to gyve me grace and ayde to achyeve and accomplysshe to hys lawde, honour and glorye, and that alle ye that shal in thys book rede or heere wyll of your charyte emong your dedes of mercy remembre the sowle of the sayd Gefferey Chaucer, first auctour and maker of thys book. And also that alle we that shal see and rede therin may so take and understonde the good and vertuous tales, that it may so prouffyte unto the helthe of our sowles that after thys short and transitorye lyf we may come to everlastyng lyf in heven. Amen.

Caxton's busy life came to an end in 1491, and his printing business was carried on by his foreman, Jan Wynkyn de Worde—that is, of Werden in Lorraine.

Other presses had by this time been established. In 1478 a Cologne printer named Theodoric Rood started at Oxford, and there, by himself or in conjunction with an English bookseller, Thomas Hunte, printed a few text-books, of which fifteen have come down to us. Of these the latest is given a date equivalent to 19th March 1487, and after this we hear of no more printing at Oxford till 1517. In London, John of Lettou, or Lithuania, started a press in 1480, and was joined two years later by William de Machlinia—that is, of Mechlin. The partners seem to have been mainly law printers, but printed other books as well, though sometimes on commission. Their most notable publications, from a literary standpoint, are the *Revelations of St Nicholas to a Monk of Evesham*, the *Speculum Christiani* (from which a few lines of verse have been quoted on page 80), and an edition of the *Chronicles of England*. Lettou disappears about 1484, but Machlinia continued printing till about 1491, Richard Pynson, a native of Normandy, being his successor. A translation by John Kay of a short description of the *Siege of Rhodes*, written in Latin by Gulielmus Caorsin, may have been printed by Machlinia, or by some one not known to us who had a similar but not identical fount of type. In 1479 or 1480 a schoolmaster at St Albans started a press there, printing altogether eight books of which we know, in types of the same character as Caxton's, and in one instance certainly borrowed from him. Of the eight books six are scholastic treatises, the other two being the then very popular *Chronicles of England* and the treatise on hawking, hunting, and coat-armour commonly known as the **Book**

of St Albans, and commonly ascribed to Dame Juliana Berners. This ascription rests on the fact that one of the sections of the book, the metrical treatise on hunting, ends with the words, 'Explicit [Here ends] Dam Julyans Barnes in her boke of huntyng.' On the strength of these words the authorship of the whole book is popularly attributed to this otherwise unknown lady, Juliana Bernes or Berners, who is represented as being a daughter of Sir James Berners (executed in 1388), and prioress of the nunnery of Sopwell, a dependency of the abbey of St Albans. As to this, we know that one prioress was elected in 1426, and another superseded on account of old age in 1480, and it is possible that there was a gap between the two which Juliana Berners filled; but we have no shred of evidence as to this, or as to any single fact about her, and if she was really the daughter of Sir James Berners, the dates do not fit in very happily. At the Bodleian Library there is a manuscript poem on the terms of the chase which is said to correspond closely to the poem ascribed to 'Dam Julyans Barnes' in the *Book of St Albans*, but as it is anonymous no conclusion can be drawn from it. Whatever the lady's connection with the 'Book of Huntyng,' there is nothing to suggest that she wrote also the treatises on Hawking and Heraldry, and the probability seems to be that the three works were drawn from different sources and edited by the schoolmaster-printer. As for the 'Treatyse of Fishing with an Angle,' this does not appear at all in the first edition, though a manuscript of another version of it (first printed in 1883), from the character of the handwriting, is judged to have been in existence before 1480. This treatise was first added to the work in Wynkyn de Worde's edition of 1496, with the obvious intention of completing it as a kind of 'Gentleman's Vade-Mecum.' Throughout the sixteenth century the book remained very popular, its different parts being frequently reprinted. But its popularity was that of a text-book rather than a work of literature, and it is to its attractive subject and the mystery that surrounds its authorship, rather than to any literary merit, that it owes its fame. Here is a typical extract from the 'Book of Hawking':

And if yowre hawke be harde pennyd [strongly feathered] she may be drawne to be reclaymed [pulled by a string to be taught to come back]. For all the while that she is tender pennyd, she is not habull to be reclaymed. And if she be a Goshawke or Tercell that shall be reclaymed ever fede hym [*sic*] with washe meete at the drawyng and at the reclaymyng, bot loke that hit be hoote, and in this maner washe it. Take the meet and go to the water and strike it upp and downe in the water, and wringe the waater owte and fede hir therwith and she be a brawncher [a hawk just able to leave its nest]. And if it bene an Eyesse [a hawk reared in captivity] thow most wash the meete clenner than ye doo to the brawncher, and with a linne [linen] cloth wipe it and fede hir, &c.

The treatise on coat-armour offers rather more scope for the display of literary skill, and it is only fair to make some brief extracts from this also. Here is one on the origin of nobility, a point with which several writers of this period are concerned:

How Gentilmen shall be knawyn from churlis and how they first began.—Now for to devyde gentilmen from chorlis in haast it shall be preved. Ther was never gentilman nor churle ordenyd by kynde [nature] bot he had fadre and modre. Adam and Eve had nother fadre nor modre, and in the sonnys of Adam and Eve war founde bothe gentilman and churle. By the sonnys of Adam and Eve, Seth, Abell and Cayn, devyded was the royall blode fro the ungentill. A brother to sley his brother contrary to the law where myght be more ungentelnes. By that did Cayn become a chorle and all his ofspryng after hym, by the cursyng of God and his owne fadre Adam. And Seth was made a gentilman thorow his fadres and moderis blissyng. And of the ofspryng of Seth Noe come a gentilman by kynde.

From another section we may take these few lines, which tell us the vices which a gentleman must especially eschew:

Ther be ix. vices contrary to gentilmen.—Ther ben ix. vices contrari to gentilmen, of the wiche v. ben indetermynable and iiii. determynable. The v. indetermynable ben theys: oon to be full of slowthe in his werris, an other to be full of boost in his manhode, the thride to be full of cowardnes to his enemy, the fourth to be full of lechri in his body, and the fifthe to be full of drynkyng and dronckunli. Ther be iiii. determynable: on is to revoke his own chalange, an other to sley his presoner with his own handis, the thride to voyde from his soueraygnes baner in the felde, and the fifthe to tell his soueraygne fals talys.

Lastly, here is a passage with a pleasant reference to King Arthur:

Here begynnyth the blasyng of armys.—I haue shewyd to yow in thys book a-foore how gentilmen began, and how the law of armys was first ordant, and how moni colowris ther be in cootarmuris, and the difference of cootarmuris with mony other thynggis that here needis not to be rehersed. Now I intende to procede of signys in armys and of the blasyng of all armys. Bot for to reherce all the signys that be borne in armys, as Pecok, Pye, Batt, Dragon, Lyon and Dolfyn, and flowris and leevys, it war to longe a tariyng, ner I can not do hit: ther be so mony. Bot here shall shortli be shewyd to blase all armys if ye entende diligentli to youre rulys. And be cause the cros is the moost worthi signe emong al signys in armys: at the cros I will begynne, in the wich thys nobull and myghti prynce kyng Arthure hadde grete trust, so that he lefte his armys that he bare of iii. Dragonys, and on that an other sheelde of iii. crownys, and toke to hys armys a crosse of silver in a feelde of verte [green], and on the right side an ymage of owre blessid lady with hir sone in hir arme. And with that signe of the cros he dyd mony maruelis after, as hit is writyn in the bookis of cronyclis of his dedys.

Extracts like these may serve to explain the great popularity of the book, which gave just the information which a country gentleman would be

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most likely to prize, and at the same time was written in a tone sufficiently high to explain the readiness of a schoolmaster-printer to edit and publish it. But its main interest can hardly be called literary.

The Paston Letters.

To offer a similar judgment on the famous collection of letters which passed between members of the Paston family during the best part of a century (1424–1506) would be superfluous. Private letters, interspersed with law papers, have no pretensions to be regarded as literature, but these possess an interest which compels literature to take cognizance of them, in much the same way as the secret diary which Samuel Pepys wrote for no one's reading save his own has become a classic. The Pastons were a Norfolk family, belonging to the little village of that name near the coast, some twenty miles north of Norwich. Their origin was so obscure that their enemies, of whom they had many, tried to fasten on them the disabilities which attached to servile descent, but in the fifteenth century a William Paston (d. 1444) was a justice of the Common Pleas; and his son John, also a lawyer, as executor and heir to the estates of Sir John Fastolf, rose to a very perilous and unstable importance. This John Paston (d. 1466) had five sons, of whom both the first and the second bore his own name and succeeded to his estate. From the second son was descended Robert Paston, first Earl of Yarmouth (d. 1683), and the second Earl sold the family papers to the famous antiquary Peter Le Neve. After passing through other hands, a selection from the letters was published by Sir John Fenn in 1787, and aroused immediate interest. They present, indeed, the most vivid picture which we possess of life in the gloomy days of the fifteenth century, when, over and above the convulsions of civil war, private disputes were carried on by armed forces, and the forms of law were merely the instruments of oppression. William Paston, the judge, was noted for his uprightness; but his son John was a hard man, and in his unceasing quarrels, in which his houses were more than once formally besieged, he may have been as often wrong as right. His parents contracted him to Margaret Mauteby, who, though she had never seen him till the marriage was arranged, speedily proved herself a loving and even heroic wife. The second John was a softer and more pleasure-loving person than his father, and his mother worked hard, sometimes not without bitterness, to protect the family interests from his fits of neglect. This John's letters often contain references to his books; through another section of the correspondence there runs a whole love-story; we have accounts of tourneys and public events, notably one of the murder of the Duke of Suffolk on board ship (May 1450); the constant theme of legal struggles, with their violent incidents; and abundant references to food, clothes, and other matters which help to bring the daily life of the time close to us. The most interesting letters of the series are those of Margaret Paston, whose passionate devotion to the interests of her husband and family often gives her correspondence a literary value, which even her painfully bad spelling can only slightly obscure. For our quotations we will take two of her letters, and precede them by this account given by her future mother-in-law of her reception of her bridegroom. Our extracts are all taken from Mr. James Gairdner's edition (*The Paston Letters*, 1872–75):

Agnes Paston to William Paston (*about* 1440).—To my worshepefull housbond, W. Paston, be this letter takyn,—Dere housbond, I recomaunde me to yow &c. Blessyd be God I sende yow gode tydynggs of the comyng, and the brynggyn hoom, of the gentylwomman that ye wetyn of fro Redham, this same nyght, acordyng to poyntmen [appointment] that ye made ther for yowr self.

And as for the furste aqweyntaunce be-twhen John Paston and the seyde gentylwomman, she made hym gentil chere in gyntyl wise, and seyde, he was verrayly your son. And so I hope ther shall nede no gret trete [negotiations] be-twyxe hym.

The parson of Stocton toold me, yif ye wolde byin [buy] her a goune, here moder wolde yeve ther-to a godely furre. The goune nedyth for to be had; and of colour it wolde be a godely blew, or erlys [else] a bryghte sangueyn. I prey yow do byen for me ij pypys of gold [rolls of gold thread]. Your stewes [fish-ponds] do weel.

The Holy Trinite have you in governaunce.

Wretyn at Paston, in hast, the Wednesday next after *Deus qui errantibus* [the third Sunday after Easter] for defaute of a good secretarye.—Youres,

AGN. PASTON.

Our next letter (No. 36), written some three years later (28th September 1443), shows that the readiness with which Margaret Paston had accepted her husband had soon ripened into anxious affection:

Margaret Paston to John Paston.—To my rygth worchepful husbond, John Paston, dwellyng in the Inner Temple at London, in hast:—Ryth worchipful husbon, I recomande me to yow, desyryng hertely to her [hear] of yowr wilfar, thanckyng God of yowr a-mendyng of the grete dysese that ye have hade; and I thancke yow for the letter that ye sent me, for be [by] my trowthe my moder and I wer nowth in hertys es [not in heart's ease] fro the tyme that we woste [knew] of yowr sekenesse, tyl we woste verely of your a-mendyng. My moder be hestyd [vowed] a nodyr [another] ymmage of wax of the weytte of yow to oyer Lady of Walsyngham, and sche sent iiii nobelys [nobles, 6s. 8d.] to the iiii Orderys of Frerys at Norweche to pray for yow, and I have be hestyd to gon on pylgreymmays to Walsingham, and to Sent Levenardys [St Leonard's shrine at Norwich] for yow; be my trowth I had never so hevy a sesyn [season] as I had from the tyme that I wost of yowr sekenesse tyl I woste of yowr a-mendyng, and zyth [since] myn hert is in no grete esse [ease], ne nowth xal [shall] be, tyl I wott that ze [ye] ben very hal [really whole, or well]. Your fader and myn was dysday sevenyth [this day se'nnight or week] at Bekelys for a matyr of the Pryor of Bromholme, and he lay at Gerlyston

that nyth [night], and was ther tyl it was ix. of the cloke [clock], and the toder day. And I sentte thedyr for a goune, and my moder seyde that I xulde have dan [then], tyl I had be ther a non, and so thei cowde non gete.

My fader [godfather] Garneyss senttee me worde that he xulde ben her [here] the nexch weke, and my emme [uncle] also, and pleyn hem [amuse themselves] her with herr [their] hawkys, and thei xulde have me hom with hem; and so God help me, I xal exscusse me of myn goyng dedyr [thither] yf I may, for I sopose that I xal redelyer have tydyngys from yow herr dan I xulde have ther. I xal sende my modyr a tokyn that sche toke [gave] me, for I sopose the time is cum that I xulde sendeth her, yf I kepe the be-hest [promise] that I have made; I sopose I have tolde yow wat it was. I pray yow hertely that [ye] wol wochesaf [will vouchsafe] to sende me a letter as hastely as ze may, yf wryhyn [writing] be non dysesse [trouble] to yow, and that ye wollen wochesaf to sende me worde quowe your sor doth [how your sore does]. Yf I mythe have had my wylle, I xulde a seyne yow er dys tyme [have seen you before this]; I wolde ye wern at hom, yf it wer your ese, and your sor myth ben as wyl lokyth to [looked after] her as it tys ther ze ben [where you are], now lever dan a goune zow [I would rather have this than a gown though] it were of scarlette. I pray yow yf your sor be hol, and so that ze may indur [endure] to ryde, wan my fader com to London, that ze wol askyn leve, and com hom wan the hors xul be sentte hom a-zeyn [again], for I hope ze xulde be kepte as tenderly herr as ze ben at London. I may non leyser have to do wrytyn half a quarter so meche as I xulde sey to yow yf I myth speke with yow. I xall sende yow a nothyr letter as hastely as I may. I thanke yow that ze wolde wochesaffe to remember my gyrdyl, and that ze wolde wryte to me at the tyme, for I sopose that wrytyng was non esse to yow. All-myth [Almighty] God have yow in his kepyn, and sende yow helth. Wretyn at Oxenede, in ryth grete hast, on Sent Mikyllys Evyn.—Yorys, M. PASTON.

My modyr grette [greets] yow wel, and sendyth yow Goddys blyssyng and hers; and sche prayeth yow, and I pray yow also, that ye be wel dyetyd of mete and drynke, for that is the grettest helpe that ye may have now to your helthe ward. Your sone faryth wel, blyssyd be God.

Lastly, we may take this letter (No. 685) of 29th November 1471 to her son, in which the cry, 'It is a death to me to think upon it,' shows how the prosperity of the family had become the passion of the woman's life:

Margaret Paston to John Paston.—To John Paston, Esquier [the second son], be this delyverd in hast:—I grete zow welle, and send zow Goddes blyssyng and myn, letyng zow wete that I have a letter from zour brother, wherby I undyrstand that he cannot, ner may, make no porveyans [provision] for the C. mark [£66, 13s. 4d.]; the wyche causythe me to be rythgh hevy, and for other thynges that he wryth to me of that he is in dawnger. For remembering wat we have had befor thys and ho symppylly [how foolishly] yt hath be spente and to lytyl profythe to any of us, and now arn in soche casse that non of us may welle helpe other with-owte that we schuld do that wer to gret a dysworschip [that which would be too great a disgrace] for us to do, owther to selle wood or lond or soche stuffe that were nessessary for us to have in our howsys; so mot I answer a-for God, I wot not how to do for the seyde money, and for other thyngges that I have to do of scharge, and my worshup saved. Yt is a deth to me to thynk up on yt. Me thynkyth be zour brothers wrythtyng, that he thynkyth that I am informed [instructed] be sume that be a-bowthe me to do and to sey as I have be for thys, but be my trowthe he demyth a-mysse; yt nedyth me not to be informed of no soche thengges. I construe in my owyn mend [mind], and conseyve i-now [enough] and to myche [too much], and whan I have brokyn my conseyte to sume that in happe he deniythe yt too [communicated my counsel to some that perhaps he refuses to consult with], they have put me in cownforth [comfort] more than I kowde have be any imajynasyon in my owyn conseythe. He wrythetyth [writes] to me also, that he hath spend thys terme xl li. [£40]. Yt is a gret thyng; me thynkyth be good dyscresyon ther mythe myche ther of aben [have been] sparyd. Your fadyr, God blysse hys sowle, hathe had as gret maters to do as I trowe he hathe had thys terme [session], and hath not spend halfe the mony up-on them in so lytyl tyme, and hath do ryth well. At the reverens of God, avyse hym zet [yet] to be war of hys expences and gydyng that yt be no schame to us alle. Yt is a schame and a thyng that is myche spokyn of in thys contre that zour faders graveston is not mad. For Goddes love, late yt be remembyrd and porveyde [provided] for in hast. Ther hathe be mych mor spend in waste than schuld have mad that.

The urgent need of money; the shame of raising it by any means that would show the straits to which she was reduced; the fear that her eldest son was suspicious of the friends she consulted, and was wasting money in London and managing his case worse than his father would have done; the grief that for years after that father's death no stone had been set up to his memory—what a picture of an anxious woman's heart it all makes, and how clearly it speaks to us across the centuries! If this is not literature, it is at least the stuff of which literature is made.

Caxton's Successors.

Returning from this episode of family letters to more formal attempts at literature, we may continue to take an interest in the work of the printers, not for its own sake, but because the industry with which it has been registered enables us to take a general survey of the literary output of the time, and to form some idea of the wants of the reading public and how they were supplied. To obtain such a survey we need not concern ourselves with small firms like Julyan Notary (1496–1520) or Richard Faques (1509–1530), each of whom issued a few English books in addition to liturgies and legal works. For the forty years which followed the deaths of Caxton and Machlinia the English book-trade was mainly in the hands of two men—Jan Wynkyn de Worde (d. 1534) and Richard Pynson (d. 1530). From

the presses of the former some five hundred different editions can still be traced, from that of Pynson some three hundred; or an average for Wynkyn of about twelve books a year, and for Pynson of about eight. Even if we allow liberally for books issued by the smaller firms, and for those which have perished so absolutely as not to leave any trace behind, it is probable that a 'Publishers' Catalogue' of those days would not have contained more than forty entries a year, or a total for the whole of England of about a fifth, as near as we can reckon, of the contemporary output of Venice alone. Deficient in quantity, it cannot be said that in quality English books took any higher rank. It is noteworthy that the earliest references we have to our book-trade are both highly uncomplimentary. In the *Interlude of the Four Elements* (see *infra*, page 152), probably written about 1520, the unknown author asks his readers—

> To regard his only intent and good wyll
> Whiche in his mynde hath oft tymes ponderyd,
> What nombre of bokes in our tonge maternall
> Of toyes and trifellys be made and impryntyd,
> And few of them of matter substancyall;
> For though many make bokes, yet uneeth ye shall [1]
> In our Englysshe tonge fynde any warkes
> Of connynge, that is regarded by clerkes.
>
> [1] Hardly.

There may have been a pedantic view of literature in the mind of a man who goes on to complain that—

> Now so it is in our Englyshe tonge
> Many one there is, that can but rede and wryte,
> For his pleasure wyll oft presume amonge
> New bokys to compyle and balades to indyte,
> Some of love or other matter, not worth a myte.

Presumption in literature is often a virtue rather than a crime, but the fact remains that there is little trace of scholarship of any kind in the books printed in England during this long period. No doubt many such books were imported, and the handful of learned Englishmen by writing in Latin were able to have their books printed abroad;[1] but it is clear evidence of the low state of English scholarship when we find so few books of any pretence to learning printed in all England, and that neither of the universities could provide work to maintain a printer.[1] Our other reference to the printing-trade is from a Dialogue in verse prefixed by Robert Copland to an edition of the chapbook, *Seven Sorrows that women have when theyr husbandes be deade*, which must have been written soon after 1525. The dialogue is between a customer who lays down, as an axiom, 'A peny, I trow, is ynough on bokes,' and a printer who replies to the criticism

> By my soule, ye prynters make such Englyshe,
> So yll spelled, so yll poynted, and so pevyshe,
> That scantly one can redé lynés two
> But to fynde sentence he hath ynough to do; the meaning

with the kindred sentiment—

> I care not greatly, so that I nowe and than
> May get a peny as wel as I can.

It can only be said that the printers and readers were worthy of each other, and the ignorance and indifference which they shared in common show how low literature had fallen in England. Unless we are to reckon Barclay's translation of Sallust's *Jugurtha*, which has the text printed in small type at the side, Pynson's edition of Terence (1497) was not followed by any other Latin classic till Wynkyn's *Bucolica Virgilii* of 1512, and an edition of Cicero's Philippics by Pynson in 1521 completed the two printers' contributions to classical learning, no Greek book being printed in England until 1543. Of Latin schoolbooks there is a steady increase after 1510, and the appearance among them of works by Colet, Erasmus, and Linacre, as well as the manuals of the prolific Whittinton, was a good omen for the future of English schools. Historical books, with the exception of Fabyan's *New Chronicles of England and France* (Pynson, 1516) and Lord Berners' translation of *Froissart* (Pynson, 1523–25), are confined to reprints of Caxton's editions. The court historiographers of this period were the Frenchman Bernard André and the Italian Polydore Vergil, but the royal munificence did not go so far as to subsidise an English printer to publish their Latin annals. Travel was represented by *Mandeville*, of which it seems probable that Caxton himself had planned an edition; by the *Pylgrymage of Sir Rychard Guylforde* (Pynson, 1511); and by little handbooks of 'informacyon for pylgrymes.' The stately and delightful but rather antiquated *De Proprietatibus Rerum* of Bartholomew the Englishman in Trevisa's translation (Wynkyn, before 1500) until 1521 was almost the only printed book on science, but was then honourably reinforced by several medical treatises by Linacre. Of theology, properly so called, there is little till we come to the king's

[1] As examples of books written in Latin by Englishmen at this period and printed abroad we may note More's *Utopia* (Louvain, 1517), *Progymnasmata Tho. Mori et Gul. Lilii sodalium* (Basel, 1518), More's *Epigrammata* (Basel, 1520), Fisher's *De unica Magdalena* (Paris, 1519), *Assertionis Lutheranæ Confutatio* (Basel, 1523), *Sacri Sacerdotii Defensio* (Cologne, 1528), Linacre's editions of Galen's *De Temperamentis* (Venice, 1498, reprinted at Cambridge in 1521) and *De Methodo Medendi* (Paris, 1525). Another proof of the difficulty of getting learned books printed in England at this time may be found in the important works which were left lying unprinted. Practically the whole of Dean Colet's theological works had to wait till Mr J. H. Lupton published them in five volumes between 1847 and 1876; More's History of Richard III. was first published in a continuation of Harding's Chronicle in 1543: even some of Lord Berners' translations had to wait for a publisher. In the reign of Elizabeth it became the fashion to keep poems and essays in manuscript, but at this period it would seem as if English readers cared so little for new works of any learning that publishers and authors were genuinely deterred from printing them.

[1] A press was started at Oxford in 1517, and closed in 1519 after printing six books. After this there is no Oxford press till 1585. At Cambridge nine books were printed in 1521–22, and then no more until 1583.

Assertio Septem Sacramentorum, nor any edition of the Bible, unless we should mention the apocryphal 'Gospel of Nicodemus' which was frequently printed. In religious literature we may note a good many Lives of the Saints, from reprints of Caxton's *Golden Legend* and the *Vitæ Patrum*, which he had left unfinished, to thin quartos, in verse and prose, on the miracles of our Lady and the Lives of St Katharine, St Margaret, St Bridget, St Werburg, St Francis, St George, St Thomas of Canterbury, and a few others. Edification of another kind was provided in religious treatises, also extending from works of some size, like the *Dives and Pauper* of Henry Parker, an exposition of the Ten Commandments, of which Wynkyn and Pynson issued rival editions early in their career, down to little manuals of no literary interest. With these we may especially notice a translation of the *De Imitatione Christi*, of which the first three books were rendered by William Atkinson, chaplain to the Lady Margaret, Henry VII.'s mother, and the fourth by that princess herself. Of liturgies a good many were printed in England, though the foreign supply still continued; and we meet also with a fair number of law-books—not learned treatises like those printed in Italy, but summaries and manuals. In poetry Chaucer was reprinted, and some of Lydgate; and Skelton, Barclay, and Hawes, first among English poets in this one respect, enjoyed the pleasure of seeing some of their works in print. Plays also began to be printed, a few by Pynson and Wynkyn, and quite a little handful by John and William Rastell, a father and son, who, though both lawyers, were printers also, and took a personal interest in the stage. The books of light reading which Pynson and Wynkyn supplied on their own initiative were abridged and beprosed romances, such as *Richarde Cuer de Lyon*, *The Byrth of Marlyn*, *Torrent of Portingal*, &c.; or chapbooks, in verse or prose, such as the *Complaynte of a lovers lyfe*, *Complaynte of the too late maryed*, the *Fifteen Joys of Marriage*, the *Smith and his Dame*, the *Treatise of a Galaunt*, the *Gestes of the Wydowe Edith*, or the already mentioned *Seven Sorrows that women have when theyr husbandes be deade*, whose titles afford a fair index to their contents. All these popular books are anonymous, and it is probable that they were mostly produced by humble imitators of Caxton whom the printers kept in their employ. Robert Copland, who belonged to this class, was a printer on his own account, as well as an assistant to Wynkyn de Worde. For himself or Wynkyn he translated from the French the *Kalendar of Shepherdes* (a miscellany of weather-lore, morality, and devotion), the *History of Kynge Apollyon of Thyre*, and the *History of Helyas Knyght of the Swanne*, and to these and other works contributed prologues, both in verse and prose, which gave him a respectable position among his not very distinguished contemporaries. The *Knyght of the Swanne* was translated 'at the instygacion of the Puyssaunt illustryous Prynce Lorde Edwarde Duke of Buckyngham;' but the commission was not given directly to the humble Copland, but to Wynkyn de Worde, who used to style himself in his books 'prynter unto the moost excellent pryncesse the kynges graundame' (the Lady Margaret). Had Copland been a man of higher position he would probably have carried on Caxton's work as editor-publisher with far more enterprise than the two foreigners, Wynkyn and Pynson, who nearly monopolised the English book-trade. But Caxton's real successor as a translator was no poor printer, but a nobleman and diplomatist, who took an active part in pageants as glittering as those he described.

John Bourchier, **Lord Berners**, was born in 1467, four years before the death of his father in the battle of Barnet, and succeeded to the title on the death of his grandfather in 1474. His grand-uncle, who had been appointed to the see of Canterbury in 1454, was still Archbishop on the accession of Henry VII., and the young noble was much at court, and intimate with Henry VIII. On the latter's accession he was constantly employed both in diplomacy and war. Thus he took part in the campaign of Terouenne, acted as chamberlain to the Princess Mary when she married Louis XII., negotiated in 1518 for an alliance with Charles V., and on his return from Spain attended the king at the Field of the Cloth of Gold. In 1520 he was made Deputy of Calais, and held this office till his death in 1533, amid constant money troubles, despite grants of manors in Surrey, Wiltshire, Hampshire, and Oxfordshire which Henry VIII. made him in 1528. His Deputyship left him leisure for literary work, and at the king's suggestion he carried through a translation of the *Chronicles of Froissart*, which Pynson published for him, the first volume in 1523, the second in 1525. Lord Berners also translated from the French *The History of the moost noble and valyaunt Knight, Arthur of Lytell Brytaine* (i.e. Brittany); the Charlemagne romance, *Huon of Bordeaux;* and the Spanish treatise of Guevara, *El Reloj de Principes*, under the title *The Golden Book of Marcus Aurelius*. His translation of the *Castel d'Amor* (*The Castell of Love*) of Diego de San Pedro was translated direct from the Spanish, 'at the instaunce of Lady Elizabeth Carew, late wyfe to Syr Nicholas Carewe, Knight.' All these minor translations were probably made late in his life, and fell into the hands of different printers after his death. His fame rests on the great *Froissart*, or, to give it its full title, the volumes of *Sir John Froyssart of the Cronycles of Englande, Fraunce, Spayne, Portyngale, Scotland, Bretayne, Flaunders, and other places adjoynynge, translated out of Frenche into our maternall Englysshe tonge*, which form a history of the courts and wars of Europe during the fourteenth century. When in Spain, Lord Berners

had himself sent Henry VIII. an account of a Spanish bull-fight, and for his letters to the Privy Council describing the Field of the Cloth of Gold he was accorded the Council's thanks. No translator could have been more thoroughly in sympathy with his original, or have caught its spirit more happily without tedious adherence to the letter. Only the great size of the *Chronicle* has prevented it from vying with *Mandeville* as one of the most popular of English translations, and from its vivid pages picturesque extracts might be given almost without number. That which we have here chosen (from Chap. l.) describes the sea-fight of Sluys:

Of the batell on the see before Sluse in Flaunders, bytwene the kynge of England and the Frenchmen.—Nowe let us leave som what to speke of therle of Henalt [the Earl of Hainault] and of the duke of Normandy: and speke of the kyng of England, who was on the see to the intent to arryve in Flaunders, and so into Heynalt to make war agaynst the Frenchmen. This was on mydsomer evyn, in the yer of our Lorde M.CCC.xl., all the Englyssh flete was departed out of the ryver of Tames and toke the way to Sluse. And the same tyme, bytwene Blanqueberque and Sluse on the see, was sir Hewe Kyryell, sir Peter Bahuchet, and Barbnoyr: and mo than sixscore greate vessels besyde other, and they wer of Normaynes, bydaulx [lightly armed peasants], Genowes [Genoese], and Pycardes: about the nombre of xl. m. Ther they were layd by the French kyng to defend [forbid] the kyng of Englandes passage. The kyng of England and his came saylyng tyll he came before Sluse: and when he sawe so great a nombre of shippes that their mastes semed to be lyke a gret wood, he demaunded of the maister of his shyp what peple he thought they were: he answered and sayd, 'Sir, I thynke they be Normayns layd here by the Frenche kyng, and hath done gret dyspleasur in Englande, brent [burnt] your towne of Hampton and taken your great shyppe the Christofer.' 'A,' quoth the kyng, 'I have long desyred to fyght with the Frenchmen: and nowe shall I fyght with some of them by the grace of God and saynt George, for truly they have done me so many dyspleasurs that I shall be revenged and I may.' Than the king sett all his shyppes in order, the grettest befor, well furnysshed with archers, and ever bytwene two shyppes of archers he had one shypp with men of armes, and than he made an other batell [division] to ly a-lofe [aloof] with archers to confort [reinforce] ever them that were moost wery, yf nede were. And ther were a great nombre of countesses, ladyes, knyghts' wyves and other damosels that were goyng to se the quene at Gaunt [Ghent]. These ladyes the kyng caused to be well kept with thre hundred men of armes and five hundred archers.

Whan the kyng and his marshals had ordered his batayls, he drewe up the seales [sails] and cam with a quarter wynde to have the vauntage of the sonne. And so at last they tourned a lytell to get the wynde at wyll: and when the Normayns sawe them recule [withdraw] back, they had marvell why they dyde so. And some sayd, 'They thynke themselfe nat mete to medyll with us: wherfore they woll go backe.' They sawe well howe the kyng of England was ther personally, by reason of his baners. Than they dyd appareyle [make ready] their flete in order, for they wer sage and good men of warr on the see: and dyd set the Christofer, the which they had won the yer before, to be formast, with many trumpettes and instrumentes; and so set on their ennemies. Ther began a sore batell on bothe partes: archers and crosbowes began to shote, and men of armes aproched and fought hande to hande, and the better to come togyder they had great hokes and grapers [grapplers] of yron to cast out of one shyppe into an other, and so tyed them fast togyder. Ther were many dedes of armes done, takyng and rescuyng agayne, and at last the great Christofer was first won by the Englysshmen, and all that were within it taken or slayne. Then ther was great noyse and cry, and the Englysshmen aproched and fortifyed the Christofer with archers, and made hym to passe on byfore to fyght with the Genoweys. This batayle was right fierse and terryble: for the batayls on the see ar more dangerous and fierser than the batayls by lande. For on the see ther is no reculyng nor fleyng; ther is no remedy but to fight and to abyde fortune, and every man to shewe his prowes. Of a trouthe sir Hewe Kyriell and sir Bahuchet and Barbe Noyer were ryght good and expert men of warre. This batayle endured from the mornyng tyll it was noone, and the Englysshmen endured moche payne, for their ennemies were foure agaynst one and all good men on the see. Ther the kyng of England was a noble knight of his owne hands; he was in the flower of his youth. In likewyse so was the erle of Derby, Pembroke, Herforde, Huntyngdon, Northampton, and Glocetter, Sir Raynolde Cobham, sir Richard Stafforde, the lorde Percy, sir Water of Manny, sir Henry of Flaunders, sir John Beauchamp, the lorde Felton, the lorde Brasseton, sir Chandos, the lorde Dalawarre, the lorde of Multon, sir Robert Dartoys, called erle of Rychmont, and dyverse other lordes and knyghtes, who bare themselfe so valyantly with some socours that they had of Bruges and of the countrey there about, that they obtayned the vyctorie. So that the Frenchmen, Normayns, and other were dysconfetted, slayne, and drowned; there was not one that scaped, but all were slayne. Whanne this vyctorie was atchyved the kyng all that nyght abode in his shyppe before Sluse with great noyse of trumpettes and other instrumentes.

Our second example of Lord Berners' happiness in translation shall be taken from a book very unlike the *Froissart*, but in its own day quite as famous. The official chronicler of Charles V.—Lord Berners may have known him personally—was a Franciscan monk, Antonio de Guevara, Bishop of Mondoñedo (d. 1545). His *Reloj de Principes*, or 'Dial of Princes,' has been attractively described as 'a didactic novel with Marcus Aurelius for its hero,' and was designed for the edification of the Emperor Charles. A rather transparent pretence that it was translated from a Greek manuscript in a library at Florence was virulently exposed in Spain, but passed muster in France and England; and Lord Berners' translation, made from an intermediate French version at the request of Sir Francis Bryan, and completed at Calais a week before the translator's death, was called *The Golden Book of Marcus Aurelius, Emperour and Eloquent Oratour*. First published in 1539, it went through at least seven editions, of which the

last is dated 1586, and its influence was thus presumably as great as or greater than that of the later version by Sir Thomas North (*The Dial of Princes*), first issued in 1568. Guevara's rhetorical style was one of the influences which fostered the growth of English Euphuism, and this early rendering of his *Reloj de Principes* by the translator of Froissart is thus an interesting link between two eras. In our quotation, in which the writer is supposed to be Marcus Aurelius himself, the Euphuistic note only shows itself towards the end :

There was an auncient lawe, none mighte be taken and received for a citisen in Rome, but he were first examined by the Censore. In the tyme of Cato Censorius, whan any woulde be a citezen of Rome, this examinacion was made of hym : He was not demaunded, of whens he was, nor what he was, nor whens he came, nor wherfore he came, nor of what kinne or auncient stocke he came : but onely thei toke his handes betwene theirs, and if they felt theim softe and smothe, forthwith as an idell vacabunde man they dispatched and sent him awaie ; and if they found his handes harde and ful of hard knottes, by and by [forthwith] they admitted him a citisen and dweller in Rome. Also when any officers toke any ill doers, and put theim in prison, that was called Marmotine, instede of informacion, the first thyng that they toke hede of was theyr handes, whiche yf they had bene as a labourers handes, and a workeman, though his crime were grevous, yet his chastisement was mitigate and more easye ; and yf the unhappy prisoner chaunced to have ydell handes, for a littell faute, he shoulde have sharpe punishment. It hath ben an olde saiyng : He that hath good handes, must nedes have good custome. I saie, I chastised never a laboureyng man, but I was sory for it : nor I never caused to whyppe a vacabunde, but I was gladde of it. I wyll tell you more of this Cato Censorius, whiche was greatly feared. For even as children in the scholes, hering theyr maister commyng in, renne to their bokes, so when Cato went through the stretes of Rome, every body went to theyr woorke. O right happy baron, before whom the people feared more to be ydell, than to be yll before any other.

Than beholde ye at this houre, what force vertue hath, and how valiaunt a vertuous man is, seeyng that all the world feared Rome, onely for hir worthynes in armes : and all Rome feared Cato, onely for his vertues. The adventures of men are so divers, and the suspect fortune geveth so many overthwart turnes, that after that a great space she hath geven great pleasures, incontinent we are cyted to hir subtyll travailes of repentaunce. O happie Cato Censorine, who with suche as have folowed his waies, are now sure from the abatementes of fortune. Than he that will have glory in this lyfe, and attaine glory after death, and be beloved of many, and feared of all : let him be vertuous in doyng of good workes, and deceive no man with vaine wordes. I sweare unto you by the lawe of a man of worship, that if the goddes woulde accomplishe my desyre, I had rather to be Cato with the vertuous policies that he used in Rome, than to be Scipio with the abundance of blod that he shedde in Affricke.

Less picturesque, but of native growth, was Fabyan's *Chronicles*, the other historical work mentioned as printed by Pynson (page 102).

Robert Fabyan (d. 1513) was still rather a chronicler than a historian—one of those who hardly aimed at literary excellence or critical treatment. Fabyan, a clothier who became an alderman and sheriff of London, wrote a general chronicle of English history, called by him the *Concordance of Histories*, but printed (1515) as the *New Chronicles of England and France* (edited by Sir Henry Ellis in 1811). It is particularly minute with regard to what would probably appear the most important of all things to the worthy alderman, the succession of officers of all kinds serving in the city of London ; from the accession of Richard I. it is really a chronicle of London, and amongst other events of the reign of Henry V. the author does not omit to note that a new weather-cock was placed on the top of St Paul's steeple. Fabyan, who repeats the fabulous stories of early English history elaborated by Geoffrey of Monmouth, occasionally 'drops into poetry' or doggerel. Fabyan thus tells the story of Jack Cade's rebellion :

And in the moneth of Iuny this [1450], the comons of Kent assemblyd them in grete multytude, and chase to theym a capitayne, and named hym Mortymer, and cosyn to the duke of Yorke ; but of moste he was named Iak Cade. This kepte the people wonderously togyder, and made suche ordenaunces amonge theym, that he brought a great nombre of people of theym vnto the Blak Heth, where he deuysed a bylle of petycions to the kynge & his counsayll, and shewyd therin what iniuryes and oppressions the poore commons suffred by suche as were aboute ye kynge, a fewe persones in nombre, and all vnder coloure to come to his aboue [obedience]. The kynges counsayll seynge this byll, disalowyd it, and counsayled the kynge, whiche by the vii. daye of Iuny had gaderid to hym a stronge hoost of people, to go agayne his rebellys, and to gyue vnto theym batayll. Than the kynge, after the sayd rebellys had holden theyr felde vpon Blak Heth vii. dayes, made towarde theym. Wherof herynge, the capitayne drewe backe wt his people to a vyllage called Seuenok, and there enbataylled. . . . [Fabyan then tells how Sir Humphrey Stafford, sent against the rebels, is defeated and slain.] And so soon as Iak Cade had thus ouer commyn the Staffordes, he anone apparaylled hym with the knyghtes apparayll, and dyd on hym his bryganders [body-armour] set with gylt nayle, and his salet [helmet] and gylt sporis ; and after he had refresshid his people, he retourned agayne to Blak Heth, & there pyght [pitched] agayne his felde, as here tofore he had done, & laye there from the xxix. daye of Iuny, beynge seynt Peters day, tyll the firste day of Iuly. In whiche season came vnto hym the archebysshop of Caunterbury, and the duke of Bukkyngham, with whom they had longe communycacion, and fande hym right discrete in his answerys : how be it they coude nat cause hym to lay downe his people, and to submyt hym vnto ye kynges grace.

In this whyle, the kynge and the quene herynge of the encreasynge of his rebellys, and also the lordes ferynge theyr owne seruauntes, lest they wolde take the capitaynes partye, remoued from Londun to Kyllyngworth [Kenilworth], leuynge the cytie without ayde, except oonly the lorde Scalys, whiche was left to kepe the Tower, and

with hym a manly and warly [warlike] man named Mathewe Gowth. Thanethe capitayne of Kent thus houynge [hovering] at Blakheth, to ye ende to blynde the more the people, and to brnyg hym in fame that he kept good iustyce, behedyd there a pety capitayne of his named Parys, for somoche as he had offendyd agayne such ordnaunce as he had stablisshed in his hoste. And heryng yt the kyng & all his lordes were this [thus] departyd, drewe hym nere vnto ye cytie, so yt vpon ye first day of Iuly he entred the burgh of Southwark, beyng than Wednysday, and lodged hym there that nyght, for he myght nat be suffred to entre that cytie. . . . And the same afternoone, aboute v. of ye clok, the capitayne with his people entred by the brydge; and whan he came vpon the drawe brydge, he hewe the ropys that drewe the bridge in sonder with his sworde, and so passed into the cytie, and made in sondry places therof proclamacions in the kynges name, that no man, payne of dethe, shulde robbe or take any thynge parforce without payinge therfore. By reason wherof he wanne many hertes of the comons of the cytie; but all was done to begyle wt the people, as after shall euydently appere. He rode thorough dyuers stretes of the cytie, and as he came by London stone, he strake it with his sworde, and sayd, 'Nowe is Mortymere lorde of this cytie.' And whan he had thus shewyd hymselfe in dyuerse places of ye cytie, and shewyd his mynde to the mayre for the orderynge of his people, he retourned into Southwarke, and there abode as he before had done, his people commynge and goynge at lawfull houres whan they wolde. . . . [Cade caused several persons to be executed, one a sheriff of Kent accused of extortion.] Whan they hadde thus behedyd thyse ii. men, they toke the hede of Croumer and pyght it vpon a pole, and soo entred agayne the cytie wit ye heddes of the lordes Saye and of Croumer; and as they passed the stretes, ioyned the poles togyder, and caused eyther deed mouth to kysse other dyuerse and many tymes. . . .

Then towarde nyghte he retourned into Southwarke, and vpon the morne reentred the cytie, and dyned yt daye at a place in seynt Margarete Patyn [St Margaret Pattens] parysshe, called Gherstis hous; and whan he hadde dyned, lyke an vncurteyse gest, robbyd hym, as the day before he hadde Malpas. For whiche ii. robberyes, albe it that the porayll [poor] and nedy people drewe vnto hym, and were parteners of yt ille, ye honest and thryfty comoners caste in their myndes ye sequele of this matyer, and feryd leste they shuld be delt with in lyke maner, by meane wherof he loste ye peoples fauoure and hertes. For it was to be thought, if he had nat executyd that robory, he myght haue gone ferre and brought his purpose to good effect, if he hadde entendyd wel; but it is to demeane and presuppose that the entent of hym was nat good, wherfore it myght nat come to any good conclucyon. . . . Than vpon the v. daye of Iuly, ye capitayne beynge in Southwarke, caused a man to be behedyd, for cause of displeasure to hym done, as the fame went: and so kept hym in Southwarke al that day; how be it he myghte haue entred the cytie if he had wolde.

And whan nyght was comyng, the mayre and cytezeins, with Mathewe Gowth, lyke to their former appoyntment, kept the passage of the brydge, beynge Sonday, and defended the Kentysshmen, whiche made great force to reentre the cytie. Thenne the capitayne seynge this bekerynge [bickering] begon, yode [went] to harneys, & called his people aboute hym, and sette so fyersly vpon the cytezeyns, that he draue theym backe from ye stulpis [boundary-posts] in Southwarke or brydge fote, vnto the drawe brydge. Then the Kentysshmen sette fyre vpon ye drawe brydge. In defendynge wherof many a man was drowned and slayne, amonge ye whiche, of men of name was Iohn Sutton, alderman, Mathewe Gowgh, gentylman, and Roger Heysande, cytezeyn. And thus contynued this skyrmysshe all nyghte tyll ix. of the clok vpon the morne. . . . Thus contynuynge this cruell fyght, to ye distruccion of moche people on both sydes, lastly, after the Kentysshmen put to ye worse, a trewe [truce] was agreed for certayne houres; durynge ye which trew, ye archebysshop of Caunterbury, than chaunceller of Englande, sent a generall pardon to ye capitayn for hymselfe, and an other for his people: by reason wherof he and his company departyd the same nyght out of Southwarke, and so retourned euery man to his owne.

But it was nat longe after that ye capitayne wt his company was thus departed, that proclamacions were made in dyuers places of Kent, of Southsex [Sussex], and Sowtherey [Surrey], that who myght take ye foresayd Iak Cade, other on lyue or dede, shuld haue a M. marke [1000 marks] for his trauayl. After whiche proclamacion thus publisshed, a gentylman of Kent, named Alexander Iden, awayted so his tyme, that he toke hym in a gardyn in Sussex, where in the takynge of hym the sayd Iak was slayne: and so beyng deed was brought into Southwarke the xi. daye of the moneth of 1450 and there lefte in the Kynges Benche for that nyght. And vpon morowe ye deed corps was drawen thorugh the hyghe stretes of the cytie vnto Newgate, & there hedyd and quarteryd, whose hede was than sent to London brydge, & his iiii. quarters were sent to iiii. sondry townes of Kent.

Edward Hall, or HALLE (c. 1499–1547), chronicler or historian, was a Londoner born, from Eton passed in 1514 to King's College, Cambridge, and next studied at Gray's Inn. He became a common serjeant in 1532. His *Union of the Noble Famelies of Lancastre and Yorke* (1542; 3rd ed. 1550; best ed. by Sir Henry Ellis, 1809) was only brought down to 1532; the rest, down to 1546, was completed by the editor and continuator, Richard Grafton (d. 1572), who was the printer of Matthew's Bible, of the first Book of Common Prayer, and of Hardyng's Chronicle, as well as of chronicles compiled by himself. Hall's dignity and the reality of his figures had a charm for Shakespeare; and for Henry VIII.'s reign the work is really valuable as the intelligent evidence of an eye-witness—though too eulogistic of the king. The following extract, describing the scene in the council-room of the Protector Gloucester (afterwards Richard III.), shows how closely Hall was sometimes followed by Shakespeare:

The lorde protectour caused a counsaill to be set at the tower on the fridaye the thirtene daye of Iune, where was muche commonyng [communing] for the honourable solemnitee of the coronacion, of the whiche the tyme appoincted aproched so nere, that the pageauntes were a makyng daye & night at Westminster, and vitaile killed whiche afterwarde was caste awaye.

These lordes thus sittyng commonyng of this matter, the

protectour came in emong theim about nyne of the clocke salutyng theim curteously, excusyng him self that he had been from theim so long, saiyng merely that he had been a sleper that daye. And after a litle talkyng with them he sayed to the bishopp of Ely, My lorde you haue verye good strawberies in youre garden at Holborne, I require you let vs haue a messe of theim. Gladly (my lord qd [quoth] he) I would I had some better thing as redy to your pleasure as that, and with that in all hast he sente his seruaunt for a dishe of strawberies. The protectour set the lordes faste in commonyng and there vpon prayed theim to spare him a litle, and so he departed and came agayn betwene x. and eleuen of the clocke into the chambre all chaunged with a sowre angry countenaunce, knittyng the browes, frownyng and fretyng and gnawyng on his lips, and so set hym doune in his place. All the lordes were dismaied and sore marueyled of this maner and sodeyne chaunge and what thyng should hym ayle. When he had sitten a whyle, thus he began: What were they worthy to haue that compasse and ymagine the destruccion of me beyng so neare of bloud to the kyng & protectoure of this his royall realme: At which question, all the lordes sate sore astonyed, musyng muche by whom the question should be ment, of which euery man knew him self clere.

Then the lorde Hastynges as he that for the familiaritie that was betwene theim, thought he might be boldest with him, aunswered and sayd that they were worthy to be punished as heynous traytours what soeuer they were, and all the other affirmed the same. That is (qd he) yonder sorceres my brothers wife and other with her, menyng the quene. At these woordes many of the lordes were sore abashed whiche fauoured her, but the lorde Hastynges was better content in hys mynde that it was moued by her then by any other that he loued better, albeit hys hart grudged that he was not afore made of counsail of this matter as well as he was of the takyng of her kynred and of their puttyng to death, whiche were by hys assent before deuysed to be beheaded at Pomfrete, this selfe same daye, in the whiche he was not ware that it was by other deuised that he hym selfe should the same daye be beheaded at London: then sayed the protectour in what wyse that sorceresse and other of her counsayle, as Shores wyfe, with her affinitie haue by their sorcery and witchecrafte this [thus] wasted my body, and therwith plucked vp his doublet sleue to his elbowe on hys lefte arme, where he shewed a weryshe [shrivelled] wythered arme & small as it was neuer other. And therupon, euery mannes mynde mysgaue theim, well perceyuyng that this matter was but a quarell, for well they wist that the quene was both to wyse to go about any such folye, & also if she would, yet would she of all folke make Shores wyfe least of her counsaile whom of all women she most hated as that concubine whom the kyng her husband most loued.

Also, there was no manne there but knewe that hys arme was euer such sith the day of his birth. Neuertheless the lorde Hastynges, which from the death of kyng Edward kept Shores wife, whom he somwhat doted in the kynges lyfe, sauyng it is sayed that he forbare her for reuerence towarde his kyng, or els of a certayne kynde of fidelitie towarde his frend. Yet nowe his hart somewhat grudged to haue her whom he loued so highly accused, and that as he knewe well vntruely, therefore he aunswered and sayed, Certaynly my lorde, yf they haue so done, they be worthy of heynous punishement. What, qd the protectour, thou seruest me I wene with yf and with and. I tell the they haue done it, and that wyll I make good on thy bodye traytour. And therewith (as in a great anger) he clapped his fyste on the borde a great rappe, at whiche token geuen, one cried treason without the chamber, and therwith a doore clapped, and in came rushyng men in harneyes as many as the chamber could hold. And anone the protectoure sayed to the lorde Hastynges, I arrest the traytoure. What, me my lorde? qd he. Yea the traytoure, qd the protectour. And one let flye at the lorde Stanley, which shroncke at the stroacke and fell vnder the table, or els hys head had bene cleft to the teth, for as shortly as he shrancke, yet ranne the bloude aboute his eares. Then was the Archebishop of Yorke and doctour Morton bishopp of Ely & the lorde Stanley taken and diuers other whiche were bestowed in dyuers chambers, saue the lorde Hastynges (whom the protectour commaunded to spede and shryue him apace,) for by sainct Poule (qd he) I wyll not dyne tyll I se thy head of. It boted hym not to aske why, but heuily he toke a priest at auenture and made a shorte shrift, for a lenger woulde not be suffered, the protectour made so much hast to his dyner, which might not go to it tyll this murther were done, for sauyng of hys vngracious othe. So was he brought furthe into the grene besyde the chapel within the towre, and his head layed doune on a logge of tymber that lay there for buildyng of the chapel, & there tyrannously striken of, and after his body and head wer enterred at Wyndesore by his maister kyng Edward the forth, whose soules Iesu pardon. Amen.

The Later Miracle-Plays and Religious Moralities.

We turned aside (page 49) from the history of the drama at the point which the miracle-plays had reached in the time of Chaucer when Herod and Pilate, as played by clerks or craftsmen on 'scaffolds high,' were already famous for their ranting, and the 'sorrow of Noah and his fellowship' when Noah's wife refused to come into the ark was a recognised theme for comic treatment. The great cycles 'of matter from the beginning of the world' were being acted all over England, and human nature, more especially the human nature of playwrights and actors, being what it is, it was only to be expected that the authors and players of each cycle should endeavour to introduce into their representation some special features whereby it might differ from and surpass others. The Bible story being common ground to all, these differences could only be introduced either by the importation of legends or by the use of the imagination in scenes in which it would not clash with the somewhat elastic medieval ideas of reverence. Of legendary accretions we have an example in a painful but dramatic episode in the so-called 'Coventry' cycle, where a summoner, of the kind Chaucer depicted in the *Canterbury Tales*, arraigns Joseph and Mary before the Bishop, and the Blessed Virgin's chastity is proved by an ordeal which brings confusion on her accuser. Of the use of imagination the stock instance is the comic development of the talk of the shepherds as they watch their flocks on the night of the Nativity. In the Chester Plays this takes the form of an

enormous supper and a wrestling match between master and servant, in which the servant is, of course, victorious. In the 'Wakefield' cycle (often cited as the Towneley Plays, from the Towneley family in whose possession the unique manuscript long remained) the development is much more marked, for here we meet with the work of a playwright whose talent, when we remember the cramped conditions under which he wrote, may be said to have come near to genius. These Wakefield Plays have come down to us in a more composite form than any other cycle. The play of *Jacob and Esau*, from which a passage has already been quoted (page 48), has been regarded by good authorities as one of the most primitive fragments of the religious drama. Five plays were borrowed, in a corrupt form, from the cycle played at the neighbour city of York. What here concerns us is, that about the end of the fourteenth century, or the earliest years of the fifteenth, the cycle was revised and added to by this unknown genius, whose work can clearly be traced by his fondness for a particular metre and the extraordinary freedom with which he handled his subjects. His favourite metre is a nine-line stanza, with central rhymes in the first four lines $\left(\begin{smallmatrix}aaaa\\bbbb\end{smallmatrix}cdddc\right)$, and we find this used with admirable regularity through five long plays, that of *Noah*, two versions of a Shepherds' Play, and the plays of *Herod the Great* and the *Scourging of Christ*. In all of these, it will be noted, there are personages (Noah's wife, shepherds, soldiers, executioners) in whose case the silence of the Scriptures left the dramatist a free hand. In addition to the five complete plays, we find passages in the nine-line metre, obviously of the same authorship, embedded in two other plays connected with Christ's Passion, in a play on the Raising of Lazarus, and in another on the Last Judgment; and (although here the evidence of metre deserts us) we cannot be wrong in attributing to the same hand some interpolations of extraordinary humour and boldness in the killing of Abel. Thus we have altogether upwards of four thousand lines from this man's pen, and alike in their boisterous humour, their popular satire, and their grim portrayal of the terrors of death, they rank indisputably as among the most notable dramatic work produced before the reign of Elizabeth. Our first extract must be taken from the famous sheep-stealing episode in the second of the two Shepherds' Plays. The thief is a certain Mak, whom the shepherds suspect when they see him approach, but admit to share their supper. After disarming their suspicions by lying down in the midst of them, he rises while they sleep, carries off a fat sheep to his cottage, and then resumes his sleeping-place till the shepherds wake him, and he goes about his business. The shepherds miss the stolen sheep, quickly suspect Mak, and run to his cottage. Mak's wife, so he says, has just had a baby, but he welcomes them nevertheless, and here is the scene that follows:

(57)

Mak. I wold ye dynyd or ye yode, me thynk th
swette.
2nd Shep. Nay, nawther mendys oure mode d
nor mette.
Mak. Why, sir, alys you oght bot goode?
3rd Shep. Yee, oure shepe that we gett,
Ar stollyn as thay yode. Oure los is grette.
Mak. Syrs, drynkys!
Had I bene thore,
Som shuld have boght it full sore.
1st Shep. Mary, som men trowes that ye wore,
And that us forthynkys.

(58)

2nd Shep. Mak, som men trowys that it shuld be
3rd Shep. Ayther ye or youre spouse—so say we.
Mak. Now if ye have suspowse to Gill or to me,
Com and rype oure howse, and then may ye se
Who had hir.
If I any shepe fott,
Aythor cow or stott—
And Gyll, my wyfe, rose nott
Here syne she laid hir.

(59)

As I am true and lele, to God here I pray,
That this be the fyrst mele that I shall ete this day.
1st Shep. Mak, as have I ceyll, avyse the, I say;
He lernyd tymely to steyll that couth not say nay.
Gill. I swelt!
Outt, thefys, fro my wonys!
Ye com to rob us for the nonys.
Mak. Here ye not how she gronys?
Youre hartys shuld melt.

(60)

Gill. Outt, thefys, fro my barne! negh hym not t
Mak. Wyst ye how she had farne, youre hartys
be sore.
Ye do wrang, I you warne, that thus commys before
To a woman that has farne—bot I say no more.
Gill. A, my medyll!
I pray to God so mylde,
If ever I you begyld,
That I ete this chylde
That lygys in this credyll.

(61)

Mak. Peasse, woman, for godys payn! and cry n
Thou spyllys thy brane and makys me full wo.
2nd Shep. I trow oure shepe be slayn. What fir
two?
3rd Shep. All wyrk we in vayn. As well may w
Bot hatters,
I can fynde no flesh,
Hard nor nesh,
Salt nor fresh,
Bot two tome platers.

. . . . . .

(57) *Yode*, went; *nawther*, neither; *mode*, temper; *mette*, *alys*, ails; *oght bot goode*, anything that is not good; *los*, *thore*, there; *forthynkys*, makes sorry. (58) *Suspowse*, sus *rype*, ransack; *fott*, fetched. (59) *Ceyll*, luck; *swelt*, faint; dwelling: *for the nonys*, for the nonce 'you come to sei chance of robbing us.' (60) *Negh*, approach; *thor*, there; fared; *lygys*, lies; *credyll*, cradle. (61) *Spyllys*, destroyes *hatters*, But hang it! *nesh*, tender; *tome platers*, empty pla

(64)

2nd Shep. Mak, freyndys will we be, ffor we are all oone.
Mak. We! now I hald for me, for mendys gett I none.
Fare well all thre! all glad were ye gone!
[*The shepherds leave.*
3rd Shep. Fare wordys may ther be, bot luf is ther none
This yere.
1st Shep. Gaf ye the chyld any thyng?
2nd Shep. I trow not oone farthyng.
3rd Shep. Fast agane will I flyng;
Abyde ye me there. [*Goes back to the house.*

(65)

Mak, take it to no grefe if I com to thi barne.
Mak. Nay, thou dos me greatt reprefe, and fowll has thou farne.
3rd Shep. The child will it not grefe, that lytyll day-starne.
Mak, with youre leyfe, let me gyf youre barne
Bot sex pence.
Mak. Nay, do way: he slepys.
2nd Shep. Me thynk he pepys.
Mak. When he wakyns, he wepys.
I pray you go hence.
[*The other shepherds come back.*

(66)

3rd Shep. Gyf me lefe hym to kys and lyft up the clowtt. [*Seeing the sheep.*
What the dewill is this? he has a long snowte.
1st Shep. He is merkyd amys. We wate ill abowte.
2nd Shep. Ill spon weft, i-wys, ay commys foull owte.
Ay, so!
He is lyke to oure shepe!
3rd Shep. How, Gyb! may I pepe?
1st Shep. I trow, kynde will crepe
Where it may not go.

(67)

2nd Shep. This was a qwantt gawde and a far cast.
It was a hee frawde.
3rd Shep. Yee, syrs, wast.
Lett bren this bawde and bynd hir fast.
A fals skawde, hang at the last;
So shall thou.
Wyll ye se how thay swedyll
His foure feytt in the medyll?
Sagh I never in a credyll
A hornyd lad or now.

(68)

Mak. Peasse byd I: what! lett be youre fare:
I am he that hym gatt, and yond woman hym bare.
1st Shep. What dewill shall he hatt? Mak? lo, God!
Makys ayre!
2nd Shep. Lett be all that. Now God gyf hym care, I sagh.
Gill. A pratty child is he
As syttys on a woman's kne;
A dyllydowne, perde,
To gar a man laghe.

(64) *All oone*, all agreed: *hald*, hold of; *mendys*, amends; *luf*, love; *Gaf*, gave: *flyng*, hasten. (65) *Reprefe*, reproof: *fowll has thou farne*, ill have you behaved; *starne*, star; *do way*, cease. (66) *Clowtt*, cloth: *Ill spon weft . . . owte*, Bad spinning makes bad cloth (a proverb); *How, Gyb . . . pepe*, This line is assigned in the MS. to the 3rd Shepherd, who has already seen the sheep; *crepe will crepe*, Nature shows itself somehow (another proverb). (67) *Qwantt gawde*, dainty trick; *far cast*, far throw, good try; *wast*, high: *wast*, it was; *brew*, burn; *skawde*, scold; *swedyll*, swaddle. (68) *Fare*, fuss; *hatt*, be called; *ayre*, heir; *sagh*, say; *dyllydowne*, pet; *gar*, make.

(69)

3rd Shep. I know hym by the eere marke, that is a good tokyn.
Mak. I tell you, syrs, hark! hys noyse was brokyn.
Sythen told me a clerk, that he was forspokyn.
1st Shep. This is a fals wark; I wold fayn be wrokyn:
Gett wepyn.
Gill. He was takyn with an elfe,
I saw it myself;
When the clok stroke twelf
Was he forshapyn.

(70)

2nd Shep. Ye two ar well feft, sam in a stede.
3rd Shep. Syn thay manteyn thare theft, let do thaym to dede.
Mak. If I trespas eft, gyrd of my heede.
With you will I be left.
1st Shep. Syrs, do my reede.
For this trespas,
We will nawther ban ne flyte,
Fyght nor chyte,
Bot have done as tyte,
And cast hym in canvas. [*They toss Mak in a sheet.*

(71)

Lord! what I am sore, in poynt for to bryst!
In fayth I may no more. Therfor wyll I ryst.
2nd Shep. As a shepe of sevyn skore he weyd in my fyst.
For to slepe ay whore me thynk that I lyst.
3rd Shep. Now I pray you,
Lyg downe on this grene.
1st Shep. On these thefys yit I mene.
3rd Shep. Wherto shuld ye tene?
Do as I say you.
[*An Angel sings 'Gloria in excelsis;' afterwards let him say.*

(72)

Angelus. Ryse, hyrd-men heynd! for now is he borne
That shall take fro the feynd that Adam had lorne:
That warloo to sheynd, this nyght is he borne.
God is made youre freynd, now at this morne.
He behestys,
At Bedlem go se,
Ther lygys that fre
In a cryb full poorely,
Betwyx two bestys.

(73)

1st Shep. This was a qwant stevyn that ever yit I hard.
It is a mervell to nevyn, thus to be skard.
2nd Shep. Of Godys son of hevyn he spak upward.
All the wod on a levyn me thoght that he gard
Appere.
3rd Shep. He spake of a barne
In Bedlem I you warne.
1st Shep. That betokyns yond starne.
Let us seke hym there.

(69) *Noyse*, nose; *forspokyn*, bewitched; *wrokyn*, avenged; *wepyn*, weapons; *forshapyn*, transformed. (70) *Feft*, endowed; *sam*, together; *stede*, place; *dede*, death; *eft*, again; *gyrd of*, strike off; *With you . . . left*, I put myself at your mercy; *reede*, advice; *nawther ban ne flyte*, neither curse nor scold; *chyte*, chide; *as tyte*, as quickly as possible. (71) *What*, how; *in poynt for*, ready to; *sevyn skore*, i.e. sevenscore pounds; *ay whore*, anywhere; *mene*, think; *tene*, sorrow; *Do*, text *So*. (72) *Heynd*, gentle; *lorne*, lost; *warloo*, warlock, wizard; *sheynd*, punish; *behestys*, bids; *lygys*, lies; *that fre*, that noble child. (73) *Qwant*, dainty; *stevyn*, voice; *nevyn*, speak of; *skard*, scared; *on a levyn*, lit by lightning; *gard*, caused; *starne*, star.—Throughout this extract it will be noted that the northern forms are very marked.

Thus, after Gill's trick is exposed, the sheep found in the cradle, and Mak deservedly blanket-tossed, the play ends in orthodox fashion with the procession of the shepherds to Bethlehem and the presentation of their simple gifts to the Holy Child. But until the appearance of the Angels there is no religious element in it; it is purely secular comedy, a rustic play worked out to its end in a masterly fashion.

As a contrast to the foregoing extract we must, in justice to the range of our anonymous dramatist, quote the five grim stanzas which he interpolated into the York Play of *Lazarus*. Fresh from the grave, pointing to the marks of arrested but not yet effaced corruption, Lazarus preaches a sermon on Death, of which medieval poets ever took a morbid and horrible view, and which is here depicted with grisly power:

(7)

Ilkon in sich aray with dede thai shall be dight
And closid colde in clay, wheder he be kyng or knyght;
For all his garmentes gay, that semely were in sight,
His flesh shall frete away, with many a wofull wight.
Then wofully sich wightys
Shall gnawe thise gay knyghtys;
Thare lunges and thare lightys,
Thare harte shall frete in sonder;
Thise masters most of myghtys,
Thus shall thai be broght under.

(8)

Under the erthe ye shall thus carefully then cowche;
The royfe of youre hall youre nakyd nose shall towche;
Nawther great ne small to you will knele ne crowche;
A shete shall be youre pall; sich todys shall be youre nowche;
Todys shall you dere,
Feyndys will you fere,
Youre flesh, that fare was here,
Thus rufully shall rote;
In stede of fare colore
Sich bandys shall bynde youre throte.

(9)

Youre rud that was so red, youre lyre the lylly lyke,
Then shall be wan as led and stynke as dog in dyke;
Wormes shall in you brede, as bees dos in the byke;
And ees out of youre hede thus-gate shall paddokys pyke;
To pike you ar preste
Many uncomly beest;
Thus thai shall make a feste
Of youre flesh and of youre blode.
For you then sorows leste
The moste has of youre goode.

(10)

Youre goodys ye shall forsake, if ye be never so lothe,
And nothing with you take bot sich a wyndyng clothe;
Youre wife sorow shall slake; youre chylder also both
Unnes youre mynnyng make, if ye be never so wrothe;
Thai myn you with nothyng
That may be youre helpyng,
Nawther in mes syngyng,
Ne yit with almus-dede;
Therfor in youre levyng
Be wise and take good hede.

(11)

Take hede for you to dele whils ye ar on life;
Trust never freyndys frele nawthere childe ne wife;
For sectures ar not lele; thei for youre good will stryfe;
To by youre saules hele there may no man thayn shrife.
To shrife no man thaym may,
After youre endyng day,
Youre saull for to glad;
Youre sectures will swere 'nay,
Ye aght more then ye had.'

1 Each one. 2 Death. 3 Be eaten. 4 Weight. 5 and 6 *Rud* an *lyre*, the tanned and untanned skin. 7 Your higher good the shall be that your sorrows are at their least—i.e. existenc shall be all pain. 8 Scantily. 9 Remembrance. 10 Execution 11 Loyal.

The interpolation in the play of the *Last Judgment* is much longer than this, extending to some three hundred lines of broad satire, which range from the crimes of the perjurer and oppressor to the follies of the women, whose headgear make them look 'horned like a cow,' and of those who pad their shoulders with moss and flock. 'Ha domysday oght tarid,' say the devils, 'we mus have biggid hell more [built hell larger], th world is so warid [cursed]':

Oure porter at hell yate
Is haldyn so strate,
Up erly and downe late,
He rystys never.

The author of these plays and interpolations introduces, along with English proverbs and some allusions to popular stories, a few tags in Latin, and may have been in minor orders; but his interests and his turn of thought were certainly secular, and had he lived at a time when the secular drama ha won a recognised place he must have left no mea mark on English literature. As it was, he carrie the principle of humorous and satirical relief t the farthest point which the essentially religiou character of the miracle-plays could admit, and n further development was possible.

The popularity of these miracle-plays was enor mous and of long duration; but whether from th love of novelty or from the wish to apply the sam methods to other branches of Christian teaching, rival to them came into existence as early as th time of Wyclif, who, in urging the lawfulness having the Bible in English, reminds his reade how 'herfore freris han taught in Englond th Paternoster in Englissch tunge as men seyen i the playe of York' (*De Officio Pastorali*, Cap. 15 This York Play of the Lord's Prayer (*Lud Oracionis Domini*) was performed under th auspices of a special guild of the same name which numbered in 1399 over a hundred member and lasted till it was suppressed by Henry VIII The play itself had an even longer life, for it wa performed in 1558, and once again in 1572, in which last year Archbishop Grindal confiscate the manuscript under pretext of examining into the purity of its doctrine. A 'Creed Play,' which

ve been much of the same nature, was
d at York once in ten years in the fifteenth
and its revival in 1568 was only prevented
lverse opinion, not of the Archbishop, but
ean. In the 'Creed Play' there may have
ixture of history and allegory; in that of
's Prayer the personages must have been
llegorical, personifications of virtues and
d this is the essential characteristic of the
Plays, of which the earliest extant speci-
ong to the middle of the fifteenth century.
om having at one time belonged to a Mr
ro, are sometimes alluded to as the 'Macro
s.' They are three in number, and are
ely known as *The Castell of Perseverance; Vill, and Understanding* (also called 'A
of the Wisdom that is Christ'); and *Man-*
one of them is of high literary merit, a
alliteration leading the authors into the
use of tags ('by fen and flood,' 'by street
' 'by street and strond,' 'by down and
c.); while the interest of the play is purely
with hardly any relieving touch of huma-
umour. Yet the most laboured portrayal
uggle of the powers of Good and Evil for
ul can never be wholly lacking in tragic
and the *Castell of Perseverance*, though
t to some 3500 lines, is not unreadable.
ue manuscript gives a rough drawing of a
tle, with a moat, and five 'scaffolds' round
occupied by the World, the Flesh, and
l (Mundus, Caro, Belial), Covetyse (Covet-
and Deus. The play begins with a con-
of the powers of ill, and then Humanum
Mankind) comes forth as a new-born child
t his lot. His Good and Bad Angels come
ide, and he follows the Bad, who brings
ler the power of the World. Pleasure,
d Backbiting, Belial and the Flesh, and
seven sins, become his companions; but
l Angel brings Confession, Shrift, and Peni-
his rescue, and he is lodged in the Castle
verance. A battle ensues between the
l the Virtues, and the latter are for the
orious; but Avaritia or Covetyse makes a
quest of Mankind, and, amid his prayers
ricordia (Mercy) and the gibes of the
is soul takes flight, to become the subject
tention in heaven between Mercy, Justice,
nd Peace, in which, with an appeal to
Passion, Mercy gains her cause. A fair
the dialogue by which the plot is carried
be gained from the scene of the first
of Malus Angelus and the defeat of
as his opponent hurries off Humanum
the court of Mundus. The quotation is
om the writer's extract from the play in
lish Miracle-Plays, Moralities, and Inter-
rd. ed. 1898):

n Genus. Whom to folwe wetyn I ne may: 1
le in stodye and gynne to rave, begin
lde be ryche in gret aray,
And fayn I wolde my sowle save.
As watyr in wynde I wave:
Thou woldyst to the werld I me toke, gave myself
And he wolde that I it forsoke;
Now so God me helpe, and the holy boke,
I not wyche I may have. know not

Malus Angelus. Cum on, man! where of hast thou care? 2
Go we to the werld, I rede the, blyve: a
For ther thou schalt now ryth wel fare. right
In case if you thynke for to thryve,
No lord schal be the lyche. like thee
Take the werld to thine entent, Make the world your study
And late thi love be ther-on lent; let—bestowed
With gold and sylvyr and ryche rent
A-none thou schalt be ryche.

Humanum Genus. Now, syn thou hast be-hetyn me so, 3
I wyl go with the and a-say; make trial
I ne lette for frende ne fo, refrain
But with the world I wyl go play,
Certes a lytyl throwe. a little while
In this World is al my trust
To lyvyn in lykyng and in lust:
Have he and I onys cust, once kissed
We schal not part, I trowe.

Bonus Angelus. A! nay, man! for Cristes blod!
Cum agayn be strete and style! 4
The werld is wyckyd and ful wod, mad
And thou schalt levyn but a whyle. live
What coveytyst thou to wynne?
Man, thynke on thyn endynge day,
Whanne thou schalt be closyd under clay;
And if thou thenke of that a-ray,
Certes thou schalt not synne.

Malus Angelus. Ya, on thi sowle thou schalt thynke al be tyme; all in good time
Cum forth, man, and take non hede,
Cum on and thou schalt holdyn hym inne. 5
Thi flesch thou schalt foster and fede
With lofly lyvys fode. With the food of dainty living
With the werld thou mayst be bold,
Tyl thou be sexty wynter hold; old
Wanne thi nose waxit cold, waxeth
Thanne mayst thou drawe to goode.

Humanum Genus. I vow to God, and so I may if
Make mery a ful gret throwe— while
I may levyn many a day,
I am but yonge, as I trowe,
For to do that I schulde.
Myth I ryde be sompe and syke, 6
And be ryche and lord lyke, rich and like a lord
Certes, thanne schulde I be fryke bold
And a mery man on molde. on earth

Malus Angelus. Yys, be my feyth, thou schalt be a lord,
And ellys hange me be the hals. by the neck
But thou muste be at myn a-cord; at my disposition
Other whyle thou muste be fals Occasionally
A-monge kythe and kynne.
Now go we forth swythe a-non, quickly at once
To the werld us must gon,
And bere the manly evere a-mong,
Whanne thou comyst out or inne.

Humanum Genus. Yys, and ellys have thou my necke,
But I be manly be downe and dyche; [7]
And thou I be fals I ne recke, [though]
With so that I be lord lyche [On condition that]
I folowe the as I can.
Thou schalt be my bote of bale, [remedy of harm]
For were I ryche of holt and hale [of lands and house]
Thanne wolde I *ye*ve nevere tale [never take account]
Of God ne of good man.

Bonus Angelus. I weyle and I wrynge and make mone, [wail]
This man with woo schal be pylt. [buffeted]
I sye sore and grysly grone, [sigh sorely]
For hys folye schal make him spylt. [destroyed]
I not weder to gone, [know not whither to go]
Pipe up mu[sic]
Mankynde hath forsakyn me!
Alas, man, for love of the!
Ya, for this gamyn and this gle
Thou schalt grocchyn and grone. [complain]

[1] I may not know. [2] Advise thee, quickly. [3] Since—promised. [4] By street and stile, by any means. [5] Keep Good Angel in his place. [6] Might ride by swamp and stream. [7] If I be not manly by down and ditch—i.e. everywhere.

The play of *Mind, Will, and Understanding* is much duller than the *Castell of Perseverance*, but is diversified by some processions and dumb shows which at least gave the spectator something to look at. *Mankind*, which is probably of rather later date, is a little more dramatic, and 'Titivillus' in it is a moderately merry devil. Another morality, *Mundus et Infans*, though printed by Wynkyn de Worde in 1522 as a 'proper new interlude of the World and the Child,' from its free use of alliteration and the ranting speeches of some of the characters, is plainly also of the fifteenth century. It traces the course of man's life through infancy, boyhood, youth, manhood, and age, and though quite undramatic and only extant in an obviously corrupt text, has a certain rough vigour. Moralities like these in their turn influenced the writers of single miracle-plays, as distinct from the great cycles. Thus in the play of *St Mary Magdalene*, along with the whole history and legend of the saint, introducing scenes from the life of Christ, we find Good Angel and Bad Angel, the World and the Flesh, among the characters. In the 'Croxton' play of the *Sacrament*, again (where the 'Croxton' is probably the Norfolk town of that name), although there are no personifications, the sacramental teaching of the Church is brought within the scope of the drama. The subject of the play is the mutilation of the consecrated Host by Jews, and the miracle by which they are converted to belief in the Eucharist. The hand of one of the Jews is withered in consequence of his sacrilege, and a quack doctor, called in to heal it, indulges in much buffoonery. The play is as dull as it is painful, and represents the alliance of religion and the drama at its lowest. It should be noted that, as in the case of the so-called 'Coventry Plays,' it was acted by strolling-players, who went from one village to another.

Only one other play remains to be mentioned, 'A goodly interlude of Nature compyled by mayster Henry Medwall,' chaplain to Archbishop Morton. Though first printed in the sixteenth century, this play, which is some three thousand lines long, probably belongs to its predecessor, and, like the *Castell of Perseverance*, traces the career of man from birth to death. Its character and drift may be sufficiently gathered from the 'names of the players' given at the end:

Nature, Man, Reson, Sensualyte, Innocencye, Worldly affeceyon, Bodyly lust, Wreth, Envy, Slouth, Glotony, Humylyte, Charyte, Abstynence, Lyberalyte, Chastyte, Good occupacyon, Shamefastnes, Mundus, Pacyence, Pryde.

It is a dull play, but by no means ill written, and the long opening speech of Nature is relieved by the really pretty verse:

Who taught the cok hys watche-howres to observe,
And syng of corage wyth shryll throte on hye?
Who taught the pellycan her tender hart to carve
For she nolde suffer her byrdys to dye?
Who taught the nyghtyngall to recorde besyly
Her strange entunys, in sylence of the nyght?
Certes, I, Nature, and none other wyght.

Stephen Hawes.

The personification of abstract qualities which is so prominent a feature in these early moralities was characteristic of fifteenth-century poetry in general. In England, besides the morality-plays, it only produced one poem of any importance, *The Pastime of Pleasure* of Stephen Hawes. It has been conjectured that Hawes was a native of Suffolk, and there are the usual assertions that he had been educated at Oxford and also at Cambridge, and had studied, or at least travelled, on the Continent. Our first certain knowledge of him is from an entry in the household books of Henry VII. in 1502, where he is mentioned as receiving, as one of the grooms of the chamber, an allowance of four yards of black cloth for the queen's funeral. On 10th January 1506 Henry VII. gave him ten shillings as a reward for 'a ballett,' and in the course of the same year he dedicated to the king his *Pastime of Pleasure*. Three years later this was published by Wynkyn de Worde, who also printed in the same year two other poems by Hawes, *The Convercyon of Swerers*, which has no other merit than its morality, and *A Joyfull Medytacyon to All Englande*, on the coronation of Henry VIII. Other poems by Hawes printed by Wynkyn are *The exemple of Vertu, in the whiche ye shall finde many goodly storys and naturall dysputacyons between four ladyes named Hardynes, Sapience, Fortune, and Nature*, which may have suggested to Bishop Bale the title *Virtutis exemplum* which he bestows on Hawes himself, and *The Comfort of Lovers*. Both of these are so rare that little is known of them, though from an abstract which has been printed of the second, it appears to run on very

much the same lines as the *Pastime of Pleasure*. For the 6th January 1521 there is an entry in Henry VIII.'s household accounts of a payment to 'Mr Hawse for his play.' Two years later, on the 16th of February 1523, the will was proved of a Stephen Hawes of Aldborough in Suffolk, who was probably the poet, for a reference to him as 'yonge Steven Hawse, whose soule God pardon,' in a book published in 1530, shows that he was then dead, and had died presumably before he was forty.

The full title of Hawes's chief work is *The Passetyme of Pleasure, or the History of Graunde Amoure and La Bel Pucel, containing the knowledge of the Seven Sciences and the Course of Man's Life in this Worlde.* The 'Seven Sciences' are those then usually studied, Grammar, Logic, Rhetoric, Arithmetic, Music, Geometry, Astronomy; and Hawes does not flinch from such a thorough treatment of his subject, as we find in these two stanzas:

Madame, quod I, for as moche as there be
Eight partes of speche, I would knowe ryght fayne
What a noun substantive is in hys degre,
And wherefore it is so called certayne?
To whom she answered ryght gently agayne,
Sayeng alway that a nowne substantyve
Might stand wythout helpe of an adjectyve.

The Latyn worde whyche that is referred
Unto a thynge whych is substancyall,
For a nowne substantyve is wel averred,
And wyth a gender is declynall;
So all the eyght partes in generall
Are Laten wordes, annexed properly
To every speche, for to speke formally.

A man who can write like this may stumble into poetry by accident, but plainly knows nothing of it as an art; and, indeed, it is rather the accident of the dull period in which he wrote than any merit of his own that gives Hawes a place in histories of literature. When 'Graunde Amoure' becomes enamoured of 'La Bell Pucell' in the 'Tower of Musik,' the verse certainly improves. Music commands her minstrels to play, and bids Grand Amour lead his lady to dance:

By her propre hande, soft as any sylke,
With due obeysaunce I dyd her then take;
Her skynne was white as whales bone or mylke.
My thought was ravysshed, I might not aslake
My brennynge hert, she the fyre dyd make;
These daunces truely Musyke hath me tought
To lute or daunce, but it avayleth nought.

For the fyre kyndled, and waxed more and more,
The dauncynge blewe it, wyth her beaute clere,
My hert sekened and began to waxe sore;
A mynute vi. houres and vi. houres a yere
I thought it was, so hevy was my chere;
But yet for to cover my great love aryght,
The outwarde countenaunce I made glad and light.

And for fere myne eyes should my hert bewray,
I toke my leve and to a temple wente,
And all alone I to my selfe dyd saye:
Alas! what fortune hath me hyther sente,
To devoyde my joye and my hert torment;
No man can tell howe great payne it is,
But yf he wyll fele it, as I do y-wys.

Alas! O lady, how cruell arte thou,
Of pyteous doloure for to buylde a nest
In my true hert, as thou dost ryght nowe!
Yet of all ladyes I must love the best; thee
Thy beaute therto dyd me sure arest.
Alas, wyth love, when that it doth the please,
Thou mayest cease my care and my payne sone ease.

After leaving his lady Grand Amour pursues his studies of Geometry and Astronomy, and then leaves the tower of Science for that of Chivalry. He is knighted, prays at the temple of Venus, vanquishes a giant with seven heads, and a 'wonderful monstre of the seven metalles made by enchauntement.' At last he is married to La Belle Pucelle, and lives with her till he is arrested first by Old Age and then by Death, whence comes the need for an epitaph:

O mortall folke! you may beholde and se
Howe I lye here, sometime a myghty knyght;
The end of joye and all prosperite
In deth at last, through his course and myght;
After the day there cometh the derke night;
For though the day be never so longe,
At last the belles ringeth to evensonge.

It has been contended that if Hawes had never written anything but this last couplet, he would have deserved our grateful remembrance. It is probable, however, that they are only a peculiarly happy proverb dovetailed into his verse. Our quotations have been taken from the Percy Society's reprint (1845) of Richard Tottel's edition of 1555.

Skelton.

By virtue of his longer life, John Skelton is more conveniently noticed after Hawes, though he was probably born some fifteen or twenty years before him—that is, about 1460—in the neighbouring county of Norfolk. No biographer has bestowed on Skelton the epithet *virtutis exemplum*, though Pope's 'beastly Skelton' singles him out rather unfairly for a condemnation which other poets of his time, notably John Heywood, equally deserved. Our earliest reference to him is of a much more complimentary character, and comes from the pen of no worse a judge than William Caxton, who in 1490, in a very interesting preface to his 'Eneydos' on the happy mean between far-fetched and homely words in translation, writes:

Thenne I praye alle theym that shall rede in this lytyl treatys to holde me for excused for the translatynge of hit. For I knowliche my selfe ignorant of connynge to enprise on me so hie and noble a werke. But I praye Mayster John Skelton, late created poete laureate in the Unyversite of Oxenforde, to oversee and correcte this sayd booke. And to addresse and expowne where as shalle be founde faulte to theym that shall requyre it. For hym I knowe for suffycyent to expowne and Englysshe

every dyffyculte that is therin. For he hath late translated the Epystlys of Tulle [i.e. Cicero] and the boke of Dyodorus Syculus and diverse other werkes oute of Latyn into Englysshe, not in rude and olde langage, but in polysshed and ornate terms craftely, as he that hath redde Vyrgyle, Ovyde, Tullye, and all the other noble poetes and oratours to me unknowen. And also he hath redde the nine muses and understande theyr musicalle scyences, and to whom of theym eche scyence is appropred. I suppose he hath dronken of Elycons well. Then I praye hym and suche other to correcte, adde, or mynysshe where as he, or as they, shall fynde faulte, &c.

Skelton's version of Cicero's Letters has perished; that of Diodorus Siculus rests among Archbishop Parker's manuscripts at Corpus Christi College, Cambridge. The degree of poet laureate to which Caxton refers had no connection with the royal laureateship, but was an academic honour, a medieval Doctorate of Letters, conferred for distinction in rhetoric and poetry. In 1493 Skelton received the same title from the University of Cambridge, and subsequently, it is said, from that of Louvain. He had already begun writing English poetry, mourning in verse in 1483 the death of Edward IV., and in 1489 that of Henry Percy, Earl of Northumberland. At the instigation of Henry VII.'s mother, the Lady Margaret, he made a new translation (Lydgate had already produced one) of Guillaume de Deguilleville's *Pèlerinage de la Vie Humaine*; but this is now lost. Appointed tutor to the young Prince Henry, he composed for him, after the manner of royal tutors, a *Speculum Principis*, or 'Prince's Looking-Glass.' In 1498 he took holy orders; in 1500 Erasmus alludes to him as 'unum Britannicarum literarum lumen ac decus;' and about this time he received from Henry VII. a special dress, with the word 'Calliope' embroidered on it in silk and gold. By 1504 'Master John Skelton, laureat,' had become the parson of Diss in Norfolk, and it is probable that he disliked the necessity of residing among his parishioners as much as Herrick afterwards disliked his 'rocky Devonshire.' One result of his return to his native county was the *Boke of Phylyp Sparowe*, written for Jane Scrope, a pupil of the Black Nuns at Carrow near Norwich, as a lament for a pet bird killed by a cat. As we shall see, Alexander Barclay thought fit to cast scorn on this poem; but its absolute freshness, its pleasant humour, and the music which runs through its short quick lines make it a very notable production, though it is certainly much too long.

Ware the Hauke, in similar short lines, written against a 'peakish parson' who followed his hawks into Skelton's churchyard, is another product of Norfolk, and so are the 'merrie tales' of his dealings with his parishioners and bishop, which Thomas Colwell printed in the middle of the century with the misleading title, 'Made by Master Skelton, poet laureat.' Written by Skelton they certainly were not, and some at least of them have plainly only been fastened on to his name; but it is not unfair to gather from them that his life was scandalous and a discredit to his cloth. A more authentic anecdote, embedded in a grave sermon on usury, tells us how, when he was referred to as a Latinist on a highwayman's demand to have his conviction quashed, because he had been indicted as *fur* (thief) instead of *latro* (robber), Skelton would see no difference between the words save that '*Fur* sat on the bench, while *Latro* stood at the bar;' and the jest is of a piece with the freedom of speech which marks his later poems. In those 'agenst Garnesche' the virulence is merely humorous, for this was a poetic 'flyting' or bickering, in which Sir Christopher Garnesche was the challenger and Skelton the defender. But most of his later poems are satires; and, piqued, perhaps, at the reception accorded to some earlier dedications, he had the hardihood to choose Cardinal Wolsey as his chief butt. In his *Colyn Cloute* the attack on the corruption of the Church is mainly general, but there seem to be some side-hits at Wolsey. In *Speke Parrot*, an obscure poem, probably put together at various times, and preserved only in an incomplete condition, the satire is more outspoken. In *Why come ye nat to Court?* the Cardinal is virulently attacked throughout; and it is small wonder that Skelton, who is said already to have suffered imprisonment for his satires, was obliged to take sanctuary at Westminster with his friend Abbot Islip. In sanctuary he died 21st June 1529 (less than half a year before Wolsey's disgrace), and was buried at St Margaret's, Westminster.

Besides the works we have already named, Skelton wrote (probably about 1510) *The Bowge of Court*, the Court-Bouche or Court-Rations being the name he gives to a ship owned by the Lady Favour, and with Drede, Favell (Cajolery), Suspicion, Disdayne, Ryote, Dyssymulation, Disceyte, and Haruy Hafter (Harry Crafty) as its passengers, each with a speech as if in a pageant. *The Tunnyng of Elynour Rummynge*, in short lines, describes the drunken frolics of some women at Mrs Rumming's alehouse near Leatherhead. It is said to have been written for the amusement of Henry VIII., whose palace of Nonsuch was not far off. In the 'ryght delectable tratyse upon a goodly Garlande or Chapelet of Laurell, studyously dyvysed at Sheryf-hotton Castell in the foreste of Galtres'—i.e. at Sheriff-Hutton, the residence of the Duke of Norfolk—Skelton celebrates the bestowal on him by some noble ladies of a wreath of laurel, and gives a list of his own works. Of his poems against the Scots, the earliest, printed by Dyce (*The Poetical Works of John Skelton*, with notes, by the Rev. Alexander Dyce, 1843), was called forth by the battle of Flodden in 1513; the second, *Howe the douhty Duke of Albany, lyke a cowarde knyght, ran awaye shamfully, with an hundred thousande tratlande Scottes and faint-harted Frenchemen*, beside the 'Water of Twede,' refers to the Scottish campaign of 1523. Both are

ıort lines; and of that on Flodden an earlier shorter version, printed by Richard Fawkes, liscovered in 1878 in the binding of the French ınce of *Huon de Bordeaux*, printed at Paris in 'ear of the battle. It is entitled *A Ballade of Scottysshe Kynge*, and ranks as the earliest rately printed ballad now extant. Besides his ıs Skelton also wrote three plays, an *Interlude 'irtue*, the *Comedy of Achademiss* (both lost), *Magnificence*, which will be noticed in a later on the Drama (page 152). A fourth play, *Nigramansir*, 'a morall enterlude and a pithie en by Maister Skelton, laureate, and plaid 'e the King and other estatys at Woodstoke alme Sunday,' is said by Warton to have been by him in an edition printed by Wynkyn Vorde in 1504. Warton's statement has been ved with suspicion, and no trace of such an ɔn can now be found.

ɔ to 1500 Skelton was a highly respectable ɔn, a royal tutor, bepraised by foreign ars; after 1500 he became a country parson, ys in trouble with his bishop, a satirist, and ıt an outlaw, obliged to take sanctuary, though some rich friends who still favoured him. ɔoetical progression was from laboured seven-stanzas to the 'ragged, tattered, and jagged' ɛ, in which his abundant flow of words, his eeling for rhythm and music, his humour and considerable learning, his love of beauty, and ıalf-merry, half-savage raillery could all find vent. His fluency often makes him try our nce by virtue of these 'ragged rhymes,' but he ɛ first poet after Chaucer in the best of whose it is possible to take genuine pleasure. The ving extracts are taken from the edition by Rev. Alexander Dyce cited above. The first em describes the accomplishments of *Phylyp owe*, slain by Gib the cat:

It was so prety a fole,
It wold syt on a stole,
And lerned after my scole
For to kepe his cut,
With, Phyllyp, kepe your cut! 1
It had a velvet cap,
And wold syt upon my lap,
And seke after small wormes,
And somtyme white bred crommes;
And many tymes and ofte
Betwene my brestes softe
It wolde lye and rest;
It was propre and prest. assiduous
(Lines 115–127.)

phrase of obscure origin, meaning something like, "To keep istance, be coy or reserved" (*New Eng. Dict.*).

bereaved mistress thus curses the murderous

O cat of carlyshe kynde, churlish nature
The fynde was in thy mynde fiend
Whan thou my byrde untwynde! tore to pieces
I wold thou haddest ben blynde!
The leopardes savage,
The lyons in theyr rage,
Myght catche thé in theyr pawes,
And gnawe thé in theyr jawes!
The serpentes of Lybany
Myght stynge thé venymously!
The dragones with their tonges
Might poyson thy lyver and longes!
The mantycors of the montaynes 1
Myght fede them on thy braynes!
Melanchates, that hounde 2
That plucked Acteon to the grounde,
Gave hym his mortall wounde,
Chaunged to a dere,
The story doth appere,
Was chaunged to an harte:
So thou, foule cat that thou arte,
The selfe same hounde
Myght thé confounde,
That his owne lord bote, bit
Myght byte asondre thy throte!
Of Inde the gredy grypes griffins
Myght tere out all thy trypes!
Of Arcady the beares
Might plucke awaye thyne eares!
The wylde wolfe Lycaon
Byte asondre thy backe bone!
Of Ethna the brennynge hyll,
That day and night brenneth styl,
Set in thy tayle a blase,
That all the world may gase
And wonder upon thé,
From Occyan the greate se
Unto the Iles of Orchady,
From Tyllbery fery
To the playne of Salysbery!
So trayterously my byrde to kyll
That never ought thé evyll wyll! owed
(Lines 282–323.)

[1] A fabulous monster mentioned by Pliny. [2] See Ovid, *Metam.* iii. 232.

The following is from the poem on Flodden; the 'ballad of the Scottish King,' its first form, began at line 49, 'Joly Jemmy,' &c., but with many variations:

Skelton Laureate against the Scottes.

Agaynst the prowde Scottes clatterynge,
That never wyll leave theyr tratlynge: 1
Wan they the felde, and lost theyr kynge?
They may well say, fye on that wynnynge!

Lo, these fonde sottes 2
And tratlynge Scottes,
How thei are blynde
In theyr owne mynde,
And wyll not know
Theyr overthrow
At Branxton more! 3
They are so stowre, 4
So frantyke mad,
They say they had
And wan the felde
With spere and shelde:
That is as trew
As blacke is blew
And grene is gray.
What ever they say,
Jemmy is ded
And closed in led,
That was theyr owne kynge:
Fy on that wynnynge!
At Floddon hyllys
Our bowys, our byllys,
Slewe all the floure
Of theyr honoure.
Are not these Scottys
Folys and sottys,
Suche boste to make,
To prate and crake, boast
To face, to brace, brag
All voyde of grace,
So prowde of hart,
So overthwart, contrarious
So out of frame,
So voyde of shame,

As it is enrolde,
Wrytten and tolde
Within this quayre?
Who lyst to repayre,
And therin reed,
Shall fynde indeed
A mad rekenynge,
Consyderynge al thynge,
That the Scottis may synge
Fy on the wynnynge!

Joly Jemmy, ye scorneful Scot,
Is it come unto your lot
A solempne sumner for to be?
It greyth nought for your degre — agrees not
Our kynge of Englande for to syght, — cite
Your soverayne lord, our prynce of might:
Ye for to sende such a citacion,
It shameth all your noughty nacion,
In comparyson but kynge Koppynge
Unto our prince, annoynted kynge.
Ye play Hob Lobbyn of Lowdean;
Ye shew ryght well what good ye can;
Ye may be lorde of Locrian,—
Chryst sence you with a frying pan!— — incense
Of Edingborrow and Saint Ionis towne:
Adieu, syr sumner, cast of youre crowne!
(Lines 1–64.)

[1] Babbling. [2] Foolish. [3] Branxton Moor was the name by which the English called their victory. [4] Stubborn. [5] Quayre or quair, a book, especially of poetry. [6] A summoner—Chaucer's sompnour—was a kind of apparitor, a humble legal officer, ecclesiastical or other, who delivered summonses: James IV. is disrespectfully called Jemmy and a summoner, because of his citation or challenge to Henry VIII. [7] King Copping seems to have been a character or name in some rhyme, game, or play. [8] Hob Lobbyn was obviously also a personage in a rhyme or game; Lowdean being Lothian. [9] Locrian may be Lochryan; but Skelton used what he believed to be Scotch names at random. [10] Perth was called St Johnstoun.

In these lines from *Colyn Cloute* we have Skelton's criticism of his own verse:

And if ye stande in doute
Who brought this ryme aboute,
My name is Colyn Cloute.
I purpose to shake oute
All my connyng bagge,
Lyke a clerkely hagge;
For though my ryme be ragged,
Tattered and jagged,
Rudely rayne beaten,
Rusty and mothe eaten,
If ye take well therwith,
It hath in it some pyth.
For, as farre as I can se,
It is wronge with eche degre:
For the temporalte
Accuseth the spiritualte;
The spirituall agayne
Dothe grudge and complayne
Upon the temporall men:
Thus eche of other blother — blether
The tone agayn the tother: — The one
Alas, they make me shoder!
For in hoder moder
The Churche is put in faute;
The prelates ben so haut,
They say, and loke so hy,
As though they wolde fly
Above the sterry skye. (Lines 46–74.)

Lastly, to show that the use of his 'ragged rhymes' for something besides railing was not confined to *Phylyp Sparowe*, here are his lines 'To maystres Margaret Hussey':

Mirry Margaret,
As mydsomer flowre,
Jentill as fawcoun
Or hawke of the towre;
With solace and gladnes,
Moche mirthe and no madnes,
All good and no badnes,
So joyously,
So maydenly,
So womanly
Her demenyng
In every thynge,
Far, far passynge
That I can endyght,
Or suffyce to wryght
Of mirry Margarete,
As mydsomer flowre,
Jentyll as fawcoun
Or hawke of the towre.

There is another charming poem to a lady in *Speke Parrot;* and it is fair to add that in his 'Wofully arrayed' Skelton showed that he could write on one aspect of Christ's passion with the fervour and occasional music of the best of the miracle-plays.

Barclay.

Despite attempts to connect him with Devonshire, and the uncertainty of Bishop Bale as to his nationality, there can be no doubt that Alexander Barclay, the third poet of our trio, was a Scotsman. But the whole of his manhood was passed in England, and though the industry of a Scottish editor has detected Scottish forms in his writing, his language is substantially the ordinary literary English of his day, and he falls therefore to be considered among English authors. Born about 1475, he was probably educated, in part at least, at Oxford, seems to have travelled in France and Italy, took holy orders, and probably about 1500 was appointed priest in the college of Ottery St Mary in Devonshire by its warden, Bishop Cornish, to whom, in 1508, he dedicated his *Ship of Fools*, printed by Pynson the following year. He had previously translated from the French *Le Chasteau de Labour* (*The Castell of Laboure*), a dull poem by Pierre Gringoire, and this Pynson had published without his name in 1506. An excellent prose translation, *The famous cronycle of the warre which the romayns had agaynst Jugurth, usurper of the kyngdome of Numidy*, from 'the renowmed romayn Salust,' was published by Pynson without date. It was made 'at comaundement of the right hye and mighty prince, Thomas Duke of Northfolke,' for whom also Barclay compiled in 1521 an *Introductory to write and to pronounce French*. Meanwhile Barclay had left Ottery St Mary, and had gone to Ely as a Benedictine monk. While at Ely he translated, under the title of the *Myrrour of Good Manners*, the *De Quatuor Virtutibus* of Dominic Mancini, a popular poem of the fifteenth century in Latin elegiacs, which Turberville also Englished. He also wrote, probably in different years, five *Eclogues*, of which the first three are imitated from the *De Miseriis Curialium* of Æneas Sylvius (Enea Piccolomini, Pope Pius II.), and a *Life of St George*, from the Latin of Baptista Mantuanus. The year 1521, the date assigned to the *Introductory to write French*, is the latest

ı Barclay's literary activity can be con-
ut he is said to have left the Bene-
der for the Franciscan, and he was
in 1546 to livings in Essex and Somer-
nd in 1552 to that of All Hallows,
Street. In this last year he died at
ınd was buried in Croydon Church on

ı *Myrrour of Good Manners* and his
r works are of small importance, but his
ols and his *Eclogues* take a high rank
ature of his day. A note to Pynson's
the former work informs us that 'this
)ke named the Shyp of Folys of the
s translated in the College of Saynt
y in the counte of Devonshyre out of
:nche, and Doche [i.e. German] into
tonge by Alexander Barclay, Preste;'
ention of the three different languages
ne light on Barclay's methods. The
rrenschiff of Sebastian Brant, in which
ery kind was satirised, was printed at
494, translated into Latin verse three
by Jakob Locher, and speedily re-
from Latin into French by Pierre
Poitiers. If Barclay had been trans-
ıt as he translated Sallust, one version
: sufficed him; but a glance at the Latin
he prints in his own edition suffices to
his work is not a translation, hardly
aphrase, but a poem of very consider-
to originality, in which the successive
he original are taken up and worked
rclay's own way. Here, for example
from Pynson's edition of 1509), is the
of the first fool of all, the Book-Fool,
ı steersman to the ship:

irste fole of all the hole navy,
he pompe, the helme and eke the sayle:
ı my mynde, this one pleasoure have I,
to have grete plenty and aparayle.
wysdome by them, nor yet avayle,
perceyve nat, and then I them despyse.
I a foole and all that sewe that guyse. follow

iis shyp the chefe place I governe
yde see with folys wanderynge
is playne and easy to dysceme.
besy bokes assemblynge,
ve plenty it is a plesaunt thynge
iceyt, and to have them ay in honde,
they mene do I nat understonde.

have them in great reverence
ure, savynge them from fylth and ordure.
)russhynge and moche dylygence,
ly bounde in pleasaunt coverture
satyn, or els of velvet pure, damask
:m sure, ferynge lest they sholde be lost,
m is the connynge wherin I me bost.

)rtune that any lernyd men
y house fall to disputacion,
I drawe the curtyns to shewe my bokes then,
That they of my cunnynge sholde make probacion,
I kepe nat to fall in altercacion;
And whyle they comon, my bokes I turne and wynde, ı
For all is in them, and no thynge in my mynde.

Tholomeus the ryche causyd longe agone Ptolemy
Over all the worlde good bokes to be sought.
Done was his commaundement anone;
These bokes he had and in his stody brought,
Whiche passyd all erthly treasoure as he thought,
But nevertheles he dyd hym nat aply
Unto theyr doctryne, but lyved unhappely.

So in lyke wyse of bokys I have store,
But fewe I rede, and fewer understande;
I folowe nat theyr doctryne, nor theyr lore;
It is ynoughe to bere a boke in hande,
It were to moche to be in suche a bande bondage
For to be bounde to loke within the boke.
I am content on the fayre coverynge to loke.

Why sholde I stody to hurt my wyt therby,
Or trouble my mynde with stody excessyve,
Sythe many ar whiche stody right besely,
And yet therby shall they never thryve?
The fruyt of wysdom can they nat contryve;
And many to stody so moche are inclynde
That utterly they fall out of theyr mynde.

. . . . . .

I am lyke other clerkes whiche so frowardly them gyve,
That, after they ar onys come unto promocyon, once
They gyve them to plesour, theyr stody set asyde,
Theyr avaryce coverynge with fayned devocion.
Yet dayly they preche, and have great derysyon
Agaynst the rude laymen, and al for covetyse,
Though theyr owne conscience be blynded with that vyce.

But if I durst trouth playnely utter and expresse,
This is the special cause of this inconvenyence,
That greatest foles and fullest of lewdnes,
Havynge least wyt and symplest science,
Ar fyrst promoted and have greatest reverence.
For if one can flater and bere a hawke on his fyst
He shal be made Parson of Honyngton or of Clyst.

[1] Commune.

The parsons of Honiton and Clyst have nothing to do with Brant. They were neighbours of Barclay's in Devonshire, and his introduction of them into his *Ship* shows the free spirit in which he handled his original.

So again, if we take the stanzas 'Of newe fasshions and disgised garmentes,' we shall find that some of them have a very English turn:

Drawe nere ye courters and galantz disgised,
Ye counterfayt caytifs, that ar nat content
As God hath you made: his warke is despysed,
Ye thynke you more crafty than God omnipotent.
Unstable is your mynde, that shewes by your garment;
A fole is knowen by his toyes and his cote,
But by theyr clothinge nowe may we many note.

Aparayle is apayred, al sadnes is decayde, gravity
The garmentes ar gone that longed to honestye,
And in newe sortes newe soles ar arayede,
Despisynge the costom of good antiquyte.
Mannys fourme is disfigured with every degre,
As knyght, squyer, yeman, jentilman, and knave,
For al in theyr goynge ungoodely them behave.

The tyme hath ben nat longe before our dayes
Whan men with honest ray coude holde them self content [1]
Without these disgised and counterfayted wayes,
Wherby theyr goodes ar wasted, loste, and spent.
Socrates with many mo in wysdom excellent, more
Bycause they wolde nought change that cam of nature,
Let growe theyre here without cuttinge or scissure.

At that tyme was it reputed to lawde and great honour
To have longe here, the beerde downe to the brest,
For so they used that were of most valour,
Stryvynge together who myht be godlyest, goodliest
Saddest, moste clenely, discretest, and most honest.
But nowe adayes together we contende and stryve
Who may be gayest, and newest wayes contryve.

Fewe kepeth mesure, but excesse and great outrage
In theyr aparayle. And so therin they procede
That theyr goode is spent, theyr londe layde to morgage,
Or solde outright: of thryft they take no hede,
Havinge no peny them to socour at theyr nede,
So whan theyr goode by suche wastefulnes is loste,
They sel agayne theyr clothes for half that they coste.

A fox furred jentelman of the fyrst yere or hede,
If he be made a bailyf, a clerke, or a constable,
And can kepe a packe or court and rede a dede,
Than is velvet to his state mete and agreable.
Howbeit he were more mete to bere a babyl, bauble
For his soles hode his iyen so sore doth blynde, eyes
That pryde expelleth his lynage from his mynde.

Yet fynde I another sort almoste as bad as thay,
As yonge jentylmen descended of worthy auncetry,
Whiche go ful wantonly in dissolute aray,
Counterfayt, disgised, and moche unmanerly,
Blasinge and garded, to lowe or els to hye,
And wyde without mesure, theyr stuffe to wast thus gothe,
But other some they suffer to dye for lacke of clothe.
. . . . . .
Than the courters careles that on theyr mayster wayte,
Seinge hym his vesture in suche fourme abuse,
Assayeth suche fassion for them to counterfayte,
And so to sue pryde contynually they muse, follow
Than stele they or rubbe they. Forsoth they can nat chuse,
For without londe or labour harde is it to mentayne;
But to thynke on the galows that is a careful payne.

But be it payne or nat, there many suche ende,
At Newgate theyr garmentis ar offred to be solde,
Theyr bodyes to the jevet solemly ascende, gibbet
Wavynge with the wether whyle theyr necke wyl holde.
But if I shulde wryte al the ylles manyfolde
That procedeth of this counterfayt abusion
And mysshapen fassions, I nevere shulde have done.

[1] Array.

Not content with thus anglicising his text, Barclay adds to each section an 'Envoy' of his own, of which the character may be guessed from two stanzas on the subject of fine clothes:

But ye proude galaundes that thus your selfe disgise,
Be ye asshamed, beholde unto your Prynce,
Consyder his sadnes, his honestye devyse; precise
His clothynge expresseth his inwarde prudence,
Ye se no example of suche inconvenyence
In his hyghnes, but godly wyt and gravyte
Ensue hym, and sorowe for your enormyte.

Away with this pryde, this statelynes let be,
Rede of the prophetis clothynge or vesture,
And of Adam firste of your ancestrye,
Of John the Prophete—theyr clothynge was obscure,
Vyle and homly; but nowe what creature Cheap
Wyll them ensue? Sothly fewe by theyr wyll,
Therfore suche folys my navy shall fulfyll.

In excerpts the *Ship of Fools*, with its side-lights on contemporary manners, is by no means an unattractive book, but it suffers from its length and its unrelieved didacticism. Barclay himself must have perceived this, for he ends his poem, not without bitterness:

Holde me excusyd, for-why my wyll is gode because
Men to induce unto vertue and goodnes.
I wryte no jest ne tale of Robyn Hode,
Nor sawe no sparcles ne sede of vyciousnes. sow
Wyse men love vertue, wylde people wantones.
It longeth nat to my scyence nor cunnynge
For Phylyp the Sparowe the *Dirige* to synge.

To his credit, Skelton took this gibe good-humouredly; and he could afford to do so, for his *Phylyp Sparowe* has much the more real life in it. Nevertheless the *Ship of Fools* is a notable book, and deserved the reputation which it enjoyed, and of which the shadow has lasted to our own day.

To have introduced, in his *Eclogues*, the pastoral into English poetry is also a notable point to Barclay's credit. Pastoral poetry was subsequently worked to death, and is now held in but low esteem. Nevertheless the 'Prologe' to Barclay's 'fyfte Eglog' *Of the Cytezen and Uplondyshman*—here quoted from the Percy Society's reprint (1847) of an undated edition by Wynkyn de Worde—will show the novelty of the note which it brought into the English poetry of his day:

In colde January, whan fyre is comfortable,
And that the feldes be nere intollerable,
Whan shepe and pastoures leveth felde and folde, [1]
And drawe to cotes for to eschewe the colde;
What tyme the verdure of grounde, and every tre,
By frost and stormes is pryvate of beaute, deprived of
And every small byrde thynketh the wynter longe,
Whiche well apereth by ceasynge of theyr song;—
At this same season two herdes fresshe of age, herdsmen
At tyme apoynted, met bothe in one cotage.
The fyrst hyght Faustus, the seconde Amyntas. [2]
Harde was to know whiche better husband was; [3]
For eche of them bothe set more by pleasour
Than by habundaunce of ryches or tresour.
Amyntas was formalle, and propre in his gere,
A man on his cloke shoulde not aspyed a here, hair

Nor of his clothynge one wryncle stode a-wrye;
In London he lerned to go so manerly.
Hygh on his bonet stacke a fayre broche of tynne,
His pursys lynynge was symple, poore, and thynne;
But a lordes stomake and a beggers pouche
Full yll accordeth, suche was this comely slouche.
In the towne and cyte so longe getted had he [4]
That frome thens he fledde for det and poverte.
No wafrer, taverne, halehous, or taverner, [5]
To hym was there hydde, whyle he was hosteler.
Fyrst was he hosteler, and than a wafrer,
Than a costermonger, and last a taverner.
Aboute all London there was no propre prym [6]
But long tyme had ben famylyer with hym;
But whan coyne fayled no favour more hadde he,
Wherfore he was gladde out of the towne to fle.
But shepeherde Faustus was yet more fortunate,
For alwaye was he content with his estate,
Yet nothynge he hadde to conforte hym in age
Save a melche cow, and a poore cotage;
The towne he used and grete pleasure hadde
To se the cyte oft-tyme whyle he was ladde;
For mylke and botter he thyther brought to sell,
But never thought he in cyte for to dwell,
For well he noted the madde enormyte,
Envy, fraude, malyce, and suche inyquyte,
Whiche reygne in cytes; therfore he ledde his lyfe
Up londe in vyllage, without debate and stryfe. [7]
Whan these two herdes were thus together met,
Havynge no charges nor labour them to let,
Theyr shepe were all sure, and closyd in a cote,
Themselfe laye in lyttre, pleasauntly and hote;
For costly was fyre in hardest of the yere,
Whan men have most nede, than every thyng is dere;
For passynge of tyme, and recreacyon,
The bothe delyted in communycacyon, They
Namely they pleydyd of the dyversyte argued
Of rural husbondes, and men of the cyte;
Faustus accused and blamed cytezens,
To them imputynge grete fautes, cryme, and synnes.
Amyntas blamed the rurall men agayne,
And eche of them bothe his quareyl dyde maynteyne.
All wrothe dyspysed, all malyce and yll wyll
Clene layde a-parte, eche dyde reherse his skyll; [8]
But fyrste Amyntas thus for to speke began,
As he whiche counted hymselfe the better man.

[1] Shepherds. [2] Was called. [3] Husbandman. [4] Displayed himself. [5] Seller of fancy biscuits. [6] Dainty girl. [7] In the country. [8] Argument.

This is but poor work compared with the best verse in the same vein of Barclay's fellow-countrymen, but it added a fresh element to English poetry, and for this Barclay deserves his share of honour.

Of the three poets whose work we have been reviewing, Stephen Hawes attained only a meagre popularity in his own century; the poems of Skelton and Barclay, on the other hand, were frequently printed. With the exception of Skelton's shorter poems, the Skeltonical verse to which he has given his name, the works of all three are now read only by literary antiquaries; and several of those of Hawes and Barclay, for lack of a modern editor, are not accessible even to these. Despite snatches of music in Skelton, which invite a kinder verdict, the importance of all three poets is indeed mainly historical. But although their own works can hardly be said to live, they brought fresh life into English poetry, introducing new subjects and new ideas, and, in the case of Skelton, some metrical enrichment. Moreover, they made an experiment, which had to be made, though it was foredoomed to failure. Partly from the practice of translation, partly from the increased reading of foreign languages, especially classical Latin, new words were pouring into the English language, and the poetical value of these 'inkhorn terms' had to be tested by use. If we look down a page of the stanzas of any of these poets, the eye is struck at once with the length of the words with which the lines end. If a reckoning were made, it would probably be found that of the rhyme-words in these stanzas quite fifty per cent. are of Latin origin. 'I am but a yong mayd,' Miss Scrope is made to remark in *Phylyp Sparowe:*

I am but a yong mayd,
And cannot in effect
My style as yet direct
With Englysh wordis elect.
Our naturall tong is rude,
And hard to be enneude freshly painted
With pullysshed termes lusty. polished

But it was precisely this 'ennewing' by means of 'wordis elect' and 'pullysshed termes' that Hawes, Skelton, and Barclay aimed at in their serious poetry.

Chaucer, that famous clerke,
His termes were not darke,
But plesaunt, easy and playne;
No worde he wrote in vayne,

sang Skelton; but he goes on to explain that Lydgate wrote 'after an hyer rate'—that is, he used Latinisms instead of homely English or words which, if they had come from the French, had yet been made pliable by use in ordinary talk. Words like these, it was thought, were good enough for humorous poetry, but elegance was only to be attained by the use of a much more learned and 'curious' vocabulary. The court poets, the writers of interludes, the poetical preface-writers like Robert Copland, all aimed at this high-sounding phraseology, and in proportion to the amount of it which they introduced succeeded in making their works unreadable. It was fortunate that the experiment was not made at a time when there was finer poetic material to be spoilt.

ALFRED W. POLLARD.

Renaissance and Reformation.

When Chaucer was drawing from the new wells of Italian literature, the great movement was in progress which was ere long to transform not merely literatures but social and religious ideals throughout Europe. The Renaissance of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries was rather a revolt than a rebirth—a revolt against medieval dogma, against ecclesiastical tradition, against all that fettered the free-play of intellectual interests and impulses; against prejudice, routine, and stupidity, as well as against some better things. Passionate determination to know and enjoy to the full all the treasures of the classical tongues was accompanied by an outburst of new literary effort, so that pedantry was overborne by originality. As reverence for the Holy Roman Empire and its rival the Papacy declined, as feudalism yielded to the demand for liberty, the spirit of nationality developed, the national languages were cherished and cultivated. If in the East the Turk increased his power at the expense of Christendom, yet the fall of Constantinople stocked Italian towns with accomplished Greek scholars and invaluable Greek manuscripts; and in the West the Saracens were driven out of Spain. The Cape was rounded, America discovered; Copernicus prepared the way for Galileo; books were printed; and philosophy, science, and art were vivified. The Middle Ages were past, and the old world had become new.

The Humanism of France was not as that of Italy, and in Germany, in the Low Countries, and in England the Revival of Letters ran a different course. In Italy the Renaissance paganised religion, dulled moral insight, and tolerated if it did not create a new type of princely and oligarchic tyranny. In France the religious outcome was checked by reaction and systematic repression. In Germany, the Low Countries, and England the love of learning was closely associated with religious earnestness and an eager desire for reforms in Church and State, in education, national economy, and human life. Biblical studies were fostered; and the outcome was the New Learning and the Reformation—though in all countries there were earnest reformers who held with Erasmus and More rather than with Luther or Calvin, and in the Reformation saw the triumph of narrower over more truly liberal ideals.

England was later than the great Continental countries to be drawn fully into the current of the Renaissance, and the forces which made for secular culture were swiftly followed by those which heralded the religious revolt. It is difficult to say how far Lollardy remained a living power; some of the roots of the new movement were certainly of native growth. **William Grocyn** (c. 1446-1519) and **Thomas Linacre** (1460–1524) brought literary humanism back with them from Italy, and by the end of the fifteenth century had established the study of Greek at Oxford. Cambridge followed a little later, and Erasmus, the friend of More and Colet, lectured there for a short time. **William Lilly** (c. 1468–1522) taught Greek in London early in the sixteenth century as he had learnt it in Italy from Constantinopolitan refugees. But **John Colet** (1467–1519), who also went to meet the new light in Italy, was more drawn to Savonarola than to Pico and Ficino, to the Bible more than even to Plato and the Pseudo-Dionysius; and on his return gave at Oxford the famous lectures on St Paul and his Epistles which departed utterly from the traditional verbal and allegorical exegesis. At London as Dean of St Paul's he continued to preach, in English as well as in Latin, on the Gospel story, the Creed, and the Lord's Prayer. Though doubts of his orthodoxy were raised, and though he demanded many and sweeping reforms, he, like his friend More, was in no wise disposed to break with the historical Church, and he died before the crisis came. **Sir Thomas More** was the most conspicuous representative of the movement founded by Linacre and directed by Colet. **Ascham**, though he cautiously took sides with the governing powers, had more in common with Erasmus than either with Colet or with Luther.

From 1517 the eyes of all Europe were fixed on the great world-drama being enacted in Germany, where the audacity of the Augustinian monk Luther had renewed in another shape the old-established hostility between Pope and Emperor, between Church officialism and national and personal independence, between Latin and Teutonic Europe. As the opposition became more direct and the breach widened, Wittenberg became for a time the centre of European interests. English and Scottish students pilgrimaged thither; and Lutheran books, in Latin, French, German, and English, were imported into Britain. The bishops impounded these heretical works, printed or written, and More supported Wolsey in trying to keep them out, Tyndale's Testament amongst the rest; Cambridge first and then Oxford were infected by Lutheranism; the king, the Lord Chancellor, and Bishop Fisher wrote against Luther and his sect in vain; and heresy asserted itself more and more.

What the course of the Reformation in England might have been but for the masterful and erratic personality of Henry VIII. and the political currents and accidents of the time it is idle to conjecture; nor can its history be traced here. By 1532 the breach with Rome was complete, and the best English energies were largely absorbed in the religious and political controversies and struggles of the time. The culmination of the Renaissance

movement in England fell well within the sixteenth century—into the spacious and glorious times of Queen Elizabeth, when—though not without dissentients—the nation had as a whole thoroughly made up its mind.

Hence it is well to reckon the Newer English Literature from the marvellous outburst in Elizabeth's reign; though here, as elsewhere, it is impossible to draw sharp dividing-lines across the intellectual history of a nation. The Newer English is sometimes held to begin with the sixteenth century: some books dating from the close of the fifteenth century are clearly more modern than others written well on in the next, survivals in temper and style from the older world. His epoch-marking (if not epoch-making) miscellany was issued in 1557 by the printer Tottel, who was still publishing industriously after masterpieces by Spenser and Sidney, by Peele and Greene, had seen the light. Ascham sent *Toxophilus* to the press under Henry VIII., and had not quite finished the *Scholemaster* at his own death in 1568. Though there is no magic in the figures 1558, yet it is on the whole remarkable how many of the writers who shed its peculiar glory on Elizabeth's reign began their distinctive work after and not before her accession. And so it is best to group the writers in the following sub-section, transition authors all of them, at the end of the old rather than at the beginning of the new.

Sir Thomas More, Lord Chancellor under Henry VIII., has had the honour of being reckoned the first writer of classical English prose—a prose not merely modern in contrast with that of his predecessors, but simple, direct, nervous, rhythmical, natural, and entertaining. Born in London, 7th February 1478, More was a son of a justice of the King's Bench, and as a boy was page in the household of Archbishop Morton, by whom he was sent to Oxford, and so was drawn to the New Learning then being forwarded by Grocyn and Linacre. Having completed his legal studies at New Inn and Lincoln's Inn, and seen much of Colet and Lilly, he was for three years reader in Furnival's Inn, and spent the four years 1499-1503 in the Charterhouse in 'devotion and prayer,' with thoughts of becoming a priest. But in 1504 he was returned to Parliament, and in 1505 he married his first wife. On the accession of Henry VIII. (1509) a brilliant prospect was opened up to More, though he had no natural inclination for public life. Introduced to the king through Wolsey, he became under-sheriff of London (1510), Master of Requests (1514), Treasurer of the Exchequer (1521), and Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster (1525). He was Speaker of the House of Commons, and was sent on missions to Francis I. and Charles V. On the fall of Wolsey in 1529, More, against his own strongest wish, was appointed Lord Chancellor. In the discharge of his office he displayed a primitive virtue and simplicity. The one stain on his character as judge is the harshness of his sentences for religious opinions; he was unquestionably guilty of great severities in individual instances. Foxe treats him as a blinded papist and cruel persecutor. Even Froude, panegyrist of Erasmus, calls More 'a merciless bigot.' He no doubt was conscientiously of opinion that it was better that heretics should die than that they should continue in heresy. Like many of his friends, he would have welcomed a more reasonable theology and desired reform in the manners of the clergy, but never dreamt of defying the Church or disputing its dogmas. He saw with grave disapproval the successive steps which led Henry to the final schism from Rome, and in 1532 he resigned the Chancellorship. In April 1534, for declining the oath of adherence, which he thought would impugn the papal supremacy and sanction the royal divorce, he was sent to the Tower, and after a harsh imprisonment of over a twelvemonth, cheerfully met his fate by beheading on Tower Hill, 7th July 1535. From the writings of his friend, Erasmus, we realise all his virtues and all his attractions, but gather also that he was a charming friend rather than a commanding personality. His family life was singularly beautiful. In 1886 he was beatified by the Roman Catholic Church.

In 1510 More published a Life of Pico of Mirandola, from the Latin. His (incomplete) *History of Richard III.* (written c. 1513) has been called the first book in classical English prose; it is sometimes said to have been based on a Latin work by Archbishop Morton, not extant. More's greatest work is the sociological and satirical romance, written in Latin, the *Utopia*, which, describing an imaginary model country and people, added to the English language a term for any very 'advanced' scheme of national improvement. First printed at Louvain in 1516, it was received with enthusiasm by Tunstall, Erasmus, and the educated public; a second edition appeared in 1517. It was then revised by More, and sent, through Erasmus, to Frobenius at Basel to print (1518).

The plan of *Utopia* was no doubt suggested by the *Atlantis* described by Plato, and has something in common with Plato's *Republic* and Augustine's *City of God.* More works out a system of social arrangements whereby the happiness of the people might be secured to the utmost, idealising beyond what he really conceived to be possible to human nature; he expounded a kind of Socialism or Communism he explicitly disowned. One very important design of his imagined state was to exhibit a startling contrast to existing conditions in England and elsewhere, and so bring home to his contemporaries a serious satire on the avarice of the rich and the gross lives of the people. In his imaginary island all are contented with the necessaries of life; all are employed in useful labour; in clothing no man desires aught but durability; and since wants are few and everybody must labour, no one need work more than six hours a

day. Neither laziness nor avarice finds a place in this happy region. Instead of severely punishing theft, More would so elevate the morals and improve the condition of the people as to take away the temptation to crime. In Utopia war is never waged but for some gross injury done to the Utopians or to their allies; and the glory of a general is in proportion, not to the number, but to the fewness of the enemies whom he slays in gaining a victory. Criminals are punished with slavery, not by death, even for the greatest misdeeds. It is one of the oldest laws of the Utopians, that no man ought to be punished for his religion—'it being a fundamental opinion among them, that a man cannot make himself believe anything he pleases; nor do they drive any to dissemble their thoughts by threatenings, so that men are not tempted to lie or disguise their opinions among them; which, being a sort of fraud, is abhorred by the Utopians.' Every man may endeavour to convert others to his views by the force of amicable and modest argument, without bitterness against those of other opinions; but whoever adds reproach and violence to persuasion is to be condemned to banishment or slavery. Unhappily More did not in practice illustrate the principles he had so attractively expounded; religious zeal, his hearty abhorrence of the new theological doctrines, and the sense of public responsibility having modified his view of what was possible and necessary in the interests of the religious and moral welfare of the people.

SIR THOMAS MORE.
From the picture by Holbein in the National Portrait Gallery.

The *Utopia* was translated in 1551 by Ralph Robinson, a Lincolnshire man, bred at Corpus Christi, Oxford, who held a small post in Cecil's service. The following, from Robinson's translation, shows that More as Utopist regarded sheep-farming with as little goodwill as Highland Land League reformers:

Your shepe that were wont to be so meke and tame, and so smal eaters, now, as I heare saye, be become so great deuowerers and so wylde, that they eate vp and swallow downe the very men themselves. They consume, destroye, and deuoure whole fieldes, howses, and cities. For looke in what partes of the realme doth growe the fynest, and therfore dearest woll, there noblemen and gentlemen: yea, and certeyn abbotes, holy men no doubt, not contenting them selfes with the yearely reuenues and profytes, that were wont to grow to theyr forefathers and predecessours of their landes, nor beynge content that liue in rest and pleasure, nothing profiting, yea much noyinge the weale publique: leave no ground for tillage, thei inclose al into pastures: thei throw doune houses: thei plucke doune tounes, and leaue nothing standynge, but only the churche to be made a shepehowse. And as thoughe you loste no small quantity of grounde by forestes, chases, laundes, and parkes, those good holy men turne all dwellinge places, and all glebeland, into desolation and wildernes. Therfore that one couetous and vnsatiable cormaraunte and very plage of his natyue contrey may compasse aboute and inclose many thousand akers of grounde together within one pale or hedge, the husbandmen be thrust owte of their oune, or els either by coueyne and fraude, or by violent oppression, they be put besydes it, or by wronges and injuries thei be so wered, that they be compelled to sell all: by one meanes therfore or by other, either by hooke or crooke, they must needes departe awaye, poor selye, wretched soules, men, women, husbands, wiues, fatherlesse children, widowes, wofull mothers, with their yonge babes, and their whole houshold, smal in substance and much in numbre, as husbandrye requireth manye handes. Awaye thei trudge, I say, out of their knowen and accustomed houses, fyndynge no place to reste in. All their householde stuffe, whiche is verye litle woorthe, thoughe it myght well abide the sale; yet beeynge sodainely thruste out, they be constrayned to sell it for a thing of nought. . . . They go aboute and worke not: whom no man wyl set a worke, though thei neuer so willyngly profre themselues therto.

For one shephearde or heardman is ynoughe to eate vp that grounde with cattel, to the occupying wherof aboute husbandrye many handes were requisite. And this is also the cause why victualles be now in many places dearer. Yea, besides this, the price of woolle is so rysen, that poor folkes, which were wont to work it, and make cloth therof, be nowe hable to bye none at all.

Coneyne, covin, collusion; *selye*, simple; *departe*, remove.

More's other Latin works include epigrams, a translation of some of Lucian's dialogues, and pamphlets against the Lutherans. Of his English controversial works the most important is the *Dyaloge* against Lutheranism and Tyndale, in five books, two defending Catholic practice as to images, relics, and pilgrimages; a third denouncing Tyndale's New Testament (as a faulty translation with heretical glosses; see pages 130, 131); and a fourth attacking Luther heartily. Tyndale replied, and the controversy between More and Tyndale was a notable event in the English Reformation, each of the protagonists being accepted as a fit spokesman for his cause. In Tyndale's reply to More there was a large element of personal bitterness, for Tyndale, failing to understand More's attitude, thought him a time-server, suppressing his real convictions for professional reasons. And More, in his confutations of Tyndale's answer, descended to scurrility, believing, as he said, Tyndale's *Wicked Mammon* to be 'a very treasury and well-spring of wickedness.' In the main More stood for the supreme authority of the Church, Tyndale for the right of private judgment. The *Dyaloge of Comfort against Tribulation* dates from the time spent in the Tower.

In the *History*, Richard III. is thus described:

Richarde, the thirde ſonne [of Richarde, Duke of York], was in witte and courage egall with either of [his two brothers], in bodye and proweſſe farr vnder them bothe; little of ſtature, ill fetured of limmes, croke backed, his left ſhoulder much higher than his right, hard fauored of viſage, and ſuch as is in ſtates called warlye, in other menne otherwiſe, he was malicious, wrathfull, enuious, and from afore his birth, euer frowarde. . . . None euill captaine was hee in the warre, as to whiche his diſpoſicion was more metely then for peace. Sundrye victories hadde hee, and ſommetime ouerthrowes, but neuer in defaulte as for his owne parſone, either of hardineſſe or polytike order, free was hee called of dyſpence, and ſomewhat aboue hys power liberall, with large giftes hee get him vnſtedfaſte frendſhippe, for whiche hee was fain to pil and ſpoyle in other places, and get him ſtedfaſt hatred. Hee was cloſe and ſecrete, a deepe diſſimuler, lowlye of counteynaunce, arrogant of heart, outwardly coumpinable where he inwardly hated, not letting to kiſſe whome hee thoughte to kyll: diſpitious and cruell, not for euill will alway, but after for ambicion, and either for the ſuretie or encreaſe of his eſtate. Frende and foo was muche what indifferent, where his aduantage grew; he ſpared no mans deathe, whoſe life withſtoode his purpoſe. He ſlewe with his own handes king Henry the ſixt, being priſoner in the Tower, as menne conſtantly ſaye, and that without commaundement or knowledge of the king, whiche woulde vndoubtedly yf he had entended that thinge, haue appointed that boocherly office to ſome other then his owne borne brother.

Warlye, warlike; *coumpinable* or *companiable*, companionable; *despitious*, for *dispiteous*, may be either full of despite or pitiless.

The following is an extract from the *Dyaloge Concernynge Heresyes*:

Of al which [heretikes] that euer ſprang in Chriſtes church, the very worſt & the moſt beaſtlye, bee theſe Lutheranes, as their opinions and their lewde liuyng ſheweth. And let vs neuer dout but al that be of that ſecte if any ſeme good as verye fewe do, yet will they in concluſion decline to the like lewde liuinge, as their mayſter & their felowes do, if thei might once (as by gods grace they neuer ſhall) frame the people to their owne frantike fantaſie. Whiche diſſolute liuinge they be driuen to diſſemble, becauſe their audience is not yet brought to the point to beare, whiche they ſurely truſt to bryng about, and to frame this realme after ye faſhion of Swycherlande or Saxony & ſome other partes of Germanye, where theyr ſecte hath already ſordone the faith, pulled down the churches, polluted the temples, put out and ſpoyled al good religious folke, joyned freres and nunnes together in lechery, deſpited all ſaintes, blaſphemed our bleſſed lady, caſt down Chriſtes croſs, throwne out the bleſſed ſacrament, refuſed all good lawes, abhorred all good gouernaunce, rebelled agaynſt all rulers, fall to fighte amonge themſelſe, and ſo many thouſand ſlayn that the lande lyeth in manye places in maner deſerte and deſolate.

They fare as dyd once an olde ſage father ſole in Kent at ſuche tyme as divers men of worſchippe aſſembled olde folke of the countrey to commune and deuyſe aboute the amendemente of Sandewyche hauen. At whyche tyme as they beganne fyrſte to enſearche by reaſon and by the reporte of old menne there about what thing had bene the occaſion that ſo good an hauen was in ſo fewe yeares ſo fore decayed, and ſuche ſandes ryſen, and ſuche ſhalowe flattes made ther with, that right ſmall veſſels had nowe muche worke to come in at dyuers tydes, where great ſhippes wer wtin fewe yeres paſſed accuſtomed to ryde without difficultie, and ſome laying the fault to Goodwyn ſandes, ſome to the landes Inned by dyuers owners in the Iſle of tenate [Thanet] out of ye chanell, in which the ſea was wont to compaſſe the iſle and bryng the veſſels rounde about it, whoſe courſe at the ebbe was wont to ſcoure ye hauen whiche nowe the Sea excluded thence, for lack of ſuch courſe and ſcouring is choked up with ſande, as they thus alledged, diuers men diuers cauſes. There ſtarte vp one good old father and ſaid, Ye, maſters ſay euery man what he wil, cha marked this matter wel as ſom other. And by god I wote how it waxed nought well ynough. For I knewe it good and haue marked, ſo chaue, whan it began to waxe worſe. And what hath hurt it, good father? quod the gentlemen. By my faith, mayſters, quod he, yonder ſame Tenterden ſteple, and nothyng els, that by ye maſs cholde twere a fair fiſh pole. Why hath the ſteple hurt the hauen, good father, quod they? Nay byr Lady, mayſters, quod he, yche connot tell you well why, but chote well it hath. For by God I knew it a good hauen till that ſteple was bylded, and by the mary maſſe cha marked it well, it neuer throue ſince. And thus wiſely ſpake theſe holy Lutheranes, which ſowyng ſciſmes and ſedycions among

chriſten people, laye the loſſe thereof to the withſtanding of the Turkes inuaſion.

Fole is fool; *inned*, occupied; *ye*, yea; *cha*, ych ha, I have; *waxed nought*, became worthless; *chaue*, ych have, I have; *cholde*, ych wolde, I would; *ych*, I; *chote*, ych wote, I know.

In his *Second Booke of Comfort against Tribulacion* More begins thus a very lively and sarcastic version of the ass and the wolf coming to confeſsion to the fox:

My mother had (when I was a lyttle boy) a good olde woman that tooke heede to her chyldren, they called her mother Mawde. . . . Shee was wont when ſhee ſat by the fire wyth vs (that were children) many childyſh tales. But as Plinius ſayth that ther is no boke lightly ſo badde but that ſome good thing a man may pyke out therof, ſo think I that ther is almoſt no tale ſo foolyſh, but that yet in one matter or other, to ſome purpoſe it may hap to ſerue. For I remember that among other of her fond tales ſhe told vs once, that the Aſſe and the Wolfe came vpon a tyme to confeſsion to the Foxe.

The following charming letter from More to his wife explains itself and illustrates the writer's character:

Miſtres Alyce, in my moſt hartywiſe I recommend me to you. And whereas I am enfourmed by my ſon Heron of the loſſe of our barnes and our neighbours also, wt all the corne that was therin; albeit (ſaving gods pleaſure) it is gret pitie of ſo much good corne loſt, yet ſith it hath liked hym to ſende vs ſuch a chaunce, we muſt and are bounden, not only to be content, but alſo to be glad of his viſitacion. He ſent vs all that we haue loſt; and ſithe he hath by ſuch a chaunce taken it away againe, his pleaſure be fulfilled! Let vs neuer grudge therat, but take it in good worth, and hartely thank him, as well for adverſite as for proſperite. And paraduenture we haue more cauſe to thank him for our loſſe than for our winning, for his wiſedome better ſeeth what is good for vs then we do our-ſelues. Therfore, I pray you be of good chere, and take all the howſold with you to church, and there thanke god, both for that he hath giuen vs, and for that he hath taken from vs, and for that he hath left vs; which if it pleaſe hym he can encreaſe when he will. And if it pleaſe hym to leaue vs yet leſſe, at hys pleaſure be it.

I praye you to make ſome good enſearche what my poor neighbours have loſte, and bidde them take no thought therfore; for if I ſhold not leaue myſelf a ſpone, there ſhall no pore neighbour of mine bere no loſſe by any chaunce happened in my houſe. I pray you be with my children and your houſehold mery in god; and deuiſe ſomewhat wt your frends what waye wer beſt to take, for prouiſion to be made for corne for our houſehold, and for ſede thys yere comming, if ye thinke it good that we keep the ground ſtill in our hands. And whether ye think it good yt we ſo ſhall do or not, yet I think it were not beſt ſodenlye thus to leaue it all vp, and to put away our folk of our farme, till we have ſomwhat aduiſed vs theron. How beit, if we haue more nowe then ye ſhall nede and which can get them other maiſters, ye may then diſcharge vs of them. But I would not that any man were ſodenly ſent away, he wote nere wether.

At my comming hither, I perceiued none other but that I ſhold tary ſtill wt ye kinges grace. But now I ſhall (I think) becauſe of this chance, get leve this next weke to come home and ſe you, and then ſhall we further deuyſe together vpon all thinges, what order ſhalbe beſt to take.

And thus as hartely fare you well with all our children as ye can wiſhe. At Woodeſtok, the thirde daye of September [1528] by the hand of

Your louing huſbande,
THOMAS MORE, knight.

Father Bridgett has noted many of More's phrases as not merely pithy and familiar, but as sounding strangely modern in our ears; thus, 'Out of sight, out of mind;' 'When the wine were in and the wit out;' 'This good man shall see the sky fall first and catch larks ere it happen;' 'He cannot see the wood for the trees;' 'Sin it were to belie the devil.' More says things are not worth a fig, a straw, a rush, a button; talks of being as mad as a March hare, dead as a door-nail, harping on the right string, perceiving chalk from cheese, of playing bo-peep, and of doing various things 'after his own sweet will'—phrases not yet done to death by three centuries of use and abuse. 'Grass widows'—in More's usage unmarried women who had had a child—were not tenderly treated. A 'tale of a tub' is already a jocular phrase with him; 'Pluck up thy spirits' (see p. 126) was part of his last spoken sentence.

How a Sergeant would learne to playe the Frere (which, like a verse pamphlet on fortune, was written in youth) shows already the conservative temper of the Chancellor:

He that hath laſte — left
The hoſier's craſte,
And falleth to making ſhone; — shoes
The ſmythe that ſhall
To payntyng fall,
His thrift is well nigh done.
A blacke draper
With whyte paper,
To goe to writyng ſcole,
An old butler
Becum a cutler
I wene ſhall proue a ſole.
And an olde trot, — wife
That can, God wot,
Nothyng but kyſſe the cup,
With her phiſick
Will kepe one ſicke,
Tyll ſhe haue foufed hym up. — pickled
A man of lawe
That never sawe
The wayes to bye and ſell, — buy
Wenyng to ryſe
By marchaundyſe,
I pray God ſpede him well!
A merchaunt eke,
That wyll goo ſeke
By all the meanes he may,
To fall in ſute — suit
Tyll he diſpute
His money cleane away;
Pletyng the lawe — Pleading
For every ſtrawe
Shall proue a thrifty man,
With bate and ſtriſe,
But by my life
I cannot tell you whan — when

Whan an hatter
Will go ſmatter
In philoſophy,
Or a pedlar
Waxe a medlar meddler
In theology.
Alle that enſue follow
Suche craftes newe
They driue ſo farre a caſt try so long a throw
That euer more
They do therfore
Beſhrewe themſelfe at laſt. ruin

See Lives of More by his son-in-law, William Roper (first printed at Paris, 1626), Lord Campbell (*Lives of the Chancellors*), Seebohm (*Oxford Reformers*), Father Bridgett (1891), and Hutton (1895): also Nisard's *Renaissance et Réforme* (1855; 3rd ed. 1877), and Father Bridgett's *Wit and Wisdom of Sir Thomas More* (1892). His English *Workes* were edited by a nephew (folio, 1557), with a dedication to Queen Mary. The *Utopia* was translated by Ralph Robinson (1551 and 1556), Bishop Burnet (1684), and A. Cayley (1808). The *Utopia* has been edited by Lupton (1895) and Michelis (1895), and Robinson's translation has been frequently reprinted. The *Utopia* (a Latin spelling of a Greek coinage for *Nowhere*) has helped to create many an ideal 'Kennaquhair,' in some of which politics and in some romance has been dominant. Bacon's *New Atlantis* and Harrington's *Oceana* may be named; compare some of Swift's works, *The Coming Race*, Butler's *Erewhon*, William Morris's *News from Nowhere*, and other recent works on an unrealisable condition of things elsewhere in space or in a distant future on this planet.

In the extracts from More's English works we reproduce the spelling of the 1557 folio, and have followed the usage of the period with regard as well to the long ſ as to the u for v, &c.

The printed 'Gothic' or Black Letter was modelled on the characters generally in use for MSS. (compare the Caxton on page 96 with the Chaucer and Wyclif MSS., pages 73, 88), till in Italy early in the fifteenth century the Caroline minuscules were revived as the (Roman or Italian) book-hand. In Italy and France, Roman and Gothic held divided sway in print almost from the first. But the first book to be printed in Roman letters in England was a Latin pamphlet by a Dean of St Paul's in 1518. The Roman shape gradually triumphed, but the Black Letter held its own in Bibles, proclamations, and acts of parliament. The first English Bible printed in Roman type dated from 1576. The first Roman fonts cast on the Continent had no J, U, W, j, or w, and u was used for v. The long ſ, a very early cursive form in writing, was used in all Black Letter at the beginning and in the middle of words, whereas at the end of words the short s appeared regularly; this plan was usual in Roman printing in England till the very end of the eighteenth century. The new system gradually triumphed in the nineteenth: but some of the ligatures, ct, ſh, and especially ſt, survived long after ſ separately had ceased to appear. In MSS. as early as the tenth century the V or capital (uncial) form of that Roman letter began to be preferred at the beginning of words, and u, the cursive form of the same letter, to be used in the middle. So in English printed books, though in modern English v and u have quite different sound-values, it was the rule down into the seventeenth century to put v at the beginning and u in the middle of words, whether the sound was u or v (vnto, vse, haue, deserue, themselues). Somewhat similarly with I and J, i and j; the J, originally a mere ornamental initial form of I, came gradually to be reserved for the consonantal use of I (=Y), and in English for the quite different sound-value of J. In the fourteenth century it became usual to substitute y for the vowel i, a custom that went out again in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Wt is *with*. When ye stands for *the* and yt for *that* the y is not really a y, but a device for representing þ, the old letter for th. The silent e at the end of English words is due to the Middle English obscure e, which was written and printed long after it ceased to be sounded. But 'in the sixteenth century it was frequently added to almost all words ending phonetically with a consonant; when the preceding consonant was short and accented the consonant was doubled, as in *bludde*, *bedde*.'

William Roper (1496–1578), son-in-law and biographer of Sir Thomas More, was the son of a Kentish gentleman, whom he (apparently university bred) succeeded in his post of prothonotary of the Court of King's Bench. In this capacity he became acquainted with More, and married his eldest and most gifted daughter Margaret. Soon after More's execution his son-in-law completed an admirably careful and affectionate biography, which was first printed at Paris in 1626. Roper remained a devout Catholic, and during Mary's reign sat in several parliaments for Kentish constituencies; but he made his peace with Elizabeth's government, and held his office in the Queen's Bench till his death. He thus describes the last scenes of More's life:

When Sir Thomas More came from Westminster to the Tower-ward againe, his daughter, my wife, desirous to see her father, whome she thought she should never see in this world after, and alsoe to have his finall blessinge, gave attendance about the Tower wharffe, wheare she knewe he should passe before he could enter into the Tower. Theare tarryeinge his comminge, as soone as she sawe him, after his blessinge uppon her knees reverentlie received, she hastinge towards him, without consideracion or care of her selfe, pressinge in amongst the midst of the thronge and companie of the garde that with holbards and bills went round about him, hastelie ranne to him, and theare openlie in sight of them, imbraced him and tooke him about the neck and kissed him. Who well likinge her most naturall and deere daughterlie affeccion towards him, gave her his fatherlie blessinge and manie godlie wordes of comfort besides. From whome after she was departed, she not satisfied with the former sight of him, and like one that had forgotten herselfe, beinge all ravished with the entire love of her father, havinge respect neither to her selfe, nor to the presse of people and multitude that weare theare about him, suddainlie turned backe againe, ranne to him as before, tooke him about the necke and divers times kissed him lovinglie, and at last with a full and heavie heart, was faine to depart from him: the beholdinge

whearof was to manie that weare present soe lamentable, that it made them for verie sorrow thearof to weepe and mourne.

Soe remained Sir Thomas More in the Tower more then a weeke after his judgment. From whence the daie before he suffered he sent his shirt of haire, not willing to have it seene, to my wife his deerlie beloved daughter, and a letter written with a cole, conteined in the foresaid booke of his workes, expressinge the fervent desire he had to suffer on the morrow in these wordes followeinge: I comber you, good Margaret, much, but I would be sory if it should be anie longer then to morrow. For it is Sainct Thomas even and the Utas of St Peeter: and therfore to morrow longe I to goe to God; it weare a daie verie meet and convenient for me. Deere Megg, I never liked your manner towards me better then when you kissed me last. For I like when daughterlie love and deere charitie hath noe leasure to looke to worldlie courtesie. And soe uppon the next morrowe, Tuesdaie, beinge St Thomas his eve and the Utas of Saincte Peeter, in the yeere of our Lord 1535, accordinge as he in his letter the daie before had wished, earlie in the morninge came to him Sir Thomas Pope, his singular good freinde, on message from the Kinge and counsaile that he should the same daie before nine of the clock in the morninge suffer deathe, and that therfore he should forthwith prepare himself thearto. Mr. Pope, quoth Sir Thomas More, for your good tidings I hartelie thanke you. I have been alwaies muche bounden to the Kinge's Highnes for the benefites and honours that he hath still from time to time most bountifullye heaped uppon me; and yet more bounden am I to his Grace for puttinge me into this place wheare I have had convenient time and space to have remembrance of my end. And soe, God helpe me, most of all, Mr. Pope, am I bounden to his Highnes, that it pleaseth him soe shortlie to ridd me from the miseries of this wretched world, and therfore will I not faile earnestlie to praie for his Grace bothe heere and allsoe in the worlde to come. The Kinge's pleasure is farther, quoth Mr. Pope, that at your execution you shall not use manie wordes. Mr. Pope, quoth he, you doe well to give me warninge, of his Grace's pleasure, for otherwise at that time had I purposed somewhat to have spoken, but of noe matter whearwith his Grace or any should have had cause to be offended. Nevertheles, whatsoever I intended, I am readie obedientlie to conforme my selfe to his Grace's commandement; and I beseeche you, good Mr. Pope, to be a meane to his Highnes that my daughter Margaret maie be at my buriall. The Kinge is content allreadie, quoth Mr. Pope, that your wife and childeren and other your freinds shall have libertie to be present thearat. Oh how muche beholdinge then, said Sir Thomas More, am I unto his Grace, that unto my poore buriall vouchsafethe to have soe gratious consideracion! Whearwithall Mr. Pope, takeinge his leave, could not refraine from weepinge. Which Sir Thomas More perceavinge comforted him in this wise. Quiet your selfe, good Mr. Pope, and be not discomforted: for I trust that we shall once in heaven see eache other full merrilie, wheare we shall be sure to live and love togeather in joyfull blisse eternallie. Uppon whose departure, Sir Thomas More, as one that had binne invited to some solemn feast, chaunged himselfe into his best apparrell. Which Mr. Lieutenant espieing advised him to put it of, sayeinge, that he that should have it was but a javell. What, Mr. Lieutenant, quothe he, shall I account him a javell that shall doe me this daie soe singuler a benifit? Naie, I assure you, weare it cloath of gold, I should thinke it well bestowed on him, as Sainct Cyprian did, who gave his executioner thirtie peeces of gold. And albeit at length he through Mr. Lieutenant's importunate persuasion altered his apparrell, yet after the example of the holie Martyr Sainct Cyprian did he of that little money that was left him send an angell of gold to his executioner. And soe was he by Mr. Lieutenant brought out of the Tower to the place of execution. Wheare goinge up the skaffold, which was soe weake that it was readie to fall, he saide merrilie to the Lieutenant, I praie you see me up safe, and for my comminge downe let me shift for my selfe. Then desired he all the people thearabout to praie for him, and to beare witness with him that he should theare suffer deathe in and for the faithe of the Catholicke Churche. Which donne he kneeled downe, and after his prayers saide, turned to the executioner with a cheerfull countenance, and saide unto him, Plucke up thy spirits, man, and be not affraide to doe thine office: my neck is verie short, take heede therfore thou strike not awrie for savinge of thine honestie. Soe passed Sir Thomas More out of this world to God uppon the verie same daie which he most desired. Soone after his deathe came intelligence thearof to the Emperor Charles. Whearuppon he sent for Sir Thomas Eliott, our Englishe Embassadour, and said to him; My Lord Embassadour, we understande that the Kinge your master hath put his faithfull servant and grave councellor Sir Thomas More to deathe. Whearuppon Sir Thomas Eliott answered, that he understoode nothinge thearof. Well, saide the Emperor, it is too true: and this will we saie, that had we binne master of such a servant, of whose dooings ourselves have had these manie yeeres noe small experience, we would rather have lost the best cittie of our dominions, then have lost such a worthie Councellor. Which matter was by the same Sir Thomas Eliott to my selfe, to my wife, to Mr. Clement and his wife, to Mr. John Heywood and his wife, and unto divers others his freindes accordinglie reported.

A *cole* is a bit of charcoal; *utas*, octave, eighth day after; *javell*, a worthless fellow, scamp. The lieutenant's suggestion was in view of the fact that the executioner was entitled to the clothes worn by his victim at the time of the execution.

John Fisher, Bishop of Rochester (c. 1469-1535), wrote largely in Latin against the Lutheran doctrines, and left some valuable works in English too. Born at Beverley, he studied at Cambridge. In 1502 Margaret, Countess of Richmond, Henry VII.'s mother, made him her chaplain and confessor, and in 1503 he was appointed first Lady Margaret Professor of Divinity. Next year he was elected chancellor of the university, and consecrated to the see of Rochester. He zealously promoted the New Learning, and advocated reformation from within; as zealously he resisted the Lutheran schism. In 1527 he pronounced firmly against the divorce of Henry VIII.; and having lent too ready an ear to the 'revelations' of the Holy Maid of Kent, Elizabeth Barton, in 1534 he was attainted of treason, and, for refusing the oath of succession, was sent with More to the Tower. In May 1535 Pope Paul III. made him a

on 17th June the old man, worn by sick-
ill-usage, was tried for denial of the
premacy; on the 22nd he was beheaded
r Hill. In 1886 he was beatified. The
writings of Bishop Fisher consist of a
on the penitential psalms, sermons, and
all religious tracts. Three of the sermons
ceptional historical interest—one at the
of Henry VII.; one at the 'month's
memorial service for Henry's mother, the
of Richmond (1509); and one on occasion
ublic burning of Luther's books, 'agayn
yous doctryn of Martin Luuther.' The
nd the sermons alike contain, as Professor
ays, 'bursts of manly eloquence that
e writer to an honourable place among
masters of English prose.' Fisher thus
orated the Countess:

reherce somwhat of her demeenyng in this
er sobre temperaunce in metes and drynkes
en to al them that were conversaunt with her,
e lay in as grete wayte of herself as ony
rght, keping alway her strayte mesure, and
as lytel as ony creature myght; eschewing
ere-suppers, ioncyries betwex meales. As for
r age and feblenes, albeit she were not bounde
yes that by the chirche were appoynted, she
diligently and sereously, and in especyall the
t thrughout, that she restrayned her appetyte
sshe on the day; besyde her other peculer
levocion, as Anthony, saint Mary Maudeleyn,
heryn with other; and thorowe out all the
friday and saterday she full truely observed.
de clothes wering she had her shertes and
heere, whiche whan she was in helth everi
fayled not certaine dayes to weare somtyme
somtyme that other, that full often her skynne
her say was perced therewith. . . . In prayer
e at her uprysynge, whiche comynly was not
r v of the clok, she began certayne devocyons,
ter theym with one of her gentylwomen the
f our lady whiche she kepte her to; then she
her closet, where then with her chapelayn
lso matyns of the daye. And after that dayly
or v masses upon her knees; soo contynuynge
yers and devocions unto the hour of dyner,
the etynge daye was x of the clocke and upon
ge-day xi. After dyner full truely she wolde go
ns to thre aulters dayly; dayly her dyryges and
cyons she wolde saye and her even songes
per, both of the daye and of our lady, besyde
r prayers and psalters of Davyd thrugh out
And at nyght before she wente to bedde,
l not to resorte unto her chapell, and there a
ter of an hour to occupye her in devocyons.
yle though al this long tyme her knelinge was
nfull, and so paynfull that many tymes it caused
cke payn and dysease. And yet nevertheles
n she was in helth she fayled not to say the
our lady, whiche after the maner of Rome
l lx and thre aves, and at every ave to make a
As for meditacyon, she had dyvers books in
wherwith she wolde occupy herselfe whan she
f prayer. Wherefore dyvers she dyde translate
sshe into Englysshe. Her mervailous wepynge
they can bere wytnes of whiche here before have herde
her confessyon, which be dyvers and many, and at many
seasons in the yere lyghtly every thyrd daye. Can also
recorde the same tho that were present at ony tyme when
she was housylde, which was ful nye a dosen tymes every
yere: what flodes of teres there yssued forth of her eyes.

Rere-suppers, second suppers; *ioncyries*, junketings; *tho*, those; *was housylde*, received the sacrament; *dyryges*, dirges, offices for the dead; *commendacyons*, commemorative services.

Fisher's Latin works were published in a folio at Würzburg in 1597; his English works were edited for the Early English Text Society by Mayor (vol. i. 1876) and Bayne (vol. ii. 1900). See the *Life of the Blessed Thomas Fisher*, by Father Bridgett (1888).

Sir Thomas Elyot was born about 1490 in Wiltshire, in 1511 became a clerk of assize, and in 1523 clerk of the king's council. In 1531–32, as ambassador to Charles V., he visited the Low Countries and Germany, having orders to procure the arrest of Tyndale. In 1535 he went on a second embassy to the emperor, whom he seems to have followed to Tunis and Naples. Member for Cambridge in 1542, he died at Carlton, Cambridgeshire, 20th March 1546. His chief work, *The Boke named the Gouernour* (1531), is the earliest English treatise on moral philosophy, and deals largely with education. Elyot protests against 'cruel and yrous schoolmasters, by whom children's wits be dulled'—a protest much needed in his generation. His main purpose was to emphasise the necessity of better education for the young nobles destined to govern the nation; his second to lay down principles of morality for the ruling classes. Other works were *Of the Knowledge which maketh a Wise Man* (1533); *Pasquil the Playne* (1533); Isocrates' *Doctrinal of Princes* (1534); Pico de Mirandola's *Rules of a Christian Lyfe* (1534); *The Castel of Helth* (1534); *The Bankette of Sapience* (1534); *Bibliotheca* (1538), the first Latin-English dictionary; *The Image of Governance* (1540); *Defence of Good Women* (1545); and *Preservative against Deth* (1545).

Elyot based the *Governour* largely on the Italians Pontano, *De Principe*, and Patrizi, *De Regno*; although much in him is quite original. The *Governour* passed through eight editions in forty years, was more popular than even the *Utopia*, and entered largely into the literature and life of the sixteenth century. Ascham's *Scholemaster* and Locke's *Thoughts concerning Education* develop theses laid down by Elyot. Apparently both Budæus and Sturmius learnt from him.

Elyot is the sole 'authority' we have for the story so admirably worked up in Shakespeare's *Henry IV.*, Part Second, about the riotous Prince Hal and Judge Gascoigne. According to Mr Croft, who has given us an admirable edition of the *Governour*, with elaborate notes (2 vols., 1880), the story is utterly unhistorical; but the first English Prince of Wales, afterwards Edward II., was sent away from the court for an insult to a royal minister, and some chronicler's record of this fact may by misapprehension or design have been transferred to Prince Hal. From Elyot the

incident passed to Hall, whence no doubt Shakespeare took it. The story is thus given in Mr Croft's edition of the *Governour*, in the chapter discussing 'How noble a vertue placabilitie is':

We lacke nat of this vertue domesticall examples, I meane of our owne kynges of Englande; but moste specially one, whiche, in myne oppinion, is to be compared with any that euer was written of in any region or countray.

The moste renomed prince, kynge Henry the fifte, late kynge of Englande, durynge the life of his father was noted to be fierce and of wanton courage. It hapned that one of his seruantes whom he well fauored, for felony by hym committed, was arrayned at the kynges benche; wherof he being aduertised, and incensed by light persones aboute hym, in furious rage came hastily to the barre, where his seruant stode as a prisoner, and commaunded hym to be ungyued and sette at libertie, where at all men were abasshed, reserued the chiefe iustice, who humbly exhorted the prince to be contented that his seruaunt mought be ordred accordyng to the auncient lawes of this realme, or if he wolde haue hym saued from the rigour of the lawes, that he shuld optaine, if he moughte, of the kynge, his father, his gracious pardone; wherby no lawe or iustice shulde be derogate. With whiche answere the prince nothynge appeased, but rather more inflamed, endeuored hym selfe to take away his seruaunt. The iuge consideringe the perilous example and inconuenience that moughte therby ensue, with a valiant spirite and courage commaunded the prince upon his alegeance to leue the prisoner and departe his waye. With whiche commandment the prince, being set all in a fury, all chafed, and in a terrible maner, came up the place of iugement—men thinkyng that he wolde haue slayne the iuge, or haue done to hym some damage; but the iuge sittyng styll, without mouynge, declarynge the maiestie of the kynges place of iugement, and with an assured and bolde countenance, hadde to the prince these words folowyng: Sir, remembre your selfe; I kepe here the place of the king, your soueraigne lorde and father, to whom ye owe double obedience, wherfore eftsones in his name I charge you desiste of your wilfulnes and unlaufull entreprise, and from hensforth gyue good example to those whiche hereafter shall be your propre subiectes. And nowe for your contempt and disobedience, go you to the prisone of the kynges benche, where unto I committe you; and remayne ye there prisoner untill the pleasure of the kyng, your father, be further knowen. With whiche wordes beinge abasshed, and also wondrynge at the meruailous grauitie of that worshipful Justice, the noble prince, layinge his waipon aparte, doinge reuerence, departed and wente to the kynges benche as he was commaunded. Wherat his seruants disdainyng, came and shewed to the kynge all the hole affaire. Wherat he a whiles studienge, after as a man all rauisshed with gladness, holdyng his eien and handes up towarde heuen, abrayded, sayinge with a loude voice, O mercifull god, howe moche am I, aboue all other men, bounde to your infinite goodnes; specially for that ye haue gyuen me a iuge, who feareth nat to ministre iustice, and also a sonne who can suffre semblably and obey iustice!

Domesticall is domestic, native; *renomed*, renowned; *ungyued*, released from gyves or fetters; *reserued*, excepted—i.e. except; *abrayded*, broke suddenly into speech, cried out.

D. P.

The English Bible.*

Mention has already been made (page 123) of More's controversy with Tyndale as to the translation of the Bible into English, and we must now attempt the history of the great work in which the latter took so prominent a part. Although the possession of a copy of the Wyclifite version had been forbidden by the Convocation held at Oxford in 1408, throughout the first half of the fifteenth century the book seems to have circulated freely, and of the one hundred and seventy manuscripts of it which have been examined, the greater number, on the evidence of their handwriting, appear to have been produced between 1420 and 1450. The troubles of the next quarter of a century diminished the production of these as of other manuscripts, and almost alone among the countries of Europe, England made no use of the new invention of printing for the multiplication of copies of the Bible, whether in the original Hebrew and Greek, in Latin, or in the vernacular. By 1490 twelve different editions had been published of the Bible in German, and two in Low German. At Venice the Italian translation by Niccolo Malermi was printed at least eight times during the fifteenth century, though no other Italian town produced an edition. A French New Testament was printed at Lyons about 1474, a Dutch Bible at Delft in 1477, and a Bohemian at Prague in 1488. Of this last there was a second edition the next year, but outside Germany and Venice it is clear that reprints were not encouraged, and in face of the condemnation of 1408 it is not surprising that in England no vernacular edition was produced. Yet Caxton at least did something, for in his translation of the *Golden Legend* of Jacobus de Voragine he included not only sermons on the feasts commemorating the chief events in the life of Christ, but also the 'hystoryes' of Adam, Noah, Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Joseph, Moses, the Giving of the Law, Joshua, Samuel, Saul, David, and Solomon, taken, with little omitted or added, from the Bible itself. As an example of this fifteenth-century version we may take the beginning of the history of Jacob, as printed in the original edition of 1483:

Ysaac began to wexe old and his eyen faylled and dymmed that he myght not clerly see, and on a tyme he called Esau his oldest sone and said to hym, 'Sone myne,' which answerde, 'Fader, I am here redy.' To whom the fader saide, 'Beholde that I wexe old and knowe not the day that I shal dye and departe out of this world; wherfor take thyn harneys, thy bowe and quyver, with takles, and goe forth an huntynge. And whan thou hast taken ony venyson, make to me therof suche maner mete as thou knowest that I am woned [wont] to ete, and brynge it to me that I may ete it, and that my sowle may blesse the or I dye.' Whiche all thise wordis Rebecca herde, and Esau wente forth for to accomplyish the comandement of his fader, and she saide thenne to Jacob, 'I have herde thy fader saye to Esau thy brother, Brynge to me of thy venyson and

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make therof mete that I may ete and that I may blesse the to-fore our lord er I dye. Now my sone take hede to my conceyll, and goo forth to the flock and brynge to me two the beste kyddes that thou canst fynde, and I shal make of them mete suche as thy fader shal gladly ete, whiche whan thou hast brought to hym and hath eten he may blesse the er he dye.' To whom Jacob answerd, 'Knowest thou not that my brother is rowhe and heery [rough and hairy] and I smothe? Yf my fader take me to hym and taste me and fele, I drede me that he shal thynke that I mocke hym, and shal gyve me his curse for the blessyng.' The moder thenne said to hym: 'In me,' said she, 'be this curse, my sone. Nevertheles, here me, go to the flocke and doo that I have said to the.' He wente and fette [fetched] the kyddes and delyverd them to his moder, and she wente and ordeyned them in-to suche mete as she knewe wel that his fader lovyd, and toke the beste clothes that Esau had and dyde hem on Jacob, and the skynnes of the kyddes she dyde aboute his necke and handes there as he was bare, and delyveryd to hym brede and the pulmente [stew] that she had boyled, and he wente to his fader and saide, 'Fader myn,' and he answerd, 'I here. Who art thou, my sone?' Jacob saide, 'I am Esau, thy fyrste begoten sone. I have don as thou comaundest me. Aryse, sitte and ete of the venyson of myn huntyng, that thy soule may blesse me.'

The *Golden Legend* was frequently reprinted, and through this, through Lives of Christ, sermons, and popular books of devotion, the broad outlines of the Bible story were probably as well known as they are now. But save for the Psalms, of all in the Bible that is not story, notably the Prophets in the Old Testament and the Epistles in the New, there was small opportunity for any one ignorant of Latin to gain knowledge, and this was the case also with the whole Bible in respect of its text as distinct from its general purport. Meanwhile, however, materials for an accurate translation were accumulating. Between 1514 and 1517 Cardinal Ximenes had printed at Alcala his splendid Polyglot Bible, which received the papal sanction in 1520 and was published in or before 1522. In 1516, under the title *Novum Instrumentum*, Erasmus had published at Basel the Greek text of the New Testament, with a new and scholarly Latin version. In September 1522 Martin Luther published at Wittenberg his German New Testament, the first instalment of his new translation of the entire Bible. In 1523 a French translation of the New Testament by Jacques Le Fèvre d'Étaples was printed at Paris, and other portions of the Bible followed till the translation was completed in six volumes in 1528. But the Parlement of Paris condemned the first instalments of the book, and this was no good omen for the work of translation in England. The man who undertook this task was **William Tyndale,** a member of a family which, on its migration to Gloucestershire from the north during the Wars of the Roses, had assumed as an alternative name that of Huchyns or Hychyns, which was used also by Tyndale himself. The date of his birth is unknown, but as William Hychyns he matriculated at Oxford in 1510, and took his degree as Master of Arts five years later. From Oxford he removed to Cambridge, where Erasmus had recently been acting as Lady Margaret Professor of Divinity. By 1522 (having in the meanwhile taken holy orders) he had become tutor to the children of Sir John Walsh, of Old Sodbury in Gloucestershire; was preaching in the neighbouring villages; holding controversies with the clergy, for which he had to answer to the Chancellor of the diocese; and translating the *Enchiridion Militis Christiani* of Erasmus. If Foxe, the martyrologist, may be trusted, he declared at this time that if God granted him life he would cause 'a boye that dryveth the plough' to know more of the Scriptures than his opponents.

In the summer of 1523 Tyndale came to London, with an oration of Isocrates translated from Greek into English, as a proof of his scholarship, and tried to obtain a post in the household of Cuthbert Tunstall, the Bishop of London, himself a man of learning. Repulsed by Tunstall, he was employed as a preacher at the church of St Dunstan's-in-the-West, and hospitably entertained for six months by one of his hearers, Humphrey Monmouth. But his mind was bent on translating the Bible. 'Even in the Bisshope of London's house,' he tells us (Preface to the *Fyrst boke of Moses called Genesis*), 'I intended to have done it;' and now, from what he saw of London and the London clergy, he 'understode at the laste not only that there was no rowme in my Lorde of London's palace to translate the New Testament, but also that there was no place to do it in all Englonde,' and from England accordingly he fled, sailing for Hamburg in May 1524. After a visit to Luther at Wittenberg, and a return to Hamburg for money, probably supplied him by some of the London merchants, he betook himself, with his assistant, William Roy, to Cologne, and there arranged with Peter Quentel and Arnold Byrckman for the production of his New Testament, the former being a well-known printer, and the latter a publisher who had special relations with the English book-trade. But at Cologne at this time there was staying a prolific pamphleteer on the papal side, Johann Dobneck (better known by his Latin *nom de guerre* 'Cochlæus'), who also was negotiating with Cologne printers. A story came to Dobneck's ears that all England was to be Lutheranised through the exertions of two learned Englishmen; and on inquiry he found that three thousand copies of an English New Testament had already been printed in quarto as far as sheet K, a matter of eighty pages. The case was promptly brought before the Cologne Senate, and to escape arrest the 'two English apostates,' as Dobneck calls them, had to take boat quickly up the Rhine to Worms, bearing with them what they could of their unfinished work. Of the edition thus interrupted a solitary fragment

survives in the Grenville Library at the British Museum. This consists of sheets A–H—that is, eight out of the ten printed off—and contains Tyndale's 'Prologge' and his translation of St Matthew's Gospel to the beginning of chapter xxii. The Prologue is partly Tyndale's own, partly borrowed from Luther; and this is the case also with the marginal glosses, of which there are some ninety in this fragment—about forty by Tyndale, and about fifty translated more or less closely from Luther. As a specimen of the translation we may take a passage to which, and to the side-note on it, we may be sure that Tyndale's critics themselves promptly turned, Matthew xvi. 5–28:

And when his disciples were come to the other syde of the water, they had forgotten to take breed with them. Then Jesus said unto them: Take hede and beware of the leven of the pharises, and of the saduces. They thought a-monge themselves sayinge: we have brought no breed with us. When Jesus understode that he saide unto them, O ye of lytell fayth, why are youre myndes cumbred because ye have brought no breed; Do ye not yet perceave, nether remember those v. loves when there were v. M. men, and howe many basketts toke ye up? Nether the vii. loves when there were iiii. M. and howe many baskets toke ye uppe, why perceave ye not then that y spake not unto you of breed when I sayde, beware of the leven of the pharises and of the saduces? Then understode they howe that he bad nott them beware of the leven of breed: butt off the doctryne of the pharises and of the saduces.

When Jesus came into the coosts of the cite which is called cesarea philippi, he axed hys disciples sayinge: whom do men saye that I the sonne of man am? They saide, some saye that thou arte Jhon baptiste, some helyas, some Jeremyas, or won [sic] of the prophetts. He seyde unto them, butt whom saye ye that I am? Symon Peter answered and sayde: Thou arte Christ the sonne of the levynge god. And Jesus answered and sayde to him: happy arte thou simon the sonne of Jonas, for fleshe and bloud have not opened unto the that, but my fater which ys in heven. And I saye also unto the, that thou arte Peter,[1] And apon thys roocke I wyll bylde my congregacion: and the gates of hell shall not preveyle ageynst it. And I wyll yeve unto the the keyes of the kyngdom of heven, and whatsoever thou byndest uppon erth, yt shall be bounde in heven, and what soever thou lowsest on erthe yt shalbe lowsed in heven.

[1] Peter in the greke, sygnifyeth a stoone in englysshe. This confession is the rocke. Nowe is simon barjona or simon jonas sonne, called Peter because of hys confession. Whosoever then this wyse confesseth of Christe, the same is called Peter. Nowe is this confession come too all that are true cristen. Then ys every christen man and woman peter. Rede Bede, Austen and hierome, of the maner of lowsinge and lynding and note howe hierome checketh the presumcion of the pharises in his tyme, which yet had nott so monstrous interpretacions as oure new goddes have feyned. Rede Erasmus annotacions. Hyt was noot for nought that Christ badd beware of the leven of the pharises, noo thynge is so swete that they make not sowre with there tradicions. The evangelion, that ioyfull tidynges, ys nowe biterer then the olde lawe. Christes burthen is hevier then the yooke of moses, oure condicion and estate ys ten tymes more grevious then was ever the iewes. The pharises have so levended Christes sweet breed.

Then he charged his disciples, that they shulde tell no man that he was Jesus christ. From that tyme forth, Jesus began to shewe unto his disciples howe that he must go unto Jerusalem and sufter many things of the seniors and of the hye prestes and of the scribes, and must be killed and ryse againe the thyrde day. Peter toke him asyde, and began to rebuke hym sayinge: master favor thy sylfe, this shall nott come unto the. Then turned he aboute, and sayde unto peter: [1]go after me satan, thou offendest me, because thou perceavest nott godly thinges: but worldly thinges.

Jesus then sayde to hys disciples, Yf eny man wyll folowe me leet him forsake him sylfe, and take his crosse and folowe me. For who-soever wyll save hys lyfe shall loose yt. And who-soever shall loose hys lyfe for my sake, shall fynde yt. Whatt shall hit proffet a man, yf he shulde wyn all the hoole worlde: so he loose hys owne soule? Or els what shall a man geve to redeme hys soule agayne with-all? For the sonne of man shall come in the glory of hys father, with hys angels, and then shall he rewarde every man accordinge to hys dedes. Verely I saye unto you, some there be a-monge them that here stonde whych shall nott taste of deeth, tyll they shall have sene the sonne of man come in hys kyngdom.

Arrived at Worms, Tyndale arranged with a printer, who appears to have been Peter Schöffer, a descendant of the prototypographer of Mainz, and we learn from a contemporary diary that an edition of no fewer than six thousand copies was now printed. Of all these only two remain; and from the more perfect of the two, now in the library of the Baptist College at Bristol, a facsimile reprint was edited by Mr Francis Fry in 1862. From this facsimile we see that the text of the Cologne fragment was set up again with the correction of misprints, but that the side-notes are altogether omitted. There are references, however, to separate editions of the Gospels of St Matthew and St Mark which have now perished, and it is possible that these were annotated.

Dobneck and others had warned Henry VIII. and Wolsey what Tyndale was about, and on 24th October 1526 Bishop Tunstall threatened with excommunication all who kept copies of his translation in their possession. But the importation of them into England, and their sale at from two to four shillings apiece (pence being then of the present value of shillings), proceeded apace, till the agency was discovered and the sale checked in 1528. In the same year Tyndale shifted his quarters from Worms to Marburg, and there published in April his treatise on Justification by Faith entitled *The Parable of the Wicked Mammon*. This was succeeded in the following October by *The Obedience of a Christen man and how Christen rulers ought to governe*, in which he maintains the paramount authority of the Scripture in matters of faith, and of the king in matters of government,

[1] Itt soundeth [means] yn greke, away from me sathan, and are [*sic*] the same words which Christe spake unto the devyll when he woolde have had him fall doune and worshippe hym, luc. iiii.

combating the charges of anarchy brought against the Reformers.

After a shipwreck and a stay at Hamburg, Tyndale made his way to Antwerp, where the folly of Bishop Tunstall in trying to suppress his New Testament by buying up copies of it supplied him with fresh funds. In 1530 he published, again at Marburg, his translation of the *Pentateuch*, with controversial side-notes, and also *The Practyse of Prelates*, a vehement attack not only on bishops in general, but on Wolsey, and also on the king for his proceedings for divorce. Sir Thomas More's *Dyalogue*, 'wyth many thyngys touchyng the pestylent secte of Luther and Tyndale,' had appeared in 1529, and in 1531 *An Answere unto Sir Thomas More's Dialoge* was printed for Tyndale at Antwerp, and elicited More's replies of 1532 and 1533. During part of 1531 a reconciliation with Henry VIII. seemed possible, but by the end of the year the king requested the emperor to arrest him as a spreader of sedition, and Tyndale was obliged to leave Antwerp. In 1533 Henry's hostility had cooled, and Tyndale returned to Antwerp, publishing in the same year a *Briefe Declaration of the Sacraments*, in which he adopted the extreme Zwinglian view. In August 1534 he was annoyed, and with reason, to find that another Reformer, George Joy, had reprinted his New Testament with alterations of his own, among which was the substitution for the word 'Resurrection' of such phrases as 'the life after this.' His own revised version was then nearly ready, and was published in November 1534, with a translation of the portions of the Old Testament read on some Sundays and festivals as 'Epistles,' and with new marginal glosses. A copy of this issue, specially printed on vellum, was presented to Anne Boleyn, and is now preserved in the British Museum. A new edition 'yet once agayn corrected by William Tyndale' is dated 1535; but in May of that year Tyndale was enticed from the 'English house'—that is, a house set apart for the use of the English merchants at Antwerp, where he was staying with his friend Thomas Poyntz, carried beyond the walls of the free city to where the emperor held sway, arrested, and imprisoned in the castle of Vilvorde. It is certain that Henry VIII. had no hand in this outrage, but the efforts of Tyndale's friends to urge him to interfere on his behalf were unsuccessful. During an imprisonment of more than a year Tyndale still laboured at his task of translation, till he was tried and condemned as a heretic. At last, on 6th August 1536, after having been degraded from holy orders, he was strangled and burnt at Vilvorde.

How many editions of Tyndale's New Testament were printed during his life and soon after his martyrdom will never be known. There are allusions to three printed at Antwerp before 1534 without his revision, but all of these have perished utterly. Of editions dated 1536, the year of his death, there are some seven different varieties extant, and probably others once existed. Despite the difficulties which from time to time hampered their sale in England, upwards of thirty other editions were issued during the reigns of Henry VIII. and Edward VI. In the second half of the century Tyndale's version was practically superseded by the Genevan; but of this, as of every other Protestant translation, it was itself the basis. The fact that subsequent translators found so little to alter is the best testimony to Tyndale's scholarship and literary skill. His scholarship led him to go direct to his originals; and though his version shows traces of the influence of the Latin Testament of Erasmus, and in a less degree of the German of Luther, it is essentially his own interpretation of the Greek (and in the case of the Old Testament of the Hebrew), thus differing entirely from the Wyclifite translation, which, like that of Rheims, was based on the Latin Vulgate. Tyndale's literary judgment is equally beyond question. The objections taken by Sir Thomas More and other opponents to his use of such words as *congregation*, *elder*, *love*, *favour*, *knowledge*, *repentance*, instead of *church*, *priest*, *charity*, *grace*, *confession*, *penance*, with their ecclesiastical associations, have in some cases been sustained by subsequent revisers, in others not. Other changes were made to obtain what was thought a truer meaning or a happier rhythm; but, with the exception of that of Rheims, every subsequent version of the New Testament which we have to mention must be regarded as a modification of Tyndale's translation, not as a new work. Thus the credit for rhythm and beauty of phrase which is commonly assigned to the so-called 'Authorised Version' of 1611 is mainly due to William Tyndale, and to the very inferior scholar but able translator, Miles Coverdale, who immediately took up his work.

This **Miles Coverdale** (b. 1488) was a Yorkshireman, who had been educated at Cambridge and taken priest's orders in 1514. We hear of his making the acquaintance of Thomas Cromwell at the house of Sir Thomas More, of his preaching as a Reformer, and in 1531 of his taking the degree of Bachelor of Canon Law at Cambridge. Not very long after this, not on his own initiative ('It was neither my labour nor my desyre to have this worke put into my hand' is his own assertion), but apparently at the expense and instigation of a rich Antwerp merchant, Jacob van Meteren, he took up the task of making a translation of the entire Bible 'out of Douche [that is, the German versions of Luther and the Zurich translators] and Latyn.' There is great controversy as to where the book was printed, but it is perhaps best assigned to the press of Christopher Froschover of Zurich. No perfect copy is extant, but it is clear that there were two issues in 1535, in one of which the preliminary matter appears to have been set up afresh by an English printer, probably James Nycolson of Southwark. By an Act passed in 1534 books

printed abroad could no longer enter England ready bound (lest the English binders should lose their profit), and the first sheet may have been damaged in transit, or have been reprinted merely to give the book an English look. In 1530 Henry VIII. had issued a proclamation 'for dampning of erronious bokes & heresies & prohibitinge the havinge of holy scripture translated into the vulgar tonges;' but now this new version was dedicated to the king, and in 1537 editions were issued by Nycolson not only 'newely oversene and correcte,' but 'set forth with the kynges most gracious license.'

Meanwhile another editor was at work, John Rogers, a Cambridge graduate (born at Aston, near Birmingham, about 1500), who had come under Tyndale's influence at Antwerp, and had apparently received from him a manuscript which brought his version of the Old Testament to the end of the second book of Chronicles. A Bible in which the rest of the Old Testament was supplied from Coverdale's rendering was now in 1537 printed abroad (probably at Antwerp) for the London publishers, R. Grafton and E. Whitchurch, and this also circulated in England as 'set forth with the kinges most gracyous lycence.' To secure this it was necessary to suppress Tyndale's name, and the book was therefore put forth as 'truly and purely translated into Englysh by Thomas Matthew,' a pseudonym at this time apparently intended for Tyndale, but which was afterwards regarded as an *alias* of Rogers himself.

In 1539 a new edition of this 'Matthew's Bible' was printed at London 'by John Byddell for Thomas Barthlet [the king's printer], newly recognised with great diligence after most faythful exemplars, by Rychard Taverner.' This Richard Taverner was a lawyer who had been educated at Oxford, and had had to do penance there in 1528 for helping to circulate Tyndale's New Testament. He was an excellent Greek scholar, and the numerous small changes he made, especially in the New Testament, were all in the interest of greater accuracy and clearness; but after 1539 his Bible and New Testament were each only reprinted once, and his edition exercised no influence on subsequent revisions. Thus the important issue of the year 1539 was not Taverner's, but a new recension by Miles Coverdale, undertaken at the instance of Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex. This, which measures fifteen inches by ten and ranks as the first of the so-called 'Great Bibles,' was originally set up, by license of the French king, by the Paris printer François Regnault, under the supervision of Coverdale and Richard Grafton; but in December 1538, when the text was nearly finished, the Inquisition intervened, and the work was stopped. After a brief interval, however, Coverdale and Grafton were able to convey the presses, types, and workmen to London, and rescued also a great quantity of the printed sheets. By April 1539 the work was completed in London, and was issued with a title-page designed by Hans Holbein, representing Henry VIII., Archbishop Cranmer, and Cromwell all distributing Bibles. It was stated to be 'truly translated after the veryte of the Hebrue and Greke textes, by the dylygent studye of dyverse excellent learned men, expert in the forsayd tonges,' and it differs from the text of 'Matthew's Bible' more especially by the use made in the Old Testament of the commentary by Sebastian Münster published in 1534-35. Exactly a year later (April 1540) was published the second 'Great Bible,' which, from its containing a prologue by Cranmer and the note 'apoynted to the use of the Churches,' is often quoted as Cranmer's Bible. In it Coverdale carried his revision a little farther, and with this issue his work as a Bible-translator closes. The third 'Great Bible' was published in July 1540; the fourth, with the arms of Cromwell cut out from Holbein's title-page (he had been executed on 28th July), in the following November. The title of this edition runs: 'The Byble in Englyshe of the largest and greatest volume, auctorysed and apoynted by the commaundemente of oure moost redoubted Prynce, and soveraygne Lorde, Kinge Henrye the VIII. supreme heade of this his churche and Realme of Englande: to be frequented and used in every churche within this his sayd realme;' and in 1541 royal proclamation was made for this 'Byble of the largest and greatest volume to be had in every churche,' its price being fixed at ten shillings unbound, or 'for every of the sayde Bybles well and sufficientlye bounde, trymmed and clasped, not above twelve shyllynges.' To supply the demand created by this proclamation three other editions had to be issued in May, November, and December 1541; but the reaction in the king's policy had already set in, and from 1541 to the end of his reign there was no more Bible-printing in England. That a translation of the complete Bible had been printed and circulated in England was due, in different degrees, to the zeal of five men, Tyndale, Coverdale, Rogers, Cromwell, and Cranmer. Of these, Coverdale lived to a great age, held for a short time the bishopric of Exeter, translated upwards of thirty different theological works, and died peacefully in 1565. Of the other four, Tyndale, Rogers, and Cranmer were burnt, and Thomas Cromwell beheaded.

We have now brought down the history of Bible translation in England to the end of the reign of Henry VIII., but instead of stopping here it will be convenient to continue our narrative to the completion of the 'Authorised Version' in 1611. The publication of English Bibles was naturally resumed under Edward VI., and checked again in the reign of Queen Mary. Of the Protestant divines who fled from England to escape her persecution, many found a home in Switzerland, more especially at Geneva; and it was thus at Geneva, where Beza had recently edited a new Latin translation of the New Testament, that William Whittingham, a Fellow of All Souls College, Oxford,

ınd a connection by marriage of Calvin, set about ı fresh English version of the same book. This ras printed in 1557, and was followed three ears later by a complete Bible, the work of Vhittingham and some of his fellow-exiles, the rinting being paid for by members of the English ongregation at Geneva. This new version was :ompanied by marginal notes, which naturally ıowed the Calvinistic leanings of their authors. ut the revised translation, which took Tyndale's lition of 1535 as its basis for the New Testament ıd the Great Bible in the case of the Old, was a ›ber and scholarly piece of work, and sprang at nce into popularity.

Although the Geneva version was cordially pproved by the chief English theologians, it was ever adopted for use in churches, chiefly, no oubt, because it had originated with the extreme ection of the Reformers. In 1563 Matthew Parker, ne of the most learned occupants of the see of anterbury, formulated a scheme for a new trans- ation, which was published five years later, and ; generally known as the 'Bishops' Bible,' from he fact that eight of its thirteen revisers were ishops. As might, perhaps, be expected from his fact, there seems to have been very little con- ultation among them, all being busy men, and ome with no great inclination for their task. A econd edition, in which the New Testament was urther revised, appeared in 1572 ; and between that late and 1606 some twenty other editions were printed, the majority of them in large folio, suitable nly for use in churches. The Geneva Bible, of hich about a hundred editions, mostly in octavo, ere printed in the same period, completely held the field for private use.

In 1582, more than half a century after Tyndale had begun his work, the priests of the English College at Rheims issued a New Testament for the use of Roman Catholic Englishmen. It was translated, not directly from the Greek, but from the Vulgate Latin version, although it is clear that in some minor points, notably as to the use of the definite article, the Greek original was carefully consulted. The main object of the translators seems to have been to produce a version which should be in strict accordance with Catholic tradition, and should be read in the light of the commentary by which it was accompanied. Many words were rather transliterated than translated, so that we have such words as 'Parasceue,' 'Azymes,' the 'bread of Proposition,' 'exinanited' (Phil. ii. 7), the contention of the editors being that where an exact equivalent could not be found it was best to leave the word as it stood and refer the reader to a note for its explanation. After the New Testament had been issued the English College moved from Rheims to Douay, and here in 1609—that is, after an interval of twenty-seven years—by the addition of the Old Testament, this version of the Bible was completed. Adherence to the same principles made the Douay Old Testament even more difficult reading than the earlier volume, and the Rheims and Douay Bible went through very few editions until it was carefully revised by Bishop Challoner in the eighteenth century. The chief scholars who helped to produce it were Gregory Martin, late of St John's College, Oxford; Dr Bristow, late of Exeter College; Dr Worthington; and, it is said, though with no great certainty, Cardinal Allen. As a specimen of this translation in a simple passage where it shows to advantage, we may take the same extract from St Matthew xvi. as we chose in the case of Tyndale's edition of 1525. It is expounded in numerous notes of considerable length, which need not here be reproduced:

And when his disciples were come over tne water, they forgot to take bread. Who said to them, Looke wel and beware of the leaven of the Pharisees and Sadducees. But they thought within them selves saying, Because we tooke not bread. And Jesus knowing it, said, Why do you thinke within your selves O ye of litle faith, for that you have not bread? Do you not yet understand, neither do you remember the five loaves among five thousand men, and how many baskets you tooke up? Neither the seven loaves, among foure thousand men, and how many maundes you tooke up? Why do you not understand that I said not of bread to you, Beware of the leaven of the Pharisees and Sadducees? Then they understoode that he said not they should beware of the leaven of bread, but of the doctrine of the Pharisees and Sadducees.

And Jesus came into tne quarters of Cæsarea Philippi: and he asked his disciples, saying, Whom say men that the Sonne of man is? But they said, Some John the Baptist, and othersome Elias, and others Hieremie, or one of the Prophets. Jesus saith to them, But whom do you say that I am? Simon Peter answered and said, Thou art Christ the sonne of the living God. And Jesus answering, said to him, Blessed art thou Simon bar-Jona; because flesh and bloud hath not revealed it to thee, but my father which is in heaven. And I say to thee, that thou art Peter; and upon this rocke wil I build my church, and the gates of hel shal not prevaile against it. And I wil give to thee the keies of the kingdom of heaven. And whatsoever thou shalt binde upon earth, it shal be bound also in the heavens: and whatsoever thou shalt loose in earth it shall be loosed also in the heavens.

Then he commaunded his disciples that they should tel no body that he was Jesus Christ.

From that time Jesus began to shew his disciples, that he must goe to Hierusalem, and suffer many things of the Ancients and Scribes and cheefe-Priestes, and be killed, and the third day rise againe. And Peter taking him unto him, began to rebuke him, saying, Lord, be it farre from thee, this shal not be unto thee. Who turning said to Peter, Goe after mee, Satan, thou art a scandal unto me: because thou savourest not the things that are of God, but the things that are of men.

Then Jesus said to his disciples, If any man wil come after me, let him denie him self, and take up his crosse and follow me. For he that will save his life, shal lose it, and he that shal lose his life for me, shal finde it. For what doth it profite a man, if he gaine the whole world, and sustaine the damage of his soule? Or what permu-

I. Timothy ii. 1–10 in the Five Chief Protestant Versions, 1525–1611

Tyndale—1534 (1525).

I exhorte therfore / that *above all thynges* / prayers / supplicacions, intercessions and gevynge of thankes be *had* for all men for kynges / and for all that are in auctorite that we may *live* a quyet and *a* peasable life / in all godlines and honestie. For *that* is good and *accepted* in the sight of god oure savioure *which* will have all men saved / and to come unto the knowledge of the trueth. For ther is one god / and one (mediator) bitwene god and *man*/ *which is* the man Christ Jesus *which* gave him silfe a raunsome for all *men* / *that it shuld* be testified *at his* tyme / where unto I am ordayned a preacher and an apostle: I *tell* the trueth in Christ and lye not / *beynge* the teacher of the gentyls in fayth and veritie.

I wyll therfore that *the* men praye everywhere / liftynge up *pure* hondes without wrath / *or* dowtinge. *Lykwyse* also *the* wemen *that they araye* them selves in *comlye* aparell with *shamfastnes* and *discrete behaveour* / not with broyded heare / *other* golde / or pearles / or costly araye: but *with suche as* becommeth wemen *that professe the worshippynge of God thorow* good workes.

Coverdale—1539 (1535).

I exhorte therfore that *above all thynges*, prayers, supplicacyons, intercessyons, and gevynge of thankes be *had* for all men: for kynges, and for all that are in auctoryte, that we maye *lyve* a quyet and *a* peasable lyfe, *with* all godlynes and honestie. For *that* is good and *accepted* in the syght of God our Saviour, *which* wyll have all men to be saved, and to come unto the knowledge of the trueth. For ther is one God, and one (mediator) betwene God and *man*, *even* the man Christ Jesus, *which* gave him selfe a raunsome for all *men*, *that it shuld* be testified *at his* tyme where unto I am ordayned a preacher and an apostle. I *tell* the trueth in Christ and lye not: *beynge the* teacher of the gentyls *with* fayth and veritie.

I wyll therfore that *the* men praye every where, lyftyng up *pure* handes without wrath, *or* dowtyng. *Lykewyse* also *the* wemen, *that they araye* them selves in *comlye* apparell wyth *shamfastnes* and *discrete behaveour*, not wyth broyded heare, *other* golde or pearles, or costly araye: but *as* becommeth wemen, *that professe* godlynesse *thorow* good worckes.

Geneva—1560 (1557).

(1) I exhorte therefore, that first of all supplicacions, praiers, intercessions and giving of thankes be made for all men,

(2) For kings, and for all that are in autoritie, that we may lead a quiet and *a* peaceable life, in all godlines and honestie.

(3) For this is good and acceptable in the sight of God our Saviour,

(4) Who wil *that* all men *shal* be saved and come unto the knowledge of the trueth.

(5) For there is one God, and one mediator betwene God and *man*, *which is* the man Christ Jesus,

(6) Who gave him self a raunsome for all *men* to be *a testimonie* in due time,

(7) Whereunto I am ordeined a preacher and an apostle, (I speake ye trueth in Christ, and lie not,) *even* a teacher of the Gentiles in faith and veritie.

(8) I wil therefore that *the* men pray everie where, lifting up *pure* hands without wrath *or* douting.

(9) *Likewise* also *the* women, *that they araye* them selves in *comelie* apparel, with *shamfastnes* and *modestie*, not with broyded heare, or gold, or pearles, or costlie *apparel*,

(10) But (*as* becommeth women *that professe the feare of God*) with good workes.

Bishops' Bible—1572 (1568)

(1) I exhort *you* therfore, that first of al prayers, supplications, intercessions, and geving of thankes, be made for al menne.

(2) For kynges, and for al that are in aucthoritie, that we may leade a quiet and peaceable lyfe, in al godlynesse and honestie,

(3) For *that* is good and acceptable in the sight of God our Saviour,

(4) Who wyl have al menne to be saved, and to comme unto the knowledge of the trueth.

(5) For there is one God, and one mediatour *of* God and *menne*, the man Christ Jesus:

(6) Who gave him selfe a raunsome for al, *a testimonie* in due *tymes:*

(7) Whereunto I am ordeyned a preacher and an apostle, (I *tel* the trueth in Christ, and lye not,) a teacher of the Gentiles in fayth and veritie.

(8) I wyl therefore that *the* menne pray every where, lyfting uppe holy handes without wrath and *reasoning.*

(9) *Lykewyse* also *the* women, *that they array* them selves in *comely* apparel, with *shamefastnesse*, and *discrete behaviour*, not *in* braydred heere, *either* golde or pearles, or costlye araye:

(10) But (*that* becommeth women professing godlinesse) *through* good woorkes.

Version of 1611.

(1) I exhort, therefore, that first of all supplications, prayers, intercessions and giving of thanks, be made for all men.

(2) For kings and for all that are in authority; that we may lead a quiet and peaceable life in all godliness and honesty.

(3) For this is good and acceptable in the sight of God our Saviour;

(4) Who will have all men to be saved, and to come unto the knowledge of the truth.

(5) For there is one God, and one mediator between God and men, the man Christ Jesus,

(6) Who gave himself a ransom for all, to be testified in due time.

(7) Whereunto I am ordained a preacher and an apostle, (I speak the truth in Christ, *and* lie not;) a teacher of the Gentiles in faith and verity.

(8) I will therefore that men pray everywhere, lifting up holy hands, without wrath and doubting.

(9) In like manner also, that women adorn themselves in modest apparel, with shamefacedness and sobriety; not with broided hair, or gold or pearls, or costly array;

(10) But (which becometh women professing godliness) with good works.

tation shal a man give for his soule? For the Sonne of man shal come in the glorie of his father with the angels: and then wil he render to every man according to his workes.

Amen I say to you, there be some of them that stand here, that shal not taste death, til they see the Sonne of man comming in his kingdom.

We come now to the version of 1611, which is still used in English churches in our own day, although a fresh revision was undertaken in 1870 and completed in 1885. The version of 1611 took its origin from the famous Hampton Court Conference at the beginning of the reign of James I. Among the objections which the Puritan party made to the English Church Service, one was that it introduced faulty renderings of the Holy Scriptures. Independently of this, the inferiority in popular esteem of the Bishops' Bible to the Genevan version was felt to be a misfortune, and, under the personal supervision of the king himself, a new revision was undertaken, in which the plan of dividing the task among separate translators, which had been imperfectly carried out in the case of the Bishops' Bible, was now very carefully organised. Six committees, consisting of from seven to ten members each, were formed, two of them sitting at Westminster, two at Oxford, and two at Cambridge. Definite rules were drawn up for their guidance, among them being that the Bishops' Bible was to be 'as little altered as the truth of the original will permit,' that the 'old ecclesiastical terms' were to be kept, that marginal notes were to be confined to references and fuller explanations of difficult words, and that 'these translations be used when they agree better with the text than the Bishops' Bible: Tindale's, Matthew's, Coverdale's, Whitchurch's, Geneva.' To have formally added the Rheims New Testament to these would doubtless have been impolitic; despite its omission, there seems no doubt that this also was used. The new version appeared in a splendid folio in 1611, with a long preface from the pen of Dr Miles Smith, afterwards Bishop of Gloucester, who admirably states the principle of the revision in the sentence, 'Truly (good Christian Reader) wee never thought from the beginning, that we should neede to make a new translation, nor yet to make of a bad one a good one (for then the imputation of *Sixtus* had bene true in some sort, that our people had bene fed with gall of Dragons in stead of wine, with whey in stead of milke:) but to make a good one better, or out of many good ones one principall good one, not justly to be excepted against, that hath bene our indeavour, that our marke.' With no less happiness he proceeds: 'The worke hath not bene hudled up in seventy-two days [an allusion to 'the posting haste' attributed by legend to the authors of the Septuagint], but hath cost the workemen, as light as it seemeth, the paines of twise seven times seventie-two dayes and more: matters of such weight and consequence are to bee speeded with maturitie; for in a businesse of moment a man feareth not the blame of convenient slacknesse. Neither did wee think [it] much to consult the Translators or Commentators, Chaldee, Hebrewe, Syrian, Greeke or Latine, no nor the Spanish, French, Italian or Dutch; neither did we disdaine to revise that which we had done and to bring backe to the anvill that which we had hammered: but having and using as great helpes as were needfull, and fearing no reproach for slownesse, nor coveting praise for expedition, we have at the length, through the good hand of the Lord upon us, brought the worke to that passe that you see.'

With such loving care was the version prepared which even after three centuries seems as firmly rooted in the affections of the English people as at any previous time. To illustrate its relations to its predecessors we show in a table printed on the opposite page the first ten verses of 1 Timothy ii., as they appear respectively in Tyndale's revised edition of 1534, in Cromwell's Bible of 1539 (which represents Coverdale's revision of his edition of 1535), in the Geneva Bible of 1560, in the Bishops' Bible of 1572, and in the version of 1611. A similar table for the Old Testament would yield similar results, but this is the less necessary since in the 'Prayer Book version' of the Psalms, which is taken from the Great Bible (the standard translation at the period at which the English Prayer Book was compiled), Coverdale's work is familiar to most Englishmen precisely where it is most successful. To make comparison more easy, words in the earlier versions which have been changed in that of 1611 are printed in italics, but no attempt has been made to draw attention to transpositions or omissions. It will be noted that the Genevan was the first version to introduce the unhappy division into numbered verses.

The affection with which most members of the English-speaking race regard this version of 1611 (its popular title, 'The Authorised Version,' sprang rather from general consent to use it than from any enactment) may make us overrate the felicity of the minor alterations, which, despite the substantial adherence to Tyndale's text, may be found in every verse. But the felicity is a real thing, no mere fancy due only to loving familiarity and associations. The translators themselves must have had a similar reverence for the versions they had to rehandle; and in editing texts already some three-quarters of a century old they must have felt the full charm of slight archaisms. Of what this final version of the Bible (final, that is, as a monument of language) has done for our literature there is no need to speak. It has supplied a model of archaic prose which has been freely used both for translations from ancient works in many languages and also for religious writing of every kind, and familiarity with it has helped at once to enrich and to sober the style of almost every subsequent English writer, and to stay the degeneration of our daily speech.

A. W. P.

Hugh Latimer (1485?–1555) distinguished himself as a zealous, popular, and effective Reformer. The son of a yeoman at Thurcaston, near Leicester, he was educated at Cambridge, where he became a fellow of Clare and university preacher. In 1524, in proceeding B.D. he maintained a thesis against Melanchthon, being 'as obstinate a papist as any in England,' he himself said. But, becoming acquainted with Thomas Bilney, a celebrated defender of the doctrines of Luther, he 'began to smell the Word of God, forsaking the school doctors and such fooleries,' and erelong was preaching doctrines strongly savouring of heresy. His preaching at Cambridge gave great offence to the Catholic clergy, and before Cardinal Wolsey as papal legate Bilney recanted and Latimer dis-

BISHOP LATIMER.
From the portrait in the National Portrait Gallery.

owned Lutheranism. Bilney afterwards disclaimed his abjuration, and suffered martyrdom. Latimer was known to favour the king's divorce, and as one of the divines appointed to examine the lawfulness of Henry's marriage with Catharine, reported against its validity. This secured him royal favour, and he was made chaplain to Anne Boleyn and rector of West Kington in Wiltshire. In 1535 he was consecrated Bishop of Worcester; and at the opening of Convocation on 9th June 1536 he preached two powerful sermons urging the work of reformation. It is fair to remember that when John Forest, Queen Catharine's confessor, was roasted to death with peculiar barbarities as a Catholic recusant, it was Latimer who preached the sermon exhorting the victim, all in vain, to recant. When the Court became lukewarm in the work of reformation Latimer retired to his diocese, and laboured in 'teaching, preaching, exhorting, writing, correcting, and reforming, either as ability would serve or the time would bear.' Twice during Henry's reign he was sent to the Tower, in 1539 and 1546, on the former occasion resigning his bishopric. At Edward VI.'s accession he declined to resume his episcopal functions, but devoted himself to preaching till Edward's death (1553). In April 1554 he was examined at Oxford, and committed to Bocardo, the common jail there, where he lay for more than a twelvemonth, feeble and sickly. In September 1555, with Ridley and Cranmer, he was brought before a commission, and found guilty of heresy. On 16th October he was burned with Ridley opposite Balliol College, exclaiming to his companion, 'Be of good comfort, Master Ridley, and play the man: we shall this day light such a candle by God's grace in England as I trust shall never be put out.' Latimer was brave, honest, devoted, and energetic, homely and popular. He was conspicuous amongst the Reformers in substituting for incredible and often preposterous legendary tales of saints, martyrs, and miracles discourses on gospel truths and moral and religious duties. Humour and earnestness, a vein of familiarity and drollery, manly sense and devout evangelical fervour, distinguish his sermons and his life.

In the first of his *Seven Sermons preached before Edward VI.* in 1549 (and reprinted by Mr Arber), Latimer takes occasion to describe his parentage and upbringing, with a casual reference to his father's having fought for Henry VII. against the Cornish rebels at Blackheath in 1497. The laborious puns on 'double,' 'two,' and 'two too' will be noted:

My father was a Yoman, and had no landes of his owne, onlye he had a farme of iii. or iiii. pound by yere at the vttermost, and here vpon he tilled so much as kepte halfe a dosen men. He had walke for a hundred shepe, and my mother mylked xxx. kyne. He was able and did find the king a harnesse, wyth hym selfe, and hys horsse, whyle he came to ye place that he should receyue the kynges wages. I can remembre yat I buckled hys harnes when he went vnto Blacke heeath felde. He kept me to schole, or elles I had not bene able to haue preached before the kinges maiestie nowe. He maryed my systers with v. pounde or xx. nobles a pece, so that he broughte them vp in godlines, and feare of God.

He kept hospitalitie for his pore neighbours. And sum almess he gaue to the poore, and all thys did he of the sayd farme. Wher he that now hath it, paieth xvi. pounde by yere or more, and is not able to do any thing for his Prynce, for himselfe, nor for his children, or geue a cup of drincke to the pore. Thus al the enhansinge and rearing goth to your priuate commoditie and wealth. So that where ye had a single to much, you haue that: and syns the same, ye haue enhansed the rente, and so haue encreased an other to much. So now ye haue doble to muche, whyche is to to much. But let the preacher preach til his tong be worne to the stompes, nothing is amended. We haue good statutes made for the commen welth as touching comeners, enclosers, many metinges and sessions, but in the end of the matter their commeth

nothing forth. Wel, well, thys is one thynge I wyll saye nto you, from whens it commeth I knowe, euen from he deuill. I knowe his intent in it. For if ye bryng it o passe, that the yomanry be not able to put their sonnes o schole (as in dede vniuersities do wonderously decaye ll redy) and that they be not able to mary their daughters o the auoidyng of whoredome, I say ye plucke saluation rom the people and vtterly distroy the realme. For by yomans sonnes, the fayth of Christ is and hath bene mayntained chefely. Is this realme taught by rich mens sonnes? No, no, reade the Cronicles; ye shall fynde sumtime noble mennes sonnes, which haue bene vnpreaching lyshoppes and prelates, but ye shall finde none of them learned men. But verilye, they that shoulde loke to the redresse of these thinges, be the greatest against them.

The value of archery as an exercise is thus enlarged on in the sixth sermon, and contrasted with bollyng (trolling the bowl, tippling), glossyng (glozing, flattering), and gullyng (cheating):

Menne of Englande in tymes paste, when they woulde exercyse theym selues (for we must nedes haue some recreation, oure bodyes canne not endure wythoute some exercyse) they were wonte to goo a brode in the fyeldes a shootynge, but nowe is turned in to glossyng, gullyng, and whoring wythin the house.

The arte of shutynge hath ben in tymes past much estemed in this realme, it is a gyft of God that he hath geuen vs to excell all other nacions wyth all. It hath bene goddes instrumente, whereby he hath gyuen vs manye victories agaynste oure enemyes. But nowe we haue taken vp horynge in tounes, in steede of shutyng in the fyeldes. A wonderous thynge, that so excellente a gift of God shoulde be so lytle estemed. I desyer you my Lordes, euen as ye loue the honoure and glory of God, and entende to remoue his indignacion, let ther be sente fourth some proclamacion, some sharpe proclamacion to the iustices of peace, for they do not their dutye. Iustices now be no iustices, ther be manye good actes made for thys matter already. Charge them vpon their allegiaunce yat this singular benefit of God maye be practised, and that it be not turned into bollyng, glossyng and whoryng wythin the townes, for they be negligente in executyng these lawes of shuting. In my tyme my poore father was as diligent to teach me to shote as to learne anye other thynge, and so I thynke other menne dyd theyr children. He taughte me how to drawe, how to laye my bodye in my bowe, and not to drawe wyth strength of armes as other nacions do, but with strength of the bodye. I had my bowes boughte me accordyng to my age and strength as I encreased in them, so my bowes were made bigger, and bigger, for men shal neuer shote well, excepte they be broughte vp in it. It is a goodly art, a holsome kynde of exercise, and much commended in phisike. Marcilius Ficinus in hys boke *de triplici vita* (it is a greate while sins I red hym nowe) but I remembre he commendeth this kinde of exercise, and sayth, that it wrestleth agaynst manye kyndes of diseases. In the reuerence of God, let it be continued.

In the third of these sermons he thus describes uncomplimentarily the Reformation in Germany:

Germany was visited xx. yeares wyth goddes word, it they dyd not earnestlye embrace it, and in lyfe owe it, but made a myngle mangle and a hotchpotch it, I can not tell what, partely poperye, partelye true religion mingeled together. They say in my contrye, when they cal theyr hogges to the swyne troughe: Come to thy myngle mangle, come pyr, come pyr; euen so they made mingle mangle of it.

They coulde clatter and prate of the Gospell, but when all commeth to al, they ioyned poperye so wyth it, that they marde all together, they scratched and scraped all the lyuynges of the churche, and vnder a couloure of relygion turned it to theyr owne proper gayne and lucre. God, seynge that they woulde not come vnto hys worde, now he visiteth them in the seconde tyme of hys visitacion with his wrathe. For the takynge awaye of Goddes word is a manyfest token of hys wrath. We haue now a fyrst visitacyon in Englande, let vs beware of the seconde. We haue the mynystracyon of hys worde, we are yet well, but the house is not cleane swepte yet.

Here is one of his many shrewd criticisms on 'unpreaching prelates,' with an autobiographical illustration:

And yet to haue pulpetes in churches it is very well done to haue them, but they woulde be occupied, for it is a vayne thyng to haue them as they stand in many churches. I heard of a Byshop of Englande that wente on visitacion, and (as it was the custom) when the Byshop shoulde come and be runge into the toune, the greate belles clapper was fallen doune, the tyall [tie, fastening] was broken, so that the Byshop coulde not be runge into the toune. Ther was a greate matter made of thys, and the chiefe of the paryshe were muche blamed for it in the visitacion. The Byshop was some what quicke wyth theym, and signified that he was muche offended. They made theyr aunsweres, and excused them selues, as wel as they coulde; it was a chaunce, sayd they, that ye clapper brake and we coulde not get it amended by and by, we must tarrye til we can haue done it. It shal be amended as shortelye as maye be. Amonge the other there was one wyser then the rest, and he commes me to the Bishop. Why my Lord, sayth he, doth your lordship mak so great matter of the bell, that lacketh hys clapper? here is a bell, sayeth he, and poynted to the pulpit, that hath lacked a clapper thys xx. yeres. We haue a parson that fetteth [fetcheth] out of thys benefice fiftye poundes euerye yere, but we neuer se hym. I warrant you ye Byshop was an vnpreachyng prelate. He could fynde faute wyth the bel that wanted a clapper to ryng hym into the toune, but he could not fynd any faut wyth the parson that preached not at his benefice. Euer thys office of preachynge hath bene least regarded, it hath skante hadde the name of goddes seruyce. They must synge *Salue, festa dies* aboute the churche, that no man was the better for it, but to shewe theyr gaie cotes and garmentes. I came once my selfe to a place, ridyng on a iornay home warde from London, and I sente worde ouer nyghte into the toune that I would preach there in ye morninge because it was holy day, and me thought it was an holye dayes worcke. The church stode in my waye, and I toke my horsse, and my companye, and went thither. I thoughte I shoulde haue founde a greate companye in the churche, and when I came there, the churche dore was faste locked.

I tarried there halfe an houer and more, at last the keye was founde, and one of the parishe commes to me and sayes; Syr, thys is a busye daye wyth vs, we can not heare you, it is Robyn Hoodes daye. The parishe are gone a brode to gather for Robyn Hoode, I praye

you let [hinder] them not. I was fayne there to geue place to Robyn Hoode, I thought my rochet shoulde haue bene regarded, thoughe I were not, but it woulde not serue, it was fayn to geue place to Robyn Hoodes men.

It is no laughynge matter, my friendes, it is a wepyng matter, a heauy matter, a heauy matter, vnder the pretence for gatherynge for Robyn Hoode, a traytoure and a thefe, to put out a preacher, to haue hys office lesse estemed, to prefer Robyn Hode before the ministracion of Gods word, and al thys hath come of vnpreachynge prelates. Thys Realme hath ben il prouided for, that it hath had suche corrupte iudgementes in it, to prefer Robyn Hode to goddes worde. Yf the Byshoppes had bene preachers, there shoulde neuer haue been any suche thynge, but we haue a good hope of better. We haue had a good begynnynge, I besech God to continewe it.

In another he tells at length 'Master More's' story of Tenterden steeple (page 123). The famous description of the devil as the most diligent preacher in England is from the sermon on the Ploughers (1549—also reprinted by Mr Arber):

And nowe I would aske a straunge question. Who is the most diligent bishoppe and prelate in al England, that passeth al the reste in doinge his office, I can tel, for I knowe him, who it is, I knowe hym well. But nowe I thynke I se you lysting and hearkening, that I shoulde name him. There is one that passeth al the other, and is the most diligent prelate and preacher in al England. And wyl ye knowe who it is? I wyl tel you. It is the Deuyl. He is the moste dyligent preacher of al other, he is neuer out of his dioces, he is neuer from his cure, ye shal neuer fynde hym vnoccupyed, he is euer in his parishe, he keepeth residence at al tymes, ye shal neuer fynde hym out of the waye, cal for him when you wyl, he is euer at home, the diligenteste preacher in all the Realme, he is euer at his ploughe, no lordynge nor loytringe can hynder hym, he is euer appliynge his busynes, ye shal neuer fynde hym idle, I warraunte you. And his office is to hinder religion, to mayntayne supersticion, to set vp idolatrie, to teach al kynde of popetrie, he is readye as can be wished, for to sette forthe his ploughe, to deuise as manye wayes as can be, to deface and obscure Godes glory. Where the Deuyl is residente and hath his plough goinge: there awaye with bokes and vp with candelles, awaye wyth Bibles and vp with beades, awaye wyth the lyghte of the Gospel, and vp with the lyghte of candells, yea at noone dayes. Where the Deuyll is residente, that he maye preuaile, vp wyth al superstition and idolatrie, sensing, peintynge of ymages, candles, palmes, asshes, holye water, and newe seruice of menes inuenting, as though man could inuent a better waye to honoure God wyth then God him selfe hath apointed. Downe with Christes crosse, vp with purgatory picke purse, vp wyth hym, the popish pourgatorie I mean. Awaye wyth clothinge the naked, the pore and impotent, vp wyth deckynge of ymages and gaye garnishinge of stockes and stones, vp wyth mannes traditions and his lawes, downe wyth Gods traditions and hys most holy worde, downe wyth the olde honoure dewe to God, and vp wyth the new gods honour, let al things be done in latine. There muste be nothynge but latine, not as much as *Memento homo quod cinis es, et in cinerem reuerteris.* Remembre man that thou arte asshes, and into asshes thou shalte returne. Whiche be the wordes that the minister speaketh to the ignoraunte people, when he gyueth them asshes vpon asshe wensdaye, but it muste be spoken in latine. Goddes worde may in no wyse be translated into englyshe. Oh that our prelates woulde be as diligente to sowe the corne of good doctrine as Sathan is to sowe cockel and darnel. And this is the deuilyshe ploughinge, the which worcketh to haue thinges in latine, and letteth the fruteful edification. But here some man will saie to me, what, sir, are ye so priuie of the deuils counsell that ye know al this to be true? Truli I know him to wel, and haue obeyed him a little to much in condescentinge to some follies. And I knowe him as other men do, yea, that he is euer occupied and euer busie in folowinge his plough. I know bi saint Peter which saieth of him: *Sicut leo rugiens circuit querens quem deuoret.* He goeth aboute lyke a roaringe lyon seekynge whome he maye deuoure. I woulde haue thys texte wel vewed and examined euerye worde of it. *Circuit*, he goeth aboute in euerye corner of his dioces. He goeth on visitacion daylye. He leaueth no place of hys cure vnuisited. He walketh round aboute from place to place and ceaseth not. *Sicut leo*, as a lyon, that is, strongly, boldly, and proudlye, straytelye and fiercelye, with haute lookes, wyth hys proude countenaunces, wyth hys stately braggynges. *Rugiens*, roaringe, for he letteth not slippe any occasion to speake or to roare out when he seeth his tyme. *Querens*, he goeth about seekyng and not sleepyng, as oure bishoppes do, but he seketh diligently, he searcheth diligently al corners, wheras he may haue his pray, he roueth abrode in eueri place of his dioces, he standeth not styl, he is neuer at reste, but euer in hande wyth his plough that it may go forwarde. But there was neuer such a preacher in England as he is.

See Latimer's *Remains and Sermons*, edited by Corrie, with Life, for the Parker Society (1844-45); and the Lives by Gilpin (1753), Demaus (1869; 3rd ed. 1886), and R. M. and A. J. Carlyle ('Leaders of Religion,' 1900); and the bibliography prefixed to Arber's reprint of *The Ploughers*.

Archbishop Cranmer. — After the translations of the Bible, especially the Authorised Version, probably no one book has been so influential in establishing a standard of dignity and grace for the English tongue as the Book of Common Prayer. And both the first Prayer Book of Edward VI. and the second—which is substantially the Prayer Book still in use — were drawn up under the supervision of Thomas Cranmer, and doubtless owe much of their beauty and dignity of devotional utterance to his inspiration and guidance. The history of this great successor of Becket—sometimes so much of an opportunist as to draw on him the charge of being a 'time-server'—is so well known that here we need do no more than recapitulate the chief dates of his life. Born in Nottinghamshire in 1489, and educated at Jesus College, Cambridge, he in 1529 pleased Henry VIII. by his suggestion that the question of a divorce should be referred to the universities of Christendom. Successively royal chaplain and archdeacon of Taunton, he was consecrated Warham's successor at Canterbury in 1533 and played a very conspicuous part in Church and State—especially in the great revolutio

known as the Reformation under Henry VIII. and Edward VI.—until Mary's accession; he was convicted of treason and of heresy; recanted his heresy, and then recanted his recantation; and died calmly at the stake in 1556.

Prejudices of the most opposite kinds have too long prevented correct views of his character; in a very difficult time he was no doubt somewhat defective in strength of character, but he was unquestionably one of those who did most to mould the polity of the Church of England. He was without dispute the most learned English theologian of his time. Latimer made no pretence to scholarship or learning; Gardiner had a knack of skilfully using theological commonplaces in controversy, but little more; his younger contemporary, Bishop Jewel, was also mainly a controversialist; and Bishop Ridley declared of Cranmer, 'He passeth me no less than the learned master his young scholar.' Over forty works by him are known. He translated many devotional forms into noble English, and, as we have seen, the Prayer Book owes much to his command of the mother-tongue. He certainly wrote some hymns, and there is even ground for believing that the version of 'Veni Creator Spiritus' in the ordination service is from his own pen. The preface to the first Prayer Book was entirely his, and so was the vigorous preface to the reprints (1540–41) of the Great Bible, of which the following—with its interesting reference to the 'Saxon' and other old translations—is the first part:

> For two sondrie sortes of people, it semeth moche necessary that somethynge be said in the entrye of thys book, by the waye of a preface or prologue; wherby herafter it maye be both the better accepted of them which hitherto coulde not well beare it, and also the better vsed of them which hertofore haue mysused it. For truly some there are that be to slowe, and nede the spurre: some other seme to quicke, and nede more of the brydell: some loose theyr game by shorte shotynge, some by ouer-shotynge: some walke to moche on the lefte hande, some to moche on the ryght. In the former sorte be all they that refuse to reade, or to heare redde the scripture in theyr vulgar tonges; moch worse they that also let or discourage the other from the readynge or hearinge therof. In the latter sorte be they, whiche by their inordinate readynge, undiscreete speakyng, contentious disputyng, or otherwyse, by their licencyous lyvynge, slaunder and hynder the worde of God moost of al other, wherof they wolde seme to be greatest furtherers. These two sortes, albeit they be moost farre unlyke the one to the other, yet they both deserue in effecte lyke reproche. Neyther can I well tell whyther of them I maye iudge the more offender, hym that doth obstinately refuse so godlye and goodly knowledge, or hym that so ungodly and so ungoodly doth abuse the same.
>
> And as touchynge the former, I wolde marvaile moche that any man sholde be so madd as to refuse in darkenes lyght; in honger, foode; in colde, fyer: for the worde of God is lyght; *lucerna pedibus meis uerbum tuum:* Foode; *non in solo pane uiuit homo, sed in omni verbo Dei:* Fyer; *ignem ueni mittere in terram, et quid uolo, nisi ut ardeat?* I wolde marvaile (I saye) at thys, saue that I consyder how moche custome and vsage maye do. So that yf there were a people, as some wryte *De Cimmeriis*, which neuer sawe the Sunne by reason that they be situated farre towarde the north pole, and be enclosed and ouershadowed with hygh mountaynes; it is credyble and lyke ynough that yf, by the power and wyll of God, the mountaynes sholde synke downe and gyve place, that the lyght of the Sunne myght haue enteraunce to them, at the fyrst some of them wolde be offended therwyth. And the olde prouerbe affermeth, that after tyllage of corne was fyrst founde, many delyted more to fede of maste and acornes, wherwyth they haue bene accustomed, than to eate breed made of good corne. Soche is the nature of custome, that it causeth vs to beare all thynges well and easilye, wherwyth we haue bene accustomed, and to be offended with all thynges thervnto contrary. And therfore I can well thynke them worthy pardon, whych at the commyng abroad of scripture doubted and drewe backe. But soch as wyll persyste styl in theyr wylfulnes, I muste nedes iudge not onely foolyshe, frowarde, and obstinate, but also peuyshe, peruerse, and indurate.
>
> And yet, yf the matter sholde be tryed by custome, we myght also allege custome for the readynge of the scripture in the vulgare tonge, and prescrybe the more auncient custome. For it is not moch aboue one hundreth yeare ago, sens scripture hath not bene accustomed to be redde in the vulgar tonge within this realme; and many hundred yeares before that it was translated and rede in the Saxones tonge, whych at that tyme was oure mothers tonge. Wherof there remayneth yet diuers copyes founde lately in olde abbeis, of soch antique maners of writynge and speaking, that fewe men nowe ben able to reade and vnderstande them. And when this language waxed olde and out of comen vsage, because folke shulde not lacke the frute of reading, it was agayne translated in the newer language. Wherof yet also many copies remayne and be dayly founde.
>
> But nowe to let passe custome, and to weye, as wyse men euer shulde, the thyng in hys awne nature: let vs here discusse, What it auayleth scripture to be had and redde of the laye and vulgare people. And to this question I entende here to saye nothyng but that was spoken and wrytten by the noble doctour and most morall diuine saynt John Chrisostome, in hys thyrde sermon *De Lazaro:* albeit I wilbe somethynge shorter, and gether the matter into feawer wordes and lesse rowme then he doth there, because I wolde not be tedious.

See the Parker Society's edition of Cranmer's works (Jenkyns, 4 vols. 1844–46), and the Lives by Strype (1694), Gilpin (1784), Todd (1831), Le Bas (1833), Dean Hook in *Lives of the Archbishops* (vi., vii., 1868), Collette (1887), and Mason (1898); and Bishop Dowden in *The Workmanship of the Prayer Book* (1900).

John Leland, 'father of English antiquaries,' was born in London about 1506, and educated at St Paul's School, Cambridge, and Oxford; he also made some stay in Paris. He was one of the earliest Greek scholars in England; was acquainted with French, Italian, and Spanish; and studied (as very few then did) Welsh and Anglo-Saxon. Henry VIII. made him one of his chaplains, and bestowed several benefices upon him; and in

1533 made him 'king's antiquary,' with a commission to search for documents and antiquities in all cathedrals, abbeys, and colleges, or wherever records and antiquities were deposited. With this commission he began a tour which lasted six (if not more) years, and amassed a vast store of information designed to be worked up into the 'Historie and Antiquities of the Nation.' He was terribly distressed by the shocking destruction of priceless documents at the dissolution of monasteries, and earnestly besought Cromwell to authorise him to collect the MSS. for the king's library; and he did thus secure a few from being utterly lost. He laboured with prodigious industry, but in vain, to digest his vast collection of material, into which Stow and Camden and William Burton and Dugdale burrowed. The last five years of his life were darkened by insanity; he died in 1552. He published in his lifetime some Latin poems and a few English and Latin tracts; but his great work, *The Itinerary*, though current in several MS. copies, did not see the light in print till 1710–12, when it was published in nine volumes by Thomas Hearne. Many of his papers are now in the Bodleian Library and British Museum. Hall edited the *Commentarii de Scriptoribus Britannicis* in 1709; and Hearne published six volumes of the *Collectanea* in 1715. Derwentwater, the Roman Wall, and Tintagel are described in these extracts from the *Itinerary*; the fourth records one of many such traditions:

On the Eſt Side of the Yſle, where as the Water of Darguent riſith, is a lytle poore Market Town cawlled Keſwike, and yt is a Myle fro S. Herebertes Iſle that Bede ſpeketh of. Divers Springes cummeth owt of Borodale, and ſo make a great Lowgh that we cawle a Poole; and ther yn be iii. Iſles. Yn the one ys the Hedd Places of M. Radclyf. an other is cawled S. Hereberts Iſle, wher is a Chapel. the iii. ys Vycar Iſle, ful of trees lyke a Wyldernes.

. . . . . .

Bytwyxt Thyrwal and North Tyne yn the waſt Ground ſtondeth yet notable Peaces of the Wall, the which was made *ex lapide quadrato*, as yt there appereth yet. Looke wher as the Grownd ys beſt enhabited thorowg the Walle, ſo there yt leſt appereth by reaſon of Buildinges made of the Stones of the Waule. The Walle on the farther ſide toward the Pictes was ſtrongly dichyd. Beſide the Stone Wall, ther appere yet yn very many Places *vestigia muri cespititii*, that was an Arow Shot a this ſide the Stone Wal; but that it was thoroughly made as the Stone wal was yt doth not wel appere there.

Fro Bolnes to Burgh abowt a iiii. Myles. fro thens yt goeth within half a Myle of Cairluel, and leſſe on the North ſide, and croſſeth over Edon a iii. Quarters of a Myle benethe Cairluel, and ſo to Terreby a litel Villag a Myle fro Cairluel. then thorowgh the barony of Linſtok; and thorowgh Gilleſland on the North ſide of the River of Arding a Quarter of a Myle of the Abbay of Lenarcoſt, and then a iii. Myles above Lenarcoſt yt croſſeth over Arding, then over the litle Brooke of Polt roſſe, the which devideth Gilleſland in Cumberland from Sowth Tyndale yn Northumbreland. then to a Caſtel caulled Thirlewal, ſtondyng on the ſame. thens directly Eſt thorowgh Sowth Tyndale not far fro the great Ruines of the Caſtel of Cairvorein, the which be nere Thyrlewal, and ſo over North Tyne, then directly Eſt thorowgh the Hedd of Northumbreland.

. . . . . .

Wyth yn iiii. Myles of the fayde Camylford apon the North Clif ys Tintagel, the which Caſtel had be lykehod iii. Wardes, wherof ii. be woren away with gulfyng yn of the Se. yn ſo much that yt hathe made ther almoſt an Iſle, and no way ys to enter ynto hyt now but by long Elme Trees layde for a Bryge. So that now withowte the Iſle renneth alonly a Gate Howſe, a Walle, and a fals Braye dyged and walled. In the Iſle remayne old Walles, and yn the Eſt Part of the ſame, the Grownd beyng lower, remayneth a Walle embateled, and Men alyve ſaw ther yn a Poſtern Dore of Yren. Ther is yn the Iſle a prety Chapel with a Tumbe on the left Syde. Ther ys alſo yn the Iſle a Welle, and ny by the ſame ys a Place hewen owt of the Stony Grownd to the Length and Brede of a Man. Alſo ther remayneth yn the Iſle a Grownd quadrant walled as yt were a Garden Plot. And by this Walle appere the Ruines of a Vault. The Grownd of this Iſle now nuryſhyth Shepe and Conys.

. . . . . .

Maſtar Paynell told me that he ſaw at Brakley in the Parts by Bukyngham manifeſt Tokens that it had bene a Wallyd Toune, and Tokens of the Gates and Towres in the Walles by the halfe Cirkles of the Foundations of them. (I fowght diligently, and could find no Tokens of Wales or Diches.) And that there hathe bene a Caſtell, the Dyke and Hills whereof do yet appere. (I ſaw the Caſtle Plott.) And that there hathe bene dyvars Churches in it. And that ther was of late a Place of Croſſyd Friers, and that one Nevill a great Gentilman there was buried. And that one Neville apon a tyme kyllyd in the Churche at Brakeley a Prieſt and buried hym in his facrid Veſtiments: and that this Nevill toke there an othar Priſt and buried hym quike.

George Cavendish was gentleman-usher to Cardinal Wolsey, was strongly attached to him, and after the prelate's fall continued to serve him faithfully till his death, when he returned to Suffolk. He died about 1562, leaving in manuscript a *Life of Cardinal Wolsey*, long attributed to his brother, Sir William, one of Henry VIII.'s privy councillors. This first separate biography in the English tongue, written about 1557 by a devout Catholic full of regrets for the past, could not well be published in Elizabeth's days, but circulated in MS. copies, about a dozen of which are still extant. It was published first for party purposes in 1641, in a mutilated form; like this, all the other editions down to 1815 were very imperfect. Mr Singer believed himself to have been fortunate enough to identify the author's own autograph MS., and from it he printed his very careful edition, with introduction, notes, and appendices. But unluckily he not merely 'modernised' the spelling, but sought occasionally to improve the style, even altering the author's words; so that the Kelmscott edition, printed in 1893 from a transcript of the autograph in the British Museum, was the first to give us the book as the author left it. Our extracts are from the

Kelmscott edition. Of the work Mr Singer said: 'It is a work without pretension, but full of natural eloquence, devoid of the formality of a set rhetorical composition, unspoiled by the affectation of that *classical manner* in which all biography and history of old time was prescribed to be written, and which often divests such records of the attraction to be found in the conversational style of Cavendish. . . . Our great poet has literally followed him in several passages of his *King Henry VIII.*, merely putting his language into verse. Add to this the historical importance of the work, as the only sure and authentic source of information upon many of the most interesting events of that reign, and from which all historians have largely drawn (through the secondary medium of Holinshed and Stow, and adopted Cavendish's narrative), and its intrinsic value need not be more fully expressed.' The following is an account of a 'tryhumphant bankett' given by Wolsey to the king and court:

And whan it pleased the kyng's majestie for his recreacion to repayer unto the Cardynall's howsse, as he dyd dyvers tymes in the yere, at whiche tyme there wanted no preparacions or goodly furnyture, with vyaunds of the fynest sort that myght be provided for mony or frendshype; such pleasyrs ware then devysed for the kyng's comfort & consolacion, as myght be invented or by man's wytt imagyned. The banketts ware set forthe with masks and mumreyes in so gorgeous a sort and costly maner, that it was an hevyn to behold. Ther wanted no dames or damselles, meate or apte to daunce with the maskers, or to garnysshe the place for the tyme with other goodly disports. Than was ther all kynd of musyke and armonye set forthe with excellent voyces bothe of men and childerne. I have seen the kyng sodeynly come in thether in a maske with a dosyn of other maskers, all in garments lyke shepherds, made of fynne cloth of gold, and fyne crymosyn satten paned, and cappes of the same, with visors of good proporcion of visonamy; ther heares and beards other of fynne gold wyer, or ells of sylver, and some beyng of blake sylke; having xvi. torches berers, besids ther dromes, and other persons attendyng uppon them with visors, & clothed all in satten of the same colours. And at his commyng, & byfore he came into the hall, ye shall understand that he came by water to the watergate, without any noyse, where, ayenst his coming, was layed charged many chambers: at whos londing they were all shot of, whiche made such a romble in the ayer that it was lyke thonder. It made all the noble men, ladyes, and gentilwomen to muse what it shold mean commyng so sodenly, they sitting quyetly at a solemn bankett; under this sort: first ye shall perceyve that the tables ware sett in the chamber of presence, bankettwyse covered; my Lord Cardynall syttyng under the clothe of estat, and there havyng all his servyce all alone; and than was there sett a lady and a noble man, or gentilman and a gentilwoman thorougheowt all the tables in the chamber on the oon side, which was made and joyned as it ware but oon table. All which order and device was don and devysed by the Lord Sands the Lord Chamberlayne, and also by Syr Henry Guyleford, Controller with the kyng. Than immedyatly after this great shott of gonnes, the Cardynall desired the seyd Lord Chamberlayne and Controller to loke what this soden shot shold mean, as though he knewe nothyng of the matter. They theruppon lokyng owt of the wyndowe into Temes, retorned agayn, and showed hyme that it semed to them that there shold be some noble men and strayngers arryved at his brygge, as ambassitors frome some forrayn prynce. With that, quoth the Cardynall, I shall desier yow because ye can speke frenche to take the paynnes to go down in to the hall to encounter and to receyve them according to ther estats and to conduct them to thys chamber, where they shall se us & all these noble personages syttyng merely at our bankett, desyryng them to sitt down with us and to take part of our fare & pastyme. They went incontynent down into the hall, where they receyved them with xx. newe torches, and conveyed them uppe in to the chamber, with suche a nomber of dromes and fyves as I have seldome seen together at oon tyme in any maske.

At ther arryvall in to the chamber ii. and ii. together, they went directly byfore the Cardynall where he satt, salutyng hyme very reverently; to whome the Lord Chamberlayn for them sayd, Syr, forasmyche as they be strayngers and can speke no Englysshe, they have desired me to declare unto your grace thus. They havyng understandyng of thys your tryhumphant bankett, where was assembled suche nomber of excellent fayer dames, cowld do no lesse under the supportacion of your good grace, but to repayer hether to view as were ther incomperable beawtie, or for to accompany them at mume chaunce, and than after to daunce with them and so to have of thaym acquayntaunce. And, Syr, they furthermore requyer of your grace's lycence to accomplesshe the cause of ther repayer. To whome the Cardynall answered, that he was very well contentyd they shold do so. Than the maskars went first & saluted all the dames as they satt, and than retorned to the most worthyest, and there opyned a cuppe full of gold, with crownes and other peces of coyne, to whome they sett dyvers pecys to cast at. Thus in this maner perusyng all the ladys and gentylwomen, and to some they lost and of some they won. And thus don, they retorned unto the Cardynall with great reverence, poryng down all the crownes in the cuppe, which was abought ii. c. crownes. At all! quoth the Cardynall, and so cast the dyse and wane them all at a cast, where at was great joy made. Than quod the Cardynall to my Lord Chamberlayne, I pray you, quod he, shew them that it semys me howe there shold be among theme some noble man, whome I suppose to be myche more worthy of honor to sitt & occupie this rome and place than I; to whome I wold most gladly, yf I knewe hyme, surrender my place accordyng to my dewtie. Than spake my Lord Chamberlayne unto them in Frenche, declaryng my Lord Cardynall's mind; and they roundyng hyme agayn in the eare, my Lord Chamberlayne said to my Lord Cardynall, Sir, they confesse, quod he, that among them there is suche a noble personage, among whome if your grace can appoynt hyme frome the other, he is contented to discloos hyme self, and to accepte your place most worthely. With that the Cardynall, takyng a good advysement among them, at the last, quod he, Me semys the gentilman with the blake beard shold be evyn he. And with that he arose out of hys chayer, and offered the same to the gentilman in the blake beard, with his cappe in his hand.

The person to whome he offered than his chayer was Syr Edward Neville, a comly knyght of a goodly personage, that myche more resembled the kyng's person in that maske than any other. The kyng, heryng and perceyvyng the Cardynall so disseyved in his estimacyon and choys, cold not forbeare lawyng; but plukked down his visare, and Mayster Nevyll's, and dasht owt with suche a pleasaunt countenaunce and chere that all noble estats there assembled, seyng the kyng to be there among them, rejoysed very myche. The Cardynall eftsones desired his highnes to take the place of estate, to whome the kynge answered, that he would goo first and shyfte his apparell; and so departed and went strayt in to my lord's bed chamber, where was a great fier made and prepared for hyme, and there newe apparelled hyme with ryche and pryncely garments. And in the tyme of the kyng's absence, the disshes of the bankett were clean taken up, and the tables spred agayn with newe and swett perfumed clothes; every man syttyng untill the kyng and his maskers came in among theme agayn, every man beyng newly apparelled. Than the kyng toke his seate under the clothe of estate, commaundyng no man to remove, but sit still as they dyd byfore. Then in came a new bankett byfore the kyng's majestie, and to all the rest thorough the tables, wherin I suppose was served ii. c. disshes or above, of wondreouse costly meats and delyces, subtilly devysed. Thus passed they forthe the hole night with banketing, dauncing, and other tryhumphant devyses, to the great comfort of the kyng, and pleasaunt regard of the nobylitie there assembled.

Dromes, drums; *chambers*, short guns; *mume chaunce*, *mum chance*, a silent game with cards or dice; *roundyng*, whispering; *lawyng*, laughing.

The story of Wolsey's death (1530) is memorable for the dramatic use made of it by Shakespeare in *Henry VIII.*—for doubtless Shakespeare had read Cavendish's MS.:

Than was he in confession the space of an hower. And whan he had endyd his confession, Mayster Kyngston bade hyme good morowe, for it was abougt vii. of the clocke in the mornyng, and asked hyme how he did. Sir, quod he, I tary but the wyll and pleasyr of God, to render unto hyme my symple sowlle in to his dyvyn hands. Not yet so, sir, quod Mayster Kyngston, with the grace of God, you shall lyve and do very well, if ye wyll be of good chere. Mayster Kyngston, my desease is suche that I cannot lyve; for I have had some experience in my desease and thus it is. . . . Nay, sir, in good fayth, quod Mayster Kyngston, ye be in such dolor and pensyvenes doughtyng that thyng that in dede ye nede not to fear, whiche makyth you myche wors than ye shold be. Well, well, Mayster Kyngston, quod he, I se the matter ayenst me, how it is framed; but if I had served God as dyligently as I have don the kyng, he wold not have gevyn me over in my gray heares. Howbeit thys is the just reward that I must receyve for my worldly dyligence and paynnes that I have had to do hyme servyce; not regarding my godly dewtie. Wherfore I pray you, with all my hart, to have me most humbly commendyd unto his royall majestie, besechyng hyme in my behalf to call to his most gracious remembraunce all matters procedyng between hyme and me frome the begynnyng of the world unto thys day, and the progresse of the same; and most cheafely in the waytie matter yet dependyng (meaning the matter newly begon bytwen hyme and good Queen Katheryn) than shall his concyence declare whether I have offended hyme or no. He is suer a prynce of royall coorage, and hathe a pryncely hart; and rather than he wyll owther mysse or want any parte of his wyll or apetite he wyll put the losse of the oon halfe of his realme in daynger; for I assure you I have often kneled byfore hyme in his privye chamber on my knes the space of an hower or too to perswade hyme frome hys wyll and apetite, but I cowld never bryng to passe to diswade hyme ther froo. Therefore, Mayster Kyngston, if it chaunce hereafter you to be oon of hys privye councell, as for your wysdome and other qualites ye be mete so to be; I warne you to be well advysed and assured what matter ye put in his hed, for ye shall never putt it owt agayn.

And sey, furthermore, that I requyer his grace in godd's name, that he have a vigilant eye to depresse this newe pernicious sekte of the Lutarynnauncers that it do not encreace within hys domynyons thoroughe hys necligence, in suche a sort that he shal be fayn at lengthe to put harnoys uppon hyse bake to subdewe them: as the Kyng of Beame did, who had good game to se his rewde commyns than enfected with Wycklyffe's heresies, to spoyell and murder the spirituall men and religious persons of his realme; the whiche fled to the kyng and his nobles for socour ayenst ther frantyke rage. . . . Mayster Kyngston, farewell. I can no moore; but whyshe all thyngs to have good successe. My tyme drawyth on fast. I may not tary with you. And forget not, I pray you, what I have seyd and charged you withall; for whan I ame deade, ye shall peradventure remember my words better. And evyn with these words he began to drawe his speche at lengthe, and his tong to fayle, his eyes beyng sett in his hed, whos sight faylled hyme. Then we began to put hyme in remembraunce of Christ's passion, and sent for the abbott of the place to annele hyme; who came with all spede and mynestred unto hyme all the servyce to the same belongyng; and caused also the gard to stand by, bothe to here hyme talk byfore his deathe, & also to be wytnes of the same; and incontynent the clocke strake viii., at whiche tyme he gave uppe the gost, and thus departed he this present lyfe. And callyng to our remembraunce his words the day byfore, howe he sayd that at viii. of the cloke we shold lose our mayster, oon of us lokyng uppon an other, supposyng that he profecied of hys departure.

Here is thend and fall of pryde and arrogauncye of suche men, exalted by fortune to honour and high dygnytes; for I assure you, in hys tyme of auctorytie and glory, he was the haultest man in all his procedyngs that then lyved, havyng more respect to the worldly honour of hys person than he had to his spirituall profession; wherin shold be all meknes, humylitie & charitie, the processe wherof I leave to theme that be learned and seen in the dyvyn lawes.

Lutarynnauncers, Lutherans; *harnoys*, armour; *Beame*, Bohemia; *thend*, the end; *haultest*, haughtiest; *annele*, give extreme unction.

Singer's edition (1815) was republished by Professor Morley in his 'Universal Library' (1886).

Sir John Cheke (1514–1557) was professor of Greek at Cambridge, where he was born, and having embraced the Reformed faith, was one of the preceptors of the prince afterwards Edward VI.

hiefly distinguished for his exertions in
ıg the study of the Greek language and
ɛ in England. Having elaborated and
ed a new mode of pronouncing Greek (the
ents of Greek in England having heretofore
d the Continental pronunciation, which
ıought wrong), he was violently assailed by
Gardiner, then chancellor of the university;
vithstanding the fulminations against it, the
of Cheke prevailed, being, in fact, very much
still in use in England. At Mary's acces-
was stripped of everything and fled, but
cherously seized in Belgium, brought back,
wn into the Tower, where fear of the stake
m abjure Protestantism. At his death,
to be occasioned by remorse for having
, he left several works in manuscript,
which was a translation of Matthew's
in English, simplified by adhering mainly
ls derived from Anglo-Saxon roots, and
a phonetic plan. He edited homilies of
tom, various Latin translations from Greek,
ntroversial works on theology, disquisitions
k pronunciation, and a Life of Bucer. His
table work in English is a pamphlet, pub-
n 1549, under the title of *The Hurt of
, how Grievous it is to a Commonwealth*,
l to admonish the people who had risen
Ket the tanner. Having first dealt with
ıs Rebelles,' he proceeds then to address
er rable of Norfolke Rebelles':

tend a common welth. How amend ye it by
f Gentlemen, by spoyling of Gentlemen, by im-
of Gentlemen? A maruelous tanned common
Why should ye thus hate them, for their riches
ir rule? Rule they never tooke so much in hand
now. They neuer resisted the King, neuer with-
counsaile, be faithfull at this day, when ye be
not only to the King, whose subjectes ye be,
to your Lords, whose tenaunts ye be. Is this
duty—in some of homage, in most of fealtie,
allegeance—to leaue your duties, go backe from
mises, fall from your faith, and, contrarye to lawe
ı, to make vnlawfull assemblies, vngodly com-
ricked and detestable campes, to disobey your
nd to obey your tanners, to chaunge your obe-
om a King to a Ket, to submit your selues to
s, and breake your fayth to your true Kinge and

es offende you, bicause ye woulde have the lyke,
ıke that to bee no common welth, but envye to
mon welth. Envye it is to appayre [impair]
mans estate, without the amendement of your
ıd to have no Gentlemen, bicause ye be none
ıes, is to bringe downe an estate, and to mend
Would ye have all alike riche? That is the over-
of all labour and vtter decay of worke in this
For who will labour more, if, when he hath
ore, the ydle shall by lust, without right, take
n list from him, under pretence of equalitie
.? This is the bringing in of ydleness, which
h the common welth, and not the amendement
, that maintaineth the common welth. If there
be such equalitie, then ye take all hope away
from yours, to come to any better estate than you now
leaue them. And as many meane mens children come
honestly vp, and are great succour to all their stocke,
so shoulde none be hereafter holpen by you. But
because ye seeke equalitie, whereby all cannot be riche,
ye would that belike, whereby euery man should be pore.
And thinke beside, that riches and inheritance be gods
prouidence, and giuen to whom of his wisedom he
thinketh good.

The following letter from Cheke to his friend Peter Osborne, Remembrancer of the Exchequer in London, was printed from the autograph by the Camden Society (*Letters of Eminent Literary Men*, 1843), and brings us very near the sixteenth century bookman, of whom there is a Life by Strype (best ed. 1821):

I fele the caulme of quietnes, being tost afore with stormes, and have felt of ambitions bitter gal, poisoned with hope of hap. And therfore I can be meri on the bankes side without dangring miself on the sea. Yor sight is ful of gai things abrode, which I desire not as things sufficientli known and valewd. O what pleasure is it to lacke pleasures, and how honorable is it to fli from honors throws. Among other lacks I lack painted bucrum to lai betweyne bokes and bordes in mi studi, which I now have trimd. I have nede of xxx yardes. Chuse you the color. I prai yow bi me a reme of paper at London. Fare ye wel. With commendacons to yr Mother, Mr Lane and his wife, Mr and Mrs Saxon, with other. From Cambridge the xxx of Mai 1549.

Yrs known,

JOAN CHEKE.

To his loving Frende, Mr Peter Osborne.

Sir Thomas Wilson, born at Strubby in Lincolnshire about 1525, was a fellow of King's College, Cambridge, and tutor to two little Dukes of Suffolk who died on the same day. In exile during Mary's reign, he was tortured by the Inquisition at Rome; but under Elizabeth held various high employments, sat on commissions, was repeatedly ambassador to Portugal, Scotland, and the Netherlands, and after being Secretary of State with Walsingham, was, though a layman, made Dean of Durham. In 1551 he published *The Rule of Reason, conteinyng the Arte of Logique;* in 1553 *The Arte of Rhetorique;* and in 1572 *A Discourse uppon Usurye.* He died in 1581. His *Rhetorique* is partly Quintilian and the schoolmen, partly *oracyons*, epistles, and other model compositions by himself. His own style is rather clear and vigorous than graceful or sonorous. He strongly advocates simplicity of language, condemning those who 'powdered their talk with over-seas language.' Amongst the false styles he censures is alliteration, of which he gives the following caricatured example: 'Pitiful poverty prayeth for a penny, but puffed presumption passeth not a point, pampering his paunch with pestilent pleasure, procuring his passport to post it to hell-pit, there to be punished with pains perpetual.' The following is a passage from the *Rhetorique* (ed. of 1585):

Among other lessons this should first be learned, that wee neuer affect any straunge ynkehorne termes, but to

speake as is commonly receiued; neither seeking to be ouer fine, nor yet liuing ouer careless; using our speeche as most men doe and ordering our wittes as ye fewest haue done. Some seeke so far for outlandish English, that they forget altogether their mothers language. And I dare sweare this, if some of their mothers were alive, thei were not able to tell what they say, and yet these fine English clerkes will say they speak in their mother tongue, if a man should charge them for counterfeiting the Kings English. Some farre iourneyed gentlemen, at their returne home, like as they loue to go in forayne apparell, so thei wil pouder their talke with ouer-sea language. He that commeth lately out of Fraunce will talke French-English, and neuer blush at the matter. And other chops in with English Italianated, and applieth the Italian phrase to our English speaking; the which is as if an Oratour that professeth to vtter his minde in plaine Latine would needes speake poetrie, and farre fetched colours of straunge antiquitie. The Lawyer will store his stomacke with the prating of Pedlers. The Auditor in making his accompt and reckening, cometh in with *sise sould* and *cater denere* [six soulds or sols or sous; quatre deniers] for 6s. and 4d. The fine Courtier will talke nothing but Chaucer. The misticall wiseman, and Poeticall Clerks, will speake nothing but quaint prouerbes and blinde allegories; delighting much in their owne darkenesse especially when none can tell what they doe say. The vnlearned or foolish phantastical, that smelles but of learning (such fellowes as haue seen learned men in their daies), will so Latin their tongues, that the simple can not but wonder at their talke and thinke surely they speake by some reuelation. I know them that thinke *Rhetorique* to stande wholie upon darke wordes; and hee that can catche an ynke horne terme by the taile him they coumpt to be a fine Englisheman and a good *Rhetorician*.

The following are illustrative anecdotes from the same work, for which modern parallels might be found:

An English Phisition ryding by the way: and seeing a great companie of men gathered together, sent his man to know what the matter was, whereupon his man vnderstanding that one there was appointed to suffer for killing a man: came riding backe in al poste haste, and cried to his maister long before he came at him: get you hence, sir; get you hence for Gods loue. What meanest thou (quoth his maister). Mary (quoth the seruaunt) yonder man shall dye for killing of one man, and you, I dare saie, haue killed a hundred men in your daies: get you hence therefore for Gods loue if you loue your self. . . .

A man may by hearing a loud lye pretelie mocke the lye by reporting a greater lye. When one being of a lowe degree and his father of meane wealth had vaunted much of the good house that his father kept: of two Beefes spent weekely and half a score tunne of wine dronke in a yere, another good fellowe hearing him lye so shamefully: indeede (quoth he) Beefe is so plentifull at my maister your fathers house that an Oxe in one day is nothing, and as for Wine, Beggers that come to the doore are serued by whole gallands. And as I remember your father hath a spring of Wine in the middest of his Court, God continue his good house keeping.

Roger Ascham (1515–1568) was not only a typical literary Englishman, but a notable representative of the New Learning as it took root in England. Born at Kirby Wiske, near Thirsk in Yorkshire, he studied at St John's College, Cambridge, where, in spite of his avowed leaning to the Reformed doctrines, he obtained a fellowship. His reputation as a classical scholar soon brought him numerous pupils; and about 1538 he was appointed Greek reader at St John's. His leisure hours were devoted to music, penmanship (in which he excelled), and archery. In defence of the latter art, and to show how well he could handle Platonic dialogue, he published, in 1545, *Toxophilus*, which in style ranks among English classics. For this treatise, which was dedicated to Henry VIII., he received a pension of £10; in 1546 he was appointed university orator. He was tutor at Cheshunt to the Lady Elizabeth (1548–50), and as secretary to Sir Richard Morysin or Morison, ambassador to Charles V., spent three years (1550–53) on the Continent, at Augsburg chiefly, but with occasional visits to Vienna, the Tyrol, and Carinthia. On his return he became Latin secretary to Queen Mary. His caution seems to have preserved him from suffering in any way for his Protestantism; and after Mary's death Elizabeth retained him at court as secretary and tutor, which offices he held till his death, 30th December 1568. He thought highly of cock-fighting as a pastime for gentlemen; and though he inveighed against gambling, Camden says he was too fond of cards and dice. In his last illness he suffered much from sleeplessness, and fell on the strange device of having 'a cradle made for himself in which after the manner of infants he was rocked to and fro.' Unluckily we are not told how the remedy answered. The *Scholemaster*, his principal work, discusses the value of classical education, educational problems, and things in general. It was not published till 1570. His *Report of Germany* is a very interesting contemporary account of European *haute politique* at the critical time of the struggle between Charles V. and Maurice of Saxony. His two hundred and ninety-five letters, Latin and English, are partly official and partly personal, and range over a wide variety of subjects; and in virtue of one of them quoted below, he may rank as one of the very earliest of 'picturesque tourists' on the Rhine. Ascham (who sometimes spelt his name *Askham* or *Ascam*) is an entertaining writer, but has not the charm of Sir Thomas More. His enthusiasm for Greek and letters was sincere, and his English style combines a sort of strained simplicity, which does not disdain alliteration's artful aid, with a pseudo-classical balancing of phrases.

In writing *Toxophilus*, Ascham meant not merely to commend the pastime of archery, but to show his countrymen that it was possible, though unusual, to write English as well as scholars were wont to write Latin:

And though to haue written it in an other tonge had bene bothe more profitable for my study, and also more honest for my name, yet I can thinke my labour wel bestowed, yf with a little hynderaunce of my profyt and

name, maye come any fourtheraunce, to the pleasure or commoditie of the gentlemen and yeomen of Englande, for whose sake I tooke this matter in hande. And as for ye Latin or greke tonge, euery thing is so excellently done in them, that none can do better: In the Englysh tonge contrary, euery thinge in a maner so meanly, bothe for the matter and handelynge, that no man can do worse. For therein the least learned for the moste parte, haue ben alwayes moost redye to wryte. And they whiche had least hope in latin, haue bene moste boulde in englyshe: when surelye euery man that is moste ready to taulke, is not moost able to wryte.

The value of pastimes for students is thus set forth by Toxophilus to Philologus, who has argued that a student should stick to his books, and 'take hede how he spendeth his tyme in sporte and playe.' Toxophilus argues:

Far contrariwise I herd my selfe a good husbande at his boke ones saye, that to omit studie somtime of the daye, and sometime of the yere, made as moche for the encrease of learning, as to let the land lye sometime falloe, maketh for the better encrease of corne. This we se, yf the lande be plowed euery yere, the corne commeth thinne vp, the eare is short, the grayne is small, and when it is brought into the barne and threshed, gyueth very euill faul [fall, crop]. So those which neuer leaue poring on their bokes, haue oftentimes as thinne inuention, as other poore men haue, and as smal wit and weight in it as in other mens. And thus youre husbandrie me thinke, is more like the life of a couetouse snudge that oft very euill preues [proves], then the labour of a good husband that knoweth wel what he doth. And surelie the best wittes to lerning must nedes haue moche recreation and ceasing from their boke, or els they marre them selues, when base and dompysshe wittes can neuer be hurte with continuall studie, as ye se in luting, that a treble minikin string [a small gut-string] must alwayes be let down, but at suche time as when a man must nedes playe: when ye base and dull stryng nedeth neuer to be moued out of his place. The same reason I finde true in two bowes that I haue, wherof the one is quicke of cast, tricke, and trimme both for pleasure and profyte: the other is a bigge slowe of cast, folowing the string, more sure for to last, then pleasaunt for to vse. . . . I wolde not saye thus moche afore yong men, for they wil take soone occasion to studie litle ynough. But I saye it therfore bicause I knowe, as litle studie getteth litle learninge or none at all, so the moost studie getteth not ye moost learning of all. For a mans witte sore occupied in ernest studie, must be as wel recreated with some honest pastime, as the body sore laboured, must be refreshed with slepe and quietnesse, or els it can not endure very longe, as the noble poete sayeth.

Further on lefull or lawful pastimes:

That ernest studie must be recreated with honest pastime sufficientlye I haue proued afore, both by reason and authoritie of the best learned men that euer wrote. Then seing pastymes be lefull, the moost fittest for learning is to be sought for. A pastyme, saith Aristotle, must be lyke a medicine. Medicines stande by contraries, therfore the nature of studying considered, the fittest pastyme shal soone appeare. In studie euery parte of the body is ydle, which thing causeth grosse and colde humours to gather togyther and vexe scholers verye moche, the mynde is altogythar bent and set on worke. A pastyme then must be had where euery parte of the bodye must be laboured to separate and lessen suche humours withal: the mind must be vnbent, to gather and fetche againe his quicknesse withall. Thus pastymes for the mynde onelye, be nothing fit for studentes, bycause the body which is moost hurte by studie, shuld take away no profyte thereat. This knewe Erasmus verye well, when he was here in Cambrige: which when he had ben sore at his boke (as Garret our bookebynder hath verye ofte told me) for lacke of better exercise, wolde take his horse, and ryde about the markette hill, and come agayne. If a scholer shoulde vse bowles or tennies, the laboure is to vehement and vnequall, whiche is condempned of Galene: the example very ill for other men, when by so manye actes they be made vnlawfull.

Running, leaping, and coyting be to vile for scholers, and so not fit by Aristotle his iudgement: walking alone into the felde, hath no token of courage in it, a pastyme lyke a simple man which is neither flesh nor fisshe. Therfore if a man woulde haue a pastyme holesome and equall for euery parte of the bodye, pleasaunt and full of courage for the mynde, not vile and vnhoneste to gyue ill example to laye men, not kepte in gardynes and corners, not lurkynge on the nyght and in holes, but euermore in the face of men, either to rebuke it when it doeth ill, or els to testifye on it when it doth well: let him seke chefely of all other for shotynge.

The advantage of bows over guns (as they then were!) in war is thus stated:

The nexte good poynt in a souldier, is to haue and to handle his weapon wel, whereof the one must be at the appoyntment of the captayne, the other lyeth in the courage and exercise of the souldier: yet of al weapons the best is, as Euripides doth say, wherwith with leest daunger of our self we maye hurt our enemye moost. And that is (as I suppose) artillarie. Artillarie now a dayes is taken for ii. thinges: Gunnes and Bowes, which how moch they do in war, both dayly experience doeth teache, and also Peter Nannius a learned man of Louayn [Louvain], in a certayne dialoge doth very well set out, wherein this is most notable, that when he hath shewed excedyng commodities of both, and some discommodities of gunnes, as infinite cost and charge, combersome carriage: and yf they be greate, the vncertayne leuelyng, the peryll of them that stand by them, the esyer auoydyng by them that stande far of: and yf they be lytle, the lesse both feare and ieoperdy is in them, besyde all contrary wether and wynde, whiche hyndereth them not a lytle: yet of all shotyng he cannot reherse one discommoditie.

Ascham was very angry at 'a certaine Frenchman called Textor' [Joannes Ravisius Textor or Tixier, 1480–1524], who absurdly wrote that 'the Scottes which dwell beyonde Englande be very excellent shoters, and the best bowmen in warre.' He thus confutes him, and expresses the aspirations of English Protestants for 'atonement' with Scotland, then a Roman Catholic nation:

Textor neded not to haue gone so piuishlye [peevishly] beyonde Englande for shoting, but myght very soone, euen in the first towne of Kent, haue founde suche plentie of shotinge, as is not in al the realme of Scot-

land agayne. The Scottes surely be good men of warre in theyr owne feate [that in which they have skill] as can be: but as for shotinge, they neyther can vse it for any profyte, nor yet wil chalenge it for any prayse, although master Textor of his gentlenesse wold gyue it them. Textor neaded not to haue fylled vppe his booke with suche lyes, if he hadde read the storye of Scotlande, whiche Joannes Maior doeth wryte: wherin he myghte haue learned, that when James Stewart fyrst kyng of that name, at the Parliament holden at Saynt Johnnes towne or Perthe, commaunded vnder payne of a greate forfyte, that euery Scotte shoulde learne to shote: yet neyther the loue of theyr countrie, the feare of their enemies, the auoydying of punishment, nor the receyuinge of anye profyte that myght come by it, coulde make them to be good Archers: whiche be vnapte and vnfytte therunto by Gods prouidence and nature.

Therfore the Scottes them selues proue Textor a lyer, bothe with authoritie and also daily experience, and by a certayne Prouerbe that they haue amonges them in theyr communication, wherby they gyue the whole prayse of shotynge honestlye to Englysshe men, saying thus: that euery Englysshe Archer beareth vnder hys gyrdle xxiiii. Scottes.

But to lette Textor and the Scottes go: yet one thynge woulde I wysshe for the Scottes, and that is this, that seinge one God, one faythe, one compasse of the see, one lande and countrie, one tungue in speakynge, one maner and trade in lyuynge, lyke courage and stomake in war, lyke quicknesse of witte to learning, hath made Englande and Scotlande bothe one, they wolde suffre them no longer to be two: but cleane gyue ouer the Pope, which seketh none other thinge (as many a noble and wyse Scottish man doth knowe) but to fede vp dissention and parties betwixt them and vs, procuryng that thynge to be two, which God, nature, and reason wold haue one.

Howe profytable suche an attonement were for Scotlande, both Iohannes Maior and Ector Boetius whiche wrote the Scottes Chronicles do tell, and also all the gentlemen of Scotlande with the poore communaltie, do wel knowe: So that there is nothing that stoppeth this matter, saue onelye a fewe freers, and suche lyke, whiche with the dregges of our Englysh Papistrie lurkyng now amonges them, study nothing els but to brewe battell and stryfe betwixte both the people: Wherby onely they hope to maynetayne theyr Papisticall kyngdome, to the destruction of the noble blood of Scotlande, that then they maye with authoritie do that, whiche neither noble man nor poore man in Scotlande yet doeth knowe. And as for Scottishe men and Englishe men be not enemyes by nature, but by custome: not by our good wyll, but by theyr owne follye: whiche shoulde take more honour in being coupled to Englande, then we shulde take profite in being ioyned to Scotlande.

In the *Scholemaster*, the main contention is that 'loue is better than feare, ientleness better than beating to bring up a childe rightlie in learninge;' and after quoting Socrates to the effect that 'no learning ought to be learned with bondage' or compulsion, but as it were in playing, and so in a measure anticipating the kindergarten, he deals with fond or injudicious teachers:

Fonde scholemasters neither can vnderstand nor will folow this good counsell of Socrates, but wise ryders in their office can and will do both: which is the onelie cause that commonly the yong ientlemen of England go so vnwillinglie to schole, and run so fast to the stable: For in verie dede fond scholemasters by feare do beate into them the hatred of learning, and wise riders by ientle allurementes do breed vp in them the loue of riding. They finde feare and bondage in scholes, they feele libertie and freedome in stables: which causeth them vtterlie to abhorre the one, and most gladlie to haunt the other. And I do not write this, that in exhorting to the one I would dissuade yong ientlemen from the other: yea I am sorie with all my harte that they be giuen no more to riding then they be: For of all outward qualities, to ride faire is most cumelie for him selfe, most necessarie for his contrey, and the greater he is in blood, the greater is his praise, the more he doth exceede all other therein. It was one of the three excellent praises amongest the noble ientlemen, the old Persians, Alwaise to say troth, to ride faire, and shote well.

And it is pittie, that commonlie more care is had, yea and that emonges verie wise men, to finde out rather a cunnynge man for their horse, than a cunnyng man for their children. They say nay in worde, but they do so in dede. For to the one they will gladlie giue a stipend of 200 Crounes by the yeare, and loath to offer to the other 200 shillinges. God that sitteth in heauen laugheth their choice to skorne, and rewardeth their liberalitie as it should: for he suffereth them to haue tame and well ordered horse, but wilde and vnfortunate children: and therfore in the ende they finde more pleasure in their horse, than comforte in their children.

This is Ascham's most famous 'interview':

And one example, whether loue or feare doth worke more in a child for vertue and learning, I will gladlie report: which maie be heard with some pleasure, and folowed with more profit. Before I went into Germanie, I came to Brodegate in Leicestershire, to take my leaue of that noble Ladie Iane Grey, to whom I was exceding moch beholdinge. Hir parentes, the Duke and Duches, with all the houshold, Gentlemen and Gentlewomen, were huntinge in the Parke: I founde her, in her Chamber, readinge *Phædon Platonis* in Greeke, and that with as moch delite, as som ientlemen wold read a merie tale in Bocase [Boccaccio]. After salutation, and dewtie done, with som other taulke, I asked hir, whie she wold leese [lose] soch pastime in the Parke? Smiling she answered me: I wisse, all their sporte in the Parke is but a shadoe to that pleasure that I find in Plato: Alas good folke, they neuer felt what trewe pleasure meant. And howe came you, Madame, quoth I, to this deepe knowledge of pleasure, and what did chieflie allure you vnto it: seinge not many women, but verie fewe men haue atteined thereunto. I will tell you, quoth she, and tell you a troth, which perchance ye will meruell at. One of the greatest benefites that euer God gaue me, is, that he sent me so sharpe and seuere parentes, and so ientle a scholemaster. For when I am in presence either of father or mother, whether I speake, kepe silence, sit, stand, or go, eate, drinke, be merie, or sad, be sowyng, plaiyng, dauncing, or doing anie thing els, I must do it, as it were, in soch weight, mesure, and number, euen so perfitelie, as God made the world, or else I am so sharplie taunted, so cruelly threatened, yea presentlie some tymes with pinches, nippes, and bobbes, and other waies, which I will not

name for the honor I beare them, so without measure misordered, that I thinke my selfe in hell, till tyme cum that I must go to M. Elmer, who teacheth me so ientlie, so pleasantlie, with soch faire allurementes to learning, that I thinke all the tyme nothing, whiles I am with him. And when I am called from him, I fall on weeping, because, what soeuer I do else but learning is ful of grief, trouble, feare, and whole misliking vnto me: And thus my booke hath bene so moch my pleasure, and bringeth dayly to me more pleasure and more, that in respect of it all other pleasures, in very deede, be but trifles and troubles vnto me. I remember this talke gladly, both bicause it is so worthy of memorie, and bicause also, it was the last talke that euer I had, and the last tyme that euer I saw that noble and worthie ladie.

He records a sad tale of a misguided infant:

This last somer, I was in a ientlemans house: where a yong childe, somewhat past fower yeare olde, cold in no wise frame his tonge to saie a litle shorte grace: and yet he could roundlie rap out so manie vyle othes, and those of the newest facion, as som good man of fourescore yeare olde hath neuer hard named before: and that which was most detestable of all, his father and mother wold laughe at it. I moche doubte what comforte an other daie this childe shall bring vnto them.

On the question whether he approved of sending young men to complete their education by a sojourn in Italy, Ascham writes:

Syr, quoth I, I take goyng thither and liuing there, for a yonge ientleman that doth not goe vnder the keepe and garde of such a man as both by wisedome can and authoritie dare rewle him, to be meruelous dangerous. And whie I said so than, I will declare at large now: which I said than priuatelie, and write now openlie, not bicause I do contemne either the knowledge of strange and diuerse tonges, and namelie the Italian tonge, which next the Greeke and Latin tonge I like and loue aboue all other: or else bicause I do despise the learning that is gotten, or the experience that is gathered in strange contries: or for any priuate malice that I beare to Italie: which countrie, and in it, namelie Rome, I huae alwayes speciallie honored: bicause, tyme was whan Italie and Rome haue bene, to the greate good of vs that now liue, the best breeders and bringers vp of the worthiest men, not onelie for wise speakinge, but also for well doing, in all Ciuill affaires, that euer was in the worlde. But now that tyme is gone, and though the place remayne, yet the olde and present maners do differ as farre as blacke and white, as vertue and vice. Vertue once made that contrie mistres ouer all the worlde. Vice now maketh that contrie slaue to them, that before were glad to serue it. . . . If you thinke we iudge amisse, and write to sore against you, heare what the Italian sayth of the English man, what the master reporteth of the scholer; who vttereth playnlie, what is taught by him, and what learned by you, saying, *Englese Italianato, e vn diabolo incarnato*, that is to say, you remaine men in shape and facion, but becum deuils in life and condition.

His criticism of the ethical significance of *Morte D'Arthur* is trenchant rather than sympathetic:

In our forefathers tyme, when Papistrie as a standyng poole couered and ouerflowed all England, fewe bookes were read in our tong, sauyng certaine bookes of Cheualrie, as they sayd, for pastime and pleasure, which, as some say, were made in Monasteries by idle Monkes or wanton Chanons: as one for example, *Morte Arthure:* the whole pleasure of which booke standeth in two speciall poyntes, in open mans slaughter, and bold bawdrye: In which booke those be counted the noblest Knightes, that do kill most men without any quarrell, and commit fowlest aduoulteries by sutlest shiftes: as Sir Launcelote, with the wife of king Arthure his master: Syr Tristram with the wife of king Marke his vncle: Syr Lamerocke with the wife of king Lote, that was his own aunte. This is good stuffe for wise men to laughe at, or honest men to take pleasure at.

A letter written by Ascham to his friend Raven at St John's, in Cambridge, describes a journey from England by Mechlin, Brussels, Louvain, Maestricht, Jülich, to Cologne [Colen]; thence up the Rhine by Coblentz and Mainz to Speier; then by Cannstadt, Esslingen, and Ulm to Augsburg, whence the letter was despatched. Ascham is an acute observer and an entertaining correspondent. As he rides from Maestricht into the Rhineland at Jülich he thus describes the country (we follow the standard edition—Giles's—of the Works, which is modernised in spelling):

The country by the way may compare with Cambridgeshire for corn. . . . This know, there is no country here to be compared for all things with England. Beef is little, lean, tough, and dear, mutton likewise; a rare thing to see a hundred sheep in a flock. Capons be lean and little; pigeons naught; partridge as ill, black, and tough; corn enough everywhere, and most wheat. Here is never no dearth, except corn fail. The people generally be much like the old Persians that Xenophon describes, content to live with bread, roots, and water; and for this matter, ye shall see round about the walls of every city, half a mile compass from the walls, gardens full of herbs and roots, whereby the cities most part do live. No herb is stolen, such justice is exercised. These countries be rich by labour and continuance of man, not by goodness of the soil. If only London would use, about the void places of the city, these gardens full of herbs, and if it were but to serve the strangers that would live with these herbs, beside a multitude which either need, covetousness, or temperance would in few years bring to the same, all England should have victuals better cheap. I think also there is more wine indeed drunken in England, where none grows, than even there, from whence it cometh. It is pity that London hath not one goodman to begin this husbandry and temperance. At Briges [Bruges], in Flanders, we had as fat, good, and great mutton, and fatter, better, and greater capons than ever I saw in Kent, but nowhere else.

At Cologne the reason is given why the Cathedral was still unfinished, and the relics of Ursula and the ten thousand virgins commented on, not without some suspicion of the story; and this is the record of the three next stages of the journey:

We took a fair barge, with goodly glass windows, with seats of fir, as close as any house, we knew not whether it went or stood. Rhene is such a river that now I do not marvail that the poets make rivers gods. Rhene at Spires, having a farther course to rin into the ocean sea than is the space betwixt Dover

and Barwick, is broader over a great deal than is Thames at Greenwich. . . . From Colen this day we went to Bonna, the bishop's town; the country about Rhene here is plain. . . . We were drawn up Rhene by horses. Little villages stand by Rhene side, and as the barge came by, six or seven children, some stone naked, some in their shirts, of the bigness of Peter Ailand, would run by us on the sands, singing psalms, and would rin and sing with us half a mile, whilst they had some money.

We came late to Bonna at eight of the clock: our men were come afore with our horse: we could not be let into the town, no more than they do at Calise, after an hour. We stood cold at the gate a whole hour. At last we were fain, lord and lady, to lie in our barge all night, where I sat in my lady's side-saddle, leaning my head to a malle [portmanteau], better lodged than a dozen of my fellows.

14 Octob. We sailed to Brousik [Breisig]: 15 miles afore we come to Bonna begin the vines and hills keeping in Rhene on both sides for the space of five or six days journey, as we made them, almost to Mayence; like the hills that compass Halifax about, but far branter [sheerer] up, as though the rocks did cover you like a pentice [penthouse]: on the Rhene side all this journey be pathways where horse and man go commonly a yard broad, so fair that no weather can make it foul: if you look upwards ye are afraid the rocks will fall on your head; if ye look downwards ye are afraid to tumble into Rhene, and if your horse founder it is not seven to six that ye shall miss falling into Rhene. There be many times stairs down into Rhene that men may come from their boat and walk on this bank, as we did every day four or five miles at once, plucking grapes not with our hands but with our mouths if we list.

The grapes grow on the brant rocks so wonderfully, that ye will marvel how men dare climb up to them, and yet so plentifully, that it is not only a marvel where men be found to labour it, but also almost where men dwell that drink it. Seven or eight days journey ye cannot cast your sight over the compass of vines. And surely this wine of Rhene is so good, so natural, so temperate, so ever like itself, as can be wished for man's use. I was afraid when I came out of England to miss beer; but I am more afraid when I shall come into England, that I cannot lack this wine.

It is wonder to see how many castles stand on the tops of these rocks unwinable. The three bishops electors, Colen, Trevers, and Mayence, be the princes almost of whole Rhene. The lansgrave hath goodly castles upon Rhene which the emperor cannot get. The palatine of Rhene is also a great lord on this river, and hath his name of a castle standing in the midst of Rhene on a rock [the Pfalz]. There be also goodly isles in Rhene, so full of walnut trees that they cannot be spent with eating, but they make vile of them. In some of these isles stand fair abbeys and nunneries wonderfully pleasant. The stones that hang so high over Rhene be very much of that stone that you use to write on in tables; every poor man's house there is covered with them.

15 Octob. From Brusik to Confluentia [Coblenz] xviii miles. Here Mosella comes into Rhene as fair as Trent. The bishop of Trevers hath here two fair castles of either side of Rhene up in high rocks, one bragging the other, and both threatening the town with many pieces of ordinance.

We quote last from the same Augsburg letter a contemporary glimpse from the great Emperor Charles V. at dinner:

I stood hard by the Emperor's table. He had four courses; he had sod beef very good, roast mutton, baked hare. . . . The Emperor hath a good face, a constant look: he fed well of a capon; I have had a better from mine hostess Barnes many times in my chambers. He and Ferdinando ate together very handsomely, carving themselves where they list, without any curiosity. The Emperor drank the best that ever I saw; he had his head in the glass five times as long as any of us, and never drank less than a good quart at once of Rhenish wine. His chapel sung wonderful cunningly all the dinner-while.

There have been many editions of *Toxophilus* and the *Schole-master*—of both by Arber, and of the latter by Mayor (1873; new ed. 1883). Collected editions of the English works were by Bennet in 1771 and Cochrane in 1815, and of the whole works (including the Latin letters, &c.) by Giles in 1864–65. There are Lives by Grant (Latin, 1576) and Katterfeld (German, 1879).

A somewhat sharp contrast to the serious and dignified writers from More to Ascham is presented by a contemporary, **Andrew Boorde**, or BORDE (1490–1549), who, born about 1490 at Boards (formerly Borde's) Hill, near Cuckfield in Sussex, was brought up a Carthusian; after 1527 studied medicine at Orleans, Toulouse, Montpellier, and Wittenberg; visited Rome and Compostella; and for Thomas Cromwell carried through a confidential mission in France and Spain. He practised medicine in Glasgow (1536), in spite of what he calls 'the deuyllyshe dysposicion of a Scottysh man not to loue or fauour an Englisheman.' He describes Ireland and the Irish, Wales, Cornwall, Flanders, Saxony, Denmark, Norway and Iceland, Naples and Sicily. His last and longest journey was by Antwerp, Cologne, Venice, and Rhodes to Jerusalem, and back by Naples, Rome, and the Alps. He lived for some time at Winchester, and having fallen into irregular ways, died in the Fleet prison in London. To the end he was a staunch Catholic. Boorde's chief works are his *Dyetary* and *Boke of the Introduction of Knowledge*, edited by Dr Furnivall in 1870. The latter is a kind of guide-book to Europe, 'the whych dothe teache a man to speake all maner of languages and to know the usage and fashion of all maner of countreys.' In virtue of the *Dyetary* he may be accounted the father of writing books of domestic medicine. The *Brevyary* was also a medical work. The *Boke of Berdes* dissuades from beard-growing. He has been unreasonably called 'the original merry-andrew' because that word appears on the title of several works attributed to him without evidence, *The Merie Tales* of the mad men of Gotham, *Scogins Jests*, and *The Mylner of Abynton*. His own jocular title was 'Andreas Perforatus,' a pun on 'Bored.' His *Itinerary of Europe* has perished, but the *Handbook of Europe* survives, and the *Itinerary of England* or *Peregrination of Doctor Boorde* was printed by Hearne in 1735. The earliest known specimen of the

Gypsy language occurs in the *Introduction*. His interspersed doggerel rhymes are sometimes more effective—as they are more uncouth—than his prose. He thinks well of the English as 'more better in many thynges, specially in maners and manhod,' than other peoples. But the Englishman is addicted to foppery in dress, running after new fashions. In the *Boke* there is a cut of an unclothed Englishman, holding tailors' shears, and an autobiographical description:

I am an English man and naked I stand here,
Musyng in my mynd what rayment I shal were;
For now I wyll were thys, and now I wyl were that;
Now I wyl were I cannot tel what.
All new fashyons be plesaunt to me,
I will haue them whether I thryve or thee;
Now I am a frysker, all men doth on me looke,
What should I do but set cocke on the hoope?
What do I care yf all the world me fayle? . . .
I will get a garment shal reche to my tayle.
Than am I a minion for I were the new gyse,
The next yere after this I trust to be wyse,
Not only in wering my gorgious aray,
For I wyl go to learning a hoole somers day.
I wyll learne Latine, Hebrew, Greeke, and Frenche,
And I wyl learn Douche sittyng on my benche.
I do feare no man; all men feryth me,
I ouercome my aduersaries by land and by see;
I had no peere yf to myself I were trew,
Because I am not so, dyuers times do I rew.
Yet I lake nothing, I haue all thyng at wyll,
Yf I were wyse and wolde holde my self styll,
And medel with no matters not to me partayning,
But euer to be trew to God and to my Kynge.
But I haue suche matters rolling in my pate,
That I wyl speake and do I cannot tell what.
No man shall let me but I wyl haue my mynde,
And to father, mother, and freende I wyl be vnkynde.

This passage forms the text or the peroration of Borrow's appendix 'On Foreign Nonsense' in the *Romany Rye;* and some have thought it was in Shakespeare's mind when—to Nerissa—Portia criticises her English suitor in the *Merchant of Venice*.

Even more characteristic of the nation was the irrepressible tendency to profane swearing: 'In all the worlde ther is no regyon nor countree that doth use more swearynge than is used in England, for a chylde that scarse can speake, a boy, a gyrll, a wenche now a dayes wyl swere as great othes as an olde knave and an olde drabbe.'

The Scotsman thus describes himself:

I am a Scotyshe man and trew I am to Fraunce,
In euery countrey myselfe I do auaunce,
I wyll boost myselfe, I wyll crake and face,
I loue to be exalted here and in euery place.
An Englyshe man I cannot naturally loue.

Even more uncomplimentarily he adds:

[I] haue dissymbled moche,
And in my promyse I haue not kept touche.

When he comes to describe Scotland in prose, all he has to say of the Lowlands is that 'therein is plenty of fysh and fleshe and euell ale except Leth ale; there is plenty of haver cakes, whiche is to say oten cakes; this part is the hart and the best of the realme. The other part of Scotlande is a baryn and a waste countrey, full of mores lyke the lande of the wyld Ireshe. And the people of that parte of Scotlande be very rude and vnmanered and vntaught; yet that part is somwhat better than the North parte, but yet the Sowth parte will gnaw a bone and cast it into the dish again. Theyr Fyshe and Fleshe, be it rosted or soden, is serued wyth a syrup or a sause in one disshe or platter: of all nacyons they do sethe theyr fysh moste beste. The borders of Scotland towards England . . . . lyueth in much pouertie and penurye, hauynge no howses but suche as a man maye buylde wythin iij. or iv. houres: he and his wyfe and his horse standeth all in one rome. In these partyes be many out-lawes and stronge theues, for much of theyr lyuyng standeth by stelyng and robbyng. . . . The people of the countrey be hardy men and stronge men and well-fauored and good musycyons.'

The Irishman and the Welshman are as frankly treated as the Scotyshman, and have even less reason to think the likeness flattered. Brief conversations, not unlike those still manufactured for tourists, are given in Lowland Scotch, Irish, and Welsh, as also in base-Dutch, high-Dutch, Italian, modern Greek, and other tongues.

Henry VIII., who was born the year after Boorde, and died two years before him, was himself an accomplished and really learned writer—the *Assertio Septem Sacramentorum* against Luther, which earned for an English king the title of 'Defender of the Faith,' appears to have been mainly his own work; and it seems certain that he wrote English songs and composed the music to them. One of the best authenticated is that called 'The King's Ballad' in a manuscript in the British Museum dating from Henry's own time. It is familiar in a modernised form. The older form is thus given by Chappell (new ed. 1893, vol. i. p. 42):

Pastyme with good companye
I love & shall untyll I dye;
Gruche who lust but none denye,
so God be plesyd thus leve wyll I.
For my pastance,
hunt syng & dance,
my hart is sett:
all goodly sport
for my comfort,
who schall me let?

Youthe must have sum daliance,
off good or yll sum pastance:
Company me thynkes then best,
all thoughts and fansys to dejest:
ffor idillnes
is chef mastres
of vices all:

Then who can say
but myrth and play
is best of all?

Company with honeste,
is vertu vices to ffle:
Company is good & ill,
but evry man hath hys fre wyll:
the best ensew,
the worst eschew,
my mynde schalbe:
Vertu to use,
vice to refuse,
thus schall I use me.

Sternhold and **Hopkins** deserve remembrance as joint-authors of by far the larger number of the metrical versions of the psalms formerly attached to the English Prayer Book. This was for two hundred years the standard translation, and it obtained currency in Holland and Ireland also. Thomas Sternhold (1500–49), born near Blakeney in Gloucestershire, or, according to Fuller and Wood, in Hampshire, became Groom of the Robes to Henry VIII. and Edward VI., and essayed to do more perfectly what Coverdale in England and Marot in France had attempted—to supersede at court and amongst the people the current 'obscene ballads.' The first edition (undated, but probably in 1547) contains only nineteen psalms; the second (1549), thirty-seven. A third edition, by Whitchurch (1551), contains seven more by J. H. [John Hopkins], probably a native of Awre in Gloucestershire, who died rector of Great Waldingfield, Suffolk, in 1570. The complete book of psalms, which appeared in 1562, formed for nearly two centuries almost the whole hymnody of the Church of England, and was known as the 'Old Version' after the rival version of Tate and Brady (q.v.) appeared (1696). Forty psalms bore the name of Sternhold, and sixty that of Hopkins. The rest were the work of various authors. Sternhold chose the ballad metre of 'Chevy Chace' as the metre for all but a few of his psalms; and his choice made this the standard of common metre (C.M.) for most psalters down to the present day, greatly influenced hymn-writing also, and doubtless had no little effect in giving the uneducated their standard for verse and for poetry. Hopkins had four rhymes to Sternhold's two. Fuller thought highly of the versions as poems, but admitted that their authors' 'piety was better than their poetry, and they had drunk more of Jordan than of Helicon.' The wording is flat as well as homely, and wholly fails to render the majesty of the Hebrew psalms.

The first to versify the whole psalter in English was **Robert Crowley** or **Crole** (1518?–88), Archdeacon of Hereford and Prebendary of St Paul's, who was deprived and imprisoned for opposition to vestments as 'the conjuring garments of popery.' He was born in Gloucestershire and educated at Oxford, and was for some years a printer, issuing in that capacity three impressions of *Piers Plowman*. He wrote much controversial divinity. His version of the Psalms is sufficiently uncouth; printed (1549) as it is in black letter, each pair of double long lines forming a verse, it is at times difficult to make out the lines and metre, though it is common metre. Thus run some verses of the Seventy-fourth Psalm:

O God howe longe shall thyne enmy do
the dispyte and shame?
Wylt thou suffer him ever to blaspheme
thyne holy name?

Lord whye wythdrawest thou thy powre?
Why doeth thy right hand byd
Styll in thy bosome? pulle it out and let thy
foes be stryed.

The first half-line ends with 'enmy',' thus accented; and the third has to be read, 'Wilt thou suffer' him ever to'.' In the last line is a good old form of 'destroyed.'

The same verses are a little more rhythmical—though finally more grotesque—in Sternhold and Hopkins:

When wilt thou Lord once end this shame
and cease thine enemies strong?
Shall they alway blaspheme thy name,
and raile on thee so long?
Why dost Thou draw Thy hand abacke
and hide it in Thy lap?
Oh plucke it out and be not slacke
to giue thy foes a rap!

D. P.

Development of the Secular Drama.

All but the latest of the plays at which we have hitherto looked were plainly intended to be acted on stages or platforms in the open air; but we gather that towards the close of the fifteenth century it had become customary for dramatic entertainments also to be held indoors, in the halls of large houses. The consequences of bringing the players from their 'scaffolds high' into a room in close proximity to the audience—and that audience of a more educated kind than would be gathered in the street—were very great. Amid the new surroundings the incongruities of the Scriptural drama would have been intolerable, and no new plays of this kind were written until Bishop Bale revived them in a totally different spirit. Scenic accessories and stage apparatus, again, were necessarily reduced to a minimum, and partly as a result of this the 'action' in the new plays is of the most restricted kind. Lastly, the plays, being no longer the sole business of a summer holiday, were greatly cut down in length; they began to be called **interludes**—that is, entertainments wherewith to while away the time after or before a banquet or other solemnity—and though they remained for the most part severely didactic, they now took a much greater variety of theme. Thus there are: (1) plays intended to draw men to heaven by good deeds, confession, and

repentance; (2) plays denouncing vice and the temptations of youth; (3) controversial plays, advocating Protestant doctrines as against Catholicism; (4) plays on education, one of them with definite scientific instruction; (5) plays that are little more than pleasant arguments in verse; (6) plays for schoolboys or young undergraduates, with a good deal of rough merriment in them; and lastly (7) one or two plays that are satires, and come much nearer than their fellows to the modern drama, since they hardly make any pretence of having a moral at all. Of these seven groups the first forms the link between the larger moralities, such as the *Castell of Perseverance*, and the interludes proper. The finest example is 'the morall playe of *Everyman*,' of which the head-title reads, 'A treatyse how the hye fader of heven sendeth dethe to somon every creature to come and gyve acounte of theyr lyves in this worlde, and is in maner of a morall playe.' 'Here shall you see,' says the Messenger who speaks the Prologue, 'how Fellowship, Jollity, Strength, Pleasure, and Beauty will fade from thee as flower in May.' 'O to whom shall I make my mone?' sighs Everyman when the play is half through:

> O to whom shall I make my mone
> For to go with me in that hevy journay?
> First Felawshyp said he wolde with me gone;
> His wordes were very plesaunt and gay,
> But afterwarde he lefte me alone.
> Than spake I to my Kinnesmen all in dispayre,
> And also they gave me wordes fayre;
> They lacked no fayre spekynge,
> But all forsoke me in the endinge.
> Then went I to my Goodes, that I loved best,
> In hope to have comforte, but there had I leest;
> For my Goodes sharply dyd me tell
> That he bryngeth many into Hell.
> Than of my-selfe I was ashamed,
> And so I am worthy to be blamed.
> Thus may I well my-selfe hate.
> Of whom shall I now counseyll take?
> I thinke that I shall never spede
> Tyll that I go to my Good Dede.
> But, alas, she is so weke
> That she can nother go ne speke.
> Yet will I venture on her now.
> My Good Dedes, where be you?
> *Good Dedes.* Here I lye, colde on the grounde,
> Thy sinnes hath me sore bounde
> That I can not stere.
> *Everyman.* O Good Dedes, I stande in great fere,
> I must you pray of counseyll,
> For helpe now sholde come ryght well.

Up to this point the story follows the old Buddhist parable which came to Europe embedded in the legend of *Barlaam and Josaphat*. But here the dramatist interpolates orthodox teaching on the sacraments, Good Deeds taking Everyman to Knowledge, by whom he is guided to Confession, and shriven and houselled. But in the end the old parable is again followed, for Beauty, Strength, and Five Wits gradually fall away from man as he approaches the grave, and it is Good Deeds who abides with him and pronounces the prayer for the dying:

> Shorte our ende and mynyshe our payne;
> Let us go and never come agayne.

Under the name of *Elckerlijk*, a Dutch version of this play was written in the fifteenth century, probably by a certain Petrus Dorlandus. It is still a matter of controversy as to whether the Dutch playwright translated from the English or the English from the Dutch, but the latter alternative seems the more likely.

Of the plays denouncing vice and the temptations of youth, the *Enterlude of Hyckescorner*, printed by Wynkyn de Worde, is probably one of the earliest. Hyckescorner, after whom it is named, is a travelled rogue, who plays but a small part in the action, the chief characters being Freewill and Imagination, whom Pity, Contemplation, and Perseverance endeavour to keep in the straight road. What life there is in the play is derived from its allusions to contemporary manners of the unedifying sort; but it was apparently popular, for it was not only reprinted at a later date, but borrowed from by the author of an *Interlude of Youth*, which probably belongs to the reign of Queen Mary.

In *Lusty Juventus*, which may have been written under Edward VI., we have a play of much the same sort, differentiated by controversial additions, Juventus being led astray from the Reformation principles in which he has been brought up till he falls from heresy into unclean living, from which he is rescued by Good Counsel and Knowledge. Though dull in itself, the play is noteworthy for two things. In the first place, it contains a charming song:

> In a herber grene, a-slepe where as I laye,
> The byrdes sang swete in the myddes of the daye:
> I dreamed fast of myrth and play:
> In youth is pleasure, in youth is pleasure.
>
> Me thought I walked stil to and fro,
> And from her company I could not go,
> But when I waked it was not so:
> In youth is pleasure, in youth is pleasure.
>
> Therfore my harte is surely pyght
> Of her alone to have a sight,
> Whiche is my joy and hartes delyght:
> In youth is pleasure, in youth is pleasure.

Its second distinction is that it was chosen towards the end of the century, by the author of a play on *Sir Thomas More*, to represent a typical interlude. It is recorded of More that in his young days, when plays were acted before Cardinal Morton, he used to step among the actors and improvise a part; and the unknown playwright introduces such an incident into his own work. More receives a message that the Lord Mayor of London, 'accompanied with his lady and her traine,' are coming to visit him. Hard on the messenger's heels arrive

the Lord Cardinal's Players tendering their services. 'To have a play before the banquet will be excellent,' says More, and from seven which they offer him he chooses the *Marriage of Witt and Wisedome*, but is really served with a version of *Lusty Juventus*. When the play should begin, the fellow who is to play Wit has to run to the property-makers for a false beard, and though, at More's bidding, a start is made, after a while Inclination has to confess, 'Forsooth we can goe no further till our fellowe Luggins come; for he plays Good Councell, and now he should enter to admonishe Witt that this is Lady Vanite and not Lady Wisdome.' More himself supplies his place with a couple of improvised speeches, and then, though Luggins has arrived, dinner is ready, and the play is stopped.[1]

It has been worth while to epitomise this incident because it sets so vividly before us the manner in which these interludes were played. Of course, where the paymaster was a strong Protestant, or a strong opponent of the Reformation, the playwright would give a controversial turn to his moralities, and so help to keep alive the religious feuds which the Tudor monarchs especially disliked. Such theological interludes are specifically forbidden in more than one royal proclamation; only a few of them have come down to us, the best being that of *New Custom*, in which Perverse Doctrine and Ignorance, dressed as Roman priests, are defeated by New Custom and Light of the Gospel, despite the help of Cruelty and Avarice.

With these moral interludes that aimed at the reformation of manners we must mention Skelton's play of *Magnificence*, printed about 1530—soon after the poet's death. Magnificence is shown discarding his good counsellors, Liberty, Felicity, and Measure, for the vices Fancy, Counterfeit Countenance, Clokyd Colusyon, &c., who impose on him by false names. He is ruined, buffeted by Adversity, and assailed by Poverty, Despair, and Mischief. Good Hope saves him from suicide, and Redress, Sad Circumspection, and Perseverance restore him to his former estate. The play has some passages of moderately good rhetoric, but it has been much overpraised, and ranks rather with the heavier than the more vivacious interludes.

Of the educational plays the extreme instance is the *Interlude of the Four Elements*, probably written about 1520, and printed some ten years later. We cannot find room to quote the whole of its descriptive title-page, but the following paragraphs will be found sufficient to indicate its character:

A new Interlude and a mery, of the nature of the iiii. Elementes, declarynge many proper poyntes of Phylosophy Naturall, and of Dyvers Straunge Landys, and of Dyvers Straunge Effectes and Causis; whiche Interlude, yf the hole matter be playd, wyl conteyne the space of an hour and a halfe, but, yf ye lyst, ye may leve out muche of the sad mater, as the Messengers parte, and some of Naturys parte, and some of Experyens parte, and yet the matter wyl depend convenyently, and than it wyll not be paste thre quarters of an hour of length.

Here folow the namys of the Pleyers.

The Messengere, Nature Naturæ, Humanyté, Studyous Desire, Sensuall Appetyte, the Taverner, Experyens, Ygnoraunce: also, yf ye lyst, ye may brynge in a Dysgysynge.

Here folow dyvers matters whiche be in this Interlude conteynyd.

Of the sytuacyon of the iiii. elementes, that is to sey, the Yerth, the Water, the Ayre, and Fyre, and of their qualytese and propertese, and of the generacyon and corrupcyon of thynges made of the commyxtyon of them.

Of certeyn conclusions provynge that the yerth must nedes be rounde, and that it hengyth in the myddes of the fyrmament, and that it is in circumference above xxi.m. myle.

Of certeyn conclusions provynge that the see lyeth rounde uppon the yerth.

The programme which we are obliged thus ruthlessly to cut short is faithfully carried out, despite the temporary success of Sensuall Appetyte in carrying away Humanyté from the lectures of Studyous Desire to frolic at a tavern. Other educational plays of a later date and less severe didacticism are John Redford's *Wyt and Science* (c. 1550), and 'a new and pleasant enterlude intituled the *Marriage of Wytte and Science*,' licensed for printing in 1570, and very brightly and pleasantly written. *The Disobedient Child* and *The Nice Wanton*, both of them late interludes, with real characters in them, are designed chiefly to warn parents against sparing the rod. The other three plays we have mentioned may all have been acted at schools or colleges.

Of the purely argumentative interludes, John Heywood's *Play of Love* and the *Dialoge of Gentylnes and Nobylite*, which has been attributed to him, though without evidence, are excellent examples. The former is diversified by one of the characters pretending (as an illustration of his argument) to set another on fire, and in *Gentylnes and Nobylite* there is some little laying about with whips, but practically each interlude is the working out of a theme for discussion. 'Our coming hither,' says the merchant, when the Plowman's whip interrupts his discussion with the knight as to which is the better gentleman—

> Our commyng hyder, and our entent,
> Ys not to fyght, but by way of argument;
> Every man to shew hys oppinyon:
> To see who coude shew the best reason
> To prove hym-self noble and most gentylman.

[1] The play of *Sir Thomas More* was printed for the Shakespeare Society in 1844, and this scene from it is quoted nearly in full in the *Predecessors of Shakespeare*, by J. A. Symonds. The unknown dramatist lived close enough to the days of interludes for his picture of the performance of one to be accepted as trustworthy, but his use of part of the text of *Lusty Juventus* under the name of the *Marriage of Witt and Wisdome* is confusing. Possibly the latter play was of his own invention. To the Protestant teaching of *Lusty Juventus* itself More would certainly have objected.

he other characters take the same view of their nctions, and the discussion goes happily forward. Another play by John Heywood, *The Play of the Vether*, is almost equally argumentative, but has good deal more stage bustle about it. Jupiter omes down to earth to hear petitions about the eather, engaging an amusing knave, Mery Report, interview the petitioners. A hunt-loving gentleian, a forester, a water-miller, a wind-miller, a shionable lady, a laundress, and a jolly schooloy, 'the least [i.e. smallest] that can play,' all ome and ask for different kinds of weather, and rangle with each other and with Mery Report. the end Jupiter promises that they shall all have hat they desire in turn (that is, as Mery Report resees, English weather will go on much as efore), and a bright little play ends in general ntentment, and not without a moral as to the lfishness of human desires. This was probably a lay for boys; and the same, we may be sure, was ie case with an anonymous interlude, *Thersites*, hich local allusions connect clearly with Oxford. riginally composed probably as a Christmas play, iis was acted, in the form in which it was sent to ess, during the rejoicings at the birth of Edward I.—that is, in October 1537. The characters are ily five—'Thersites a boster, Mulciber a smyth, ater a mother, Miles a knyght, and Telemachus;' id the purport of the play is succinctly set forth the head-title, 'Thys enterlude folowynge dothe eclare howe that the greatest boesters are not e greatest doers.' Thersites, 'commeth in fyrste ivinge a clubbe uppon his necke,' boasts plentilly, and then persuades Mulciber to make him suit of armour; Mulciber's interpretation of his quest for a sallet or helmet, as referring to a lad ('Woldest thou have a sallet, nowe all the erbes are dead?'), being, perhaps, the earliest nglish example of a stage pun. Provided with ms Thersites boasts so dreadfully that his mother comes alarmed for his life, but a fine snail is his st antagonist (he has much ado in making it aw in its horns), and when the knight challenges im he flies to his mother for protection. Other enes of the same kind follow, and both the oys who acted in the play and their fellows in ie audience probably thought it excellent fun. he borrowing of the names Thersites and elemachus from Homer, and the lineal descent f the cowardly braggart from the Miles Gloriosus f Plautus, are points to be noted.

We have already mentioned two plays by **John eywood**, the *Play of the Wether* and the *Play of ove;* we have now to notice three others, which e distinguished from the other interludes at hich we have been looking by their entire absence any moral. Their author was probably born out 1497, and his name occurs in several entries royal household books from 1515 onwards, showg that he was a singer and player of the virginals Henry VIII.'s court, and was more especially tached to the service of the Princess Mary, from whom in 1538 he received a fee of forty shillings for playing an interlude 'with his children' (that is, some company of boy actors) before her. At Mary's coronation Heywood made her a Latin speech in St Paul's Churchyard; after her death he seems to have fled to Malines, whence he wrote to Burghley in 1575 asking for some pecuniary favour. Two years later, by which time he must have been eighty, he is once more mentioned among other Roman Catholic fugitives; and then we hear no more of him till he is alluded to as dead, in 1587. Besides his plays he wrote a *Dyaloge of Wit and Folly*, six *Centuries of Proverbs* (that is, poems into which he worked all the proverbs he could think of), and a long and dull allegorical poem, *The Spider and the Flie.* His plays with which we are here concerned are certainly free from these faults; save the *Play of Love* they are all short and all witty, though too often extremely gross. All of them were printed by William Rastell between 1530 and 1533, and beyond this we have not much clue to their dates. *A merry Play betwcen the Pardoner and the Frere, the Curate and neybour Pratte*, contains an allusion to Pope Leo X. (d. 1521), but need not therefore have been written during his pontificate. In it a Pardoner and a Friar—whose characters and even some of the speeches are taken from Chaucer's Prologue to the *Canterbury Tales*—invade a parish church, and both try to preach at the same time in order to gain money; they quarrel and fight, till in the end the Parson arrives. The rest of the play may be quoted in full:

Parson. No more of this wranglyng in my chyrch!
I shrewe your hartys bothe for this lurche!
Is ther any blood shed here betwen these knaves?
Thanked be God, they had no stavys,
Nor eggetoles, for than it had ben wronge! edge-tools
Well ye shall synge another songe!
Neybour Prat, com hether I you pray.
Prat. Why, what is this nyse fraye? foolish
Parson. I can not tell you. One knave dysdaynes another,
Wherefore take ye the tone and I shall take the other,
We shall bestow them there as is most convenyent
For suche a couple. I trow they shall repente
That ever they met in this chyrche here!
Neyboure, ye be constable, stande ye nere.
Take ye that laye knave and let me alone
With this gentylman. By God and by saynt John
I shall borowe upon presthode somwhat!
For I may say to the, neybour Prat,
It is a good dede to punysh such, to the ensample
Of suche other how that they shall mell meddle
In lyke facyon as these catyfes do. fashion
Prat. In good fayth, mayster parson, yf ye do so,
Ye do but well to teche them to be ware.
Pardon. Mayster Prat, I pray ye me to spare;
For I am sory for that that is done;
Wherfore I pray ye forgyve me sone
For that I have offendyd within your lybertye, district
And, by my trouthe, syr, ye may trust me,
I wyll never come hether more
Whyle I lyve, and God before.

Prat. Nay, I am ones charged with the,
Wherfore, by saynt John, thou shalt not escape me,
Tyll thou hast scouryd a pare of stokys. stocks
Parson. Tut, he weneth all is but mockes!
Lay hande on hym, and com ye on, syr frere!
Ye shall of me hardely have your hyre,
Ye had none suche this vii yere,
I swere by God and by our Lady dere.
Frere. Nay, mayster parson, for Goddys passyon,
Intreate not me after that facyon.
For, yf ye do, it wyll not be for your honesty.
Parson. Honesty or not, but thou shall se
What I shall do by and by.
Make no stroglynge! com forthe soberly!
For it shall not avayle the, I say.
Frere. Mary, that shall we trye even strayt-way.
I defy the, churle preeste, and there be no mo than thou.
I wyll not go with the, I make God a-vow!
We shall se fyrst which is the stronger!
God hath sente me bonys! I do the not fere!
Parson. Ye, by my fayth, wylt thou be there?
Neybour Prat, brynge forthe that knave,
And thou, syr frere, yf thou wylt algatys rave——
Frere. Nay, chorle, I the defy!
I shall trouble the fyrst,
Thou shalt go to pryson by and by!
Let me se now! Do thy worste!
Prat with the pardoner and the parson with the frere.
Parson. Helpe! helpe! Neybour Prat! Neybour Prat!
In the worship of God, helpe me som-what!
Prat. Nay, deale as thou canst with that elfe,
For-why I have inoughe to do my selfe! Since
Alas! for payn I am almoste dede;
The reede blood so ronneth downe aboute my hede.
Nay, and thou canst, I pray the, helpe me! An, if
Parson. Nay, by the mas, felowe, it wyll not be!
I have more tow on my dystaffe than I can well spyn!
The cursed frere dothe the upper hand wyn!
Frere. Wyll ye leve than, and let us in peace departe?
Parson, Prat. Ye, by our Lady, even with all our harte!
Frere, Pard. Than adew, to the devyll, tyll we come agayn.
Parson, Prat. And a myschefe go with you bothe twayne.

That the rogues should thus have the best of the fray is quite in accordance with Heywood's humour. In *The Foure PP.: a very mery enterlude of a Palmer, a Pardoner, a Potecary, and a Pedlar*, the Pedlar acts as judge while the others contend which can tell the greatest lie, the prize being won by the Palmer with the remark, most innocently introduced, that in all his travels he never yet saw 'any one woman out of patience.' In *A playe between Johan Johan the husbonde, Tyb the wyfe, and Sir Johan the preste*, vice is again triumphant. Tyb and the priest have an intrigue, which the husband rightly suspects. At the opening of the play he is boasting of the drubbing he will give Tyb when she comes home, but she sends him to bid the priest sup with them on a pie. Johan's cowardice incites the worthy pair to an amazing effrontery, and he is set to mend a pail while they eat the pie; its final disappearance rouses him to a flash of courage, but the priest and Tyb run off together, and after a moment's triumph it occurs to Johan that he must follow to see what they are after—an edifying conclusion on which the curtain drops. It is evident that when such a play as this could be acted the secular drama had fully come into existence.

In addition to the medley of plays which we have already described, we must mention those of **John Bale** (b. 1495; d. 1563), Bishop of Ossory under Edward VI. To the controversies in which his virulence earned him the epithet 'bilious,' Bale contributed an attack on monasticism entitled *The Actes of Englyshe Votaries*, and also *The Image of both Churches*. His *Illustrium Majoris Britanniæ Scriptorum Summarium* (1549), a useful though inaccurate account of five hundred British authors, has given him a better claim to remembrance. Of his twenty-two plays only five are extant—*A Tragedy or interlude manifesting the chief promises of God unto man*, *The Three Lawes of Nature, Moses and Christ*, a *Life of John the Baptist*, *The Temptacyon of our Lorde;* and his historical play, *King John*, in which the king is represented as the guardian of English freedom against papal aggression. The religious plays are formless productions, which certainly had no influence on the development of the drama. Perhaps the same should be said of *King John*, which seems to have been originally written about 1550 and revised in the reign of Elizabeth. The allegorical element from the old moralities is still present in it, for Simon of Swynsett, who poisons John, must needs call himself 'Monastycall Devocion,' and be called by Bale 'Dissimulation;' and we find among other characters 'Privat Welth' ('lyke a Cardynall'), 'Sedycyon,' and more notable than these a personification of England. But as a first attempt to dramatise history the play is not without interest, and there are some few dramatic touches, such as the poisoner's attempt to avoid sharing the draught, and his courageous acquiescence when he finds it the only way to secure his victim.

Bale's plays stand apart; the others here noticed have been arranged so as to exhibit the gradual triumph of the secular over the didactic interest in the drama, which can actually be traced, despite its intermittent progress and what seems to us the strange persistence of the didactic element. Of two points which remain to be noticed in the history of these interludes, one is that the plays which have been presented to us, diverse as they are, do not cover the whole ground. It is clear that there were popular performances of a much cruder character, which never attained the honour of print, for we find allusions by Ben Jonson and others to the parts played by the Devil and the Vice, of which only faint traces survive. The Vice (there is no doubt that the obvious etymology of the name is the right one) was dressed as a Jester, presented a humorous contrast to the stupider Devil, and at the end of the performance carried him off to hell on his back. In extant plays the Devil only appears once, while of the Vice we have no other traces

than the attaching of his name to a humorous character, such as Mery Report in Heywood's *Play of the Wether*. Our second point is, that in Henry VIII.'s reign we begin to hear of companies of players of two kinds, boys and men. The boys were school-children, probably the choir-boys of royal chapels; the men were in the service of the king, or of some great nobleman, but probably took up acting as a profitable amusement rather than as their main employment. In a suit brought by John Rastell before 1530 against a costumier who had confiscated some dresses left in his keeping as a set-off against a bill for erecting a stage in Rastell's garden at Finsbury, the witnesses called to appraise the dresses are a tailor, a currier, a skinner, a plasterer, and others of the like condition. It is thus evident that the love of acting which the miracle-plays had fostered in the members of the Trade-Guilds was still alive, and that, as we might be sure without corroborative evidence, Bottom the weaver and Snug the joiner in the *Midsummer Night's Dream* are not mere absurdities, but the actual players of Shakespeare's boyhood amusingly caricatured.

Heywood's play of *Johan Johan the husbonde*, &c., bears some resemblance to a contemporary French farce; but, with that exception—and the probable Dutch origin of *Everyman*—there is no trace of foreign influence in the English plays at which we have been looking. But Terence in the sixteenth century was probably more read in schools than he is at the present day; many of these plays were produced amid scholastic surroundings, and by the middle of the century the influence of Latin comedy upon English at last becomes apparent. In *Ralph Roister Doister*, *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, and *Jacob and Esau* we have plots definitely worked out, and the earliest instances of division into acts and scenes. With the examination of these three plays and of the tragedy of *Ferrex and Porrex*, written under the influence of Seneca, this section of the history of the drama will come to a convenient halting-place. The first of these, which was quoted from in the third edition of Wilson's *Art of Logique* in 1553, was the work of **Nicholas Udall** (b. 1505; d. 1556), who was headmaster of Eton College from about 1534 till his dismissal for immorality in 1541, was employed in Protestant controversy under Edward VI., and yet remained in favour under Mary. During 1553 he acted as schoolmaster to the boys brought up in Bishop Gardiner's household, and from 1554 to a month before his death, in December 1556, as headmaster of Westminster school. On the ground of an allusion to a balladmonger (Jack Raker), also mentioned by Skelton, Udall's play has been referred to the period of his Eton headmastership—that is, before 1541; but the fact that it is not mentioned in the 1551 and 1552 editions of Wilson's *Art of Logique* suggests the year 1553, when he was acting as Bishop Gardiner's domestic schoolmaster, as a more likely date; and we may imagine, if so, that it was the success of the play which caused Queen Mary in 1554 to direct Udall to prepare dialogues and interludes for performance before her. In 1533 Udall had edited for scholastic use a selection of sentences entitled *Floures for Latine spekynge selected and gathered out of Terence, and the same translated into Englysshe*, which went through several editions; and this play, though essentially original, shows marked traces of his studies in Latin comedy. Ralph Roister Doister is a rich fool who believes that every woman loves him, a boaster and a coward (cf. the *Miles Gloriosus*). In Matthew Merygreeke, who gets money and good dinners on the score of imaginary services, while he mocks him behind his back, we have the typical 'parasite' of Greco-Latin comedy. Ralph insists on making love to Dame Custance, who is already affianced to Gawyn Goodlucke. Merygreeke, by changing the punctuation,[1] turns a love-letter written for Ralph by a scrivener into an open insult; and when the Dame remonstrates with him for helping Ralph to pester her, frankly gives his patron away. Ralph, attempting to carry off Dame Custance, is defeated by her and her wenches, and the play ends happily with the return of Goodlucke, the collapse of Ralph, and the reconciliation of Dame Custance and her lover. The scene in which, despite the Dame's loyalty, the suspicions of Goodlucke's messenger are aroused, may be quoted as one of the most human incidents in the play:

ACTUS IIIJ. SCÆNA IIJ.

CHRISTIAN CUSTANCE, SYM SURESBY, RALPH ROISTER, MATHEW MERYGREKE, TRUPENY.

C. C. What meane these lewde felowes thus to trouble me still?
Sym Suresby here perchance shal therof deme some yll,
And shall suspect in me some point of naughtinesse,
And they come hitherward. An, If
S. S. What is their businesse?
C. C. I have nought to them, nor they to me in sadnesse.
S. S. Let us hearken them; somewhat there is, I feare it.
R. R. I will speake out aloude best, that she may heare it.
M. M. Nay alas, ye may so feare hir out of hir wit.
R. R. By the crosse of my sworde, I will hurt hir no whit.
M. M. Will ye doe no harme in deede, shall I trust your worde?
R. R. By Roister Doisters fayth I will speake but in borde. jest
S. S. Let us hearken them, somwhat there is I feare it.
R. R. I will speake out aloude, I care not who heare it;

[1] For example, the opening lines are read as—

Swete maistresse, wheras I love you nothing at al,
Regarding your richesse and substaunce chief of al,
For your personage, beaute, &c.;

whereas the stops should come, clumsily enough, after 'I love you,' and 'substaunce.' It is this passage that is quoted by Wilson as 'an example of soche doubtful writing, whiche by reason of poincting maie haue double sense, and contrarie meaning, taken out of an entrelude made by Nicolas Udal.'

Sirs, see that my harnesse, my tergat, and my shield,
Be made as bright now, as when I was laste in fielde,
As white as I shoulde to warre againe to morrowe;
For sicke shall I be, but I worke some folke sorow.
Therfore see that all shine as bright as sainct George,
Or as doth a key newly come from the smith's forge.
I woulde have my sworde and harnesse to shine so bright,
That I might therwith dimme mine enimies sight;
I would have it cast beames as fast, I tell you playne,
As doth the glittryng grasse after a showre of raine.
And see that in case I shoulde neede to come to arming,
All things may be ready at a minutes warning;
For such chaunce may chaunce in an houre, do ye heare?

M. M. As perchance shall not chaunce againe in seven yeare.

R. R. Now draw we neare to hir, and here what shall be sayde.

M. M. But I woulde not have you make hir too muche afrayde.

R. R. Well founde! sweete wife (I trust) for al this your soure looke.

C. C. Wife, why cal ye me wife?

S. S. Wife? this gear goth acrook.

M. M. Nay, mistresse Custance, I warrant you our letter
Is not as we redde een nowe, but much better;
And where ye halfe stomaked this gentleman afore,
For this same letter, ye wyll love hym now therefore;
Nor it is not this letter, though ye were a queene,
That shoulde breake marriage betweene you twaine, I weene.

C. C. I did not refuse hym for the letters sake.

R. R. Then ye are content me for your husbande to take.

C. C. You for my husbande to take? nothing lesse truely.

R. R. Yea, say so, sweete spouse, afore straungers hardly.

M. M. And though I have here his letter of love with me,
Yet his ryng and tokens he sent, keepe safe with ye.

C. C. A mischiefe take his tokens, and him and thee too.
But what prate I with fooles? have I nought else to doo?
Come in with me Sym Suresby to take some repast.

S. S. I must, ere I drinke, by your leave, goe in all hast,
To a place or two, with earnest letters of his.

C. C. Then come drink here with me.

S. S. I thank you.

C. C. Do not misse.
You shall have a token to your maister with you.

S. S. No tokens this time, gramercies. God be with you.
[*Exeat.*

C. C. Surely this fellowe misdeemeth some yll in me;
Which thing but God helpe, will go neere to spill me.

R. R. Yea, farewell fellow, and tell thy maister Goodlucke
That he commeth to late of thys blossome to plucke.
Let him keepe him there still, or at least wise make no hast,
As for his labour hither he shall spende in wast.
His betters be in place nowe.

M. M. As long as it will hold.

C. C. I will be even with thee, thou beast;
Thou mayest be bolde.

R. R. Will ye have us then?

C. C. I will never have thee.

R. R. Then will I have you?

C. C. No, the devill shal have thee.
I have gotten this houre more shame and harme by thee,
Then all thy life thou canst do me honestlie.

Of our other two comedies, the second, *A newe, mery, and wittie Comedie or Interlude, treating upon the Historie of Jacob and Esau*, has obtained less attention than it deserves, perhaps because of its Scriptural subject; it is, however, really a comedy, and a very pleasantly and brightly written one. Besides the Scriptural characters there are two neighbours, an old nurse, and three servants—Ragau, the unwilling attendant of Esau in his hunting; Mido, a boy who leads the blind Isaac; and Abra, 'a little wench, servant to Rebecca.' Mido, who practises walking with his eyes shut against the day when he may himself be blind, and offers to 'scud like a little elf' on a message, is a really delightful small boy; and Ragau is an admirable comic servant, his unkind treatment by Esau being skilfully emphasised to deprive the latter of the spectators' sympathy. The earliest extant edition of the play is dated 1568, but it was licensed in 1557–58, the probable date of its composition. Without any specific evidence its authorship has been attributed to **William Hunnis**, a minor poet who versified some psalms in 1549, and was entrusted with the charge of the children of the Chapel Royal by Queen Elizabeth, during whose reign he published several volumes of verse with pleasant titles, such as *A Hiveful of Honey*, *A Handful of Honeysuckles*, &c.

Our third comedy, *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, comes still farther over the Elizabethan border, for it was played at Christ's College, Cambridge, in 1566, and this (despite the earlier licensing of a play called *Dyccon the Bedlam*, a familiar character who appears in *Gammer Gurton's Needle*) was the probable date of composition. The earliest extant edition is one published in 1575, and in this it is said to have been 'made by Mr S. M[aste]r of Art.' This Mr S. was long identified with John Still, afterwards Bishop of Bath and Wells; but in an edition of the play in Professor Gayley's *English Comedies* (not published at the time of writing), Mr Henry Bradley, whose name is sufficient guarantee for the certainty of his conclusions, is to show that the real author is a certain William Stevenson, as yet unknown to fame. The play itself suffers sadly from its prolongation through the five acts, which had now apparently become the fashion. How Gammer Gurton lost her needle while mending her husband's breeches, and how every one in turn was suspected of the theft till the said husband, on sitting down, became painfully aware of its presence in the mended garment, offered an excellent subject for an interlude on the lines of those of John Heywood, but is rather a thin subject for a comedy. On the other hand, *Gammer Gurton's Needle* is well written and full of rustic humour,

le, moreover, for having preserved to inking-song :

not eate but lytle meate,
stomache is not good ;
ure I thinke that I can drynke,
:h him that weares a hood.
ghe I go bare, take ye no care,
m nothinge a-colde,
ffe my skyn so full within
joly good Ale and olde.
e and syde, go bare, go bare ;
)th foote and hande go colde ;
)elly, god send the good ale inoughe,
ether it be new or olde.

convivial song, of which this one suffice as a specimen, we turn to our tragedy. This was published in 1565 Griffith, under the title *The Tragedie* 'whereof three Actes were wrytten Nortone, and the two last by Thomas Set forthe as the same was shewed uenes most excellent Majestie, in her rt of Whitehall, the xviij day of o Domini, 1561. By the Gentlemen Temple in London.' Five years later ion was issued by John Day, under *The Tragedie of Ferrex and Porrex.* ce to this, William Griffith is scoffed V. G. [who] getting a copie therof at nans hand, that lacked a litle money discretion,' had taken advantage of of the authors to 'put it forth corrupted,' a statement which rather the faults in the first issue.
ment of the Tragedie' is thus given :

King of Brittaine, divided his realme in his s sonnes, Ferrex and Porrex. The sonnes ion. The yonger killed the elder. The more dearly loved the elder, for revenge ger. The people, moved with the crueltie se in rebellion and slew both father and e nobilitie assembled and most terribly rebels. And afterwardes for want of issue whereby the succession of the crowne taine, they fell to civill warre, in which many of their issues were slaine, and the ng time almost desolate and miserably

dramatis personæ we find these neatly rs :

ounsellor assigned by the king to his eldest

a counsellor assigned by the king to his Porrex.
parasite remaining with Ferrex.
arasite remaining with Porrex.
nessenger of the elder brother's death.
nessenger of Duke Fergus rising in armes.

English literature had come under a ence which, in appearance at least, and harmful. Even in this case the ar otherwise, for to receive the conception of the tragic drama in any form was a great gift, though we may well lament that it came from the Latin rhetorician, Seneca, rather than from Æschylus, Sophocles, or Euripides. The latter, however, were but just beginning to be read, and Seneca to the men of the sixteenth century still stood out as the chief ancient tragedian, just as Plautus and Terence were chiefs in comedy, and his lifeless, unactable plays, with their long, declamatory speeches and their absence of action, were regarded, even twenty years later by so good a critic as Sir Philip Sidney, as the true models of the tragic drama. How this model was displaced belongs to the story of the Elizabethan drama. Here, meanwhile, is the beginning of Act v. in this first English tragedy :

Clotyn. Did ever age bring forth such tirants harts?
The brother hath bereft the brothers life,
The mother she hath died her cruell handes
In bloud of her owne sonne, and now at last
The people loe, forgetting trouth and love,
Contemning quite both law and loyall hart,
Even they have slaine their soveraigne lord and queene.

Mandud. Shall this their traitorous crime unpunished rest?
Even yet they cease not—caryed on with rage
In their rebellious routes—to threaten still
A new bloudshed unto the princes kinne ;
To slay them all and to uproote the race
Both of the king and queene, so are they moved
With Porrex death ; wherin they falsely charge
The giltlesse king, without desert at all ;
And traitorously have murdered him therfore,
And eke the queene.

Gwenard. Shall subjectes dare with force
To worke revenge upon their princes fact?
Admit the worst that may, as sure in this
The deede was fowle, the queene to slay her sonne.
Shall yet the subject seeke to take the sworde,
Arise agaynst his lord and slay his king?
O wretched state, where those rebellious hartes
Are not rent out, even from their living breastes,
And with the body throwen unto the foules
As carrion foode, for terrour of the rest.

Fergus. There can no punishment be thought to great
For this so grevous cryme ; let spede therfore
Be used therin, for it behoveth so.

Eubulus. Ye all, my lordes, I see, consent in one,
And I as one consent with ye in all.
I holde it more than neede with sharpest law
To punish this tumultuous bloudy rage.
For nothing more may shake the common state
Than sufferance of uproares without redresse.
Wherby how some kingdomes of mightie power,
After great conquestes made, and florishing
In fame and wealth, have ben to ruine brought,
I pray to Jove that we may rather wayle
Such happe in them than witnesse in our selves.

Tragedy, be it noted, has brought with it its appropriate metre, blank verse ; but to account for this we must now take up the history of English poetry as distinct from the drama.

Wyatt and Surrey.

Here, with Wyatt and Surrey, we come again to the really living poetry which we quitted at Chaucer's death, and these two writers, in a far truer sense than Lydgate and Hoccleve, are his immediate successors, owing something to his own example, and much to the Italian influences to which he himself was so greatly indebted.

Like Chaucer himself—and the point is of some importance—Wyatt and Surrey were no needy clerics, bound to a professional didacticism, but were connected, only much more highly, with the court, and lived interesting and crowded lives. The elder of the two, Thomas Wyatt, was the son of a Sir Henry Wyatt who stood well in the favour of Henry VII. He was born in 1503 at his father's castle at Allington, in Kent, and entered St John's College, Cambridge, at the age of twelve. In 1520 he took his master's degree, and married Elizabeth, daughter of Thomas Brooke, Lord Cobham. His service at court seems to have begun as an esquire of the body to the king, a dignity to which Chaucer rose through preliminary stages. In 1527 he enjoyed another of Chaucer's experiences, attaching himself to the suite of Sir John Russell in a mission to Italy, in the course of which he visited Venice, Ferrara, Bologna, Florence, and Rome. In 1529–30 he was High Marshal at Calais, and in 1533 was ewerer at the marriage of Anne Boleyn, with whom a misplaced ingenuity has represented him as having been in love. In May 1536 his sister waited on Anne at her execution, and he himself was imprisoned in the Tower from 5th May to 14th June, apparently as a sympathiser with the queen. In the following October he was employed against the rebels in Lincolnshire, and in 1537 was knighted and sent, against his will, on an embassy to the Emperor Charles V., from which he was not released till April 1539. After he had been home but a short time he was sent on another mission to the emperor; but in July 1540, shortly after his second return, came the execution of Thomas Cromwell, the head of the Protestant party, to which Wyatt belonged, and he was promptly accused by one of his late colleagues of treachery and unseemly behaviour during his Spanish embassy, and again imprisoned in the Tower. A lively and straightforward defence procured his acquittal, but his connection with Spain cost him his life after all, for in October 1542 he caught a chill in riding hastily to Falmouth to escort a Spanish ambassador to London, and died of fever at Sherborne, in Dorsetshire.

SIR THOMAS WYATT.
After Drawing by Holbein.

The career of Wyatt's younger contemporary, Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey (a title of courtesy), was even more eventful. His grandfather, Thomas, Earl of Surrey, had fought against Henry VII. at Bosworth field, but was pardoned and subsequently created Duke of Norfolk for his victory at Flodden. On the death of that duke, in 1524, the poet's father, another Thomas Howard, became Duke of Norfolk, and he himself, then a boy of seven or eight (he was probably born in 1516 or the following year), enjoyed the second title of Earl of Surrey. His youth was passed between Tendring Hall in Suffolk and Kenninghall in Norfolk, and he was fortunate in having as his tutor John Clerke, an Oxford scholar, who had travelled in Italy, and knew and wrote both French and Italian as well as Latin. From 1529, or earlier, Surrey was much in the company of the king's illegitimate son, the Duke of Richmond and Somerset, who in November 1533 was married to his sister, Lady Mary Howard, a union abruptly ended by the bridegroom's death in 1536. In October 1536 Surrey was knighted, and commanded a force sent against the Lincolnshire rebels. In 1537 he suffered a polite imprisonment at Windsor for a blow given within the precincts of the court, and wrote two of his happiest poems, one recalling an earlier stay there with the Duke of Richmond, the other in honour of the nine-year-old Elizabeth Fitzgerald, daughter of the Earl of Kildare, who had died a prisoner in the Tower in 1534. The poor little maid was now a pet at the English court, and Surrey wrote this sonnet, which has come down to us with the title, 'Description and praise of his love Geraldine':

> From Tuskane[1] came my ladie's worthy race:
> Fair Florence was sometyme her auncient seate:
> The Western yle, whose pleasaunt shore doth face
> Wilde Camber's[2] clifs, did geve her lively heate:
> Fostered she was with milke of Irishe brest:
> Her sire an Erle: her dame[3] of princes' blood.
> From tender yeres in Britain she doth rest,
> With kinges child,[4] where she tasteth costly food.

onsdon did first present her to mine eyne:
ight is her hewe, and Geraldine she hight.
ampton me taught to wishe her first for mine:
ıd Windsor, alas, doth chase me from her sight.
Her beauty of kind, her vertues from above—
Happy is he that can obtaine her love.

Fitzgeralds claimed descent from the Giraldi of Florence. ia—i.e. Wales. 3 Elizabeth Grey, granddaughter of Eliza- ıodville, wife of Edward IV. 4 The Princess Mary.

ıer headings to his poems as first published
· is spoken of as 'the lover,' and there is
ɔn of 'his love' and 'his lady,' but this is
ly explicit reference to Elizabeth Fitzgerald.
ɔn, however, in his *Heroical Epistles*, inserts
aginary letter from 'Geraldine' to Surrey,
Nash's *Jack Wilton* (see below at page 332)
· is represented as touring Italy (where he
set foot) as a knight-errant in her service.
ng on these hints, in editing Surrey's poems
5, Dr G. F. Nott invented fancy headings,
vhich 'the Fair Geraldine' is dragged on
possible occasion, without any real justifica-
nd the legend is not yet quite dead.

May 1541 Surrey was created a Knight of
arter; in July 1542 he suffered a short im-
ment in the Fleet for challenging one John
;h, and next January took part in a foolish
n which stones were shot from cross-bows at
indows of London citizens, and also at the
; of ill-fame on the south side of the river.
Mayor complained to the Privy Council, and
: April Surrey was again committed to the
Here he wrote 'A Satire against the
ıs of London,' beginning (in Nott's edition):

London! hast thou accused me
Of breach of laws? the root of strife!
Within whose breast did burn to see
So fervent hot thy dissolute life,
That even the hate of sins, that grow
Within thy wicked walls so rife,
For to break forth did covet so,
That terror could it not repress.

: the Privy Council Surrey had simply con-
that, 'touching the stone-bows, he could not
but he had very evil doings therein,' and
seems no reason for taking this satire as
ıly meant. In the autumn he joined the
h force attacking Landrecies, afterwards
ɡ the Emperor Charles V. at Valenciennes.
s return he was appointed the king's cup-
, and about this time began the building of
ısion at St Leonard, near Norwich, over
he exhausted his means. In 1544 he was
t at the capture of Boulogne and at the un-
sful siege of Montreuil. In August 1545 he
ɔpointed governor of Boulogne, then attacked
French, and held his position there amid
difficulties till his recall in March 1546.
: end of this year the imminence of the
death brought the strife between the
ds and the Seymours to a crisis. On
ecember Surrey was cited before the Privy Council, and on the 12th both he and his father were arrested and sent to the Tower. A charge of making pretensions to the crown by using the arms of Edward Confessor, to which his family had a right, was trumped up against Surrey. He was condemned by a packed jury on 13th January 1547, and beheaded six days later.

Round Wyatt and Surrey, whose varied lives brought English poetry into a new atmosphere, sprang up, as Puttenham tells us in *The Arte of English Poesie* (see *infra*, page 266), 'a new company of courtly makers,' of whom Thomas Lord Vaux (1511–62), Sir Francis Bryan (d. 1549), Nicholas Grimald (1519–62), and Thomas Churchyard (1520?–1604) are known to us by name. With no patrons to please, it was characteristic of the 'courtly makers' for more than a century to let their poetry be passed round only among their friends, and it was thus not until June 1557 that (from the press of Richard Tottel, whence its familiar name of 'Tottel's Miscellany') there appeared a thin volume entitled *Songes and Sonettes written by the ryght honorable Lorde Henry Haward, late Earle of Surrey, and other.* This was reprinted, with alterations, the next month; went through six other editions (1559, 1565, 1567, 1574, 1585, and 1587); and formed a kind of 'Golden Treasury' on which all the Elizabethan poets were brought up. The first edition contained forty poems by Wyatt, ninety-six by Surrey, forty by Grimald, and ninety-five of 'Uncertain Auctours;' in the second edition thirty of Grimald's were omitted, and the poems of uncertain authorship increased by thirty-nine.

In addition to any defects due to posthumous editing, we must remember that Wyatt, in leading English poetry into fresh fields, had to contend with many difficulties. The printed editions of Chaucer were so corrupt as to obscure his melody; Wyatt was probably hardly a good enough Italian scholar to catch the secret of that of Petrarch, while English poetical diction had to be rescued from its dreadful polysyllables and built up anew. It is, therefore, not surprising to find that Wyatt sometimes halts between what he took to be a Chaucerian pronunciation and that of his own day; that, in introducing the sonnet into English, he neither followed Petrarch correctly nor hit on the modification of three quatrains and a couplet, invented by Surrey, and so gloriously handled by Shakespeare; and that his more formal verse is frequently slow of movement and sometimes impossible to scan. As chance would have it, the first sonnet of his writing in 'Tottel's Miscellany' exhibits all his faults at their worst, and has more than once been singled out for unkind quotation. If the reader will remember the Chaucerian spellings 'resoun,' 'sesoun,' 'condicioun,' 'facyoun,' Wyatt will be seen to better advantage in this, entitled 'Of Change in Mind':

Eche man me tell'th I change most my devise:
And on my faith, me thinke it good reasón

To change purpose, like after the seasón.
For in ech case to kepé still one guise
Is mete for them, that would be taken wise.
And I am not of such condición,
But treated after a divers fashion:
And therupon my diversnesse doth rise.
But you, this diversnesse that blamen most,
Change you no more, but still after one rate
Treat you me well: and kepe you in that state,
And while with me doth dwell this weried gost,
My word nor I shall not be variable,
But alwaies one, your owne, both firm and stable.

But though it is part of Wyatt's glory to have introduced the sonnet into English, it is not by his ten imitations of Petrarch, or his own essays on the same lines, that his contribution to our literature may most fairly be judged. His real innovation was the revival of that lyrical mood which had produced some charming snatches of English verse in the thirteenth century and had then died away, even Chaucer having but a faint touch of it. In Wyatt it is predominant, and to illustrate it a few quotations are worth much disquisition. Here, from Nott's edition of Surrey and Wyatt (1816), which contains many poems not in 'Tottel's Miscellany,' is one of the most often quoted of Wyatt's lyrics:

Forget not yet the tried intent
Of such a truth as I have meant;
My great travail so gladly spent,
Forget not yet!

Forget not yet when first began
The weary life ye know, since whan
The suit, the service none tell can;
Forget not yet!

Forget not yet the great assays,
The cruel wrong, the scornful ways,
The painful patience in delays,
Forget not yet!

Forget not, oh forget not this,
How long ago hath been, and is
The mind that never meant amiss.
Forget not yet!

Forget not then thine own approv'd,
The which so long hath thee so lov'd,
Whose steadfast faith yet never mov'd:
Forget not this!

Scarcely less well known than this is the stout-hearted poem, 'To a ladie to answere directly with yea or nay,' for which we have the advantage of Mr Arber's reprint of *Tottel's Miscellany* (1870):

Madame, withouten many wordes,
Once I am sure, you will or no.
And if you will, then leave your boordes, jests
And use your wit, and shew it so:
For with a beck you shall me call.
And if of one, that burns alway,
Ye have pity or ruth at all,
Answer him fayer with Yea, or Nay.
If it be Yea, I shall be faine.
If it be Nay, frends as before.
You shall another man obtain,
And I mine owne and yours no more.

Another poem, entitled 'The lover praieth not to be disdained, refused, mistrusted, nor forsaken,' is a good example of the cumulative effect which Wyatt sometimes attains:

Disdaine me not without desert,
Nor leave me not so sodenly,
Sins well ye wot that in my hert
I meane ye not but honestly.

Refuse me not, without cause why,
Nor thinke me not to be unjust,
Sins that by lotte of fantasy,
This carefull knot neades knit I must.

Mistrust me not, though some there be
That fain would spot my steadfastnesse:
Beleve them not, sins that ye se
The proofe is not as they expresse.

Forsake me not, till I deserve:
Nor hate me not, tyll I offend.
Destroy me not, tyll that I swerve,
But sins ye know what I intend,

Disdaine me not, that am your owne:
Refuse me not, that am so true:
Mistrust me not, till all be knowne:
Forsake me not, ne for no new.

There is a touch of another kind in the poem beginning, 'They flee from me that sometime did me seke;' and lyrics which contain such stanzas as—

Blame not my Lute! for he must sound
Of this or that as liketh me;
For lack of wit the Lute is bound
To give such tunes as pleaseth me;
Though my songs be somewhat strange
And speak such ~~words as touch~~ thy change,
Blame not my Lute;

or,

And wilt thou leave me thus
That hath lov'd thee so long
In wealth and woe among?
And is thy heart so strong
As for to leave me thus?
Say nay! say nay!—

in their feeling, their melody, and their simplicity of phrase break away altogether from the wordy rhetoric of Wyatt's predecessors, and are a worthy prelude to the best Elizabethan verse.

Besides his sonnets and lyrics, Wyatt versified the Penitential Psalms, not very happily, and also wrote some satires, which may be illustrated by a few lines from that entitled 'Of the Courtiers Life, written to John Poyns':

My Poyns, I can not frame my tune to fayne,
To cloke the truth for prayse, without desert,
Of them that list all vice for to retaine. . . .
I am not he such eloquence to bost,
To make the crow in singyng as the swanne;
Nor call the lyon of coward beastes the most,
That can not take a mouse as the cat can:
And he that dieth for honger of the golde, Midas
Call him Alexander, and say that Pan
Passeth Appollo in musike manifold,

Praise Sir Topas for a noble tale,
And scorne the story that the knight tolde.
Prayse him for counsell that is dronke of ale,
Grinne when he laughes that beareth all the sway,
Frowne when he frownes and grone when he is pale,
On others lust to hang both night and day.
None of these poyntes would ever frame in me,
My wit is nought, I can not learne the way.

The satiric note of indignation rings true in these lines, carelessly written as some of them are. For such careless lines Wyatt has suffered much in critical esteem, but he had the root of the matter in him as no English poet had had since Chaucer, and deserves, for what he did as well as for when he did it, a higher place among English poets than is usually assigned him.

In turning from Wyatt to Surrey it is usual to contrast the smoothness and finish of the younger poet with the crabbedness of the elder. If we look only to their sonnets the contrast is obvious enough, for Surrey had the wit to invent the spurious but effective sonnet form of three quatrains and a couplet—a metre in which smoothness is lightly attained—and easily surpasses Wyatt in these poems. His sonnet to Geraldine has already been given; for another we may take his farewell to his squire, Clere, who saved his life at the cost of his own in a skirmish outside Montreuil:

Norfolk sprung thee, Lambeth holds thee dead,
Clere of the county of De Cleremont hight; (called)
Within the womb of Ormond's race thou 'rt bred,
And sawst thy cousin crowned in thy sight. (Anne Boleyn)
Shelton for love, Surrey for lord thou chase;
(Ay me! while life did last that league was tender)
Tracing whose steps thou sawest Kelsal blaze,
Landrecy burnt and batter'd Boulogne render.
At Montreuil gates, hopeless of all recure, (recovery)
Thine Earl, half dead, gave in thy hand his will;
Which cause did thee this pining death procure,
Ere summers four times seven thou couldst fulfill.
Ah! Clere! if love had booted, care, or cost,
Heaven had not won, nor earth so timely lost.

The allusiveness of this closely packed sonnet no doubt hinders its popularity, but not many finer have been written, and the warm personal feeling which runs through it is not often found in Surrey's poetry. It appears in a lighter vein in the poem written during his imprisonment in Windsor:

So cruell prison how coulde betide, alas,
As proude Windsor? where I in lust & joye,
With a kinges sonne, my childishe yeres did passe,
In greater feast than Priams sonnes of Troy:
Where eche swete place returns a taste full sower,
The large grene courtes, where we were wont to hove, (hover)
With eyes cast up into the maydens tower,
And easie sighes, such as folke drawe in love:
The stately seates, the ladies bright of hewe:
The daunces shorte, long tales of great delight:
With wordes and lokes, that tygers coulde but rewe,
When eche of us did pleade the other's right:
The palme play, where, dispoyled for the game, (stripped)
With dazed eies oft we by gleames of love,
Have mist the ball, and got sight of our dame,
To baite her eyes, whiche kept the leads above. . . .
O place of blisse, renuer of my woes,
Geve me accompt, where is my noble fere: (comrade)
Whom in thy walles thou doest eche night enclose.
To other leefe, but unto me most dere.
Eccho, alas, that dothe my sorow rewe,
Returns therto a hollow sounde of playnte.
Thus I alone, where all my fredome grewe,
In prison pyne, with bondage and restrainte,
And with remembrance of the greater greefe
To banish the lesse, I find my chief releefe.

Surrey's lyrics are both fewer and less striking than those of Wyatt, but in 'A praise of his Love:

HENRY HOWARD, EARL OF SURREY.
From the Picture in the National Portrait Gallery.

wherin he reproveth them that compare their Ladies with his,' he is seen at his best:

Geve place ye lovers, here before
That spent your bostes & bragges in vaine,
My Ladie's beawtie passeth more
The best of yours I dare well sayen,
Than doth the sonne the candle light,
Or brightest day the darkest night.
And thereto hath a trothe as just
As had Penelope the fayre.
For what she saith ye may it trust,
As it by writing sealed were.
And vertues hath she many moe,
Than I with pen have skill to showe.
I could rehearse, if that I wolde,
The whole effect of Nature's plaint,
When she had lost the perfit mold,
The like to whom she could not paint.
With wringyng handes howe she dyd cry,
And what she said, I know it, I.
I knowe, she swore with ragyng mynd:
Her kingdom onely set apart,
There was no losse, by lawe of kind,

That could have gone so nere her hart.
And this was chiefly all her payne,
She could not make the lyke agayne.
Sith Nature thus gave her the prayse,
To be the chiefest worke she wrought:
In faith, me thinke, some better waies
On your behalfe might well be sought,
Than to compare (as ye have done)
To matche the candle with the sonne.

Our last extract—part of Æneas's tale of the sack of Troy—is from Surrey's translation of the second and fourth books of Virgil's *Æneid*, published, after his death, in 1557, the same year as the *Songes and Sonettes*. This book has a double importance, first as our earliest English example of verse translation from a classical author as opposed to adaptation, and secondly and chiefly as written in the blank verse, the invention of which will always preserve Surrey's name in the history of English poetry:

Whom when I saw assembled in such wise,
So desperatly the battail to desire:
Then furthermore thus sayd I unto them,
O ye yong men of courage stout, in vaine
For nought ye strive to save the burning town.
What cruel fortune hath betid: ye see
The Gods out of the temples all ar fled,
Through whoes might long this empire was mainteind;
Their altares eke are left both wast and voyd.
But if your will be bent with me to prove
That uttermost that now may us befall,
Then let us dye, and runne amid our foes:
To vanquisht folk despeir is only hope.
With this the yong men's courage did encrease,
And through the dark, like to the ravening wolves,
Whom raging furie of their empty mawes
Drives from their den, leaving with hungry throtes
Their whelpes behinde, among our foes we ran
Upon their swerdes, unto apparant death,
Holding alway the chiefe strete of the town,
Coverd with the close shadowes of the night.
Who can expresse the slaughter of that night,
Or tell the nomber of the corpses slaine,
Or can in teres bewaile them worthely?
The auncient, famous citie falleth down,
That many yeres did hold such seignorie.

The blank verse halts at times, but to have established the use of the metre in English poetry was a great achievement, bearing out the chief claim that may be made for both Surrey and Wyatt, that they opened new fields, foreshadowed new possibilities, for our literature. Without Wyatt and Surrey as forerunners the Elizabethans had never entered into their kingdom, and from them our modern poetry takes its beginning. The stretches of green pasture and fair flowers in the long journey we have taken since Layamon's *Brut* have been too many and too fair (at least to a lover of old things) to compare them to oases in a wilderness, travelling through which we have at last reached a Mount Pisgah and the sight of a fairer land. But in both poetry and the drama, and to a less extent in prose, the reign of Elizabeth, despite its dull beginnings, marks a new epoch in English literature, and brings to a close the epoch of the Middle Ages and Early Renaissance of the previous three centuries and a half.

BIBLIOGRAPHY.—The references given in connection with the quotations from all the leading authors of this period indicate in every case what is believed to be the best edition. The best general bibliography of the subject, giving information not only about editions but as to the manuscripts on which they are founded, is Dr Gustav Körting's *Grundriss der Geschichte der Englischen Litteratur* (Münster, 1887); valuable notes as to editions will also be found in the various articles in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, most of which have also the highest biographical and critical value.

Of general surveys of the subject, Ten Brink's *History of English Literature* (3 vols. 1883–96) still remains the best; but in vols. iii.–viii. of the late Henry Morley's *English Writers: An Attempt towards a History of English Literature* (1888–92), a wealth of historical and biographical information will be found, together with some useful epitomes and straightforward criticism. For criticism, always original and interesting, *A Short History of English Literature*, by Professor Saintsbury (1898), is well worth consulting; while in his 'Periods of European Literature' his own volume on *The Flourishing of Romance and Rise of Allegory*, Mr F. J. Snell's *The Fourteenth Century*, and Mr G. Gregory Smith's *The Transition Period* bring the British literature of over three centuries into connection with those of other countries. For the history of the language no complete manual exists, though much help may be obtained from Professor Skeat's introductions to the Clarendon Press *Specimens of Early English*, from Dr Sweet's *Middle-English Primers*, and Mr Kington Oliphant's *Old and Middle English* (1876). Stratmann's *Middle-English Dictionary*, as edited by Dr Henry Bradley (1891), is the only good lexicon.

Most of the books of this period appear on the lists of the publications of the Early English Text Society, founded in 1864, or the Scottish Text Society, founded in 1884. The Chaucer Society (founded in 1868) has printed the complete text of most of the best manuscripts of Chaucer's works, and specimens of the others. The Wyclif Society (founded in 1882) confines itself to printing the numerous Latin works of Wyclif which had remained unpublished. His *Select English Works* were printed by Thomas Arnold in 1869–71, our quotations being taken from a supplementary volume, *The English Works of Wyclif hitherto Unprinted*, edited by Mr F. D. Matthew for the Early English Text Society in 1880.

Of the four chief cycles of miracle-plays, the York Plays were edited by Miss Toulmin Smith for the Clarendon Press in 1885; the Towneley Plays (the Wakefield Cycle) for the Surtees Society in 1836, and again for the Early English Text Society in 1897; the Chester Plays and Coventry Plays for the Shakespeare Society, the former by Thomas Wright in 1843, the latter by J. O. Halliwell-Phillipps in 1841. Vol. i. of a new edition of the Chester Plays was issued in 1892 by the Early English Text Society, which in 1896 reissued the Digby Plays, edited by Dr Furnivall for the New Shakspere Society in 1882. Of books about these plays, Thomas Sharp's *A Dissertation on the Pageants anciently performed at Coventry* (1825) is still valuable for its information, in addition to its text of the 'Pageant of the Shearmen and Taylors' Company;' there are also the present writer's *English Miracle-Plays* (Clarendon Press; 3rd ed. 1898), and a larger collection (3 vols.), edited by Professor Manly for the Athenæum Press series, Boston, U.S.A.

Of collections of the Romances, the more important are Ritson's *Ancient Engleish Metrical Romancees* (3 vols. 1802); Weber's *Metrical Romances of the 13th, 14th, and 15th Centuries* (3 vols. 1810); Utterson's *Select Pieces of Popular Poetry* (2 vols. 1817); *The Thornton Romances*, edited by Halliwell-Phillipps (1844); and Armour's *Scottish Alliterative Poems* (1897).

Of books about Chaucer, *Studies in Chaucer, his Life and Writings*, by T. R. Lounsbury (3 vols. 1892), is valuable though discursive; the present writer has put all he knows into a shilling *Chaucer Primer* (1891); and Professor Skeat, in *The Chaucer Canon* (1900), has given an interesting account of the poet's grammatical usage, and the method by which it may be used to test pieces wrongly assigned to him.

Of Langland, M. Jusserand has given a picturesque sketch in his *Piers Plowman, a Contribution to English Mysticism* (1894).

ALFRED W. POLLARD.

SCOTTISH LITERATURE.

IN building up the great fabric of English literature Scottish writers have had no unimportant share. One of the very oldest extant documents in the English tongue is the inscription on the Ruthwell Cross; re than once in our history Scotsmen :n our foremost writers. When we now : Scottish writers and Scottish literature, c almost solely of the Teutonic tongue Scottish Lowlands. But at the begin- English speaking and writing, the words ottish, and their derivatives meant some- dely different. *Scoti*—a Latin formation, from a Cymric or Welsh word—is first some of the inhabitants of Ireland by us Marcellinus, in describing the recent of the Scots and Picts into Roman Britain .D. When Bede was writing at Jarrow yne early in the eighth century, and for lred years later, *Scotia* meant Ireland, and nly. Scoti from this Irish mother-country ed, established themselves in Argyll, and inth century united themselves with the form the kingdom of Alba. But it is not n in the eleventh century (about 1034) that used for any part of North Britain, and y for Alba, the country north of the firths and Clyde—excluding, however, Argyll, headquarters of the Scots, as that region overrun by Norsemen. *Scotia* was a rm; but in like manner *Scottaland* or , an English word entirely foreign to the oples and their speech, was the term used ians and Saxons for Ireland at first, and ls for the northernmost kingdom of Britain. well as Scots now spoke a Celtic tongue of lelic, Gaelic, or Irish type. But the blood cts, much the most numerous people in the is probably in the main not Celtic at all. s had been Celticised by invaders from h; probably the bulk of them were de- s of one of the swarthy savage races— s called Ivernian—who occupied Britain nd before the first Celtic immigrants came m the Continent.

story of the country south of the firths— ie most important part of what we now tland—is wholly distinct. Possibly the nts of the neolithic man survived through gs and goings; a wave of Goidelic inva- no doubt flooded the south of Scotland, partly passed on; but during the Roman n of Britain it was a British or Cymric country, and in the fifth and following centuries it was overrun and occupied by invading Angles. How far the new-comers exterminated or expelled the Welsh or other natives, and how far they absorbed them, is not known; but it seems certain that Lothian and the Merse became at least as English or Teutonic as the most English part of England. Early in the seventh century Lothian and Berwickshire formed an integral part of the dominions of the most powerful English kings of the age. They were included in Bernicia, the northern, as Deira was the southern, of the Northumbrian kingdoms. Edwin, or Eadwine, was king of Northumbria (617–633), and overlord of most of the rest of England; his sway was undisputed from Humber to Forth, and from sea to sea; Edinburgh, founded or refounded by him, is still a monument to the great Northumbrian; and the specifically English name of the Scottish capital—Edwinesburch or Edwinesburg in early twelfth-century documents—testifies to the fact that the original *burch* or fortress stood on old English ground.

Strathclyde, bordering on Lothian, was a Welsh kingdom; Galloway was a distinct Pictish-Gaelic principality. Edinburgh, Lothian, and the Merse had for centuries no connection with the Scots save through their missionary enterprise. Strathclyde and the south of Scotland seem to have been partially Christianised before the coming of the Angles; the Irish Columba was at work among the Picts in the sixth century. Not till 627 did Northumbria welcome the gospel at the hands of Paulinus, the Roman missionary from Kent. The permanent conversion was, however, really begun in 635 by Irish missionaries from Iona, who, after thirty years' labour, were expelled as schismatics on the triumph of Roman over Celtic forms. After that revolution a Northumbrian bishopric was founded at Abercorn in West Lothian in 681; and by 730 Ninian's foundation at Whithorn was an Anglian see.

In the tenth century Northumbria had fallen on evil times: the kingdom was at an end, and great part of it was held by the heathen Danes. The kings of Alba, now coming to be called Scotia, made inroads and assaults; the harassed Northumbrian Earls could hardly resist; and in 1018, when Earl Eadulf was defeated in a bloody battle at Carham, Northumbria benorth the Tweed was formally ceded to the Celtic but Christian kings of Scots, whom doubtless the Angles preferred to pagan Danish masters. But it was on condition that Lothian should retain its Anglian laws and customs; of its Anglian speech there never was question. The great Danish king Cnut, now firmly established on the throne of England, did

not disturb this arrangement, which is the chief turning-point in the history of the northern kingdom. The last addition to its population, the alien Anglian people, were soon to become the dominant element in the north; to substitute their North-English or Anglian speech for the various Celtic tongues spoken in Alba, Strathclyde, and Galloway; to give Scotland their laws and usages; and to make Scottish civilisation what it has been. The monarchy identified itself with its new Anglian subjects, and became gradually alienated from the original Celtic polity. To speak of the Lowlands as Scotland is really a misnomer, unless it be remembered that the name denotes a political alliance only: in blood and tongue and temper the people of the Lowlands, though no doubt a very mixed race, especially in the west, are English rather than Scottish, and even in the west are as English as the people of Lancashire or Cumberland. They are English in a sense that the southern English are not—Anglian and not Saxon. The Lowlanders of Scotland are Scotch very much as the people of Brandenburg are Prussian. The Brandenburgers, though they have long been subjects of the Prussian monarchy, are in no wise Prussian in blood, and are not even akin to the Prussians proper, the Slavonic or Lithuanian inhabitants of the eastern parts of the kingdom. The cession of Lothian in the eleventh century did not make it Scottish save in its political connection. Contrariwise, it was the Anglian Lowlander who became the 'typical Scot,' the very antithesis of the Celt. According to the authorities the Celt is amiable, winsome, impressionable, changeable and easily discouraged, voluble in speech, witty and humorous, instinct with poetry and the love of art—'Titanic' even; whereas, we are told, the Englishman is hard, matter-of-fact, repellent, pragmatic, unsympathetic, dull in perceptions. Yet on the same showing the Englishman is a very Celt—courteous, debonair, chattering, laughing, and effusive—as compared with the 'typical Scot,' who is described as dogged, dour, unimpressionable, undemonstrative, obtuse to wit and sprightliness, slow and uncouth of speech, persistent, self-assertive, and cautious and 'practical' to a pitch undreamt of in England, though (in the heroes and heroines of novels especially!) possessed of certain surprising and contradictory saving graces. Verily the Lowland Scots are *Anglis ipsis Angliores;* and the actual Highlander himself more closely resembles the typical Scot than he does the theoretical Celt.

After the cession of Lothian, as before, it was Northumbrian English that was the speech of the people there. Until the cession, Lothian was part of an English kingdom; and Edinburgh was well within the limits of the country in whose tongue the first great writers of English spoke and wrote. Cædmon and Bæda, Cynewulf and Alcuin, spoke the tongue common to York and Edinburgh, not the tongue of London, Winchester, and Canterbury; and the great school or university of York, founded by Ecgberht, had grown to its highest fame ere Lothian ceased to be English territory in the fullest sense of the word. And it was a Lothian saint—St Cuthbert—who spoke in a vision to Ælfred in his dark days at Athelney, and encouraged him to make the stand that saved Britain from becoming Danish.

In the eleventh century Scotland had nearly attained its permanent limits, although Orkney, Shetland, the Western Isles, and Argyll remained Norwegian; and although Strathclyde and Galloway were not fully incorporated till after 1125. Scotland was not yet a nation in the twelfth century, but it was well on the way. It was in the eleventh century that the names Scotia and Scotland were applied to part of North Britain: the Lothians were from the twelfth century recognised as part of the kingdom the Angles (not the Celtic Scots) called Scotland; but not for long after this did the Angles of Lothian dream of calling themselves or their language *Scottis*. The Scottis tongue meant till the sixteenth century the Celtic or Gaelic language of the Highlanders. The kings of Scotland in the thirteenth century issued writs *Scotis, Anglis, et Francis*—to their Gaelic, Anglian, and Norman-French subjects. Fordun says his countrymen spoke some of them Scotic and some Teutonic; the earlier Lowland writers called the tongue they used Inglis or English — Barbour, Wyntoun, Blind Harry, Dunbar, all professed to be writing Inglis. Dunbar not merely professed to write Inglis himself, but regards his own as essentially the same language with Chaucer's; Chaucer is the flower 'of oure tong,' 'of oure Inglisch all the lycht.' It was 'in Inglis tong' that Kennedy, sneered at by Dunbar as a Carrick Highlander, undertook to instruct his ignorant countrymen. Gourlay, vicar of Dollar, burnt as a heretic in 1534, was charged with teaching his congregation to pray to God 'in Englische;' and he admitted that, as his parishioners were rude and knew no Latin, it was forced on his conscience to teach them the ten commands 'in Inglische,' and the Lord's Prayer likewise 'in thair awin mother tounge.' Lyndsay wrote in Inglisch, and praised Douglas as 'of our Inglis rethorike the rose.' Gavin Douglas, writing in the very year Flodden was fought, and the author of the *Complaynt of Scotlande*, in the year after Pinkie—both at a time of special embitterment against the 'auld enemy' in the south—are the first Lowland writers who profess to write in Scottis. But the long wars between England and Scotland had bred in the northern kingdom such an increasing antipathy to the southern foes that the northerners more and more disliked to be in any way mixed up with the English name. And from the middle of the sixteenth century *Scottis*—later contracted to *Scots*, or in the English form *Scottish* and *Scotch* — superseded Inglis as the regular name for the Teutonic speech of southern

Scotland; the form *Scots* now frequently used even by English writers not being properly a southern English word at all, but a foreign and borrowed form. It stands to *Scottis* exactly in the same relation that *Scotch* does to *Scottish*; the first two being the northern, the latter two the normal southern forms.

For centuries before and after the Conquest the Northumbrian from the Humber to the Forth was essentially the same tongue. But before, and especially during and after, the wars that led to the assertion of Scottish national independence at the beginning of the fourteenth century divergences became more and more marked. 'South of the Tweed and the Cheviots,' as Dr Murray has said (in *Chambers's Encyclopædia*, vol. ix. p. 248), 'the Northumbrian sank from the rank of a literary language used by poets, preachers, and chroniclers, to that of a local dialect, or group of patois, overshadowed by the king's English of London, and more and more depressed under its influence. After 1400, or at least after the fifteenth century, it disappears from the view of the student. But north of the Tweed and Solway the Northumbrian remained the language of a court and a nation; it spread westward and northward over districts formerly occupied by British and Gaelic (or it may be Pictish) populations, from which it sustained modifications phonetic and structural; it received literary culture, and especially contracted alliances with French and Latin on its own account; so as to acquire by the close of the fifteenth century distinctive and strongly-marked features of its own not found in the cognate dialects in the north of England. From the close of the fourteenth to the beginning of the seventeenth century it was the vehicle of an extensive and in many respects brilliant literature, it was the medium of legislation and justice, and fulfilled every function of a national language. But a serious shock to its independent development was given by the Reformation, in consequence of the close relations between the leaders of that movement and the English Protestants, and the use of English books, especially of the English version of the Geneva Bible, printed at Edinburgh in 1576–79. Then followed the accession of James VI. to the crown of England, the transference of the seat of government to London, and the consequent disuse of the "Scottis toung" by the court and by the nobility, who found it desirable to speak the king's English, and gradually grew ashamed of their Scotch. After this, few works were written in the native tongue, except such as were intended for merely local use. It became obsolete in public legal use at the time of the Commonwealth, and though retained a little longer in the local records of remote burghs and kirk-sessions, it disappeared from these also by 1707. But though it thus became obsolete in official and literary use, so that Scotchmen thenceforth wrote in English tinged more or less with Scotticisms, or words, phrases, and idioms derived from their native speech, it still continued, in several dialectal varieties, to be the vernacular of the people, and after a period of neglect it bloomed forth anew as the vehicle of ballad and lyric poetry, in Lady Wardlaw, Allan Ramsay, Burns, and their numerous fellow-singers.' But the modern Scotch, as well as that used in the dialogue of novels by Sir Walter and his successors and imitators, is, as we shall see, a very different tongue from the old literary Scotch, and is, indeed, very largely modern English written or pronounced in the Scottish manner.

The early literature of the Gael in Scotland—Columba and Adamnan, author, about 700, of the famous *Vita Columbæ*, were both Irish-born—can hardly be disentangled from that of Ireland. In the Middle Ages, though Scotsmen became familiar and prominent at foreign universities, Scotland produced few great thinkers or writers. Yet the Borders have a good (though not undisputed) claim to two of the most conspicuous European scholars of their time—Michael Scott in the earlier and Duns Scotus in the later years of the thirteenth century. Michael Scott, Aristotelian and philosopher, was even more eminent as astrologer and magician, and played a large part at the learned court of the Emperor Frederick II. Duns Scotus, the 'Doctor Subtilis' of the Franciscans, renowned alike for his learning and his originality, divided the allegiance of the Schoolmen with the Dominican Thomas Aquinas, and for centuries gave the name of Scotists to half the medieval theologians of Christendom. Their works, in Latin, deal with matters beyond our province.

Dr Murray describes as Early Scottish all verse and prose down to about 1475—corresponding in time to the Middle English Period in England. Middle Scottish comes down—not, of course, unaltered—to about 1650, when from a national speech the tongue had sunk to a dialect, and corresponds to early modern English. The most outstanding fact about the early Scottish language is that it is identical with contemporary north English, insomuch that we cannot from the language alone say on which side of the Border a book was written (see pages 43, 51). The similarity will be easily seen on comparing the specimens of the Scottish work of this period with the extracts from English Northumbrian books given above, such as the *Cursor Mundi* (page 47) or the writings of Richard of Hampole. The reader will find a specimen of northern English (not Scotch) as it sounded to Chaucer's ears at page 72, and will recognise many characteristic northern forms still current in modern Scotch—*banes*, *atanes*, *rae* for *roe*, *bathe* for *both*, *gas* (i.e. *gaes*) for *goes*. Even in Chaucer's southern English are many forms or pronunciations now preserved only in northern dialect, though not in origin peculiarly northern. Thus in our Chaucerian selections the northerner will note with interest such words or

spellings as *eyen*, *wood* for *mad*, *make* for *mate*, *souke* for *suck*, &c.

Thomas the Rhymer, a famous but somewhat elusive personage, used to rank as the foremost name in early Scottish literature, in virtue of the authorship of *Tristrem*. But, as we have seen, there is no sufficient ground for holding that this poem was written north of the Border (page 44). The romance about his own adventures at the Elf-Queen's court was written long after his time, probably in England; and the prophecies for which he was famous can none of them be definitely traced to the thirteenth-century seer, or be quoted as rhymes dating from his age at all. The best-known Scottish authors of this early period are Barbour, a patriot whose fervour sometimes lifts his rugged lines to the level of poetry, and Wyntoun, who seldom rises above the doggerel of the rhyming chronicler. But along with and even above these should be ranked Huchown (see page 171), who is only now coming to his rights as a true and accomplished poet.

In date the author of the *Kingis Quair* no doubt falls within Dr Murray's first period, but in most essentials belongs to the second great group of Scottish authors; whereas Blind Harry, though his work was most probably written after 1475, has affinity rather with the earlier company. For Chaucer fixes an epoch in Scottish not less markedly than in English literature, though his influence, marked in England in his own lifetime, was most conspicuous in Scotland well on in the next century; the first really artistic Scottish poets were disciples of Chaucer, and as poets outshone their English contemporaries. From Chaucer to the advent of Wyatt and Surrey and the greater Elizabethans—when Scottish poesy 'tholed eclipse'—the northerners had the best of it; they are much less monotonous and tedious than Gower, Lydgate, or Hoccleve; more attractive and less uncouth than Skelton. Lowell, their most grudging critic, admits that they have 'more meat' and substance in them than the southerners. The author of the *Kingis Quair*, and, two generations later, Henryson, Douglas, and Dunbar, studied Chaucer diligently, were influenced by him, made him to some extent their model. In so far they were Chaucerians; but they were Chaucerians with a difference. Neither the *Kingis Quair*, nor Henryson, nor Douglas approaches Chaucer in breadth of vision or catholicity of temper; Dunbar, satirical, vehement, caustic, is in temperament the least like Chaucer, and in his own way goes beyond him. With all of them it is easier to see the contrasts than the similarities to the master they reverenced. Dunbar more than Henryson or Douglas partakes of the new spirit of the fifteenth century; Douglas is not fairly to be called a representative of the Renaissance; Dunbar least of all of them finds his natural expression in allegory. The alliterative verse of Scotland, though some of it is later in date, belongs to the older world. Blind Harry is partly a reversion to the pre-Chaucerian type, although, as has been pointed out by Professor Skeat, he also shows frequently, both in rhymes and phrases, the inevitable influence of the master-poet of the preceding century. Lyndsay, whose rude but effective satires were enormously popular in Scotland, was rather a facetious 'Piers Plowman' than a Chaucerian, but borrowed phrases and ideas like the rest; both he and Montgomerie belong to the second or middle period. Scottish sixteenth-century prose writers were a large and various company; here we need name as representatives of the prose of the second or middle period only two men of the foremost rank—Knox, the first really powerful writer of contemporary history in the English tongue; and Buchanan, who wrote very little in the Scottish vernacular, but as humanist and Latin poet took amongst the learned of Europe a place that had as yet been conceded to no writer of British birth.

During the second period of Scots writing, the language had undergone a double series of changes. On the one hand it had altered from its old self and become less like Middle English in several ways. The Scots vernacular always remained more Anglo-Saxon and less Norman-French than southern English—contrary to what is often said or assumed. But the spelling was modified in various ways, and the professional authors had adopted large numbers of words direct from French and Latin—an 'aureate' style—which never formed part of the vernacular speech, and were soon dropped even by writers. Just so French sixteenth-century writers manufactured masses of words from Latin and Greek that never belonged to the spoken language, but remained factitious. Yet 'Ciceronianism' had one good result in Scotland as in France: it helped to produce a rhythmical sonorous prose, in dignified and well-built periods. Now, as in the earlier period, the practice of translation from the French powerfully influenced literary style. On the other hand Scottish authors were being more and more directly influenced by southern literary English. The result became very conspicuous after the Reformation: Knox was taunted by his Catholic opponents with an unpatriotic tendency to Anglicise in his literary style as well as in his doctrine. The Catholic writers, including the compiler of the *Complaynt of Scotlande*, strove to write what they thought their national tongue without English admixture, with a leaning to a French vocabulary. But the Anglicising process had begun and become ineradicable long before. The Scottish Chaucerians, from the earliest of them onwards, show very marked traces of their master's influence on their style as well as on their thought. One of the points that makes for James I.'s authorship of the *Kingis Quair* is that it is not written in Scots, but in such a mixed dialect as might have become natural to a Scotsman long resident

England—'not true Northumbrian,' Professor ieat says, 'but a singular and quite artificial nguage not ill adapted for literary purposes, ith southern forms and even Kentish rhymes.' haucer's and other English influences are patent i Henryson. Gavin Douglas expressly admits iat he cannot get on without southern words, nd he uses many quite needless southern forms. Alexander Barclay (see page 116), educated and ettled in England, became an English author. Dunbar, who in his youth had tramped and egged in England, wrote at least one of his oems in almost perfectly pure southern English, nd in his Scots ones constantly uses southern as well as northern forms—*go* as well as *ga*, *two* as well as *twa* and *tway*, *alone* and *alane*, *stone* and *stane*, *goist* and *gaist*, and with *old*, *told*, *gold*, and *behold* rhyming as in English. It must not be assumed, however, that an old Scots writer is Anglicising when he uses forms the modern Scotsman treats as southern. Thus Dunbar regularly has *eris* for men's ears, and *lug* only once and then derisively. *Ear* was originally common to north and south, though modern Scotch has dropped it for *lug*. It is significant that Allan Ramsay felt bound in a single one of Dunbar's poems printed by him, *The Devil's Inquest*, to alter the word *devill* into *de'il* no less than fourteen times, *evir* to *e'ir*, and *nevir* to *ne'ir*, besides making here as elsewhere other changes in spelling and wording (*go*, *fro*, *roe*, &c., regularly to *gae*, *frae*, *rae*, &c.), in order to make Dunbar more 'Scotch,' apparently; or to bring him into accordance with the —decayed and vulgarised—Edinburgh Scotch of 1724.

Nothing is more instructive for the history of the national tongue after the middle of the sixteenth century than the contrast already noted between the writings of the Roman Catholics of Scotland and their Protestant opponents. Dr T. Graves Law puts the case thus in the following paragraph:

'The writings of the Roman Catholics of Scotland during the later half of the sixteenth century deserve some notice; for, while Catholics came less directly under the influence of English literature, if only out of opposition to their adversaries, they clung the more tenaciously to the native idiom. The contrast between the language of Vinian Winyet (see below at page 230) and that of ohn Knox is most marked. Winyet even affected ot to understand the Reformer, and wrote to him 1573: "Gif you throw curiositie of novations es foryet our auld plane Scottis quhilk your nother lerit you; in tymes cuming I sall wryte you my mynd in Latin; for I am not acquynted with your Southeroun" (*Buke of Four core Questions*). The policy was suicidal, for e number of Latin works of controversy published by Scottish exiles on the Continent can ve had little or no influence on their countrymen home. During the ascendency of the Catholic Duke of Lennox, however, in 1579–1582, when there seemed hope of converting the young king, a more serious attempt was made to appeal to the people in their own language. Mary Stuart had begged for Scottish missionaries on the ground that English priests were not sufficiently understood. John Hay, a Jesuit expelled from Scotland in 1579, wrote urgently to his General of the need of books "written in the Scottish language," and early in the following year he printed at Paris his *Certaine Demandes*. Father Parsons, who had just successfully introduced his secret printing-press into England, also wrote to the General (September 1581), "Scotland is to be won, if at all, within the next two years;" and he announced the preparations he was making for sending into the north Catholic books in the vernacular "such as have hitherto been never or rarely seen in Scotland." Nicol Burne had published his *Disputation concerning the Controversit Headdis of Religion* in 1580; and John Hamilton, another secular priest, followed early in the next year with *Ane Catholike and Facile Traictise*. A Scottish Catholic Catechism (Barberini MSS., Rome; transcript in Signet Library, Edinburgh) which was prepared in answer to Craig's *Short Summe* (1581), though left unprinted, is another indication of the controversial efforts of the time. Meanwhile, with the view of counteracting the new movement, John Craig had drawn up the famous King's Confession or Negative Confession, the first of the National Covenants signed by the king and his household, January 28, 1581. Its apparent Anglicising tendency provoked the taunts of Hamilton: "Giff King James the fyft," he wrote, "var alyve, quha, hering ane of his subjectis knap suddrone, declarit him ane traiteur, quidder vald he declare you triple traitoris, quha not onlie knappis suddrone in your negative confession, but also hes causit it to be imprentit at London in contempt of our native language." Although at a later date a few other Catholic books appeared in the vernacular, they were far less distinctively Scottish. The crisis of 1579–82 may be said to form a landmark in the history of the national literature; and it may be taken as significant also of the now still closer approximation of north and south on the side of the Protestants, that a catechetical treatise of John Craig on the "Lord's Supper," printed by Henry Charteris in Edinburgh in 1581, was issued simultaneously, with comparatively slight alterations, by Thomas Marsh in London, for the English Puritans.'

Just about this date occurs such a marked decline in Scottish productivity as to form well-nigh a break in the literary history of the nation. The theological and political struggles and distractions consequent on the Reformation seemed so to have absorbed the energies of the nation that literature almost vanishes from view. About 1580, also, Professor Masson, looking at the question

from another point of view, fixes the end of the first great literary period and the beginning of a woeful change. Even in religion or theology Scotland produced little of note; and erelong it borrowed its Puritan theology largely from England, whence it had taken its Bible, its Confession of Faith, its Catechism, and its Psalm-book. On the whole it is more remarkable that in the early sixteenth century Scotland had poets more than equal to England's best than that in the later sixteenth and early seventeenth the little land should prove singularly barren, just when the glory of English letters was at its brightest. Therefore to this point we bring down this first great series of Scottish writers and their works.

The romantic ballads, a bright jewel in Scotland's literary crown, may some of them have taken shape as early as the fourteenth or fifteenth century. But though refrains, phrases, perhaps the substance of verses, may have come down from that remote time and still survive in the ballads we know, still it is safe to say that the ballads as we know them can none of them be proved older than the sixteenth century. Many are demonstrably of the seventeenth, some even of the eighteenth. Hence it will be convenient to treat them all, together with the English ballads, in the next main division of this work.

When we comment on Scotland's small production in verse and prose at this time, it should be remembered that the country was not merely pitifully distracted, but was incredibly poor, and was less populous than England in a degree not sufficiently remembered. To England's 5,000,000 at the end of the sixteenth century, Scotland had probably 500,000 inhabitants in all; and for perhaps nearly half of that number Lowland Scotch and English were alike foreign languages, Gaelic being still their mother-tongue.

Whatever of Celtic legends or poems was extant—such as those contained in 'the Dean of Lismore's Book' (1512–30)—was no part of the national literature of Scotland; till the end of this period the Highlanders, though nominally part of the nation, were almost wholly outside the current of the national life. The Highland devotion to the royal line of Scotland rose to fervour only after the Lowlands had abjured their allegiance. The average Scot knows about as much Gaelic as he does Finnish, and hears for the first time the names of the Gaelic poets Rob Donn and Duncan ban MacIntyre when, as a tourist in the Highlands, he stumbles on the monuments erected to their memory. Till the time of Ossian Macpherson no nameworthy influence of Gaelic work is traceable on Scottish literature. Nor, considering the claims made for the Celt, have men of Celtic lineage taken any conspicuous share in the literature of the predominant part of the kingdom. The Scottish writers were Lowlanders, and their work is on the whole very Teutonic and quite un-Celtic in character. Dubious attempts have been made to trace a Celtic love of nature in the poems of Douglas, who was a Lothian man. The weirdness of Dunbar was not a Celtic weirdness, but, like Burns's *diablerie*, combined the comic and satiric with the realistic; and 'the feeling of mystery, of overshadowing fate and melancholy yearning,' which distinguishes the Scottish ballads from the contemporary or later English ballads is found in *Beowulf* and purely English poetry, and might be called Scandinavian in tone.

As the typical Scot is more English and less Celtic in temperament—however Celtic in blood—than the Englishman; as Lowland Scots is Anglian: so Scottish literature is Sassenach and un-Celtic on the whole, a literature of solid common-sense from the beginning rather than of ethereal fantasy and unearthly glamour. Its brightest and best is *lumen siccum*, its humour, too, of the driest; its philosophy is logical, cautious, sceptical, rather than a thing of instinct and of vision; its theology didactic and practical, and averse to mysticism; its romance grim and stern, the tenderness of it disguised under a harsh husk; its very melancholy convinced and methodical, not of the vague, haunting Celtic kind; the emotions reflected, deep and true, are those of 'the kindly Scot,' of human nature, of Lowland rather than of Celtic or half-Celtic nature. The warm-hearted Celt has no monopoly of the emotions and affections, of hope and tenderness, of fear and wrath; by no race has the tragedy of death been unfelt, or the comedy of life and love. And it was a Borderer of Anglian stock, our Wizard of the North, who in the nineteenth century revealed to his Lowland countrymen the romance and poetry of Highland character and Highland history.

For the Scottish language, see Dr J. A. H. Murray's *Dialect of the Southern Counties of Scotland* (1873); *The New English Dictionary* and Wright's *Dialect Dictionary*, as supplementing and superseding Jamieson's *Scottish Dictionary* (1804; new ed. 1879–87); besides works on the several authors named below. On the old literature, see David Irving, *Lives of the Scotish Poets* (2 vols. 1804) and *History of Scotish Poetry* (1861); Sir John Graham Dalzell, *Scotish Poems of the Sixteenth Century* (2 vols. 1801); J. M. Ross, *Scottish History and Literature to the Reformation* (1884); Hugh Walker, *Three Centuries of Scottish Literature* (from Lyndsay to Scott, 1893); T. F. Henderson, *Scottish Vernacular Literature* (1898); G. Gregory Smith, *The Transition Period* in 'Periods of European Literature' series (1900). For traces of Gaelic influence in Barbour's *Bruce*, Blind Harry, and the *Buke of the Howlat*, see the *Scottish Antiquary*, xiii. p. 6 (1898–99).

D. P.

Early Fragments.

Among the scattered Anglian-speakers north of the Tweed, the amount of literary production in the earlier centuries was of course infinitesimally small, and the fragments that have been preserved have accordingly a disproportionate interest.

If Dr J. A. H. Murray is right, the oldest scrap of the Anglian of Scotland, still surviving in a corrupted form, is the refrain of the local slogan or historic song of the townsmen of Hawick, sung on public occasions and commemorative anniver-

saries. 'Tyr-ibus ye Tyr ye Odin,' which Dr Murray holds is simply *Tyr hæb us, ȝe Tyr ȝe Odin* (i.e. 'Tyr keep us, both Tyr and Odin'), would therefore be part of a veritable litany to the ancient heathen deities of the land before Anglian war-gods 'had yielded to the pale god of the Christians.'

The most ancient Anglian document extant in this northern area is the inscription in runes on the **Ruthwell Cross** in Dumfriesshire, now again, after many vicissitudes, preserved within the church. The cross has on it also sculptures, described in as many short Latin sentences. The runic inscriptions, mainly on the narrow sides of the shaft, long defied interpretation, and were in 1823 strangely misinterpreted, on the hypothesis that the runes were Scandinavian. Not till after Kemble had rightly deciphered them as runes of the Anglo-Saxon type in 1840 was it found, definitely and certainly, that the poem in Northumbrian, part of which they contained, existed also in a West Saxon version in the Vercelli Book (see above, pages 15, 30); it is indeed one of the Cædmonian poems. Stephens, to whom we are indebted for a complete rendering and a full monograph on the subject (1866), thought the cross with its inscriptions dated from A.D. 680; Sweet and Bugge held it to be not later than 750; others have argued that the runic inscription cannot be earlier than 800, and others again that it may perhaps be as late as 950. But among all these conflicting hypotheses, there is no doubt that the famous inscription is part of a poem in old Northumbrian on the rood of Christ, corresponding to that in the Vercelli Book. The first lines are, as transcribed by Stephens:

On geredæ hinæ
God Almeyottig
Tha he walde
On galgu gistiga
Modig fore
Ale men.

The inscription throughout shows markedly northern forms, such as *walde* for *wolde;* the meaning of this part has been given above at page 10.

The first contribution to our common literature made by the Anglian inhabitants of what we call Scotland may be earlier and much more noteworthy than is commonly recognised. Falling just within the seventh century, it comes not from the Borders, not from Lothian, where the Northumbrian colonists first made themselves at home, but from comparatively remote North Ayrshire. The **story of Dryhthelm** as recorded by Bede is in substance a very early type of those Visions of Judgment—of Purgatory, Hell, and Heaven—which had such a fascination for the medieval mind; it anticipates the voyage of the Irish St Brendan in the eleventh century 'to the mysterious land far from human ken,' and the descent of the Welsh knight Owen into Patrick's Purgatory in the twelfth century. Dante's *Divina Commedia* is the culmination of such visions of the invisible, and *Paradise Lost* has not a little in common with them. Bede tells us he had the story of Dryhthelm from Dryhthelm's most intimate confidant, then still living; and Bede's graphic Latin, professedly an abridged version of Dryhthelm's own account of the matter, no doubt gives us truly what the Cunningham laird declared he saw in the other world, in phrases that are a direct echo of his own across the intervening twelve centuries. Skene thinks the *incuneningum* of the MSS. is (through misreading the MS. *t* for *c*) really for Tyningham in East Lothian. But even if it be impossible to say certainly where Dryhthelm's home was, his story reflects the views on the future life cherished by the northern Northumbrians a century after Christianity had first been preached in the north. And though the original Northumbrian words are lost to us, the narrative shows too vividly what people in the Scottish Lowlands were at that time thinking and talking about to be passed over in a work like the present.

The twelfth chapter of the fifth book of Bede's History is wholly devoted to the story of a mortal 'who rose from the dead, and related many things which he had seen, some terrible and others delightful.' Dryhthelm, Drycthelm, or Drithelm—such was his very Anglian name—was head of a household 'in that district of the Northumbrians which is called In-cuneningum,' and led a Christian life, as did all his house. He sickened, and by-and-by he died at evening; 'but in the morning early, he suddenly came to life again and sat up, upon which all those that sat about the body weeping fled away in great terror; and only his wife, who loved him best, remained with him, though in great consternation and trembling.' He comforted her, assuring her he was really alive, but warned her he must leave her and enter upon the monastic life. He now divided his property into three parts (one for his wife, one for his children, and one for the poor), repaired to the monastery of (Old) Melrose, received the tonsure, and lived in great austerity and universal admiration till his second and final death. When in winter he stood up to the neck in the Tweed, with bits of ice floating against him, and his fellows wondered how he could endure such a sore ordeal, he only said, 'I have seen greater cold'—as well he might!

He was not wont to relate to everybody what befell him in that dread night of 696 or thereby, but told it frankly to such as were likely to profit by the narration, and most precisely and frequently to his friend and fellow-monk, Hæmgils, from whom Bede had it; also to the pious and learned King Aldfrith of Northumbria, who, 'when he happened to be in those parts, very often went to see him.' This was Dryhthelm's story:

'He that led me,' said he, 'had a shining countenance and a bright garment, and we went on silently, as I thought, towards the north-east. Walking onwards, we came to a valley of great breadth and depth, and of

infinite length; on the left it seemed full of scorching flames; the other side was no less intolerable by reason of thrashing hail and icy snow flying and drifting all about. Both places were full of men's souls, which seemed by turns to be tossed from side to side as by a violent storm; for when the wretched creatures could no longer endure the fierceness of the awful heat, they leaped into the midst of the cutting cold; and there too finding no rest, they leapt back again to be burnt in the midst of the unquenchable flames. And as an innumerable multitude of misshapen spirits were being tormented by these cruel shiftings to and fro, without, so far as I could see, any moment of relief, I began to think that this perhaps might be hell, of whose intolerable torments I had often heard tell. My guide, who went before me, answered my thought by saying, "Believe not so, for this is not the hell you think."

'When by degrees he had conducted me, much terrified with that appalling sight, to the further end, of a sudden I saw the place begin to grow dusk and to be wholly filled with darkness. When we came into it, the darkness by degrees grew so thick that I could see nothing besides it and the figure and garment of him that led me. As we went on through the shades of night, of a sudden there appeared before us frequent globes of fierce flames, rising as it were out of a great pit, and falling back again into the same. When I had been brought thither, my leader suddenly vanished, and left me alone in the midst of darkness and this horrible vision, whilst ceaselessly those same globes of fire were now shot up, and now fell back into the bottom of the abyss; and I observed that the tops of all the flames were full of human souls, which, like sparks flying up with smoke, were sometimes hurled aloft, and again, when the fuming of the fire ceased, dropped back into the depth below. Moreover, an insufferable stench boiled up along with the fumes, and filled all those dark places. Having stood there a long time in sore dread, not knowing what to do, which way to turn, or what end I might expect, of a sudden I heard behind me the noise of a most prodigious and doleful lamentation, and at the same time a loud laughing, as of a rude rabble insulting captured enemies. When that noise, growing plainer, came up to me, I observed a crowd of evil spirits dragging the lamenting and wailing souls of five human beings into the midst of the darkness, whilst they themselves laughed and rejoiced; amongst which five, as I could discern, there was one shaven like a clerk, one a layman, and one a woman. The evil spirits that dragged them went down into the midst of that burning pit; and so it happened that, as they went down deeper, I could no longer clearly distinguish between the weeping of the men and the laughing of the devils, but still had a confused sound in my ears. Meantime some of the dark spirits ascended from that flaming abyss, and running forward, beset me on all sides, and put me in an agony with their glaring eyes and the stinking fire which issued from their mouths and nostrils; and threatened to lay hold on me with the burning tongs they held in their hands; yet they durst not touch me, though they terrified me. Being thus on all sides enclosed with enemies and blinding darkness, when I looked about on every side to see if any help might arrive to deliver me, there appeared behind me, on the way I had come, as it were the brightness of a star shining amidst the darkness; which increased by degrees, and came swiftly towards me: and when it drew near, all those evil spirits that tried to drag me away with their tongs scattered and fled.

'But he whose approach had put them to flight was the same who before had led me; who, turning towards the path on the right, began to lead me, as it were, towards the south-east, and having soon taken me out of the darkness, brought me into an atmosphere of clear light. While he thus led me in open day, I saw a vast wall before us, whose length both ways and height seemed altogether boundless. I began to wonder why we should go up to the wall, seeing no door, nor window, nor stair in it. But when we came to the wall, we were forthwith, I know not how, on the top of it; and within it was a vast and delightful meadow, so full of fragrant flowers that the odour of its extraordinary sweetness immediately dispelled all the stink of the dark furnace, which had beset me. So great a light filled all this place that it seemed to exceed the brightness of the day, or the sun in its meridian height. In this meadow were innumerable groups of men clothed in white, and many companies seated together rejoicing. As he led me through the midst of those happy inhabitants, I began to think that this might, perhaps, be the kingdom of heaven, of which I had so often heard in sermons. He answered my thought, saying "This is not the kingdom of heaven, as you imagine."

'When in our progress we had passed those mansions of blessed spirits, I discovered before us a much more beautiful light, and therein also heard the sweetest voices of persons singing, and so wonderful a fragrance issued from the place, that the odour of the other, which I had before thought most delicious, now seemed to me quite ordinary; even as also that extraordinary brilliancy of the flowery meadow, compared with this, seemed mean and poor. When I began to hope we should enter that delightful place, my guide on a sudden stood still; and then turning round, led me back by the way by which we had come.'

The mysterious guide—prominent in so many of these Visions, and essential for pointing the moral—finding on their return, as might be expected, that his companion had but a very confused apprehension of the mysteries he had seen, seized the opportunity of expounding their significance; holding out to his auditor a hope of ultimate and permanent admission to the glorious company of the blest. 'When he had said this to me I much abhorred returning to my body, being delighted with the sweetness and beauty of the place I beheld, and with the company of those I saw in it. Yet I durst not ask my guide any questions; but on a sudden, I knew not how, I found myself alive among men.' And so the vision ended.

In this and others of these stories, as Dean Plumptre says, the reader can detect parallelisms sufficient to make certain the assumption that Dante must have been acquainted with some of them and influenced by them. Dryhthelm's story was so much appreciated in the Middle Ages that one often finds MSS. in which it is given wholly apart from the history in which it is embedded. And for our purpose it is worth detaching this one chapter from the great wealth of Northumbrian lore and litera-

ture in the Venerable Bede's work. It is Bede, too, who in his Life of St Cuthbert records the sayings and doings of the very greatest of the early Northumbrians of Lothian. The Life of Cuthbert was written about the same time as Adamnan's Life of Columba, most famous of early books in the Celtic region of Scotland; but both Columba and Adamnan were Irish-born Scots.

There seems little doubt that Bede's 'incuneningum' was Cunningham or North Ayrshire. Though this district was within the British kingdom of Strathclyde, that kingdom was for nearly fifty years before 685 dependent on Northumbria. Of Kyle we know that in 750 Eadberht of Northumbria 'added it to his kingdom:' and most writers on Bede regard the identification of 'Cuneningum' and Cunningham either as probable (Stevenson, Plummer) or as certain (Haddan and Stubbs in *Councils*). It does not, of course, follow that the people of Cunningham were mostly Anglian at this time. For Dryhthelm, see Plummer's *Bæda* (Clarendon Press, 2 vols. 1896); Stevenson's translation, and Giles's; *The Dictionary of Christian Biography*, s.v. Drycthelm; and for other similar visions, Plummer's notes on this chapter of Bede, and Plumptre's *Dante* (2 vols. 1886–87).

Next in date and in interest may be noted old words and phrases in the twelfth-century laws of Scotland, long after the outlying portion of Northumbria beyond the Tweed had been ceded to the King of Scots, and some early charters.

More importance attaches to the often-quoted verse recorded by the chronicler Wyntoun—a **cantus** or lament on the woes inflicted on Scotland by the accidental death of King Alexander III. in 1286. Wyntoun thus introduces it:

He deyd suddanly,
This sang wes made off hym for-thi: therefore
Quhen Alysandyr oure kynge wes dede
That Scotland led in luwe and lé
Away wes sons off ale and brede,
Off wyne and wax, off gamyn and glé,
Oure gold wes changyd in to lede.
Cryst borne in to Vyrgynyté
Succoure Scotland and remede
That stad [is in] perplexyté. placed

Wyntoun no doubt 'modernised' the spelling to suit his own time (1420); but this earliest stanza in the measure of 'All people that on earth do dwell' is doubtless in the main a close rendering of the thirteenth-century dirge. *For-thi* means therefore; *luwe* (for *luve*) is love; *lé* is lea, shelter, tranquillity; *sons*, abundance.

In 1295 songs were current in Scotland against Edward I.—referred to in the Lanercost Chronicle as 'lyricæ camenæ irritationibus et abominationibus plenæ'—one of which, preserved by Fabyan, is an (imperfect) rendering of thirteenth-century Scots in Tudor English. When, after the Scots had rebelled under Baliol, Edward marched north to invade Scotland, he besieged Berwick. But at first, in Fabyan's words, 'the Scottes defended it egerly and bete the Englysshemen backe, and brent some of the Englysshe shyppes; with the whiche enterpryse they were so enflamyd with pryde that in derysyon of the kynge they made this mokkyshe ryme folowing:

What? wenys Kynge Edward with his longe shankys
To have wonne Berwyk all our onthankys?
Gaas pykes him,
And when he hath it
Gaas dykis him.

When Kynge Edwarde herde of the pryde of ye Scottes and knew of theyr scornfull ryme, he was somdeale amovyd,' returned to the siege with more vehemence, and ultimately 'wanne the toune.'

Wenys is weens, thinks; *all our onthankys*, despite our opposition. (See Geo. Neilson, *Peel: its Meaning*, 1896, p. 11.)

Some small prose fragments have survived from this date. Thus at the battle of Falkirk (1298), Wallace, after making a paling of stout posts and twisted ropes, led his pikemen to the front, and, according to Rishanger (before 1312), said to them in their native tongue (*dicens eis patria lingua*), 'I have browghte yowe to the ryng, hoppe yef ye kunne,' or 'Hy have putt ou to the gamen, hoppet yif ye kunnet.' In these grimly playful words—almost always oddly misinterpreted of dancing—the fierce west-country warrior was doubtless comparing his palings to the lines drawn in such ancient children's games as hop-scotch or hop-score. In Wright's *Political Songs of England* we find the line, 'And whan theih comen to the ring hoppe if hii kunne.'

Fabyan also tells us that after the victory of Bannockburn (1314) the 'maydens and mynstrelles of Scotlande' exulted over the southron; and gives (slightly altered) the rhyme he doubtless found in the *Brut of Engelonde*, a chronicle dating from the middle of the fourteenth century, which records that 'the maidens made a songe therefore in that cuntre of Kynge Edwarde of Engelonde, and in this maner thei songe:

Maydens of Engelonde sore maye ȝe morne
For that ȝe han loste your lemmans at Bannokesbourne!
With hevaloghe!
What? wende the Kynge of Engelonde
[To] have gotton Scottland?
With rombyloghe!'

Lemmans is sweethearts; *hevaloghe* (or *heve-a-lowe*) and *rombyloghe* (or *rumbylowe*) are jingles common in old songs. Fabyan's version is aptly introduced by Marlowe into his historical drama of *Edward II.* Our version is from MSS. of the *Brut* in the Hunterian Museum, Glasgow.

There were evidently Border ballads (see page 6) before Barbour's time; he excuses himself for omitting details of an English defeat on the Esk:

For quha sa likis thai may heir
Young women, quhen thai will play,
Sing it amang thame ilka day.

Fragments of the laws in Scottish of Robert II. and III. (1389–98) have been printed; and a Scots letter of 1400 will be found at page 188.

Huchown of the Awle Reale. — Difficulties amounting to mystery attend the personality and the work of 'Huchown,' although there is as explicit notice of him almost contemporary as there is of most early poets. Andrew of Wyntoun (see page 181), in the middle of an argument about the 'Emperour' whom Arthur overthrew, interjects an apology for Huchown's use of that term, saying that on that score he was free from blame.

And men off gud dyscretyowne
Suld excuse and love Huchowne,
That cunnand was in literature;
He made the gret Gest off Arthure
And the Awntyre of Gawane,
The Pystyll als of Swete Swsane;
He was curyws in hys style,
Fayre off facund and subtille, eloquence
And ay to plesans and delyte
Made in metyre mete his dyte, composition
Lytill or nowcht nevyrtheles
Waverand fra the suthfastnes. truth

Chiefly through the shrewd judgment of Sir Frederick Madden, the 'gret Gest' has been unanimously identified with the alliterative poem the *Morte Arthure;* the 'Awntyre of Gawane,' a few years ago equated by Mons. Amours in his fine study of the *Scottish Alliterative Poems* with the 'Awntyrs of Arthure,' had previously been identified, as it will be again, with 'Gawane and the Grene Knight' (see page 52); while the 'Pystyll,' a rendering of the story of Susanna and the elders, has descended to us under its own name.

The identity of the poet has excited the more discussion as, in spite of the personal references to him being confined to Scotland, his treatment of his themes is completely devoid of national or un-English indications, and the tests of language for his period are indubitably vague. Wyntoun does not say he was a Scot, but his allusion is scarcely compatible with anything else, and savours of familiar knowledge of a personage of the Scottish court. Nearly half a century before Wyntoun, John Barbour almost certainly quotes him; and more than half a century after Wyntoun, William Dunbar, in the *Lament for the Makaris*, mourns among his poetic predecessors

The gude Syr Hew of Eglyntoun.

There are thus excellent grounds for claiming—what is no longer disputed—that Huchown was from the north. Wyntoun's epithet of the Awle Reale (Hall Royal) and the surname given by Dunbar were long ago combined and held to indicate Sir Hugh of Eglinton, an Ayrshire nobleman, brother-in-law of King Robert II., and holding various important offices under David II. and Robert II. The chief objection taken to this identification is, that 'Huchown' is a familiar diminutive associated with servants or others of inferior grade, and never applied to persons of rank. This, however, is an error, as the earliest vernacular instance of the name in Scotland hitherto pointed out occurs in a marriage contract of 1416, wherein the bridegroom is designated as 'Huchon Fraser, lord of the Lowat' (Lovat). It is thus to be surmised that Huchown was a standard vernacular form of the name at that time. An objection has also been stated that the high religious tone of all Huchown's work was out of keeping with his being a layman; against this it is urged that happily the loftiest piety and purity are no monopoly of cleric or monk. The argument against Sir Hugh apparently fails; and unless the chronology or other features of the poems themselves should some day be proved inconsistent with the claim made for him, he will be likely to hold the field.

Sir Hugh was born probably between 1300 and 1320, as he held public offices before the middle of the century. He was Chamberlain of Cunningham and of Irvine, then the chief seaport of western Scotland; he was also Justiciar of Lothian and Commissioner for the Borders. On the accession of the Stewarts to the throne he is found, along with Barbour, as an Auditor of Exchequer. He was himself a financier from whom the Stewart king was a borrower. His death took place about the time when Barbour's *Bruce* was being finished—in the spring of 1376. Sir Hugh, a kinsman of royalty, who was thus courtier, lawyer, treasurer of a leading seaport, and colleague of Barbour, made repeated journeys into England really or ostensibly on pilgrimage. Under David II. (at whose court Sir Hugh held dignified place, and in whose company he at least once, but perhaps frequently, visited the English capital) the patriotic party had reason to be apprehensive of the much too friendly relationship established, after 1346, between their monarch and the English king. David's repeated visits to England had been of ill-omen for the cause of Scottish independence; but we cannot be sure that the very causes bringing the two courts into sympathy did not tend to produce certain of those Arthurian poems attributed to Huchown, which betray no traces of patriotic Scottish feeling, and might, but for other evidences, be deemed English. Besides, Arthur was a world-theme of chivalry, and chivalry was nearing its height before Richard II., its most luckless patron, succeeded to the English crown; accordingly there is little room for surprise at Scottish romance expositions of cosmopolitan chivalry.

The latest theory of Huchown's poetical evolution turns largely upon a parchment manuscript in the Hunterian Museum at Glasgow, comprehending several Latin texts, among which are the *Destructio Troje* of Guido de Columpna (or delle Colonne), a work usually styled *De Preliis Alexandri*, the Charlemagne *Itinerarium* of the pseudo-Turpin, and the travels of Sir John Mandeville. This manuscript was certainly not written until after 1356, and the theory is that the good Sir Hugh in his poetic career made from it the alliterative translation of Guido known as the *Destruction of Troy*, as well as the similar rendering of the *De Preliis*, recently published as the *Wars of Alexander*. These translations both show many unique or exceedingly remarkable agreements with certain exceptional features of the Hunterian MS., and from these it is contended that it most probably was the actual codex employed (*Athenæum*, 12th May and 16th June 1900). The *Destruction* had previously been claimed for Huchown on ac-

count of its many affinities to the *Morte Arthure:* this conclusion the new argument repeats, while reckoning the *Wars* and still other works as products of the same industrious pen. Although the volume of literature thus attributed to one man is certainly large, it is to be remembered that the output of Barbour was most extensive, and that the entire series of alliterative works so accredited to Huchown would not amount to so much as the acknowledged achievement of either Chaucer or Gower. The various pieces are brought very near each other by the same recurrent alliterations, by vocabularies which, when allowance is made for differences of theme, are much alike, and most of all by a power of expressive language, rising clear above the artificialities of alliteration, in vigorous narrative and description and earnest utterance of refined thought. Throughout, the sustained dignity of tone is even more remarkable than the fervently religious attitude of mind. Assuredly the author of these poems was a great master of expression, to whom the alliterative system presented no more restraint than did blank verse to Milton. These translations show the unwearied student acquiring an easy familiarity with the technique of the alliterative music of words, while engaged upon the task of learning all that the Latin and French literature of the period had to teach him of the great cycles of romance—of Troy and Alexander, of Arthur and Charlemagne, and of others of the Nine Worthies whose praises he perhaps celebrated, as if by way of summary of his life's work, in the piece called the *Parlement of the Thre Ages* (Roxburgh Club), partly translated from the French poems the *Fuerre de Gadres* and the *Veux du Paon*, the latter of which dates from the first decade of the fourteenth century. Massés were long said for the soul of Huchown, at least of Sir Hugh, in the Abbey of Kilwinning, where no doubt his ashes lie. In this Ayrshire bard four centuries before Burns there are, as Wyntoun said, 'plesans and delyte,' a plenitude of mediæval literature and an unsurpassed grandeur of style, albeit difficult at first—for his poems bristle with archaisms which distinguish him from Barbour, just as in the south they marked off *Piers the Plowman* from the *Canterbury Tales*.

In the *Morte Arthure*, which tells of the king's campaign with and victory over Lucius the 'Emperour,' there are many chivalric episodes, amongst them being Arthur's combat on St Michael's Mount with the giant, five fathom long, flat-mouthed as a fluke, and shovel-footed with unshapely shanks!

Who the lenghe of the lede lelly accountes,
Fro the face to the fote was fyfe fadome lange!
Thane stertez he up sturdely one two styffe schankez,
And sone he caughte hym a clubb alle of clene yryne!
He walde hafe kyllede the kyng with his kene wapene,
But thurghe the crafte of Cryste 3it the carle failede.
The creest and the coronalle, the claspes of sylver,
Clenly with his clubb he crasschede doune at onez!
The kyng castes up his schelde and covers hym faire,
And with his burlyche brande a box he hyme reches,
Fulle butt in the frunt the fromonde he hittes
That the burnyscht blade to the brayne rynnez;
He feyed his fysnamye with his foule hondez,
And frappes faste at his face fersely theraftyr!
The kyng chaungez his fote, eschewes a lyttille,
Ne had he eschapede that choppe, chevede had evylle,
He folowes in fersly and festeness a dynte,
Hye upe one the haunche with his harde wapyne,
That he hillid the swerd halfe a fote large;
The hott blode of the hulke unto the hilte rynnez,
Ewyne into inmette the gyaunt he hyttez,
Just to the genitales and jaggede thame in sondre;
Thane he romyede and rarede and ruydly be strykez
Fulle egerly at Arthur, and on the erthe hittez,
A swerde lenghe within the swarthe he swappez at ones,
That nere swounes the kynge for swoughe of his dynttes,
Bot 3it the kynge sweperly fulle swythe he byswenkez,
Swappes in with the swerde that it the swange brystedd,
Bote the gutts and the gorre gushes owt at ones,
That alle englaymez the gresse one grounde ther he standez.

Lede, man; *corvnalle*, ornamental top of helmet; *box*, blow; *fromonde*, forehead; *fulle butt*, directly; *feyed*, doomed; *fisnamye*, physiognomy; *frappes*, strikes; *chevede*, succeeded; *festeness*, fastens; *killed*, covered; *hulke*, fellow; *inmette*, entrails; *romyede*, groaned; *swarthe*, ground; *swoughe*, rushing sound; *sweperly*, swiftly; *swythe*, quickly; *byswenkez*, recovers; *swange*, loins; *englaymez*, makes slimy.

When Arthur returns from France to resume his own, and punish the false and rebellious Mordred, a great sea-fight against Mordred's Danish allies is necessary off Sandwich before Arthur's army can effect a landing. This is described with a degree of technicality proving that the Chamberlain of Irvine knew right well the tackle of a ship:

So stowttly the forsterne one the stam hyttis
That strokes of the stere-burde strykkys in peces.
Be thane cogge appone cogge krayers and other
Castys crepers one crosse als to the crafte langes:
Thane was hede-rapys hewene that helde upe the mastes;
Thare was conteke fulle kene and crachynge of chippys!
Gret cogges of kampe crassches in sondyre,
Mony kabane clevede cabilles destroyede,
Knyghtes and kene menne killide the braynes!
Kidd castelles were corvene with all theire kene wapene,
Castelles fulle comliche that coloured ware faire!
Upcynes eghelynge thay ochene thare aftyre,
With the swynge of the swerde sweys the mastys;
Ovyre fallys in the firste frekis and othire
Frekke in the forchipe fey es bylevefede.

Forsterne, midships; *stam*, ship's prow; *stere-burde*, starboard; *cog*, ship; *krayers*, small ship; *crepers*, grapnels; *hede-rapys hewene*, upper ropes cut; *conteke*, strife; *chippys*, ships; *cogges of kampe*, ships of war; *kidd*, famous; *upcynes*, turrets (?); *eghelynge*, edgewise; *ochene*, break; *frekis*, men; *frekke*, quickly; *fey*, dead; *bylevefede*, left.

And so the battle goes on with Titanic fury, and the 'Archers of Inglande' shoot through the 'hard steel' of the enemy

Tille alle the Danes ware dede and in the depe throwene.

The collected *Early English Alliterative Poems*, edited by Dr Morris, including the beautiful rhymed alliterative *Pearl* (see page 54), a veritable gem of

the Middle Ages, have been claimed as Huchown's. The sea-pieces in the poems of that collection called *Cleanness* and *Patience* are peculiarly characteristic of his manner. Here is part of his account of the voyage of Noah, from the former of those poems:

Noe had oft nevened the name of oure lorde,
Hym a3tsum in that ark as athel God lyked,
Ther alle ledez in lome lenged druye
The arc houen watz on hy3e with hurlande gotez;
Keste to kythez uncouthe the cloudez ful nere.
Hit waltered on the wylde flod, went as hit lyste,
Drof upon the depe dam, in daunger hit semed,
Withouten mast other myke other myry bawelyne,
Kable other capstan to clyppe to her ankrez,
Hurrok other handehelme haspede on rother,
Other any sweand sayl to sech3 after haven,
Bot flote forthe with the flyt of the felle wyndez,
Whederwarde so the water wafte hit rebounde.
Ofte hit roled on rounde and rerede on ende;
Nyf oure lorde hade ben her lodezmon hem had lumpen harde.

Nevened, named; *a3tsum*, a company of eight, viz. Noah, his wife, his three sons, and their wives; *athel*, noble; *ledez*, people; *lome*, the ark; *druye*, dry; *houen*, heaved; *hurlande gotez*, rushing waters; *kythez*, regions; *uncouthe*, unknown; *waltered*, weltered; *myke*, crutches; *bawelyne*, bowline; *hurrok*, oar; *rother*, rudder; *sweand*, swaying; *nyf*, unless; *lodezmon*, pilot; *lumpen*, befallen.

Surely the ark's voyage has seldom been described with more of nautical sympathy; while the picture it presents of that unique craft rudderless, mastless, and without sail or cable, but with God as pilot, is a poetic creation of a high order.

See Sir F. Madden's *Syr Gawayne*, Bannatyne Club (1838); also *Sir Gawayne* (1864), *Morte Arthure* (1865), *Destruction of Troy* (1869-74), *Early English Alliterative Poems* (1864), *Wars of Alexander* (1886), all publications of the Early English Text Society. Dr Moritz Trautmann in *Anglia* (1877) discussed the problems of authorship in a paper entitled *Der Dichter Huchown und seine Werke*. Mr Israel Gollancz edited *The Parlement of the Thre Ages*, Roxburgh Club (1897). An excellent general statement on authorship, &c., is given in M. Amours' edition for the Scottish Text Society of the *Scottish Alliterative Poems* (1897). For the claims of Huchown, see G. P. M'Neill in *Scottish Review* (1888), and Geo. Neilson, *Athenæum*, 12th May and 16th June 1900. Mr Henry Bradley's suggestion that Awle Ryale was Oriel College, Oxford, and Huchown thus an Englishman, has been debated in *Athenæum* (22nd December 1900 to 23rd February 1901) and in Neilson's *Sir Hew of Eglintoun* (*Trans. Philosophical Society of Glasgow*, 1900-1901).

GEO. NEILSON.

Other Alliterative Poems.—A number of early northern poems are written in a complicated rhyming stanza of thirteen lines, with systematic alliteration besides in the rhyming syllables. A characteristic form of the strophe has eight long lines rhyming alternately, followed by one other long line (called by Guest the bob-line) rhyming with the last four short ones (collectively called the wheel). As we have seen (page 51), it is not easy to say of some of these whether they belong to Scotland or the north-west of England. Mons. Amours, in his collection for the Scottish Text Society (1892–97), attributes *The Awntyrs of Arthure* to Huchown. The *Awntyrs of Arthure* contains the apparition of her mother's prophetic ghost to Queen Gaynour (Guinevere), and a contest between Gawain and Sir Galeron of Galloway. It in part adapts the *Trental of St Gregory*. The first verse will serve to illustrate both the language and the rhythm—Tarn Wadling being a small lakelet in the heart of Cumberland:

In Kyng Arthure tyme ane awntir by-tyde,
By the Terne Wahethelyne, als the buke tellis,
Als he to Carelele was commene, that conqueroure kyde,
Withe dukes, and with ducheperes, that with that dere duellys,
For to hunnte at the herdys, that lange hase bene hyde;
And one a daye thay tham dighte to the depe dellis,
To felle of the Femmales, in the Foreste wele Frythede,
Faire in the fermysone tyme, by frythis and fellis.
Thus to the wode are thay wente, the wlonkeste in wedys,
Bothe the kynge and the qwene,
And alle the doghety by-dene,
Syr Gawane, gayeste one grene,
Dame Gayenoure he ledis.

Ane awntir by-tyde, an adventure befell; *kyde*, kythed, made known, famous; *ducheperes*, douze pairs, the twelve paladins or knights; *to hunnte . . . hyde*, to hunt the herds that had long been hid, or undisturbed; *thay tham dighte*, they directed themselves; *wele Frythede*, well enclosed; *fermysone*, close time; *wlonkeste in wedys*, gayest in raiment; *by-dene*, together.

The Knightly Tale of Golagros and Gawane is referred to Clerk of Tranent, named in Dunbar's *Lament for the Makaris*, who seems to have died about the end of the fifteenth century. There is at most a presumption that it may have been by him. The tale carries Arthur and his knights through many adventures towards the Holy Land, to which a *very* brief visit seems to have been paid. Most of the story befalls in France, and concerns a combat between Gawane and Sir Golagros, a knight of marvellous prowess who dwelt by the Rhone, and, vanquished by Gawane, ultimately did homage to Arthur. Sir Walter Scott presumed it was based on 'Celtic tradition.' Sir F. Madden proved the story to be derived from the *Perceval* of Chrestien of Troyes. It is no mere translation; the author uses considerable freedom with the story; and the complicated stanzas, combining alliteration and rhyme, are very unlike the French original.

Later Poems.—Here we may briefly deal with one or two alliterative poems of considerably later date. *The Buke of the Howlat*, a poem in a similar stanza, seems to have been written by Richard Holland or de Holande, secretary to Archibald Douglas, Earl of Moray, a priest of the diocese of Moray and rector of Halkirk parish in Caithness. The poem, written just before 1452, is an elaborate apologue (largely a panegyric of the exploits of the Douglases), in which pheasants, cranes, swans, and the like represent patriarchs, cardinals, bishops, and other ecclesiastics; and the eagles, falcons, hawks, and so on represent the emperor, dukes, knights, and civilians generally. The Howlat or Owl, ashamed of its mean appearance, appeals to the Peacock, the pope of birds. Crows, wrens, cushats, moorfowl, the robin redbreast, the solan goose, and many more bear a part in the proceedings, the plan of which may have been suggested by Chaucer's *Parliament of Fowls*. Especially in-

teresting is the form here given to the tale of Douglas's famous expedition to Palestine with the heart of the Bruce. After the Bruce's death the good Sir James Douglas—about whom is first found in this poem the noble apostrophe:

O Dowglas, O Dowglas,
Tender and trewe—

enclosed the heart in a silver casket, according to his promise to the dead king, and bore it with him in pilgrimage to the Holy Land. The historical accounts make Douglas die in Spain, fighting with the Saracens, the actual command given him by Bruce having been to carry it 'against the enemies of God.' Holland, for the greater glory of the hero, makes him reach the Holy Sepulchre, consecrate the heart there, and afterwards die in battle with the Saracens at some place not specified:

The hert costlye he couth clos in a cler cace,
And held all hale the behest he hecht to the king:
Come to the haly graf, throw Goddis gret grace,
With offerandis and vrisons, and all uthar thing;
Our Saluatouris sepultur, and the samyn place,
Quhar he raiss, as we reid, richtuiss to ryng;
With all the relykis raith, that in that rovme was,
He gart hallowe the hart, and syne couth it hyng,
About his hals full hende, and on his awne hart.
Oft wald he kiss it, and cry:
'O flour of all chewalry!
Quhy leif I, allace! quhy?
And thow deid art!

'My deir,' quoth the Dowglass, 'art thow deid dicht!
My singuler souerane, of Saxonis the wand!
Now bot I semble for thi saull with Sarazenis mycht,
Sall I never sene be into Scotland!'
Thus in defence of the faith he fure to the fecht,
With knychtis of Christindome to kepe his command.
And quhen the batallis so brym, brathly and bricht,
War joyned thraly in thrang, mony thousand,
Amang the hethin men the hert hardely he slang,
Said: 'Wend on as thou was wont,
Throw the batell in bront,
Ay formast in the front,
Thy fays amang.

'And I sall followe the in faith, or feye to be fellit;
As thi lege man leile, my lyking thow art.'
Thar with on Mahownis men manly he mellit,
Braid throw the battallis in bront, and bur thaim backwart.

Couth clos, did enclose; *behest he hecht*, the promise he made; *vrisons*, orisons; *raiss . . . richtuiss to ryng*, rose to reign in righteousness; *raith*, soon; *gart*, caused; *syne couth it hyng*, then did it hang; *About his hals full hende*, about his neck full reverently; *leif*, live; *deid dicht*, given up to death; *singuler*, unique; *Saxonis the wand*, rod of the English, their scourge; *bot I semble*, unless I contend; *fure*, fared; *brym, brathly and bricht*, fierce, impetuous, and glorious; *thraly*, bravely; *slang*, slung, hurled; *fays*, foes; *feye to be fellit*, fated to be slain; *thi lege man leile*, thy liegeman loyal; *lyking*, love, darling; *Mahownis*, Mahomet's; *mellit*, joined in battle.

The Douglas episodes recounted in the above-quoted stanzas possess a double interest from the fact that they are, with some freedom of poetic handling, taken from Barbour's *Bruce*, which is in two passages (*Howlat*, lines 395, 507) expressly cited as 'the writ of thar werk'—that is, the writ of the deeds not of Bruce only, but of Bruce and Douglas. Barbour himself (*Bruce*, i. 33) had similarly stated it to be his literary purpose to extol the prowess both of the Scottish king and of his gallant colleague, the good Sir James. Thus in every sense the *Howlat* is, as it declares itself to be, a continuation of that earlier poetic tradition which in the *Bruce* found its classical expression. Although every attempt to prove the poem a political allegory has failed, its laudation of the great house which rivalled the Stewart dynasty raises much more than a suspicion of a partisan object. In like manner, the relation of its author to the Douglases while still in the ascendant, and his exile after their fall, tend to invest the *Howlat* with the piquancy of a document directly or indirectly satirical and fundamentally political.

To the touch of doubt the most obvious fact becomes two-edged. The authenticity of part of the Bruce's-heart passage quoted in the *Howlat* has been questioned in spite of the *Howlat's* testimony of borrowing from the *Bruce*. Critics are found to maintain that the *Bruce* passage in question, found only in Hart's printed edition of the *Bruce*, is an after-insertion, and copied from the *Howlat*. It is fair to say, however, that not until 1899 was there pointed out the clearness of the quotation by the *Howlat* of the passage from the *Bruce*.

Rauf Coilzear, telling how the charcoal-burner entertained Charlemagne and was knighted, after prowess shown in a fight with Magog, a Saracen, seems to have been written about 1470, since it is referred to as well known by Gavin Douglas in 1503, and is named by Dunbar and in the *Complaynt of Scotlande*. Sir Roland, Sir Oliver, and the subjects are foreign; no French original for the story or poem is known; the setting is wholly northern. The poem is a picture of the life and manners of Scotland under James III. and James IV.

The writing of alliterative verse did not die out with Holland: long after Chaucer's influence was markedly felt in Scotland we have occasionally alliterative stanzas in Henryson and Douglas; Dunbar wrote the *Tua Mariit Wemen and the Wedo* in regular alliterative measures, without rhymes or stanzas, but with a superfluous prodigality of alliterating words; and *Kynd Kyttok* is in a stanza closely resembling that above described. So is the *Gyre Carling* (page 109). No doubt some of the hardly-known poets commemorated in the *Lament for the Makaris* (see page 196) wrote knightly romances in similar measures.

John Barbour.—Conspicuous among early Scottish writers is the venerable figure of the Archdeacon of Aberdeen. The precise date and place of his birth are not known; but he may have been born near Aberdeen about 1316, so that he was an elder contemporary of Gower, and though born perhaps a quarter of a century before Chaucer, he seems to have died not long before him. He was Archdeacon of Aberdeen in 1357, when, as again in 1364, he went with young scholars to Oxford; and he was chosen by the Bishop of Aberdeen to act as his commissioner at Edinburgh when the ransom of David II. was debated. In 1365 he obtained a passport to 'travel through England with six companions on horseback towards St Denis and other sacred places;' and in 1368 he again received permission to travel through England towards France with two servants. At home he enjoyed royal favour. In 1373 he was clerk of audit of the household of King Robert II., and one of the auditors of Exchequer. In the spring of 1376 his

epic poem, *The Bruce*, was in progress; and in 1377 a sum of ten pounds was paid by the king's command, apparently as a first recognition of the work. This gift was followed in a few months by a royal grant of a perpetual annuity of twenty shillings. For another poem on the Troy legend (of which fragments have been preserved) he received a pension for life of ten pounds a year, payable half-yearly. The authorship of *The Legends of the Saints* is on strong grounds ascribed to him; and Wyntoun speaks of his having written a history of the Stewart family, 'The Stewartis Oryginale.' The last payment which Barbour received was at Martinmas 1394, and entries in the chartulary of Aberdeen Cathedral prove that his death took place on 13th March 1396. Barbour's anniversary continued to be celebrated on that day in the cathedral church of St Machar at Aberdeen until the Reformation—the expense of the service being defrayed from the perpetual annuity granted to the Archdeacon by the first of the Stewart kings in 1378, 'pro compilacione Libri de Gestis illustrissimi principis quondam Domini Regis Roberti de Brus.'

Barbour's poem of **The Bruce** is in some 14,000 octosyllabic lines, which by no means rhyme smoothly, are sometimes little more than the sheer doggerel of the chronicler, and but rarely rise to the level of real poetry. To call Barbour 'the father of Scottish poetry' is accordingly misleading, though his work is lacking neither in interest nor attraction, and in some respects is really poetic. If he is not altogether a poet, neither is he a mere chronicler; and, as is pointed out below, he drew extensively on French romances for his representation of Scottish events, deeds, and speeches. As Professor Skeat has insisted, Barbour, though he professes to give us substantially 'soothfast story,' expressly calls his work romance; consciously or unconsciously he would embellish facts. But we must not ascribe to that cause Barbour's most startling departure from historical fact—he confounds Bruce, competitor for the crown and grandfather, with Bruce the liberator and grandson; for this confusion is common to him with many other early histories of this period. He makes his hero reject the crown said to have been offered to him by Edward, and so the same Norman noble whose claims had been finally rejected by Edward triumphs at Bannockburn; and the poet-chronicler omits the fact that the grandson had sworn fealty to Edward and done homage to Baliol. He sought to present in Bruce a true hero and patriot, throwing off the yoke of oppression, and all that could weaken the heroic picture was excluded. With Bruce, Douglas is specially honoured. Almost all the personal traits and adventures of Bruce—all that gives individuality, life, and colour to his history—will be found in the pages of Barbour. The rhyming narrative of the wanderings, trials, sufferings, and fortitude of the monarch; the homely touches of tenderness and domestic feeling interspersed, as well as the knightly courtesy and royal intrepid bearing, tended greatly to endear and perpetuate the name of the Scottish sovereign. Bruce comforts his men by telling how Rome was brought low by Hannibal, but rose triumphant from her humiliation; and when he was himself in very evil case, retreating across Loch Lomond, he entertained them with tales of French chivalry:

> The Kyng the quhilis merily
> Red to thaim that was him by
> Romanys of worthi Ferambrace,
> That worthily our-commyn was
> Throw the rycht doughty Olywer;
> And how the duk-peris wer — douze-pairs
> Assegyt in-till Egrymor.

The characters and exploits of Bruce's brave associates, Randolph and Douglas, are also admirably drawn. Strange to say, Barbour makes no mention of Wallace, obviously for the reason already given—Wallace's presentment would have diminished the glory of the hero. He is perhaps at his best in telling a good story, a picturesque episode or anecdote. He has a singular gift for vivid description of the pomp and circumstance of war, and shows great skill in contrasting the magnificence of the English knights with the poor and hardy Scottish countrymen. Amongst really poetic flights are Barbour's description of May, his account of the friendship between Bruce and Douglas, his tale of Bruce and the poor washerwoman, and the burst on freedom. Dignity rarely fails him; he can always infuse true tenderness into his work; and in his fervid patriotism he strikes the note repeated all down the course of Scottish history to Burns and Scott—Scott, indeed, has repeatedly followed Barbour closely. Of humour Barbour has traces. His poem begins with the story of the Bruce, and ends with the burial of his heart at Melrose. It is an invaluable monument of the early language of the Lowlands, which Barbour, like the rest, calls Inglis.

The first book contains the exultant burst in praise of freedom (225–240):

> A! fredome is a nobill thing!
> Fredome mayss man to haiff liking! — makes—joy
> Fredome all solace to man giffis:
> He levys at ess that frely levys! — ease
> A noble hart may haiff nane ess,
> Na ellys nocht that may him pless,
> Gyff fredome failȝhe: for fre liking
> Is ȝharnyt our all othir thing — yearned for—over
> Na he, that ay hass levyt fre,
> May nocht knaw weill the propyrte, — special condition
> The angyr, na the wrechyt dome,
> That is cowplyt to foule thyrldome. — coupled with
> Bot gyff he had assayit it, — tried
> Than all perquer he suld it wyt; — thoroughly (*par cœur*)
> And suld think fredome mar to pryss — more to prize
> Than all the gold in warld that is.

The preparations for the battle of Bannockburn are thus described in Book xi.:

On Sonday than in the mornyng,
Weill soyn eftir the sonne-rising, soon
Thai herd the mess full reuerently, mass
And mony shraf thame deuotly, shrove, confessed
That thoucht till de in that melle, die—mêlée
Or than to mak thar cuntre fre. country free
To god for thair richt prayit thai.
Thair dynit nane of thame that day,
Bot, for the vigill of sanct Iohne,
Thai fastit bred and vattir ilkone. each one
The king, quhen that the mess ves done, was
Went for to se the pottys[1] soyne, soon
And at his liking saw thaim maid.
On athir syde the vay, weill braid, way
It wes pottit, as I haf tald.
Gif that thair fais on horss will hald foes
Furth in that vay, I trow thai sall
Nocht weill eschew foroutyn fall. escape without falling
Throu-out the host syne gert he cry garred, caused proclaim
That all suld arme thame hastely,
And busk thame on thar best maner.
And quhen thai all essemblit wer,
He gert aray thame for the ficht,
And syne our all gert cry on hicht, caused—aloud
That quhat sa euir man that fand
His hert nocht sekir for till stand sicker, safe
To wyn all or de vith honour, die
For to manteyme that stalward stour, struggle
That he be tyme suld tak his way,
And nane suld duell vith him bot thai
That wald stand with him to the end,
And tak the vre that god vald send. hour
Than all ansuerd with a cry,
And vith a voce said generaly,
That nane for dout of dede suld fale, fear of death
Quhill discumfit war the battale. . . . Until

Bruce's encounter with Bohun is detailed at length in Book xii. :

And Glowcister and Herfurd wer,
With thair battalis, approchand ner; forces
Befor thame all thar com rydand,
With helme on hed and sper in hand,
Schir Henry of Bowme the worthy, Bohun
That wes ane gud knycht and hardy,
And to the erll of Herfurd cosyne, cousin
Armyt in armys gude and fyne;
Com on a steid, a merk-schot neir mark-shot, distance between the butts
Befor all othir that thair wer,
And knew the king, for that he saw
Hym swa araynge his men on raw, so—in rows
And be the croun that wes set
Abovin his hed on the basnet; bassinet, helmet
And toward him he went in hy. haste
And quhen the kyng so apertly openly
Saw hym cum forrouth all his feris, out from—comrades
In hy till hym his hors he steris; haste
And quhen schir Henry saw the kyng
Cum on for-outen abaysyng, without dismay
Till him he raid in full gret hy. haste
He thoucht that he suld weill lichtly
Vyn hym, and haf hym at his will, Win
Sen he hym saw horsit so ill.
Than sprent thai sammyn in-till a lyng; sprang together on a line
Schir Henry myssit the nobill kyng;

And he, that in his sterapis stude, stirrups
With ax that wes bath hard and gude
With so gret mayn roucht hym ane dynt, reached—stroke
That nouthir hat no helme mycht stynt check
The hevy dusche that he him gaf, thump
That he the hed till harnyss claf. clave the head to the brains
The hand-ax-schaft ruschit in twa,
And he doune till the erd can ga did go, fall
All flatlyngis, for hym falȝeit mycht; failed
This wes the first strak of the ficht, stroke
That wes perfornyst douchtely. performed doughtily
And quhen the kyngis men so stoutly
Saw him, richt at the first metyng,
For-outen dout or abaysing, Without hesitation or dismay
Have slayn ane knycht swa at ane strak,
Sic hardyment than can thai tak,
That thai com on richt hardely.
Quhen Ynglis men saw thame stoutly
Cum on, thai had gret abaysyng: dismay
And specialy, for that the kyng
So smertly that gud knycht had slayne; quickly
Than thai with-drew thaim euir-ilkane, every one
And durst nocht than abyde to ficht,
So dred thai than the kyngis micht. . . .

Qwhen at the king reparit wes, When that—returned
That gert his men leif all the chass,
The lordis of his cumpany
Blamyt him, as thai durst, gretly,
That he hym put in auenture
To mete so stith a knycht and sture hardy—strong
In sic poynt as he than wes seyn;
For thai said, 'weill it mycht haf beyne
Causs of thair tynsale euirilkane.' loss
The kyng, thame ansuer maid he nane,
Bot menyt his hand-ax-schaft, that swa lamented
Wes with ane strak brokyn in twa. . . .

From Barbour's lengthy account of the battle in Books xii. and xiii. we give a few episodes :

The Scottis men full deuotly
Knelyt all doune, till god to pray,
And a schort prayer thair maid thai
Till god, till help thame in that ficht.
And quhen the Yngliss king had sicht
Of thame kneland, he said in hy— haste
'Ȝon folk knelis till ask mercy.' Yon
Schir Yngerame said, 'ȝe say suth now;
Thai ask mercy, bot nocht at ȝow. you
For thair trespass to god thai cry.
I tell ȝow a thing sekirly,
That ȝon men will wyn all or de, die
For dout of ded thar sall nane fle.' fear—death—flee
'Now be it swa,' than said the kyng,
'We sall it se but delaying.' see—without
He gert trwmp vp to the assemble; caused give the signal for
On athir syd than men mycht se
Full mony wicht men and worthy,
All ready till do cheuelry.

Thus war thai boune on athir syde; arrayed
And Yngliss men, with mekill prid,
That var in-till thar awaward, their vanguard
Till the battall that schir Eduard
Gouernyt and led, held straucht thair vay.
The horss with spuris hardnyt thai,
And prikit apon thame sturdely;
And thai met thame richt hardely,

[1] Pots—covered holes with spikes, to hamper and injure cavalry.

Swa [that], at the assemble thair,
Sic a frusching of speris wair — crashing
That fer avay men mycht it her.
At thar metyng, for-outen wer, — without doubt
Wer stedis stekit mony ane, — pierced through
Mony gud man borne doune and slane,
And mony ane hardyment douchtely — brave deed
Wes thair eschewit full hardely. — achieved
Thai dang on othir with vapnys ser ; — 1, 2
Sum of the horss, that stekit wer, — stuck, thrust through
Ruschit and relit richt [roydly]. — rudely
Bot the remanant, nocht-for-thi, — nevertheless
That mycht cum to the assembling,
For that lat maid rycht no stynting, — hesitation
But assemblit full hardely.
And thai met thame full sturdely
With speris that war scharp to scher,
And axis that weill grundyn wer, — well ground
Quhar-with wes roucht full mony rout. — dealt—blow
The ficht wes thair so fell and stout,
That mony worthy men and wicht,
Throu forss, wess fellit in that ficht,
That had no mycht to ryss agane. . . .

The gud erll thiddir tuk the way
With his battale in gud aray,
And assemblit so hardely,
Quhill men mycht her, that had beyn by, — Till
A gret frusche of the speres that brast. — crashing—broke
For thair fais assaȝeit fast, — foes—assailed
That on stedis, with mekill prid,
Com prikand as thai wald our-ryd
The erll and all his cumpany.
Bot thai met thame so sturdely,
That mony of thame till erd thai bar. — earth—bare
And mony a steid was stekit thar,
And mony gud man fellit vndir feit,
That had no power to riss ȝeit. — rise—yet
Ther men mycht se ane hard battale,
And sum defend and sum assale,
And mony a riall rymmyll ryde — royal blow severe
Be roucht thair apon athir syde, — dealt
Quhill throu the byrneiss brist the blud, — breastplates
That till the erd doune stremand ȝud. — gaed, went
The erll of Murreff and his men — Moray
So stoutly thame contenit then,
That thai wan plass ay mair & mair — place
On thair fais, the quhethir thai war — foes—whether
Ay ten for ane, or ma, perfay ;
Swa that it semyt weill that thai
War tynt emang so gret menȝe, — lost—crowd
As thai war plungit in the se.
And quhen the Yngliss men has seyne
The erll and all his men be-deyne — forthwith
Fecht sa stoutly, but effraying, — without
Richt as thai had nane abaysing, — dismay
Thai pressit thame with all thar mycht.
And thai, with speris and suerdis brycht
[And] axis that rycht scharply schar, — shore
In-myd the visage met thame thar.
Thar men mycht se ane stalwart stour, — struggle
And mony men of gret valour
With speris, macyss, and with knyvis, — maces
And other vapnys vissill thair lyvis — weapons exchange
Swa that mony fell doune all ded ;
The gyrss wox with the blude all red. . . . . — grass waxed

1 Drove. 2 Weapons sorely.

xiii.

Thar mycht man her richt mony dynt — blow
And vapnys apon armour stynt, — checked
And se tummyll knychtis and stedis,
With mony rich and ryoll wedis — garments
Defoulit roydly vnder feit. — rudely
Sum held on loft, sum tynt the suet. — lost their life-blood
A long quhill thus fechtand thai wer,
That men no noyis na cry mycht her ; — noise, shouting
Men herd nocht ellis bot granys and dyntis, — blows
That slew fire, as men dois on flyntis ; — struck
Sa faucht thai ilkane egirly
That thai maid nouthir noyis no cry, — shouting nor cry
Both dang on othir at thar mycht,
With wapnys that war burnyst brycht. . . .

Than mycht men heir ensenȝeis cry, — ensigns
And Scottis men cry hardely,
'On thame ! On thame ! On thame ! thai faill !'
With that so hard thai can assaill, — did
And slew all that thai mycht our-ta, — overtake
And the Scottis archeris alsua — also
Schot emang thame so sturdely,
Ingrevand thame so gretumly. . . . — Distressing—severely
For thai that with thame fechtand weir
Set hardyment, and strynth, and will, — valour
With hart and corage als thar-till,
And all thair mayne and all thar mycht,
To put thame fouly to the flycht. . . . — foully

And fra schir Amer with the king — Aymer de Valence
Wes fled, wes nane that durst abyde,
Bot fled, scalit on ilka syde. — scattered—every
And thair fais thame presit fast, — foes
Thai war, to say suth, all agast,
And fled swa richt effrayitly
That of thame a full gret party
Fled to the wattir of Forth ; and thar — river Forth
The mast part of thame drownit war.
And Bannokburn, betuix the braiss, — braes, banks
Of horss and men so chargit wass, — filled
That apon drownit horss and men — upon
Men mycht pass dry atour it then. — over

[The Buik of Alexander and other Works attributed to Barbour.—Entirely fresh light was in 1900 cast on Barbour's *Bruce*, explaining some of its peculiarities and furnishing an admirable key to its construction as a poem. As history it remains what it has always been, a prime document the veracity of which in essential substance and detail has been many times unexpectedly corroborated. As a poem, however, and to a restricted degree as history also, it was unquestionably influenced by the French *Roman d'Alexandre*, especially the *Fuerre de Gaderis* and the *Vœux du Paon*, both of which, as we had occasion to notice, are believed to have been in the repertory of the mysterious 'Huchown.' Barbour in the *Bruce* refers to the 'Forrayours' in 'Gadyris' (iii. 75), and the speech he assigns to Bruce at Bannockburn is in part a faithful rendering of the address of Alexander the Great at the battle of 'Effesoun' in the *Vœux du Paon*. Besides, Barbour's citations include one passage from that part of the French *Roman d'Alexandre* which is

known as the *Assaut de Tyr*, and which was not, like the *Fuerre* and the *Vœux*, rendered into vigorous Scottish in *The Buik of the most noble and vailzeand Conquerour Alexander the Great*, written—according to the disputed colophon—in 1438, printed about 1580, and reprinted for the Bannatyne Club in 1831. Attention having at last been called to the quite phenomenal relation between this poem and the *Bruce*, it is now contended that such overwhelming resemblances of so many lines through and through both poems—sometimes in matters of relative specialty, oftenest in mere commonplace phrases—are only explicable on the basis of the colophon being an error—perhaps for 1378—and of Barbour having himself written the translation. Possibly, according to this view, the Scottish *Alexander* was in hand before the *Bruce* was written, and when the latter work was undertaken the poet's mind was saturated with reminiscences of his other task. At any rate, the amount of material common to both poems is truly extraordinary. Historians as well as poets have ever exercised the right of making speeches for their kings and warriors, and Barbour did not go far amiss in heroically supplying for the Scottish monarch at Bannockburn a battle-speech equally poetical in its origin borrowed from Alexander the Great.

The Scottish *Alexander* is a vivid, energetic, well-rounded poem in precisely the metre, style, and diction of the *Bruce*, using the same rhymes and the same mannerisms repeated again and again. Some of these have been found so characteristic as to admit of classification as idiosyncrasies of translation. The *Alexander*, however, although a capital and most interesting piece in itself, derives its chief importance from the unique character of its connection with the *Bruce*. The battle of Bannockburn as described in the latter is simply studded with lines identical with others in the *Alexander*. The reader will best appreciate this from a few examples, which may be compared with the Bannockburn lines in the *Bruce* printed above:

Alexander. PAGE.		*Bruce.* BK. LINE
308	Vpone Tysday in the mornyng.	xi. 374
347	Ane lytill before the sone rysing.	xi. 375
45, 46 (twice)	For to mantene ane stalwart stour.	xi. 401
319	Now cum quhat euer God will send.	xi. 40
315	For dout of dede will nane the fale.	xi. 40, also xii. 488
417	To disconfit the great battale.	xi. 409
46	Armit in armouris gude and fyne.	xii. 32
390	And to the erd he gart him ga.	xii. 58
415	Dang on othir with wapnis seir.	xii. 511
353	Or hand ax that was schairp to schere.	xii. 519
227	Throw fors was fellit in the fecht.	xii. 524
98	Thare mycht men se that had bene by.	xii. 544
56	And mony knyghtes fell vnderfeit Thet had na power to ryse 3it.	xii. 553–4
226	Quhare mony ane rummill rude was set.	xii. 557
67	. . . . . in blude That stremand fra his woundis 3ude.	xii. 559–60
54	With dartis that richt scharpely share.	xii. 575
410	In middes the visage met thame thare.	xii. 576
34	Thair men micht sie ane stalwart stour.	xii. 577
382	The grene gras vox of blude all rede.	xii. 582
366	Of wapnys that on helmis styntis.	xiij. 28
236	That kest fyre as man dois flyntis.	xiij. 36
379	He slew all that he mycht ourta.	xiij. 207

There are some hundreds of analogous parallels, and as the lines thus owned in common by the *Bruce* and the *Alexander* are seldom such as any author would be likely to plagiarise, although often far from being mere commonplaces of the period, the inference has been drawn that nobody but Barbour himself could have made the Scottish translation. This conclusion has received ample corroboration from rhyme tests, and from comparison of methods of translation disclosed by Barbour's other works of that order. It assumes that the colophon date—1438—must have been merely scribal or an error of the press.[1] No doubt this fact presents a slight difficulty, but it is the only one which exists; and scribal errors and intentional changes were far from uncommon. On the other hand, the date 1438 can only be accepted on the extravagant supposition that the translator was so imbued with Barbour's technique as to enable him to copy even his distinguishing error of rhyme, that of occasionally equating *yng* with *yne*. Not only so: it would require us to believe that Barbour and the anonymous translator both had recourse to Huchown when they wished to describe the month of May. Huchown, translating Guido, had written in the *Destruction of Troy* (line 12,969):

Hit was the moneth of May when mirthes begyn,
The Sun turnyt into Tauro taried there under;
Medos and mountains mynget with floures, mingled
Greves wex grene and the ground swete; Groves
Nichtgalis with notes newit there songe,
And shene briddes in shawes shriked full lowde. bright—woods

The *Alexander* has two descriptions of May especially noteworthy, because they differ from the rest of the poem in respect that seventeen lines out of twenty-three combine rhyme and alliteration. The *Bruce* also has two descriptions of May (that of Were or Ver being truly of the summer month) likewise remarkable for the quite exceptional and systematic alliterations they contain in thirteen lines out of twenty-two.

Alexander, page 107.

In mery May quhen medis springis
And foullis in the forestis singis,

[1] Dr Albert Herrmann, a German scholar, had in his *Untersuchungen über das schottische Alexanderbuch* (1893) suggested that the translator of the *Alexander* in 1438 had learned the *Bruce* by heart, and thus came to imitate it so frequently and closely. Mr J. T. T. Brown is, it is understood, publishing in Germany his view that the *Bruce* was rewritten towards the close of the fifteenth century by a scribe who 'edited' it by the insertion of romance embellishments, including the numerous passages from the *Alexander*. The ascription to Barbour of the *Alexander* was first made by the present writer in a paper on 'John Barbour, Poet and Translator,' read to the Philological Society in London on 22nd June 1900, when it was unanimously accepted as proved beyond doubt.

And nychtingalis thare notis neuis, renews
And flouris spredis on seirkin hewes various
Blew and burnat, blak and bla, brown—bluish-gray
Quhite and zallow, rede alsua;
Purpir bloncat pale and pers Grayish-blue—sky-blue
As kynd thame colouris gevis divers, nature
And burgeons of thare brancheis bredis blossoms
And woddis winnis thare winfull wedis. winsome

Alexander, page 248.

This was in middes the moneth of May,
Quhen winter wedes ar away, robes
And foulis singis of soundis seir various
And makes tham mirth on thare manere;
And graves that gay war waxis grene groves
As nature throw his craftis kene,
Shroudis thame self with thare floures
Wele savorand of sere colouris, various
Black, blew, blude rede alsua
And ynde with uther hewis ma indigo, blue
That tyme fell in the middes of May.

Bruce, Book v. lines 1–12.

This wes in were quhen wyntir tyde
With his blastis hydwiss to byde, hideous
Wes ourdriffin and birdis smale
As thristill and the nichtingale
Begouth rycht meraly to syng, Began
And for to mak in thair synging
Syndry notis and soundys sere; varied
And the treis begouth to ma began
Burgeonys and brycht bloomys alsua,
To vyn the heling of thar hevede covering
That wikkit wynter had thame revede, robbed
And all greviss begouth to spryng. groves

Bruce, Book xvi. lines 63–71.

This wes in the moneth of May
Quhen byrdis syngis on the spray,
Melland thair notys with syndry sowne Mingling
For softnes of that sweit sesoune;
And lewis on the branchis spredis leaves
And blomys bricht besyd thame bredis,
And feldis florist ar with flowris
Weill savourit of seir colowris, various
And all thing worthis blith and gay. becomes

No inconsiderable proportion of the alliterations in those four May pieces occur in Huchown's May descriptions, one of which is above quoted: these are found in the *Bruce* as well as in the *Alexander*, and Huchown's own indubitable familiarity with the French *Alexandre* lends countenance to the suggestion that through these descriptions of May, which have a music of their own, we can hear the echo of the romance culture of the fourteenth century, and recognise in Barbour this evident trace of Huchown's intellectual ascendency over him. As we have seen, they were colleagues at the Exchequer, and it is pleasant to have grounds so solid for the belief that their leisure talk may have turned to the Nine Worthies, to Arthur, or to 'Sir Hector of Troy.' The last-named theme had probably enlisted Barbour's poetical sympathies early in his career, for no really tenable objection has been stated to the ascription to Barbour by a fifteenth-century scribe of portions of a rhymed translation of Guido. These *Troy Fragments* (edited in *Barbour's Legendensammlung* by Professor C. Horstmann) contain not a few of the specialties of Barbour's methods of translation, and though they do not heighten his reputation as a poet, they show us once more what we have seen in the career of Huchown, how great a power in Scottish literature Guido was, and how the translation of his Troy book was the schoolroom of our mediæval poets. The work of Barbour during his old age, it has been supposed—and there are many evidences in favour of that opinion—included the writing of the *Legends of the Saints*, a performance of unequal merit, for the most part rather tedious, but frequently breaking out into attractive fragments of narrative, in which the hand of the author of the *Bruce* seems to burst its hagiological bonds and dash once more into the martial fray. For example, in the legend of St Ninian, the minstrel of battle reappears to tell the story of Jak Trumpoure—who has been identified as historical in the Great Seal Register of Scotland, and even as resident in Barbour's own city (*Scottish Antiquary*, xi. 103; Jamieson's *Bruce*, preface, p. iv.). Sir Fergus (or Dougal) M'Dowall, waylaid in Galloway by Englishmen, is warned in a vision by Ninian, the great saint of these parts:

He hade na mane vith hyme that tyde
That ves gadderit 3et hyme til,
Bot twenty mene gud and ill.
And his menstrale Iak Trumpoure Trumpeter
That vas gude mane and gud burdoure, joker
Of his maister vitand nocht, knowing
Na of the gret oste hyme thane socht, host
Come rydand thru the vod percace by chance
Quhair al the fais cumand vas, foes
Bot myste ves thane in sic degre then
That nane mocht a stanecaste se,
Bot Iak that vas be the gat syd gait, road
Quhare the Inglis come that tyd,
And vend veile it had his lord bene weened well
That gadderit had his men bedene,
Unwittand hym to mak sume rade, he not knowing
And trumpit heily but abade, without delay
And with al mycht bettir blew,
And [the] Inglis that blaste vele knew,
Vend thar spy betraisit had Weened—betrayed
Thame to the knycht, and but abad
Thai fled fast and durst nocht byd.

The story of Jak (afterwards Carrick Herald) is told so much in the Archdeacon's manner as to form a remarkable connecting-link between the chivalry of the *Bruce* and the *Alexander* and the biographical piety of the *Legends*.

GEO. NEILSON.]

There are two principal MSS. of the *Bruce*, both 15th c. The poem, printed in 1571 and 1616, was edited by Jamieson (1820), Cosmo Innes (1856), and Skeat (E.E.T. Soc. 1870–77, and again for the Scottish Text Society, 1894). The *Legends of the Saints* and the *Troy Fragments*, discovered by Bradshaw in the Cambridge University Library (see Bradshaw's Life by Prothero, 1880), were edited as Barbour's by Horstmann in 1881–82. These attributions were at first accepted, but Köppel (*Engl. Studien*, x. 373) and Buss (*Anglia*, ix. 493) disputed them. Similarly

Skeat, followed by Dr Metcalfe (Scot. Text Soc. 1896), rbour's claim. The renewed argument for Barbour Neilson (*Scot. Antiquary*, 1897, and *Athenæum*, 27th has met with no reply. The critical views expressed sent article are set forth in Geo. Neilson's 'John Poet and Translator' (*Proc. Philol. Soc.*, June 1900). rown's *The Wallace and The Bruce Restudied* (Bonn, d the genuineness of the text of *Bruce*, and ascribed best passages to John Ramsay, a late 15th-century scribe, ms credited not only with collaborating in the composi- *Wallace* of Blind Harry, but also with redacting and ng the *Bruce*, as written by Barbour. This bold study l and reconstructive literary criticism was at once at- Neilson from the historical base, and a keen controversy he *Athenæum* from 17th Nov. 1900 to 23rd Feb. 1901, on tic in that journal (9th Feb.), summing up, recorded the 'that in this problem historical criticism has proved powerful.' With critics generally the authorship of the remains an open question, and the discussion is not

ew of Wyntoun.—Androwe of Wyn- ne of the canons regular of St Andrews, ame prior of the Inch in Lochleven, did nstans of a larde,' Schyr Jhone of Wemis, to draw up chronicles out 'off Latyne in lys sawe' (which he calls 'owre langage'). smuch as his Chronicle is to expound the ng of angels and men, he wills that it be orygynale.' The angels are briefly dealt d he proceeds to 'Adame owre orygynale,' ation, the Fall (without specifying Satan's the 'spate of Noe,' and the Scripture his- efly; followed by some account of Egypt, , Rome, emperors and popes, till he comes glis and Scottis story.' That he has little to the relative importance of events may n from the chief incident recorded under acy of Siricius (384–398), when—according authorities—St Jerome translated the Bible Hebrew, and St Austin received Christen- nd St Ambrose was making 'antemys and ys & ymnys' (anthems, versicles, and hymns); ime there was born a remarkable two-headed which, in addition to two heads ('hevydys'), es, four ears, two mouths, two noses, four four feet, twenty fingers and twenty 'tays,' inconveniently 'dowbyll wyt'—

hen the ta hevyd oysyd to slepe — the one head used
thir than wald waik or wepe,
uhen the tane wald tak the mete
wald the tothir nevyr ete.

Orygynale Cronykil is in general merely a chronicle without poetical merit save a rude vigour and homely simplicity, though s it rises to the level of poetry, and as a literature it is greatly inferior to Barbour. ins the usual proportion of fables, but fewer rdun (see page 182), and makes no mention forty-four fabulous kings before Fergus, the early chronology of Scotland is chaotic. *onykil* is of no small historical value, espe- r some periods of the national life; about opric of St Andrews, for example, Wyntoun s more information than anybody else. , who must have known a good deal of law, n uses legal phraseology, became prior of St Serf's island monastery about 1395, and brings down his record (written here, no doubt) to 1406. On doubtful grounds, he is sometimes said to have written the last lines in 1424. The date of his death is not known. 'In honowre of the ordrys nyne of haly angelys,' he divided his work into nine books, of which five deal with sacred and universal history, and only the last four with Scottish story. It is not known what Wyntoun gave Andrew birth —there is one on the Haddingtonshire Tyne—or to what family of Wintons he belonged.

The Flood is described with some force:

Ane hundyr dayis and fyfty gude
The wattyris wox as thai war woude — madly
Off wellys waveryde wavys wyde — streams—rolled
Oure hyrne and hyrst, fra syd to syde. — O'er hole and hillock

The meeting of Macbeth with the Weird Sisters (compare Bellenden, page 216) is thus described:

A nycht he thowcht in hys dremying,
That syttand he wes besyd the kyng
At a sete in hwntyng, swa
In till a leysh had grewhundys twa:
He thowcht quhile he wes swa syttand
He sawe thre wemen by gangand;
And thai wemen than thowcht he
Thre werd Systrys mast lyk to be. — most
The fyrst he hard say gangand by,
'Lo, yhondyr the Thayne off Crumbawchty!' — Cromarty
The tothir woman sayd agane,
'Of Morave yhondyre I se the Thayne!'
The thryd than sayd, 'I se the King!'
All this he herd in his dremyng.
Sone efftyre that, in his yhowthad, — youth
Of thyr thayndomys he thayne wes made;
Syne neyst he thowcht to be King,
Fra Dunkanyis dayis had tane endyng. — Duncan's
The fantasy thus of his dreme
Movyd hym mast to sla his eme; — uncle
As he dyd all furth indede,
As before yhe herd me rede,
And Dame Grwok, his emys wyff, — Gruoch
Tuk, and led wyth hyr hys lyff,
And held hyr bathe hys wyff and queyne,
As befor than scho had beyne
Till hys eme qwene, lyvand
Quhen he was Kyng with crowne ryngnand — reigning
For lytyll in honowre than had he
The greys off affynyte. — degrees
All thus quhen his eme wes dede,
He succeedyt in his stede;
And sevyntene wyntyr full rygnand
As Kyng he wes than intill Scotland.
All hys tyme wes gret plenté
Abowndand baith in land and se.
He was in justice rycht lawchful,
And till hys legis all awful.
Quhen Leo the tend was Pape off Rome, [Really Leo IX.]
As pylgryne to the Curt he come;
And in his almus he sew sylver
Till all pure folk that had myster: — poor—need
And all tyme oysyd he to wyrk — used
Profytably for Haly Kyrke.

At the siege of Berwick in 1296 the Scots defeated the first attacks of the English and burnt

their ships; the 'mokkyshe ryme' made by the Scots on this occasion has been given above at page 171. Wyntoun describes with malicious joy the rage and disgust of Edward 'with the lang schankis' on hearing of the disaster, and tells how he writhed with wrath and led a new host in person against the troublesome town; how, foiled again in an open assault, he had recourse to 'dissymbelatyoun,' and pretended to withdraw his armies; and how, having disguised them as Scots, with false-painted banners, he returned again to the gates:

Wythin the town the Scottis wes
Rejosyd in till gret blythnes — rejoiced
Off that sycht; for thai wyst noucht
Off the desayt agayne thame wroucht: — deceit
Bot thai trowyd, that thaire Kyng — supposed
That ost hade sende in thare helpyng — host
For-thi the yhettis alsa fast — Therefore—gates
All off the towne thai gert wp cast. — caused
And at thai yhettis oppyn then
Fast thrang in the Inglys men, — thronged
And wmbeset the Scottis thare, — beset
Or thai wyst welle, quhat thai ware. — Ere they
The Inglis men thare slwe downe — slew
All hale the Scottis natyowne, — whole
That wyth in that towne thai fand,
Off all condytyowne nane sparand;
Leryd and lawde, nwne and frere, — Learned and lewd (vulgar)—nun
All wes slayne wyth that powere:
Off allkyn state, off allkyn age, — all kind of
Thai sparyd nothir carl na page:
Bath awld and yhowng, men and wyvys, — old—wives
And sowkand barnys thar tynt thare lyvys: — sucking bairns—lost
Yhwmen and gentilmen alsa, — Yeomen
The lyvys all thai tuk thaim fra.

The carnage went on a whole day—

Thus thai slayand ware sa fast
All the day—

till at last even the king was sickened, and

'*Lasses, lasses*,' than cryid he,
'Leve off, leve off' that word suld be.

The last two lines show what was the language of this very 'English' King Edward I., and of his commanders and camp. But though Edward and his nobles and gentry habitually spoke French (*lasses* is, of course, *laissez*), as doubtless Bruce, Baliol, and the Scottish nobles also did, Edward knew English, and is recorded to have sometimes spoken English.

The story of the defence by Black Agnes of her castle of Dunbar in 1339 against the English besiegers is told with spirit and with much detail, including a famous episode:

Schyre Willame Mwntagw, that swa
Hade tane the sege, in hy gert ma — in haste caused make
A mekill and a rycht stalwart engyne, — breaching-tower
And wp smertly gert dres it syne, — quickly caused
Thai warpyt at the wall gret stanys — hurled—stones
Bathe hard and hevy for the nanys; — nonce
Bot that nane merryng to thame made. — marring, injury
And alswa qwhen thai castyne hade, — when they had cast
Wyth a towalle a damyselle
Arayid jolyly and welle
Wipyt the wall, that thai mycht se,
To gere thaim mare anoyid be. — To make them the more annoyed
Thare at the sege welle lang thai lay,
Bot thare lytill vantage gat thai;
For qwhen thai bykkyre wald, or assayle, — bicker, fight
Thai tynt the mast off thare travayle. — lost the most part

The part of Wyntoun's Chronicle concerning Scotland was printed by Macpherson in 1795; a complete edition was prepared by David Laing for the 'Historians of Scotland' series (3 vols. 1872–79). The historical importance of Wyntoun is recognised by the numerous early MSS. of the *Cronykil* still in existence. See Mr Craigie in the *Scottish Review* for 1897 and in *Anglia* for 1898. In 1900 the Scottish Text Society was preparing an edition from an unpublished text.

More than half a century before Wyntoun indited his Chronicle in the priory at Lochleven, a secular priest, **John Fordun,** canon of Aberdeen Cathedral, was gathering and recording the annals of Scotland in Latin. Fordun is represented as having travelled far and wide throughout Britain and Ireland, with his MS. in his breast, gathering materials; his labours having been vastly increased by the vandalism of the tyrant Edward, who had carried off the national records. And Fordun gathered a good deal of the material that later, in Boece's hands, blossomed out into the mythical history of early Scotland, for which only recent research has substituted authentic fact. He brought his *Scotichronicon* down to the death of David I. in 1153, but had collected materials extending to the year 1385, about which time he is supposed to have died. His History was then taken up and continued (also in Latin) to the death of James I. (1437) by **Walter Bower,** or BOWMAKER, abbot of the monastery of Austin Canons on Inchcolm, in the Firth of Forth, who died in 1449. Bower and others made interpolations throughout and alterations; but as it is, the *Scotichronicon* is the principal authority for the history of Scotland before the fifteenth century. On early Scottish history-writing Skene thus sums up: Before Fordun there were 'only short chronicles and lists of kings. The germs of much that was fabulous were to be found among them, intermingled with fragments of true history, but nothing like the spurious and fictitious history of after-times then existed. In the *Scotichronicon* these fables are found digested into something like a chronological system, which formed the basis of the fictitious superstructure invented by historians of the school of Hector Boece (see page 212); but the narrative of the *Scotichronicon* becomes more valuable during what may be called the historic period of Scottish history. In that of the twelfth and thirteenth it forms the indispensable groundwork of our annals; while in the fourteenth century it becomes a contemporary authority; but this is only true in so far as it is the work of John Fordun. The additions of his continuators are not of the same value' until they in turn become contemporary historians; Bower's account of his own time is certainly important.

Skene's edition of Fordun (2 vols. 1871–72, with translation) does not contain Bower's continuation. The *Scotichronicon* as completed by Bower was edited by Goodall in 1759.

The Kingis Quair and James I.—The lustre that surrounded the name of James I. of Scotland has of recent years been somewhat shorn of its brightness. With the real facts of his reign before us, it is now impossible to regard him as a king after the model of an Alfred or a St Louis, pursuing with undivided aim the happiness and well-being of all classes of his people. His claims also to be regarded as a poet have of late been debated. Yet, after every abatement has been made, James must ever remain one of the most interesting figures in the history of his country. His long exile and imprisonment, his undoubted personal accomplishments, and, above all, his early and tragic death, must continue to give him a place apart in the succession of Scottish kings.

As the result of the latest research, much must be rejected or modified in the traditional accounts of James's life. Born in 1394, he was the third son of Robert III., that amiable though feeble king whose difficulties with his unruly barons are so vividly set forth in the *Fair Maid of Perth*. James's early education was entrusted to Bishop Wardlaw, one of the most enlightened Scots of his day, and subsequently the founder of the University of St Andrews. At this period it was to France that the studious youth of Scotland flocked for the completion of their studies; and as Scotland and France were then in the strictest bonds of political amity, there were at once public and private reasons for sending the heir of the Scottish crown to that friendly country. That James was sent to escape personal danger there is no evidence to show. In view of his future career it would be hard to say whether the miscarriage of his guardians' purpose was of good or evil fortune. In the spring of 1406 James sailed for France, but was captured by the English off Flamborough Head. For eighteen years he remained a prisoner, and, though strictly guarded throughout the whole period, he received an education which, alike for his future as a poet and as a king, was probably of greater value than what even France could have afforded him. He made that sympathetic study of Chaucer which he turned to such profit in the *Kingis Quair*, and he acquired that knowledge of the English constitution which enlarged his views of his function as a king of Scots. The traditional account which associates his exile so closely with Windsor Castle must now be set aside. If he is to be thought of in connection with one spot more than another, it is with the Tower of London rather than Windsor Castle; for it was in that prison and asylum of princes that his longest abodes were made. In point of fact, however, his changes of residence were frequent throughout the whole term of his detention; and there are on record at least two visits to France, each of some months' duration.

The death of Henry V. in 1422 opened a way for the restoration of James to his native country; yet his return was delayed for other two years. At length, in 1424, on the pledge of a ransom of £40,000, to be paid in six instalments, the Scots received back their king. With him James took as his wife Lady Joan Beaufort, daughter of John, Earl of Somerset, grandson of Edward III. Of the relations of James and his wife before their marriage we cannot speak with certainty; for, whatever view we take of the authorship of the *Kingis Quair*—the 'King's Quire or Book'—the very nature of that poem precludes us from taking its statements as matters of fact. Yet their union may have been one of love as well as policy. Their married life was happy; and if we may measure Joan's attachment to her husband by the ferocity of her revenge on his assassins, that attachment must have been great indeed.

During his actual reign of thirteen years it would seem as if James were pursued by a sense of the years he had lost in his long exile. His well-known saying, 'I will make the key keep the castle, and the bracken-bush the cow', expresses at least the general aim of his policy. Of his energy and capacity as a ruler even the meagre record of his actions that has been preserved affords conclusive proof. Yet the course and conclusion of his reign leave us in little doubt that his energy was not directed by tact and prudence, and that the aggrandisement of the Crown lay as near his heart as the general good of his people. By his violent and illegal confiscations he alienated the majority of his nobles, and by rash impositions he made himself unpopular with his subjects at large. His assassination (1437) in the Blackfriars' Convent at Perth was the issue of personal revenge; but even the circumstances of his end, so fitted to touch the heart of a people, gave him no place in the memory of his countrymen such as was held by his descendants James IV. and James V.

It is strange to turn from the picture of the king, energetic, hard, and even unscrupulous, to that of the poet who idealised his love in such a poem as the *Kingis Quair*. Yet, independently of the evidence of his poetry, we know that James was keenly susceptible to the lighter graces of life. He was an adept in all manly sports, he sang and he played several instruments, and he took delight in drawing and painting and gardening. Of all the learning of the time, and specially of the art of poetry, he was an ardent student; and it was doubtless this reputation which led to his being accredited with the authorship of several poems now dissociated from his name. The *Kingis Quair* and *A Ballad of Good Counsel*—of all the poems that have been attributed to him these are the only two that his most competent editor, Professor Skeat, accepts as indisputably the work of James. The *Song on Absence*, *Peblis to the Play*, *Chrystis Kirk of the Grene*, cannot, according to Professor Skeat, be ascribed to him 'with any show of reason'—a conclusion contested by Mr Henderson in his *Scottish Vernacular Literature* (1898). But scepticism

brian, but in a purely artificial language, with southern and even Kentish forms and peculiarities; and so is B. For the identification of the scribe of the *Kingis Quair*, see Mr Geo. Neilson in the *Athenæum* of 16th December 1899, and Mr A. H. Millar in that of 21st December. Rossetti's ballad, *The King's Tragedy* (1881), on James's fate is as admirable as Galt's novel *The Spaewife* is poor.

P. HUME BROWN.

Blind Harry, or HENRY THE MINSTREL, is thus spoken of by John Major in his Latin *History of Greater Britain* (translated for the Scottish History Society by Constable, 1892): 'There was one Henry, blind from his birth, who in the time of my childhood fabricated a whole book about William Wallace, and therein he wrote down in our native rhymes—and this was a kind of composition in which he had much skill—all that passed current amongst the people in his day. I, however, can give but a partial credence to such writings as these. This Henry used to recite his tales in the households of the nobles, and thereby got the food and clothing that he earned.' Major was born in 1469, and Blind Harry may be said to have 'flourished' on a modest scale about 1470. But it is hardly credible that Major can have had authority for saying the Minstrel was blind from birth; and his work proves that he was by no means so unlettered as is commonly assumed. Payments made to him by the king's command cease—presumably at his death—in 1492. In his *Wallace* Harry claims that it was founded on a narrative of the life of Wallace, written in Latin by Arnold Blair, chaplain to the Scottish hero; but the chief materials have evidently been the traditionary stories told about Wallace in the minstrel's own time, more than a century and a half after Wallace—the *Wallace* is even less of a historical document than Barbour's *Bruce*. Perhaps too much has been made of the Minstrel's patriotic hatred of the English, in contrast to Barbour's less marked partisanship, and of his fierce thirst for revenge on his own and his country's oppressors. But Harry's Wallace is a merciless champion, for ever hewing down the English with his strong arm and terrible sword, and rejoicing in the sufferings of his enemies. Both with Barbour and Blind Harry it is fatal to measure literary value by historical accuracy.

Some of the incidents in Harry's narrative are so palpably absurd (such as the siege of York; the visit of the Queen of England, when queen there was none, to Wallace's camp with an offer of £3000 in gold; and the combats of Wallace with the French champions and the lion) that they could hardly have been intended to be accepted as history. The only manuscript of the work which exists is dated 1488, and was written by that careful scribe, John Ramsay of Lochmalonie, in Kilmany, who also transcribed Barbour's *Bruce*. The blind Minstrel was therefore alive four years after the date of Ramsay's manuscript, as we know from the treasurer's books of the reign of James IV.; and Ramsay had doubtless the author's help—perhaps took it down from his own recitation. Few copies would be made of a poem extending to 11,858 lines. In 1897 Professor Skeat drew attention to the fact that Blind Harry in some score of cases betrays the influence of Chaucer in his rhythms, in expressions, in occasional half-lines, and even in his grammatical forms; and Mr Craigie has pointed out that the peroration or epilogue at the end of the *Wallace* contains part of the substance of the prologue to the Franklin's tale. Blind Harry writes:

Go nobil buk, fulfillyt of gud sentens
Suppos thou baran be of eloquens . . .
I yow besek, off your beneuolence,
Quha will nocht low, lak nocht my eloquence; love—blame
It is weill knawin I am a burel man, unlearned
For her is said as gudly as I can:
My spreit felis na termis asperans. knows—inspired

Chaucer's Franklin had made a similar apology:

But sires by-cause I am a burel man
At my bigynnyng first I yow biseche,
Have me excused of my rudé speche. . . .
My spirit feeleth noght of swich mateere.

The *Wallace* is in ten-syllable lines of heroic verse, and is pithy and graphic rather than poetical. It is usual to place Harry far below Barbour as a poet; but Mr Craigie has sought to reverse this historic verdict by insisting on Harry's conciseness in contrast to Barbour's undisputed prolixity, his greater variety of incident, his more vivid descriptions and more pregnant single lines, his keener passion for liberty, and his avoidance of a kind of padding not unusual in the *Bruce*. A paraphrase of the *Wallace* into modern Scotch, by William Hamilton of Gilbertfield (1722), was long a favourite with Scottish country-folks; of it, and of a rhymed chap-book on Hannibal, Burns said: 'They were the first books I read in private, and gave me more pleasure than any two books I ever read since. . . . The story of Wallace poured a Scottish prejudice into my veins, which will boil along there till the floodgates of life shut in eternal rest'—a notable testimony to Harry's influence on Scottish thought and literature.

The poem opens thus:

Our antecessowris, that we suld of reide,
And hald in mynde thar nobille worthi deid hold
We lat ourslide, throw werray sleuthfulnes;
And castis ws euir till vthir besynes. business
Till honour ennymys is our haile entent, whole
It has beyne seyne in thir tymys bywent; bypast
Our ald ennymys, cummyn of Saxonys blud,
That neuyr ȝeit to Scotland wald do gud,
But euir on fors, and contrar haile thair will
Quhow gret kyndnes thar has beyne kyth thaim till.

Adventure on the River Irvine.

So on a tym he desyrit to play
In Aperill the xxiij day,
Till Erewyn wattir fysche to tak he went;
Sic fantasye fell in his entent.
To leide his net, a child furth with him ȝeid: went
But he, or nowne, was in a fellowne dreid. ere noon
His suerd he left, so did he neuir agayne;
It dide him gud, suppos he sufferyt payne.

labour as than he was nocht sle : sly, knowing
ıe was, tuk fysche haboundanle.
e day x hours our couth pas,
thar come, ner by quhar Wallace was,
le Persye, was captane than off Ayr ;
e he turnde and couth to Glaskow fair. thence—did fare
he court had Wallace labour seyne, seen
raid v cled in to ganand greyne, 1, 2
i sone : 'Scot, Martyns fysche we wald have.' 3
meklye agayne ansuer him gave ;
resone, me think, yhe suld haif part :
uld be delt, in all place, with fre hart.' 4
his child, 'Gyff thaim of our waithyng,'
hroun said ; 'As now of thi delyng
nocht tak, thow wald giff ws our small.' too
tyt doun, and fra the child tuk all.
said than ; 'Gentill men gif ȝe be,
sum part, we pray for cheryte. charity
t knycht serwis our lady to day ;
ıd, leiff part and tak nocht all away.'
ıall haiff leiff to fysche, and tak the ma, more
forsuth sall in our flyttyng ga. when we depart
a lord ; thir fysche sall till him gang.'
ansuerd, said ; 'Thow art in the wrang.'
thowis thow, Scot ? in faith thow serwis a blaw.' 5
he ran, and out a suerd can draw. 6
n was wa he had na wappynis thar, sorry
poutstaff, the quhilk in hand he bar. apparently, a pole with a net
with it fast on the cheik him tuk
gud will, quhill of his feit he schuk. till
rd flaw fra him a fur breid on the land. 7
was glaid, and hynt it sone in hand ; caught—soon
h the swerd awkwart he lim gave
he hat, his crage in sondre drave. neck
the layff lychtyt about Wallas ; With that the rest
no helpe, only bot Godiss grace.
r side full fast on him thai dange ; thrust
ell was giff thai had lestyt lang.
he hede in gret ire he strak ane ;
erand suerd glaid to the colar bane. glided
ir on the arme he hitt so hardely,
and and suerd bathe on the feld can ly. Till—did
iir twa fled to thar hors agayne :
it him was last apon the playne. stabbed
w he thar, twa fled with all thair mycht
ır lord ; bot he was out off sicht,
the mure, or he and thai couth twyne. separate
thai raid onon, or thai wald blyne, anon
it ; 'Lord, abide ; your men ar martyrit doun
ruelly, her in this fals regioun.
court her at the wattir baid, Five—bided
or to bryng, thocht it na profyt maid.
hapyt, bot in feyld slayne are thre.' escaped
l speryt ; 'How mony mycht thai be ?' asked
v bot ane that has discumfyst ws all.'
wch he lowde, and said ; 'Foule mot yow fall ;
yow all has putt to confusioun.
:nys it maist, the dewyll of hell him droun ; bemoans
r for me, in faith, he beis nocht socht.'
Vallas thus this worthi werk had wrocht,
's he tuk, and ger that lewyt was thar ; gear—left
that crafft, he ȝeid to fysche no mar ; went—more
l his eyme, and tauld him of this drede. uncle
for wo weyle ner worthit to weide ; 8
l ; 'Sone, thir tythings sytts me sor ;
t knawin, thow may tak scaith tharfor.' harm

'Wncle,' he said, 'I will no langar bide ;
Thir Southland hors latt se gif I can ride.'
Than bot a child, him seruice for to mak,
Hys emys sonnys he wald nocht with him tak. uncle
This gude knycht said ; 'Deyr cusyng, pray I the,
Quhen thow wantts gud, cum fech ynewch fra me.' enough
Syluir and gold he gert on to him geyff.
Wallace inclynys, and gudely tuk his leyff.

(From Book i.)

1 V, five. 2 Gay green. 3 St Martin was universally associated with feasting and good cheer. 4 Spoils of the chase. 5 'Whom do you familiarly address with "thou" Scot? You deserve a blow.' 6 *Can* here is 'gan' in the sense of *did ; couth* for its past tense is a confusion with the other *can*, 'is able.' 7 Furrow's-breadth. 8 Very nearly went out of his mind.—Wallace was staying at the time with his uncle, Sir Richard Wallace of Riccarton.

Fawdon's Ghost.

At the Gask woode full fayne he wald haiff beyne ;
Bot this sloth brache, quhilk sekyr was and keyne, 1
On Wallace fute folowit so felloune fast,
Quhill in thar sicht thai prochit at the last. approached
Thar hors war wicht, had soiorned weill ~~and~~ lang 2
To the next woode twa myil thai had to gang,
Off vpwith erde ; thai ȝeid with all thair mycht ; rising ground
Gud hope thai had for it was ner the nycht.
Fawdoun tyryt, and said, he mycht nocht gang.
Wallace was wa to leyff him in that thrang.
He bade him ga, and said the strenth was ner ; stronghold
Bot he tharfor wald nocht fastir him ster.
Wallace in ire on the crag can him ta neck—did take
With his gud suerd, and strak the hed him fra.
Dreidless to ground derfly he duschit dede. 3
Fra him he lap, and left him in that stede. leapt
Sum demys it to ill, and othyr sum to gud ;
And I say her, into thir termys rude,
Bettir it was he did, as thinkis me.
Fyrst, to the hunde it mycht gret stoppyn be. cause of delay
Als Fawdoun was haldyn at suspicioun ; Also
For he was haldyn of brokill complexioun. fickle character
Rycht stark he was, and had bot litill gayne. 4
Thus Wallace wist : had he beyne left allayne,
And he war fals, to enemyss he wald ga ; If
Gyff he war trew, the Sothroun wald him sla.
Mycht he do ocht bot tyne him as it was ? lose
Fra this questioun now schortlye will I pass.
. . . . . .
In the Gask hall thair lugyng haif thai tayne ; lodging
Fyr gat thai sone, bot meyt than had thai nane.
Twa scheipe thai tuk besid thaim of a fauld,
Ordanyt to soupe in to that sembly hauld ; sup—seemly hold
Graithit in haist sum fude for thaim to dycht : 5
So hard thai blaw rude hornys wpon hycht. 6
Twa sende he furth to luk quhat it mycht be ;
Thai baid rycht lang, and no tithingis herd he, bided
Bot boustous noyis so brymly blowand fast : loud—fiercely
So othir twa in to the woode furth past.
Nane come agayne, bot boustously can blaw. 7
In to gret ire he send thaim furth on raw.
Quhen he allayne Wallace was lewyt thar, left
The awfull blast aboundyt mekill mayr.
Than trowit he weill thai had his lugyng seyne ;
His suerd he drew of nobill mettall keyne,
Syn furth he went quhar at he hard the horne. where that
With out the dur Fawdoun was him beforn,
As till his sycht, his awne hed in his hand ;
A croys he maid, quhen he saw him so stand.

At Wallace in the hed he swaket thar; 8
And he in haist sone hynt it by the hair, caught
Syne out agayne at him he couth it cast; did
In till his hart he was gretlye agast.
Rycht weill he trowit that was no spreit of man;
It was sum dewill, at sic malice began. that
He wyst no waill thar langar for to bide, 9
Vp throuch the hall thus wicht Wallace can glid,
Till a closs stair; the burdis raiff in twyne, 10
Xv fute large he lap out of that in. leapt—house
Wp the wattir sodeynlye he couth fair; did fare
Agayne he blent quhat perance he sawe thair. 11
Him thocht he saw Faudoun that hugly syr; ugly fellow
That haill hall he had set in a fyr;
A gret raftre he had in till his hand.
Wallace as than no langar walde he stand,
Off his gud men full gret meruaill had he,
How thai war tynt throuch his feyle fantase. 12
Traistis rycht weill all this was suth in deide, Believe ye
Supposs that it no poynt be of the creide. creed
Power thai had witht Lucifer that fell,
The tyme quhen he partyt fra hewyn to hell.
Be sic myscheiff giff his men mycht be lost,
Drownyt or slayne amang the Inglis ost;
Or quhat it was in liknes of Faudoun,
Quhilk brocht his men to suddand confusioun;
Or gif the man endyt in ewill entent,
Sum wikkit spreit agayne for him present;
I can nocht spek of sic diuinite,
To clerkis I will lat all sic materis be:
Bot of Wallace, furth I will yow tell.
Quhen he wes went of that perell fell,
3eit glaid wes he that he had chapyt swa: escaped
Bot for his men gret murnyng can he ma; did he make
Flayt by him self to the Makar off buffe Prayed—Creator above
Quhy he sufferyt he suld sic paynys pruff. prove
He wyst nocht weill giff it wes Goddis will,
Rycht or wrang his fortoun to fullfill:
Hade he plesd God, he trowit it mycht nocht be
He suld him thoill in sic perplexite. suffer (to fall)
Bot gret curage in his mynd euir draiff, drove
Off Inglismen thinkand amendis to haiff.

(From Book v.)

[1] Sleuth-hound. [2] Strong—sojourned, worked. [3] Crashed heavily to the ground quite dead. [4] Had gone or walked but little. [5] Prepared—cook. [6] Heard horns blow loudly on high. [7] But the loud blowing went on. [8] He (Fawdon) hurled in the head. [9] Knew no choice, possibility. [10] Boards reft in twain. [11] Peeped round to see what appearance. [12] Lost—ill-omened apparition.

An edition of Blind Harry's *Wallace* was printed in 1570, and no old Scottish work was so often reprinted down to the eighteenth century. That by Dr Jamieson was the first critical edition (1820); the best text is that edited by Moir for the Scottish Text Society (1885–86). Hamilton's paraphrase (1722) was reprinted more than a dozen times, and superseded the original in popular use. For Chaucer's influence on Blind Harry, see Skeat in *The Modern Language Quarterly*, Nov. 1897; and for Mr Craigie's comparison of 'Barbour and Blind Harry as Literature,' see the *Scottish Review*, July 1893.

Scottish Fifteenth-Century Prose.—Scottish prose literature, vigorous in the sixteenth century, had hardly made a beginning in the fifteenth. There has been preserved *Ane Schort Memoriale of the Scottis Croniklis* from the reigns of James II. and James III., dating from about 1460 (printed 1820). There are translations about 1450–90 by Sir Gilbert Hay of the *Buke of Battailis* and *Buke of the Order of Knyghthede* from the French, the *Buke of the Governaunce of Princes* from the Latin, and the *Buke of the Conqueror Alexander the Great* from the French (the latter over 20,000 lines of verse). Laing edited the second-named—also translated by Caxton—in 1847; the Scottish Text Society undertook an edition of the first three. And *The Craft of Dying* and other religious pieces printed for the Early English Text Society (1870) seem to belong to the end of the century. There is a Scots letter or grant dated 1412, and written by James I. while he was a prisoner in England, From the end of the previous century we have one of the very oldest and most interesting Lowland Scots letters extant—that from the Earl of March to Henry IV. of England announcing his grievances at the hands of the unhappy Duke of Rothesay, counting kin with the king after a highly Scottish fashion, and pleading for Henry's support. It must have been written before Rothesay's marriage with the daughter of Douglas (February 1400), and represents the 'Englis' current north of the Tweed at that date; the writer's style is as clear as he wished his 'entent' to be, and the fact is interesting that at this date Norman French was not necessarily familiar to the higher nobility of Scotland. The Earl of March rebelled against Robert III., threw himself into the arms of Henry IV., served him with distinction at the battle of Shrewsbury, and even took part in English raids into Scotland. The letter is reproduced in facsimile in vol. ii. of the *National Manuscripts of Scotland* (1870):

Excellent mychty and noble Prynce: likis yhour Realte to wit that I am gretly wrangit be the Duc of Rothesay the quhilk spousit my douchter and now agayn his oblising to me made be hys lettre and his seal and agaynes the law of halikirc spouses ane other wif as it ys said, of the quhilk wrangis and defowle to me and my douchter in swilk manere done, I, as ane of yhour poer kyn, gif it likis yhow requere yhow of help and suppowell fore swilk honest seruice as I may do efter my power to yhour noble lordship and to yhour lande, Fore tretee of the quhilk matere will yhe dedeyn to charge the lord the Fournivalle, ore the Erle of Westmerland at yhour likyng to the Marche, with swilk gudely haste as yhow likis, qware that I may haue spekyng with quhilk of thaim that yhe will send, and schew hym clerly myne entent, the quhilk I darre nocht discouer to nane other bot tyll ane of thaim be cause of kyn and the grete lewtee that I traist in thaim, and as I suppose yhe traist in thaim on the tother part, Alsa noble Prynce will yhe dedeyn to graunt and to send me, your sauf conduyt endurand quhill the fest of the natiuite of Seint John the Baptist fore a hundredth knichtis and squiers and seruantz gudes hors and hernais as well within wallit Town as with owt, ore in qwat other resonable manere that yhow likis fore trauaillyng and dwellyng within yhour land gif I hafe myster, And excellent Prynce syn that I clayme to be of kyn tyll yhow, and it peraventure nocht knawen on yhour parte, I schew it to your lordschip be this my lettre that gif dame Alice the Bewmount was yhour graunde dame, dame Mariory Comyne hyrre full sister was my graunde dame on the tother syde, sa that I am bot of the feirde degre of kyn

iow, the quhilk in alde tyme was callit neire, and am in swilk degre tyll yhow I requere yhow as y of tendirness thare of, and for my seruice in e as I hafe before writyn, that yhe will vouchesauf elp me and suppowell me tyll gete amendes of the is and the defowle that ys done me, sendand tyll yhow likis yhour answere of this, With all gudely

And noble Prynce mervaile yhe nocht that I my lettres in englis, fore that ys mare clere to vnderstandyng than latyne ore Fraunche, Excelnychty and noble prynce the haly Trinite hafe euermare in kepyng, Writyn at my castell of urr the xviij day of Feuerer,

LE COUNT DE LA MARCHE DESCOCE.

tresexcellent trespuissant et tresnoble Prince le Roy Dengleterre.

yhour Realte, if it please your Royalty; *oblising*, obligaalikirc, holy church; *defowle*, dishonour; *suppowell*, supware, where; *lewtee* (*leauté*), loyalty; *quhill*, till; *myster*, *feirde*, fourth.

bert Henryson (1430?–1506?) has been by Mr Henley 'Chaucer's aptest and brightest ar,' and was doubtless the most Chaucerian Scottish Chaucerians; not a mere imitator, ith a rich and varied poetic gift of his own. as keen observation, humour, singular skill in e and rhythm, and an artistic feeling and culhich prove that the spirit of the early Renais- had at least one accomplished representative fierce, faction-torn Scotland of the reign of s III. Even his allegories have a marked ir of realism. Henryson seems to have been about 1425, and was doubtless educated at foreign university. He was schoolmaster of ermline, apparently in clerical orders—per- as Lord Hailes suggests, preceptor in the dictine convent there—and he was admitted mber of the University of Glasgow in 1462, described as the 'Venerable Master Robert ysone, licentiate in arts, and bachelor in es.' He also practised as a notary public, may have lived into the early years of the nth century. The principal works of Henryre *Moral Fables of Æsop*, thirteen in numwith two prologues; *Orpheus and Eurydice*, ibing the experiences of Orpheus in Hades, his futile efforts to bring thence his wife; *Testament of Cresseide*, a sequel to Chaucer's *us and Cressida*, which contains some adle descriptive writing, and is in general both ous and poetic in feeling; and *Robene and ne*, which is not merely the first pastoral in Scottish vernacular, but is really the earliest ral in the English tongue.

e conjunct names of Robin and May may been suggested by some of the forms of the *Hood and Maid Marian*, commonly played otland, or by the celebrated pastoral, *Robin et on*, of the great French trouvère, Adam de la of Arras (c.1220–88). *Li Gieus de Robin et rion* takes a conspicuous place in the history medy and of opera; but though hero and ie are shepherd and shepherdess, and there is some allusion to sheep, the plan is totally different from Henryson's pastoral. In the French one the course of true love, ultimately triumphant, is deferred by the importunate lovemaking of chevaliers, to which Marion (or Mariotte) turns a deaf ear, preferring coarse cheese with Robin to a palfrey and luxurious living elsewhere. The king appears, and there are numerous interlocutors. Henryson's poem is a love dialogue between a shepherd and shepherdess. The stock properties —the pipe and crook, the hanging grapes, spreading beech, and celestial purity of the golden age—find no place in the northern pastoral. Henryson's Robin is ungallantly insensible to the advances of Makyne:

Robene fat on gud grene hill,
  Kepand a flock of fe: [1]
Mirry Makyne faid him till,
  'Robene, thow rew on me; have pity
I haif thee luvit lowd and ftill,
  Thir yeiris two or thre;
My dule in dern bot gif thow dill, [2]
  Doutlefs but dreid I de.' [3]

Robene anfwerit, 'Be the Rude, the Rood, the Cross
  Na thing of lufe I knaw,
Bot keipis my fcheip undir yone wude,
  Lo! quhair thay raik on raw: move in a row
Quhat hes marrit thee in thy mude, [4]
  Makyne, to me thow fchaw;
Or quhat is lufe, or to be lude, loo'ed, loved
  Fane wald I leir that law.' learn

[1] Sheep; sometimes cattle (A.S. *feoh*; Ger. *vieh*). [2] My grief in secret unless thou share. [3] Surely and without doubt I die. [4] Show me what has disturbed thee in thy mind.

Makyne explained and pleaded, but her plea failed to move the obdurate shepherd:

Robene on his wayis went,
  Als licht as leif of tre;
Mawkyn murnit in hir intent, secret thoughts
  And trowd him nevir to fe.
Robene brayd attour the bent; strode over the coarse grass
  Than Makyne cryit on hie,
'Now ma thow fing, for I am fchent, I am destroyed
Quhat alis lufe at me?' What ails

Finally,

Makyne went hame blyth anneuche enough
  Attour the holtis hair; across the gray hills
Robene murnit, and Makyne leuch; laughed
  Scho fang, he fichit fair: sighed
And fo left him baith wo and wreuch wretched
  In dolour and in cair,
Kepand his hird under a huche heugh, bank
  Amang the holtis hair.

The tables are soon turned. Robin grew sick as Makyne grew well, and then she had the malicious satisfaction of rejecting him. This is the old story with the old moral, which, though the fashion in pastoral and other poetry has changed, never becomes obsolete.

The Garmond of Gude Ladeis is a clever series of conceits in ballad rhyme, with copious allitera-

tion, such as is found in many of Henryson's poems:

Wald my gude lady lufe me beſt
And wirk eftir my will,
I ſuld ane garmond gudlieſt — garment
Gar mak hir body till.

Her hood, gown, kirtle, are all symbolical, and so

Her belt ſuld be of benignitie
About hir middill meit;
Hir mantill of humilitie
To thole baith wind and weit. — endure

Hir ſlevis ſuld be of eſperance,
To keip hir fra diſpair;
Hir gluvis of gud govirnance,
To hyd hir fyngearis fair.

The Bludy Serk is a ballad of a knight who rescued a king's daughter from the dungeon of a foul and loathly giant, but, wounded to death in the encounter, bequeathed to the lady the garment wet with his life's blood. According to the 'moralitas,' this is to be understood of the human soul, Lucifer, and the Redeemer.

The Prais of Aige proves that 'the moyr of aige the nerar hevynnis bliss;' though in *Aige and Yowth*, Youth defends a contrary thesis.

The introduction to *The Testament of Cresseid* is ingenious and entertaining.

Ane doolie ſefoun to ane cairfull dyte — doleful season
Suld correſpond,

he says, and so chose to write on a bitter cold, clear night, in time of frost, with winds 'quhisling loud and schill' from the Arctic Pole; so that he was driven from the windows of his study to the fireside, where he seems to have made himself most comfortable before beginning to write his melancholy tale:

I mend the fyre and beikit me about, — warmed
Than tuik ane drink my ſpreitis to comfort,
And armit me weill fra the cauld thairout.
To cut the winter nicht and mak it ſchort,
I tuik ane quair and left all other ſport, — book
Writtin be worthie Chaucer glorious
Of fair Creſſeid and luſtie Troylus.

Henryson's fables are bright, entertaining, witty, and dramatic. Even the extracts will show how much liker the Freir, Wait-skaith the Wolf, and Lowrie the Tod (Laurence the Fox) are to the animals in *Reynard the Fox* (some of the early French recensions of which Henryson may have seen) than to the talking beasts of the Greek fabulist. Witty and satirical comment on potentates, courts, lawyers, and functionaries, on sensuality, falsehood, and other human weaknesses in the guise of the animals, is the substratum of the whole, and the dramatic presentation is equal to *Reynard* at its best.

Of Henryson's two Prologues to the fables, the second begins thus:

In middis of June, that joly ſweit ſeaſoun,
Quhen that fair Phebus, with his bemis bricht,
Had dryit up the dew fra daill and doun,
And all the land maid with his lemis licht; — gleams
In ane mornyng, betuix mid-day and nicht,
I rais, and put all ſleuth and ſleip afyde, — sloth
And to ane wod I went alone, but gyde. — without guide

Sweit wes the ſmell of flouris quhyte and reid,
The noyis of birdis richt delitious,
The bewis braid blomit abone my heid, [1]
The ground growand with gerſis gratious: — grasses
Of all plefance that place wes plenteous,
With ſweit odouris, and birdis harmonie,
The morning myld, my mirth wes mair forthy. [2]

The roiſis reid arrayit on rone and ryce, — bush and twig
The prymerois, and the purpour viola;
To heir it was ane poynt of Paradice,
Sic mirth the mavis and the merle couth ma. [3]
The bloſſummis blyith brak up on bank and bra,
The ſmell of herbis, and of foullis cry, — cry of fowls, song of birds
Contending quha ſuld haif the victorie.

[1] Boughs broad bloomed above. [2] Greater for that reason. [3] Could make, did make.

The Uplandis Mous and the Burges Mous, to which editors have thought Sir Thomas Wyatt may have been indebted for the idea of one of his satires, tells the tale of two sister mice, of whom the elder lived a luxurious life in a town—'a Burrowis toun;' while the younger, the 'rurall' sister, in winter 'had hunger, cauld, and tholit great distres.' The town mouse, wishing to hear of her sister's welfare, resolved to pay her a visit, and fared forth as a pilgrim, barefoot, with pikestaff in hand:

Furth mony wilfum wayis can ſcho walk, — wild, lonely—did
Throw moſſe and muir, throw bankis, buſk and breir
Scho ranne cryand quhill ſcho cam till ane balk: [1]
'Cum furth to me, my awin ſiſter deir;
Cry "Peip" anis:' With that the mous could heir, — did hear
And knew her voce as kinniſman will do,
Be verray kind, and furth ſcho cum hir to.

[1] Unploughed ridge.

The country mouse welcomes her sister warmly into her 'chalmer'—

As I hard ſay, it was ane ſober wane, — dwelling
Of ſog and fairn full febillie wes maid, — moss and fern
Ane ſillie ſcheill under ane ſteidfaſt ſtane— — poor shelter

and gives her of her best. This the luxurious town mouse could hardly accept with becoming gratitude; she nibbles feebly at the 'rude dyet,' but frankly explains that she is accustomed to much better living:

'Till tender meit my ſtomok is ay uſit;
Thir widderit peis and nuttis or thai be bord — ere—bored
Will brek my teith and mak my wame full ſklender
Quhilk wes befoir uſit to meittis tender;'

and winds up with an invitation to her house in town—an invitation cheerfully accepted by the country mouse. They straightway set out, and, after some alarming adventures, arrive, and are comfortably established at table in the town house:

With fair tretie yit ſcho gart hir upryſe, [1, 2]
And to the burde thay went and togidder ſat, — board, table

And ſcantlie had thay drunkin anis or twyſe,
Quhen in come Gib-Hunter our jolie cat,
And bad God ſpeid: the burges up with that,
And till the hoill ſcho went as fyre of flint— hole
Bawdronis the uther be the bak hes hint. 3

Fra ſute to ſute he keſt hir to and fra, cast
Quhylis up, quhylis doun, als cant as ony kid; lively
Quhylis wald he lat hir run under the ſtra, straw
Quhylis wald he wink, and play with hir buk-hid. 4
Thus to the ſelie Mous greit pane he did, simple, poor
Quhill at the laſt, throw fortune and gude hap, little
Betuix ane burde and the wall ſcho crap. 5

And up in haiſt behind ane parralling panelling
Scho clam ſo hie, that Gilbert micht not get hir
Syne be the cluke thair craftelie can hing, 6
Till he wes gane, hir cheir wes all the bettir;
Syne doun ſcho lap quhen thair wes nane to let hir, 7, 8
And to the burges Mous loud can ſcho cry,
'Fairweill, ſiſter, thy feiſt heir I defy! feast I renounce

'Thy mangerie is myngit all with cair, banquet—mingled
Thy guſe is gude, thy ganfell ſour as gall: 9, 10
The ſubcharge of thy ſervice is bot ſair, is but poor
So ſall thow find heir eſterwart may fall.
I thank yone courtyne and yone perpall wall, 11, 12
Of my defence now fra ane crewell beiſt.
Almychty God keip me fra ſic ane feiſt!

'Wer I in to the kith that I come fra,
For weill nor wo, ſuld never cum agane.' 13
With that ſcho tuke hir leif and furth can ga, leave
Quhylis throw the corne, and quhylis throw the plane,
Quhen ſcho wes furth and fre ſcho wes ful ſane,
And merilie merkit unto the mure: hastened—moor
I can nocht tell how eſterwart ſcho fure. fared

Bot I hard ſay, ſcho paſſit to hir den,
Als warme als woll, ſuppoſe it wes nocht greit, 14, 15
Full benely ſtuffit, baith but and ben, snugly—outer and
Of beinis, and nuttis, peis, ry, and quheit, inner room
Quhen ever ſcho liſt ſcho had aneuch to eit,
In quyet and eiſ, withoutin ony dreid,
Bot to hir ſiſteris feiſt na mair ſcho yeid. gaed, went

MORALITAS.

Bliſſit be ſempill lyfe withoutin dreid; simple
Bliſſit be ſober feiſt in quyetie:
Quha hes aneuch, of na mair hes he neid,
Thocht it be lytill in to quantitie;
Greit abondance, and blind proſperitie,
Oftymes makis ane evill concluſioun;
The ſweiteſt lyfe thairfoir in this cuntrie,
Is ſickernes, with ſmall poſſeſſioun. safety, security

[1] Treatment. [2] Made her rise. [3] Puss has caught the other by the back. [4] Hide and seek. [5] Between a board and the wall she crept. [6] Afterwards by her claws there cunningly did hang. [7] Leapt. [8] Hinder. [9] Sauce. [10] Second course. [11] Yon curtain. [12] Partition wall. [13] Were I once back amongst the kin I come from, I should never come again. [14] Wool. [15] Great.

The Taill of the Paddok and the Mous thus commences:

Upon ane tyme, as Eſope culd report,
Ane lytill Mous come till ane rever ſyde;
Scho micht not waid, hir ſchankis wer ſa ſchort;
Scho culd not ſwym, ſcho had na hors to ryde:
Of verray force behovit hir to byde, 1
And to and fra beſyde that rever deip
Scho ran, cryand with mony pietuous peip. squeak

'Help ower, help ower,' this fillie Mous can cry,
'For Goddis lufe, ſum bodie ower this brym;' 2, 3
With that ane Paddok in the watter by frog
Put up hir heid, and on the bank can clym;
Quhilk be nature culd dowk, and gaylie ſwym, 4
With voce full rauk, ſcho ſaid on this maneir: 5
'Gude morne, Schir Mous, quhat is your erand heir?'

'Seis thow,' quod ſcho, 'of corne yone jolie flat Seest thou
Of ryip aittis, of barlie, peis, and quheit; ripe oats
I am hungrie, and ſane wald be thairat,
Bot I am ſtoppit be this watter greit; great
And on this ſyde I get na thing till eit to eat
Bot hard nuttis, quhilkis with my teith I bore.
Wer I beyond, my feiſt wer ſer the more.

'I haif na boit, heir is na marineris: boat
And though thair ware, I haif no fraucht to pay.' 6
Quod ſcho, 'Siſtir lat be your havy cheir;
Do my counſall, and I ſall fynd the way
Withouttin horſs, brig, boit, or yet gallay,
To bring you ower ſaifly—be not affeird!—
And not weitand the campis of your beird.' 7

[1] Of sheer necessity she was bound to wait. [2] The love of God. [3] River. [4] Duck, dive. [5] Rough, raucous. [6] Money for the fare. [7] Not wetting the whiskers of your beard.

The mouse dislikes the look of the frog, and has serious misgivings, but ultimately accepts the offer of the frog to ferry her across. The paddok basely tries to drown the mouse, but a glaid or kite intervenes, clutches and eats them both. There is a long 'moralitas' explaining the significance of the fable.

Single poems of Henryson were printed as early as 1508 and 1593, and were included in various collections: the first edition by Dr David Laing (1865) is the standard one. In Henryson's poems we have retained the long ſ.

William Dunbar was indisputably the most noteworthy of the Scottish disciples of Chaucer; he is generally reputed the greatest and most gifted of the old Scottish poets. It is surmised that he was connected with the house of which the Earl of March was head, and he was born, probably in East Lothian, about 1460. Having graduated at St Andrews University in 1479, he became a Franciscan, and, as he himself records, in the habit of that order made good cheer in every flourishing town in England betwixt Berwick and Calais, preaching as such from the pulpit at Canterbury and elsewhere, and, still a Greyfriar, crossing to Picardy. Under what circumstances he threw off the habit and was permitted to withdraw from his vows is not known. He appears to have been secretary to some of James IV.'s numerous embassies to foreign courts—one of them to Paris. In 1500 he obtained from the king a pension of £10, afterwards increased to £20, then to £80. In 1501 he visited England; seems in attendance on the ambassadors sent to arrange the king's marriage; to have dined with the

Mayor of London; and as the 'Rhymer of Scotland' to have written his poem on London, and to have received a gift from Henry VII. In honour of the marriage he wrote his famous poem, *The Thrissill and the Rois*. In 1504 he took priest's orders, and the king made an offering at his first mass; his life seems hardly to have been in accordance with his clerical vocation, and he now lived chiefly about court, writing occasional poems, and sustaining himself with the vain hope of Church preferment. In 1508 Chepman printed in small separate sheets seven of his poems, among the very earliest specimens of Scottish typography. Amongst the seven are not merely the *Goldyn Targe* and the *Lament*, but the *Flyting*, the *Wemen and the Wedo*, and *Kynd Kyttok*—among the least likely, one would think, to recommend him to pious patrons at a time when Elphinstone, most admirable of all the prelates of the old Scottish Church, was the foremost friend of learning in Scotland. He visited the north of Scotland in May 1511, in the train of Queen Margaret, and his name disappears altogether after Flodden. If he fell there, the *Orisone* (1517), usually ascribed to Dunbar, was the work of another poet.

Essentially a courtier and a court poet, Dunbar, unlike Lyndsay, did not write for the people also; he was not moved by sympathy for the people, was never a popular poet, and seems to have speedily passed out of general remembrance. He is named with appreciation by Douglas in his own time, and by Lyndsay in the next generation; thenceforward for nearly two hundred years he is hardly mentioned. Allan Ramsay revived his memory by printing in more or less modernised form twenty-five of his poems in *The Evergreen* in 1724; and Langhorne (died 1779) venturously affirmed that even in England—

> In nervous strains Dunbar's bold music flows,
> And Time yet spares the Thistle and the Rose.

Lord Hailes, Pinkerton, and Sibbald included Dunbar's poems in their collections (1770, 1786, and 1802)—the last upwards of forty of them. But it was not till Laing's edition (1824) that Dunbar's works, as far as preserved in the MSS., were put before the world. Sir Walter Scott (in his *Memoir* of Bannatyne for the Bannatyne Club) somewhat too enthusiastically said: 'This darling of the Scottish muses has been justly raised to a level with Chaucer by every judge of poetry to whom his obsolete language has not rendered him unintelligible.' Like unduly partial and patriotic judgments have been perhaps too often repeated by Scottish critics. And it was reserved for a very famous transatlantic Chaucerian to adopt, apparently with right goodwill, the part of Advocatus Diaboli. Mr Lowell (in his essay on 'Spenser') pointedly declined to thank Laing for 'disinterring' Dunbar; and, with an unusually unkind reference to Dunbar's most famous poem and to patriotic Scotsmen's clannish prejudices, added, 'Whoso is national enough to like thistles may browse there to his heart's content.' Save a few verses of *The Merle and the Nightingale*, Lowell found little in Dunbar's serious verses that was not tedious and pedantic. His humour he thought the dullest vulgarity; his satire 'becomes a mere offence in the nostrils.' But most critics have recognised Dunbar's real and original genius, and, though some have accounted Douglas his superior as a descriptive poet, or credited Henryson with more originality in serious verse, agree in describing him, with Professor Nichol, as 'on the whole the most considerable poet of our island between Chaucer and Spenser.'

Of extant poems attributed to Dunbar, upwards of ninety are pretty certainly his, and a dozen or more are almost certainly not by him. Several that are his we could wish were not. Some are merely skits on persons unknown, more or less cleverly put; some of those described as 'precatory' are short, rhymed begging letters, in several cases so happily turned as (like Buchanan's in Latin) thoroughly to deserve the rank of 'poems.' Variety is one of Dunbar's strong points, and his poems have usually been printed in an absolutely chaotic order, the rhymes of the ribald priest and the lucubrations of the court-moralist immediately succeeding one another with startling incongruity. Various editors have suggested classifications. Professor Schipper alone has rearranged the poems in twelve groups, and (somewhat arbitrarily) assumed that the most indecorous were written in early life, and the most devout or religious in his last years, mainly after the king's death. We may hope that this was the sequence. But it is impossible to draw sharp lines between the groups; and we do not know for certain the date of any one poem.

The most famous poem on the whole, that with which Dunbar's name is most frequently associated, is **The Thrissill and the Rois**, which has been extravagantly praised as the happiest political allegory in the English tongue. Though obviously connected with the marriage of James IV. and Margaret Tudor, it was not one of the poems distinguished by being printed during the poet's life; it has been preserved in only one MS., and could hardly have become public property till Allan Ramsay printed his version of it in 1724. It is certainly very unlike a serious and regular allegorical epithalamium. The beginning, a playful adaptation of the noble opening of the Prologue to the *Canterbury Tales*, leads up to a serious impeachment of the weather of May in Edinburgh, as ushered in by 'ane orient blast' (a happy euphemism for the snell east wind!) and ruled over by Æolus (not, as in Chaucer, Zephyrus). The unpleasantness of a Scottish May the poet alleges in justification for his freely admitted unwillingness to fulfil his duty as laureate, and for the difficulties Aurora and May had in persuading him to get out of bed at all:

Quhen Merché wes with variand windis past, varying
And Appryll had with her siluer schouris [pron. Ap-e-ryll
Tane leif at nature with ane orient blast,
And lusty May, that Muddir is of flouris, mother
Had maid the birdis to begin thair houris
Amang the tender odouris reid and quhyt
Quhois armony to heir it wes delyt.

As the dreamer lies sleeping, Aurora, 'with her crystall ene,' looks in at morn and embraces him 'with visage pale and grene,' bidding lovers awake, but in vain. Then May stood by his bed 'in brycht atteir of flouris forgit [forged] new,' and reproaches him sharply:

'Slugird,' scho said, 'awalk annone for schame, awake
And in my honour sum thing thow go wryt:
The lark hes done the mirry day proclame
To raise up luvaris with confort and delyte,
Sit nocht incressis thi curage to indyt
Quhois hairt sum tyme hes glaid and blisfull bene
Sangis to mak undir the levis grene!'

'Quhairto,' quod I, 'sall I vpryss at morrow? uprise
For in this May few birdis herd I sing,
Thai haif moir causs to weip and plane thair sorrow,
Thy air it is not holsum nor benyng; benign
Lord Eolus does in thy sessone ring, reign
So busteous are the blastis of his horne violent
Amang thy bewis to walk I haif forborne.' boughs

For a poet of May this is certainly frank speech! And surely laureate never more honestly admitted the irksomeness and superfluousness of his official duties. But May, though very forbearing, insists:

With that this lady sobirly did smyll
And said, 'Vpryss and do thy observance;
Thow did promyt in Mayis lusty quhyle promise
For to discryve the Roiss of most plesance. describe—rose
Go se the birdis how thay sing and dance
Illuminit our with orient skyis brycht over
Anamyllit richely with new asur lycht.' Enamelled

Quhen this wes said depairtit scho this quene,
And enterit in a lusty gairding gent; gentle, sweet
And than, methocht, full hestély beseene hastily attired
In serk and mantill eftir hir I went
In to this garth most dulce and redolent
Of herb and flour and tendir plantis sueit
And grené levis doing of dew down fleit. [1]

[1] Causing dew down to drip.

Hereupon May disappears from the poem, but the dream—from which the dreamer awakes finally only in the last verse—goes on. As might be expected from his dream-like attire, the bard still has serious misgivings about May weather in these regions till—

Dame Nature gaif ane inhibitioun thair
To ferss Neptunus and Eolus the bawld fierce
Nocht to perturb the wattir nor the air,
And that no schouris scharp nor blastis cawld
Effray should flouris nor fowlis on the fold;
Scho bad eik Juno, goddes of the sky,
That scho the hevin suld keip amene and dry. pleasant

Under these exceptional weather conditions, Dame Nature sends out the roe-deer to summon all the animals to her presence, the swallow to assemble the birds, and the yarrow (milfoil) plant to gather all flowers before her. First she crowns the Lion of the Scottish royal arms—'reid of his cullour . . . on feild of gold he stude full mychtely'—to be king of beasts, and commanded him to administer the laws fairly. Next she crowns the Eagle king of the birds (for the sake of logical symmetry, apparently):

Than callit scho all flouris that grew on feild, she
Discernyng all thair fassionis and effeiris; fashions and properties
Vpone the awfull Thrissill scho behelde,
And saw him kepit with a busche of speiris;
Concedring him so able for the weiris; Considering—wars
A radius croun of rubeis scho him gaif, radiant—gave
And said, 'In feild go furth, and fend the laif; defend the rest

And, sen thow art a king, thow be discreit;
Herb without vertew thow hald nocht of sic pryce
As herb of vertew and of odor sueit;
And lat no nettill vyle, and full of vyce,
Hir fallow to the gudly flour delyce; Match herself—fleur-de-lis
Nor latt no wyld weid, full of churlicheness,
Compair hir till the lilleis nobilness.

Nor hald non vdir flour in sic denty other—esteem
As the fresche Ross, of cullour reid and quhyt.' . . .

Finally Dame Nature, turning to the Rose, crowns her as of royal rank, illustrious of lineage above the Lily (of France), and as renowned for beauty also. The flowers, which had made no sign when the Thistle was crowned, burst forth in exuberant laudation of the empress of herbs, and the birds also in solo and chorus accept the Rose as their queen.

Than all the birdis song with sic a schout
That I annone awoilk quhair that I lay:

turned about 'to see this court, but all were went away;' and 'leaning up,' half in affray, the heavy-headed dreamer wrote down the story.

In Chaucer's *Parliament of Foules* also it is the 'noble goddesse Nature' that superintends the mating of the birds and gives them good advice.

> And with the shouting whan the song was do
> The foules maden at hir flight away
> I wook and other bokes took me to—

are Chaucer's words. So that, as the *Thrissill* began with an adaptation of a Chaucer opening, it ends with an obvious imitation of a Chaucer ending.

The Thistle, recognised as already a king, does not seem to be crowned to so high a rank as the Lion and the Eagle; there is no reference to any union between the Thistle and the Rose except what may be inferred from their being two of the four crowned heads of the piece; the main function of the Thistle seems to be to keep 'churlish weeds' away from the Lily or the Rose. The poem is not, as is assumed, a simple self-consistent allegory turning on the mating of the English rose with the Scottish thistle. It seems as if the poet, fearing lest such a union should, in spite of his skill, seem a mesalliance, had deliberately confused and compli-

cated the plot by making the Scottish monarch also a lion—not to speak of the eagle simile. The thistle seems to have been quite unknown as the emblem of Scotland or of its king till the negotiations for the marriage of James and Margaret (advancing in 1500), though we know that James IV. inherited from his dead father, amongst a vast number of things, crosses, jewels in the forms of swans, fleur-de-lis, cocks, pigeons, cockle-shells, and one purple covering embroidered with 'thistles and a unicorn.' Why James selected or used this badge has not been explained. Pinkerton even thought it was this poem that gave the thistle its proud pre-eminence in Scotland; and possibly the court-poet was making fun of the king, as he obviously was of conventional May-poets. This epithalamium was written in May, presumably of 1502 or 1503; Margaret left home in June 1503, and arrived at Holyrood to be married in August 1503. It is noticeable that in his other poems, where Margaret, 'a rose red and white,' is explicitly welcomed as Scotland's queen, Dunbar avoids all mention of thistles; nor does he elsewhere allude to the supposed national emblem, save once where he ruefully calls the king

The Thrissill,
Quhois pykis throw me so reutheles ran;

and plaintively wishes the rose would soften his hard heart towards the poor poet. Lyndsay, chief of the Heralds' College of Scotland in the next reign, who of all men should have been an authority on the subject, seems to have known nothing about thistles as conspicuous in Scottish heraldry or symbolism.

The Golden Targe is also rather a *jeu d'esprit* than a sustained allegory. It begins again with the praise of May, this time without any qualification; skies, flowers, and birds are all at their best. The following is one of the most noteworthy verses:

For mirth of May, wyth skippis and wyth hoppis,
The birdis sang vpon the tender croppis, shoots
With curiouse note, as Venus chapell clerkis;
The rosis yong, new spreding of thair knoppis, buds
War powderit brycht with hevinly beriall droppis, beryl
Throu bemes rede, birnyng as ruby sperkis;
The skyes rang for schoutyng of the larkis,
The purpur hevyn our scailit in silvir sloppis [1, 2]
Ourgilt the treis, branchis, lefis and barkis. Overgilded

[1] Scaled over (with clouds). [2] Slopes.

Drawn to a 'rosy garth,' the dreamer sleeps on Flora's mantle, and sees a noble ship land in the verdant meads a company of a hundred beauteous ladies, including Nature, Dame Venus, the Lady Flora, Juno, Diana, Fair Having, Fine Portraiture, Pleasance, Lusty Cheer, Will, Wantonness, and the rest, who are named merely and not described. The poet, as an intruder, is to be done to death by a detachment of fair ladies armed with bows and arrows; but is defended by Reason with a golden Targe or shield, until Presence throws a powder into Reason's eyes that blinds him, when his protégé is wounded nearly to death, made prisoner, and left in charge of Heaviness. The poem has been explained either as a fanciful account of a court masque after the event, or a poetical draft or plan for a possible court masque. It was notorious that the Princess Margaret was fond of archery; the Somerset Herald who accompanied her to Scotland has recorded that she shot a buck with an arrow in Alnwick Park on her way north; and from Pitscottie we know that after the marriage there were such banquets, plays, and farces as had never before been heard of in Scotland. The poet's suggestion that only Homer or Tullius(!) could have described the paradise where this adventure took place is apparently a serio-comic touch, like the mock-heroic apostrophe to reverend Chaucer, moral Gower, and Lydgate laureate at the end.

The *Golden Targe* has obviously much in common with the *Parliament of Foules* on the one hand, and the *Romaunt of the Rose* on the other, if indeed it be not based on them. The machinery—vision, garden, May, flowers, birds singing, Cupid, Venus, &c.—is common to all three. The somewhat incongruous grouping of personages, including Priapus and Bacchus with Pleasance and Patience, comes into the *Targe* no doubt from the *Parliament;* so does Cupid and his two kinds of arrows (pointed and quarrel-headed)—in the *Targe*, 'dredeful arrows, grundyn sharp and square;' in the *Parliament*, 'some for to slee and some to wound and kerve.' The shooting at the intruding dreamer or poet, and the wounding of him by the golden arrow called Beauty, in the *Romaunt of the Rose*, is in the *Targe* represented by an arrow shot by one of Beauty's contingent of ladies; in both Reason plays a conspicuous though different part. And the strong Castle, its defence and assault, in the *Romaunt* are apparently partly reproduced in Dunbar's *Lady's Prisoner*. Many things barely intelligible as they stand in the *Targe* become more significant when studied in the full light of the *Parliament* and the *Romaunt*.

It is the more necessary to insist on this, as editors have ignored or unduly minimised Dunbar's debt to Chaucer and the pseudo-Chaucerian poems, to Gower and Lydgate. A recent editor recognises the direct influence of Chaucer in only two of Dunbar's poems—the *Wedo* and the poem to the purse. Really it is unmistakable in the *Thrissill* and the *Golden Targe;* it is obvious in very many more—sometimes in the plan; sometimes in a leading idea; sometimes in stanzas, rhythms, rhymes, lines, and notable words. In Chaucer's *Complaynte to his Lady* we have the old, old story of the cruel but beloved mistress; Dunbar's *To a Lady* has the same inevitable argument, with some of the inevitable words, and many that were not inevitable—*pitee*, *mercy*, *grace*, *rewthe*, *womanheid*, &c. Chaucer says:

Where is now al your wommanly pitee?

And Dunbar repeats :

Allace ! quhair is ȝour womanlie petie ?

Dunbar begins the poem

My hartis tresure and swete assured fo.

But Chaucer had said :

My derė hert and best beloved fo ;

and Dunbar's 'ladie bricht' is Chaucer's 'lady bright.' Dunbar begins another poem, *Of the Warldis Instabilitie*, thus :

This waverand warldis wretchidnesse ;

whereas Chaucer had begun his *Fortune* with :

This wrecched worldės transmutacioun.

So in Lyndsay we have in one verse of the *Dreme* a complaint 'of this fals warldis instabilitye,' and 'of this warldis wracheit variatioun.' Dunbar, *On the Changes of Lyfe*, has the first verse :

I seek abowte this warld unstable
To find a sentence conveniable,
But I can not in all my witt
So trew a sentence find of it,
As say it is dissavable.

We can safely guess where he found this apt and noteworthy word when we see that Chaucer's 'balade' on *Lak of Stedfastnesse* commenced :

Som tyme this world was so stedfast and stable
That mannes word was obligacioun,
But now it is so fals and deceivable, &c.

The second, third, and fourth of the four verses, on the other hand, are the development of a motive, not from Chaucer, but from the Prologue to Gower's *Confessio Amantis*. Dunbar has :

ȝisterday fair sprang the flowris,
This day thai ar all slane with schouris ;
. . . . . .
So nixt to symmer wyntir bene,
Nixt efter confort cairis kene ;
Nixt efter midnycht myrthful morrow,
Nixt efter joy ay cumis sorrow.

Working out the same idea, Gower had written :

Now be there lusty somer floures,
Now be there stormy winter shoures ;
Now be the daies, now the nightes,
So stant there no thing al uprightes,
Now it is light, now it is derke. . . .

Dunbar evidently had a large measure of the skill Burns possessed of adapting to his own purposes poetic material, wherever found, lying ready to his hand.

At least equally unmistakable is the connection when we find Chaucer, in another of the *Fortune* 'balades,' amusing himself by making four out of eight lines in each of the three stanzas rhyme to *suffisaunce* — thus, *governaunce*, *countenaunce*, *plesaunce*, &c.; and Dunbar making six such rhymes in each of three eight-line stanzas of another pattern —*chance*, *countenance*, *dissimulance*, *govirnance*, *plesance*, &c. But Lydgate had already, in a satire *On the Times*, yoked to the chariot no less than twenty-four different words of the same rhyme, including further *attendaunce*, *Fraunce*, *demonstraunce*, &c. Thus Dunbar sometimes played at *bouts rimés* with his deceased predecessors, the 'Makars' he lamented.

Lydgate's *Dance of Death*, the translation of the old French *Danse Machabre*, in which Death summons successively pope, emperor, prince, canon, friar, minstrel, &c., may at least have suggested the idea for the first and best stanzas of the *Lament for the Makaris*. And it is fair to remember, in connection with Dunbar's *Sevin Deidly Sins*, in which the treatment is entirely his own, that Gower's *Confessio Amantis* is composed of tales illustrating the same Seven Deadly Sins ; that the *Parson's Tale* expounds and illustrates them at tedious length ; and that the *Romaunt of the Rose*, with which the Scottish poet was so familiar, describes near the beginning a series of pictures of Hate, Felonye, Vilanye, Coveitise, Avarice, Envye, Sorwe, Poverte, and other unamiable characters. Both the older poems are in just such rhyming octosyllabics as are used, with the interruption of short lines once in three, in Dunbar's little *Inferno*.

More seriously allegorical and didactic than the *Thrissill* or the *Targe* is **The Merle and the Nightingale**; the allegory is a very simple one this time :

In May as that Aurora did vpspring,
With cristall ene chasing the cluddis sable, eyes
I hard a merle with mirry notis sing
A sang of lufe, with voce rycht confortable,
Agane the orient bemis amiable, Against—beams
Vpone a blisful brenche of lawryr grene ; laurel
This wes hir sentens sueit and delectable, sweet
A lusty lyfe in luves scheruice bene. service is

Vndir this brench ran doun a revir bricht,
Of balmy liquour, cristallyne of hew,
Agane the hevinly aisur skyis licht, azure
Quhair did, vpone the tothair syd, persew Where—other
A nychtingall, with suggurit notis new, sugared
Quhois angell fedderis as the pacok schone ;
This wes hir song, and of a sentens trew,
All luve is lost bot vpone God allone.

With notis glaid and glorious armony,
This joyfull merle so salust scho the day, saluted
Quhill rong the widdis of hir melody, Till—woods
Saying, 'Awalk, ȝe luvaris, O, this May. Awake, ye lovers
Lo, fresche Flora hes flurest every spray, flourished
As natur hes hir taucht, the noble quene,
The feild bene clothit in a new array ;
A lusty lyfe in luvis scheruice bene.'

Nevir suetar noys wes hard with levand man,
Na maid this mirry gentill nychtingaill, Than
Hir sound went with the rever as it ran,
Outthrow the fresche and flureist lusty vaill. 1, 2
'O merle,' quod scho, 'O fule, stynt of thy tail, tale
For in thy song gud sentens is thair none,
For boith is tynt the tyme and the travaill lost
Of every luve bot vpone God allone.'
. . . . . .

The merle said, 'Quhy put God so grit bewte
In ladeis, with sic womanly having, bearing
Bot gife he wald that thay suld luvit be? unless
To luve eik natur gaif thame inclynnyng;
And he, of natur that wirker wes and king, 3
Wald no thing frustir put, nor lat be sene, in vain
In to his creature of his awin making; own
A lusty lyfe in luves scheruice bene.'

The nychtingall said, 'Nocht to that behufe
Put God sic bewty in a ladeis face,
That scho suld haif the thank thairfoir or lufe, she
Bot he, the wirker, that put in hir sic grace,
Off bewty, bontie, richess, tyme or space,
And every gudness that bene to cum or gone;
The thank redoundis to him in every place;
All luve is lost bot vpone God allone.'

. . . . . .

The merle said, 'Lufe is causs of honour ay,
Luve makis cowardis manheid to purchass,
Luve makis knychtis hardy at assey,
Luve makis wrechis full of lergeness,
Luve makis sueir folkis full of bissiness, lazy
Luve makis sluggirdis fresche and weill besene,
Luve changis vyce in vertewis nobilness;
A lusty lyfe in luvis scheurice bene.'

The nychtingaill said, 'Trew is the contrary;
Sic frustir luve, it blindis men so far, vain
In-to thair myndis it makis thame to vary;
In fals vane glory thai so drunkin ar,
Thair wit is went, of wo thai ar nocht war,
Quhill that all wirchip away be fro thame gone, Till—honour
Fame, guddis and strenth; quhairfoir weill say I dar,
All luve is lost bot vpone God allone.'

Than said the merle, 'Myn errour I confess;
This frustir luve all is bot vanite;
Blind ignorance me gaif sic hardiness,
To argone so agane the varite; argue—verity
Quhairfoir I counsall every man, that he
With lufe nocht in the feindis net be tone,
Bot luve the lufe that did for his lufe de;
All lufe is lost bot vpone God allone.'

Then sang thay both with vocis lowd and cleir;
The merle sang, 'Man, lufe God that hes the wrocht:'
The nychtingall sang, 'Man, lufe the Lord most deir,
That the and all this warld maid of nocht:' thee
The merle said, 'Luve him that thy lufe hes socht
Fra hevin to erd, and heir tuk flesche and bone:'
The nychtingall sang, 'And with his deid the bocht; 4, 5
All lufe is lost bot vpone him allone.'

Thane flaw thir birdis our the bewis schene, flew—boughs
Singing of lufe amang the levis small, shining
Quhois ythand pleid 3it maid my thochtis grene, 6, 7
Bothe sleping, walking, in rest and in travall;
Me to reconfort most it dois awaill
Agane for lufe, quhen lufe I can find none,
To think how song this merle and nychtingaill,
All lufe is lost bot vpone God allone.

[1] Flourished, flowery. [2] Vale. [3] Worker—creator. [4] Death. [5] Bought. [6] Eager contest. [7] Long.

Lowell, severest and unfairest of Dunbar's critics, confessed that the fourth of the stanzas quoted above had always seemed to him exquisite.

The moralising poem most frequently referred to is the **Lament for the Makaris**, written by Dunbar in his most subdued tone when he was apparently very sick, each verse ending with the awkwardly accented, rhyming Latin refrain, 'Timor mortis conturbat me.' He bewails the shortness of life, the changeableness of all mortal things; and gives a goodly list of deceased poets, all but three of them Scotsmen, and mostly now unknown or forgotten. The real note of pathos is unmistakably here:

Our plesance heir is all vane glory,
This fals world is bot transitory,
The flesche is brukle, the Fend is sle, brittle—Fiend —sly
Timor mortis conturbat me.

The stait of man dois change and vary,
Now sound, now seik, now blyth, now sary, sorry, feeble
Now dansand merry, now like to dee,
Timor mortis conturbat me.

No stait in erd heir standis sickir;
As with the wynd wavis the wickir, willow
So waveris this warld's vanité,
Timor mortis conturbat me.

Onto the ded gois all Estatis,
Princis, Prelotis, and Potestatis,
Baith riche and pure of all degré, poor
Timor mortis conturbat me.

He takis the knychtis into feild
Anarmit under helm and scheild;
Wictour he is at all mellé,
Timor mortis conturbat me.

That strang unmercifull tyrand
Takis on the moderis breist sowkand sucking
The bab full of benignité,
Timor mortis conturbat me.

He takis the campioun in the stour,
The capitane closit in the tour,
The lady in bour full of bewté,
Timor mortis conturbat me.

He spairis no lord for his piscence, puissance
Na clerk for his intelligence;
His awfull strak may no man fle, straik, stroke
Timor mortis conturbat me.

Art, magicianis, astrologgis,
Rethoris, logicianis, theologgis,

are next named; then physicians and surgeons; and last the poets, with the list so often referred to, followed by the poet's prayer for himself.

It is by his humorous and satirical works, his realistic and graphic pictures of contemporary life and manners, that Dunbar establishes his claim to be ranked as the greatest of Scottish vernacular poets before and after Burns; and for variety, vigour, and satiric point Burns has in this department neither predecessor nor successor who comes so near to being a rival. Dunbar's imagination and conception are audacious, his humour is at times ghastly, his satire at times mere abuse. The

the Sevin Deidly Synnis is probably the narkable of his poems, and has usually koned his masterpiece—a triumph of terse istic word-painting, equal to the work of pencil at its best, as has been said. The escribes a procession of the sins personified ıe Devil in hell, and is vividly and power- ıceived and expressed. The character- is graphic, the satire apt and stinging. ıtment of this serious subject is neither nor solemnising, even the satire being omic in tone. Both before and after the tion (Burns is another striking example) s of this kind seem to have commended poet to the esteem of his grave and de- owland countrymen. It has been hinted, proved, that Dunbar has here borrowed ne of the miracle-plays, or clerk-plays, as e called in Scotland; or from some actual ation he had seen:

ruar the fyiftene nycht,
ıg befoir the dayis lycht,
till a trance;
n I saw baith hevin and hell:
ht, amangis the feyndis fell, fiends
ı gart cry ane dance Satan
ewis that wer nevir schrevin, worthless persons
the feist of Fasternis evin, Against—the eve of Lent
thair observance;
gallandis ga graith a gyiss, 1
st vp gamountis in the skyiss, capers
st came out of France.

' quod he, 'Now quha begynnis;'
at the fowll Sevin Deidly Synnis
ı to leip at anis. Began—at once
st of all in dance wes Pryd,
ir wyld bak and bonet on syd,
mak vaistie wanis; desolate houses
ınd abowt him, as a quheill, wheel
l in rumpillis to the heill creases—heel
ıat for the nanis: long coat—nonce
rowd trumpour with him trippit deceiver
skaldand fyre, ay as thay skippit
rnd with hiddouss granis. 2

arlottis on hawtane wyiss Vain—haughty
with mony sindrie gyiss, various guises
uche nevir Mahoun; But yet laughed never Satan
ıreistis come in with bair schevin nekkis, 3, 4
l the feyndis lewche, and maid gekkis, 5, 6
lly and Bawsy Brown.

re come in with sturt and stryfe; disturbance
l wes ay vpoun his knyfe,
deist lyk a beir: swaggered—bear
braggaris, and barganeris,
n passit in to pairis,
n in feir of weir; arrayed in equipment of war

s, and stryppis and bonettis of steill,
ggis wer chenzeit to the heill, 7
: wes thair affeir: Froward—bearing
ıun vdir with brandis beft, smote
git vthiris to the heft, stabbed
yvis that scherp cowd scheir.
. . . .

Than cryd Mahoun for a Heleand padzane; 8
Syne ran a feynd to feche Makfadzane, Macfadyean
Ffar northwart in a nuke; neuk, corner
Be he the correnoch had done schout, coronach, lament
Erschemen so gadderit him abowt, Ersch or Gaelic-speaking men.
In Hell grit rowme thay tuke.

Thae tarmegantis, with tag and tatter,
Ffull lowd in Ersche begowth to clatter, began
And rowp lyk revin and ruke: 9
The Devill sa devit wes with thair zell, deafened
That in the depest pot of hell
He smorit thame with smvke. smothered

[1] Gallants go arrange a masque. [2] Grinned, made grimaces—groans. [3] Till. [4] Shaven. [5] Laughed. [6] Grimaces. [7] Covered with chain-armour. [8] Highland pageant or performance. [9] Make hoarse noises like raven and rook.

His abhorrence of all things Highland, Irish, or Gaelic, thus effectively expressed, occurs again and again in Dunbar's verses, and must have been by no means peculiar to himself.

The *Turnament* between a thievish tailor and a cowardly soutar or cobbler takes place in the same region and in the same presence, is somewhat in the same vein, but is even less edifying and more ultra-Rabelaisian in treatment. In the *Amends* soutars and tailors are promised a place in heaven next to God and above the saints for their skill in concealing the defects of men 'misfashioned' by the Creator. Fools who put away merriness, embarrass themselves with marriage, and eat dry bread 'while there is good wine to sell,' Dunbar consigns, in another set of verses, to 'the Devil of Hell.'

The *Tua Mariit Wemen and the Wedo* was no doubt suggested by the *Wife of Bath's Tale*. But here the poet, through a gap in a hedge, plays eavesdropper during a strictly confidential conversation between three ladies who discuss the demerits of their husbands and their little schemes for getting their own ends served. Their language is such as perhaps the Wife of Bath might have permitted herself had she been speaking to intimates only. The verse is wholly alliterative, with a superfluity of alliterating words and no rhymes.

Kynd Kyttok is a short poem in a stanza closely resembling the alliterating poems mentioned at page 174. It tells how an alewife, at once a drunkard and worse—her name bewrays her—got into heaven when the guardian of the celestial gate was looking another way, whereat God laughed His heart sore!—

God lukit and saw her lattin in and leuch his hert sair.

She was accordingly appointed to a post of trust and emolument as 'Our Lady's henwife,' and lived decently till, finding the ale of heaven sour, she was tempted to an alehouse just outside, came back tipsy, and on her return was hit by St Peter with his club, badly hurt on the head, and carried out; so that she is back again keeping the alehouse. It should be added that the writer represents this amiable lady as his grandmother, and begs for her hostelry the patronage of his friends. The

poem was doubtless a veiled attack on some person quite other than the alewife.

The *Dirge* is a comic parody of the solemn services of the Church, in which the 'glorious Trinite,' the Virgin Mary, the patriarchs and apostles, are blasphemously petitioned with scraps of the Lord's Prayer, the Latin psalms, amens, responses, and other sacred liturgical forms to induce the king to leave the thin ale and bad cookery of Stirling for the good Rhine wine and claret within sound of St Giles's bells, the playing, singing, and dancing of Edinburgh. It is highly probable that some of Dunbar's least admirable poems were, like some of Burns's, never meant for publication, but only for the entertainment of a few boon-companions, royal and other.

The following, from the conclusion of the *Tua Wemen*, will show how Dunbar handled alliterative verse :

Thus draif thai our that deir nicht with danceis full noble
Quhill that the day did vp daw and dew doukit the flouris ;
The morrow myld was and meik, the mavis did sing,
And all remuffit the myst and the meid smellit ; removed
Siluer schouris doune schuke as the schene cristall,
And berdis schoutit in schaw with their schill notis,
The goldin glitterand gleme so gladit their hertis
They made a glerius gle amang the grene bewis ;
The soft souch of the swyr and soune of the stremis, glen
The sueit sawour of the sward and singing of foulis,
Myght confort ony creature of the kyn of Adam.

With the first line one cannot help comparing 'The night drave on wi' sang and clatter' in 'Tam o' Shanter.' 'The petition of the Gray Horse, Auld Dunbar,' to the king at Christmas has something—if only a little—in common with Burns's 'Auld Farmer's New-Year Morning Salutation to his Auld Mare' (also gray), and the earlier poem may have partly suggested the tone of the later one, though Dunbar's is an (obvious) allegory. And Burns took over Dunbar's phrase 'sturt and strife.'

The poem called in one of the MSS. the *Devill's Inquest* might have given Coleridge a hint for the *Devil's Walk*. It deals with oaths more stringently than might be expected from the author of the *Dirge*, especially with such as run 'Devil take me if——' The Devil took the priest, the courtier, the merchant, at their word, and startled them with 'Renunce thy God and cum to me.'

Ane goldsmyth said, 'The gold is sa fyne
That all the workmanship I tyne ; lose
The Feind ressaif me gif I le ;' receive
'Think on,' quod the Devill, 'that thow art myne,
Renunce thy God and cum to me.'

Ane tailȝour said, 'In all the toun
Be thair ane bettir weilmaid goun,
I gif me to the Feynd all fre :'
'Gramercy, tailȝour,' said Mahoun,
'Renunce thy God and cum to me.'

Ane souttar said, 'In gud effek
Nor I be hangit be the nek
Gif bettir butis of ledder ma be :' boots of leather
'Fy,' quod the Feynd, 'thow sairis of blek ; [1]
Go clenge the clene and cum to me.' cleanse

[1] Savourest of blacking.

The baxter, the flesher, the taverner, the maltman, the brewster, the smith, the minstrel, the thief, the fishwives, and 'the rest of the crafts' all fall into the trap and are successively welcomed by Mahoun (Mohammed was thus unhesitatingly identified with Satan). The dangers of saying 'Devil take me,' brought home to heart and conscience in many a folk-tale, is also a central idea of Chaucer's *Friar's Tale*.

Tidings from the Sessioun bears rather severely on weak points in the character of Scottish metropolitan society in the reign when Holyrood Abbey was overshadowed by the royal palace now being built beside it :

Ane mvrlandis man of vplandis mak [1, 2]
At hame thus to his nychtbour spak,
'Quhat tydingis gossep, peax or weir?' peace or war
The tother rownit in his eir, whispered
'I tell ȝow this vndir confessioun,
Bot laitly lichtit of my meir, off my mare
I come of Edinburch fra the Sessioun.'

'Quhat tythingis hard ȝe thair, I pray ȝow?' tidings
The tother answerit, 'I sall say ȝow,
Keip this all secreit, gentill brother ;
Is na man thair that trestis ane vther :
Ane commoun doar of transgressioun doer
Of innocent folkis prevenis a futher : [3]
Sic tydingis hard I at the Sessioun.

Some with his fallow rownis him to pleiss [4, 5]
That wald for invy byt of his neiss ; nose
His fa sum by the oxstar leidis ; foe—shoulder
Sum patteris with his mowth on beidis,
That hes his mynd all on oppressioun ;
Sum beckis full law and schawis bair heidis, bows—low
Wald luke full heich war not the Sessioun. high—lofty
. . . . . .
Sum castis summondis, and sum exceptis ;
Sum standis besyd and skaild law keppis ; [6]
Sum is continwit, sum wynnis, sum tynis ; lose
Sum makis him mirry at the wynis ; wine
Sum is put owt of his possessioun ;
Sum herreit, and on creddens dynis : plundered—credit
Sic tydingis hard I at the Sessioun.'

[1] Moorland. [2] Countryman build. [3] Takes precedence of crowds. [4] Fellow. [5] Whispers. [6] Gather spilt law.

As he goes on to allege that

Religious men of diverss placis
Cumis thair to wow and see fair facis, woo

and makes similar but worse charges against Carmelites, Cordeliers, and young monks, it is obvious that he is not thinking so much of any particular law-court (the present Court of Session was not founded till 1532, long after Dunbar's death), but of the crowd that flocked to Edinburgh 'in the season,' as it were, when the courts were

sitting. Obviously a law-court is the last place even an unholy friar would visit to woo and see fair faces.

Another satire on Edinburgh begins:

> Quhy will ye, merchantis of renoun,
> Lat Edinburgh your nobill toun
> For laik of reformatioun
> The commone proffeitt tyine and fame? lose
> Think ye nocht schame
> That onie uther regioun
> Sall with dishonour hurt your name?

And the satirist makes a series of painful strictures on Edinburgh ways, on some of which travellers from 'other regions' continued to insist—the dirt, disorder, and ill smells of the High Street; the loud quarrellings and fightings there; the swarms of beggars and cripples not provided for; the blocking of the windows of St Giles's by mean buildings; the dearness of the Edinburgh shops and the extortionate charges of the Edinburgh inns, which he more than hints are likely to frighten away both 'strangers and lieges.'

How Dunbar was desired to be a Friar by the Devil in the disguise of St Francis gives him a chance of saying stinging things against the hypocrisy of friars, drawn from his experience as a Franciscan. The *Feigned Friar of Tungland* is an attack on an Italian alchemist, Damian, whom the king had made abbot of the Abbey of Tongland in Kirkcudbrightshire, and who came to grief in attempting to anticipate our flying-machine men. *The Testament of Andro Kennedy* is a skit on somebody made to behave in the hour of death as a highly impenitent drunkard. The 'Testament' is in alternate rhyming lines of Latin and Scots:

> Nunc condo testamentum meum
> I leiff my saul for evirmair,
> Per omnipotentem Deum
> Into my lordis wyne cellair,
> Semper ad ibi remanendum
> Quhile domisday without dissever,
> Bonum vinum ad bibendum
> With sueit St Cuthbert that luffit me never.

It is not easy to say how far the *Flyting* between Dunbar and his contemporary Kennedy (see below, page 200) implied mutual dislike, and how far it was a mere amœbean exchange of abuse, a scolding match in response to a challenge to this extraordinary exercise, not peculiar to these two—a sort of Scottish analogue to the contests of the Meistersinger. Thus Skelton's invectives against Garnesche are extremely similar, not merely in scurrility of method, but in the choice of words and phrases. Dunbar has indeed a good deal in common with the reprobate priest of Diss, his contemporary (see page 113). But whereas Skelton, though he sometimes wrote regular verse (his religious verse is some of it very like Dunbar's in the same vein), permitted himself the most ragged of rhymes, Dunbar's rudest verses show him an artistic master of clever rhymes and elaborate rhythms. He handles with equal facility rhymeless alliterative verse, heroic couplets, and a great variety of complicated rhyming stanzas, some English, some rather French, and some partly his own invention. Even when reviling Kennedy in such abusive phrases as

> Muttoun dryvar, girnall ryvar [with worse names], foull fall thé; thee
> Herretyk, lunatyk, purspyk, carlingis pet,
> Rottin crok, dirtin dok, cry cok or I shall quell the,

he puts in some of the eight-line stanzas no less than thirty-two rhymes, internal and external, several of them dissyllabic.

He truly had, as Lyndsay complimentarily said, 'language at large'! His command of vocabulary is almost as remarkable as his variety of rhythm. Like his contemporaries, he is too fond at times of the 'aureate' style, which rejoiced in such words as matutine, præclare, mansuetude, pulcritude; his *Address to London*, 'London thou art of townes A per se' (a non-such), is in contemporary Southern English; but in his realistic work his vocabulary is the homeliest vernacular.

Though much of his verse is comparatively plain sailing, much of it is to the uneducated Scotsman, accustomed to speak or read modern 'broad Scotch,' perfectly unintelligible; very few educated Scotsmen can read him without constant reference to the glossary; some words are found only in Dunbar; the old vernacular of his raciest poems is a dead language—were it not so, ordinary decorum would hardly allow some of them to be printed nowadays; and Chaucer, on the whole, is easier even for Scotsmen.

Dunbar seems almost equally at home in a pedantic conventional style and in the shortest, sharpest realism. And it is obvious that for him the transition in thought is equally easy from a meditation on the joys of heaven to merriment of the roughest kind. It cannot be regarded as certain that the indecorous poems are all early, the pious ones all late; more likely Dunbar illustrates and reflects the contrasts and contradictions so strangely coexisting in human nature, perhaps specially inherent in Scottish temperaments and conspicuous in Scottish history—grimness and gloom in the prospect of death and judgment chequered by devil-may-care jollity, orthodox religion by audacious irreverence.

It must be admitted that Dunbar's piety has a somewhat professional flavour, and suggests rather the expectant Churchman; his moralisings on the instability of earthly things betray rather the disappointed courtier and sated epicurean than the devout philosopher. The solemn confession, 'I cry thee mercy, and lasar to repent,' is hardly like the outpouring of a contrite soul; the penitent seems, like Topsy, anxious to confess all possible sins at once, and is careful to recite them logically in the order of a theological manual. Even Dunbar's satire, it will be noticed, is seldomer the

sæva indignatio of a moral censor wholly in earnest than the more than half-cynical amusement of a very tolerant man of the world, who sees through the pettiness and self-deception of kings, nobles, judges, priests, friars, fools, upstarts, high and low, mankind and womankind generally. He throws his satire about rather indiscriminately, and is obviously more anxious to amuse than to reform.

Some of his religious poems were merely ingenious or fantastical exercitations in rhymes and rhythms on theological commonplaces. *A Ballad of our Lady* begins thus, and so continues:

> Haile sterne superne! Haile in eterne
> In Godis sicht to schyne!
> Lucerne in derne for to discerne, Lamp—darkness
> Be glory and grace devyne
> Hodiern modern sempitern
> Angelicall regyne!

The difficulties of the rhyme in such cases he diminished by taking over such Latin words as, when modified, suited his purpose, and thus gilding the gold of the 'aureate' style. The most important of the poems attributed to him without sufficient reason is that called the *Freiris of Berwick*—the adventure of two White Friars detecting Friar John, superior of the Gray Friars, in an intrigue with a farmer's wife. The plot is a folk-tale of wide distribution, and is found in Grimm and in Hans Andersen's 'Great Claus and Little Claus.' Here it is put in an eminently Scottish setting; and the narrative of the detection and punishment of the evil-doer is told with great spirit, much humour, and not a little coarseness. Allan Ramsay vulgarised the tale in his *Monk and the Miller's Wife*.

Dunbar shows constant reminiscences of Chaucer, and some of Lydgate and Gower, as we have seen; but the examples given will show how utterly unlike Chaucer his natural bent and temper are. He has not Chaucer's genial views of life, Chaucer's broad humanity; a certain grimness and terseness, again, is all his own. Chaucer's humour was kindly, Dunbar's caustic and cynical. We nowhere find in Dunbar the indefinable charm of Chaucer. A comparison with Skelton, on the other hand, redounds wholly to Dunbar's glory. Of his contemporaries, we feel that Dunbar was the most modern in spirit; and though he was a court poet and not a people's poet, he may fairly be regarded as a precursor of Burns—though not of the whole Burns. It is the Burns of 'The Jolly Beggars,' 'Holy Willie,' and 'Tam o' Shanter,' and the Burns of the somewhat tame moral and religious verses—and even that is much; but it is not the best-beloved Burns, the Burns of the songs. There are in Dunbar poems about love in plenty, sometimes of the noblest, sometimes of the ignoblest kind, but there are no singable love lyrics. And one rarely distinguishes the note of outspoken patriotism so frequent in Burns and other Scottish poets. There is much in Dunbar to repel all readers who do not make large allowances for a rude age, a ruder country, a dissolute court, and a Rabelaisian humour. Professor Courthope complains that Dunbar rarely touches the chords of human sympathy; even Sir Walter Scott admitted that in pathos Dunbar could not compare with 'the Bard of Woodstock.' Trifler, moralist, ribald joker, and scolding and scalding satirist by turns, he was always a literary craftsman, almost always a poet. He gives us a startlingly graphic picture of his own moods, of his time and his surroundings. He had a very marked individuality of his own, unusual versatility, and a command of his materials in apt words, in metre, in rhyme, unparalleled amongst contemporaries. And in spite of Mr Lowell, we may confidently say of Dunbar, and with more truth, what Mr Lowell said of Skelton, as of a genuine poet: 'He had vivacity, fancy, humour, and originality. Gleams of the truest poetical sensibility alternate in him with an almost brutal coarseness. He was truly Rabelaisian before Rabelais. But there is a freedom and hilarity in much of his writing that gives it a singular attraction.'

See, besides Laing's edition (2 vols. 1834), that of the Scottish Text Society (by Small, Mackay, Gregor, and MacNeill, 3 vols. 1884–93), that of Professor Schipper (Vienna, 1891–95); the Life in German by Professor Schipper (Vienna, 1884); a small book on Dunbar by O. Smeaton (1898); an essay by Alexander Smith in *Dreamthorp* (1866); J. M. Ross's *Scottish History and Literature* (1884); J. Kaufmann's *Traité de Langue du poète Ecossais William Dunbar* (Bonn, 1873); a German disquisition by Odward Hahn on *Verbal- und nominalflexion* in Dunbar and other Scottish poets (Berlin, 1887–89); and H. B. Baildon's dissertation on his Rimes (Trans. Roy. Soc. Edin. 1899).

Walter Kennedy, Dunbar's antagonist in the *Flyting*, is called by him an 'Ersch brybour baird' (Irish-speaking beggar poetaster), and is charged—extravagantly—with being unable to speak passable Inglis. Another charge—that his tongue had a 'Heland strynd,' or Highland strain—is likely enough. For the Galloway Gaelic was in use in Carrick into the eighteenth century, as we now know, and was even heard in the pulpit in the seventeenth; and the local tone of the Carrick country-folks still sufficiently distinguishes them from their neighbours of Kyle, once Welsh-speaking. Walter Kennedy was the son of Lord Kennedy, head of the great Carrick sept; graduated at Glasgow University; acted as examiner there; and later was Bailie-Depute of his native district. He charges Dunbar with Lollardy—a most unlikely story, if one may judge by his poems—and he was himself nothing if not orthodox on the Church question. The poems by him that have been preserved are mostly moral, devout, and edifying, save his part in the *Flyting*, which is as ribald as Dunbar's, but less masterly in its Billingsgate and complex rhythms. Laing in his edition of Dunbar printed Kennedy's poems, the *Praise of Aige*, *Ane Agit Man's Invective* against his own youthful dissipations, *Ane Ballat in Praise of our Lady*, and parts of a poem *On the Passioun of Christ*. But most of his work is probably lost.

In the *Praise of Aige* Kennedy is more paradoxical than Henryson on the same theme, and does not hint that an elderly person who, like Kennedy, seems to have sown wild oats is apt not to be unbiassed on that head. In view of the temptations and weakness of youth, he protests that old age is decidedly to be preferred to youth:

Grene yowth, to aige thow mon obey and bow,
  Thy ſoly leſtis ſkant ane May; folly lasts
That than wes witt, is naturall ſoly now,
  As warldly honour, riches, or freſche array,
  Deffy the divill, dreid God and domiſday.
For all ſall be accuſit, as thow knawis;
  Bliſſit be God, my yowth-heid is away;
Honour with aige to every vertew drawis.

O bittir yowth! that ſeimis ſo delicious;
  O haly aige! that ſumtymes ſemit ſoure,
O reſtleſs yowth! hie, hait, and vicious; hot
  O honeſt aige! fulfillit with honoure;
  O frawart yowth! fruitleſs and fedand flour, froward
Contrair to conſcience, baith to God and lawis,
  Of all vane gloir the lamp and the mirroure: glory
Honour with aige till every vertew drawis.

This warld is ſett for to diſſaive us evin,
  Pryde is the nett, and cuvatece is the trane; bait
For na reward, except the joy of hevin,
  Wald I be yung in to this warld agane.
  The ſchip of faith, tempeſtous wind and rane
Dryvis in the ſee of Lollerdy that blawis;
  My yowth is gane, and I am glaid and fane, fain
Honour with aige to every vertew drawis.

Laing is quite unduly harsh in his judgment of the *Invective* as 'beneath criticism;' it was printed by Ramsay in *The Evergreen*. The *Ballat in Praise of our Lady* has some happy thoughts, though each stanza rather artificially winds up with a detached fragment of the 'Ave Mary' or other Latin formula. The fourth verse runs thus:

The modir ſé, fludis, lochis, and wellis, mother sea
  War all thir ynke, and quyk and deid couth wryte,
The hevyne ſtellat, montanis, planetis, and ſellis,
  War ſair perchiament, and all as Virgillis dyte, poems
  And pleſand pennis for to report perfyte
War woddis, foreſtis, treis, gardingis, and gravis, groves
  Couth nocht diſcryve thy honouris infinit!
    Specioſa facta es, et ſuavis.

Some phrases are memorable. 'Blist be thy wame ... that made us sib to Christ' is sound Catholic theology, and in homely terseness of speech is worthy of a Covenanting preacher; by taking on human nature in the Virgin's womb Christ became akin or sib (a word used both by Chaucer and Piers Plowman) to all mankind. In *Pious Counsale* to a discarded sweetheart, 'Leiff luiff, my luiff, no langer I it lyk' ('Leave off loving, my love, I no longer like it'), is surely rather a one-sided argument, even when fortified by the hint, 'And knaw in hell there is eternall pane.'

In the *Passioun of Christ* he tells us:

Throu helpe of Him quhilk deit on the trè,
  In Inglis toung I think to mak remembrance
  How God maid man: how man fell throu myſchance;

how through Christ's death man has come into a state of grace, and may finally hope for glory—a complete Roman Catholic *Fourfold State* in verse, as Scriptural as Boston's. Man after the Fall is 'put to the horn, exilit fra Goddis face'—again a sentence Boston might have used; 'put to the horn' being a Scots law phrase for 'outlawed.' In comparison with this solemn subject all books and studies are worthless, if men could only see it:

Bot now, allace! men ar mair ſtudyus
  To reid the Seïge of the toun of Tyre,
The life of Turſalem, or Hector, or Troylus,
  The vanité of Alexanderis empire;
  Bot quhen the warld ſall all birn in a fire, burn
Than vane ſtoryis ſall mak na remeid,
Bot all thair helpe mon cum throu Criſtis deid.

The tidings of salvation and the tidings of damnation were neither of them first preached in Ayrshire by Burns's contemporary ministers. 'Tursalem' is a monstrosity. Oddly enough Douce, followed by David Laing, says 'unquestionably' we should read 'the Siege of Jerusalem,' though they do not tell us how to scan the line in that case. Is not 'Tursalem' rather a copyist's blunder for 'Tristrem'?

In the tolbuth then Pilot enterit in,
  Callit on Criſt and ſperit, Gif he wes King?

introduces the colloquy from the Gospels paraphrased.

In the account of Christ's sufferings Kennedy keeps pretty close to the Gospel story, but goes beyond it to tell how the persecutors 'twyn his banis' and 'depart the tender lithis [joints] of his back.' Death, personified, not merely expresses profound regret, but is made to explain to the dying Saviour (!) the Father's scheme of Redemption and the necessity for his own sacrifice:

Quhen Deid enterit within the breiſt of blis,
  His nobill hert he graipit in his hand, groped, clutched
Sayand, O King, thocht ye have done no myſs, 1
  For your pepill ye mon bow till our wand; must—rod
  For your Fader hes gart us underſtand,
That be your deid Man is reſtorit to grace;
Bot yow, faikles, I dred to ſla, allace!

1 Though—nothing amiss.

The poet himself 'flites' with Death in terms very different from those of that other *Flyting*, and thus states some of the signal results of Christ's death by the 'subtill working of the Haly Gaist:'

He garris the occourar leif his gu l in haiſt, makes—usurer
And him follow in gret powerté; poverty
Ane hird, a king, a propheit makis he.

Off ane perſewar he makis a protectour;
  And of a cowart, quhilk denyit his name
Thris for ane word or runyn wes ane hour, ere run
  He garris contempne all erdly pane; and thane then
  Aganis knychtis and princis him allane
Stand conſtantly, and Criſtis faith defend;
Leif as ane poſtill, ſyne as a marter end. apostle—afterwards

Another Ayrshire poet of Kennedy's name, possibly of his kin, was named by Knox with such

unusual tenderness that one regrets all trace of his precocious and early extinguished genius has been lost. Thomas Kennedy, a young man of Ayr, 'not passing xviii yeares of aige,' was, Knox tells us, 'of excellent injyne in Scottish poesy,' but, convicted of Lollardy before the Archbishop, was burnt at the stake in Glasgow in 1539.

Gavin Douglas, Bishop of Dunkeld and poet, was born at Tantallon Castle about 1474, third son of Archibald, Earl of Angus, famous as 'Bell the Cat,' and was educated for the Church at St Andrews, and perhaps at Paris. He had a living at Prestonkirk, near Dunbar, and in 1501 was appointed Provost of St Giles's in Edinburgh. After Flodden he was nominated abbot of Arbroath, and was promised the archbishopric of St Andrews. But hostile influences triumphed, and he was not allowed to enter in 1515 even into possession of the see of Dunkeld without unpleasantness. Albany, returning to Scotland and to power, imprisoned the Bishop for nearly a year; and when the Douglas party was wholly overthrown at Cleanse-the-Causeway in 1520, Gavin fled to England, to the court of Henry VIII. He was proscribed as a traitor, and the revenues of his bishopric of Dunkeld sequestrated; but he did not live long to regret his loss: he was stricken with the plague, and died in London in 1522. He was a man of great gifts, sound learning, and amiable character; but family connections and the currents of the time led him to become a political intriguer—not over-scrupulous, it would seem. Douglas wrote two original poetical works, both apparently in his youth. *The Palice of Honour* (1501) is an apologue showing the triumph of virtue over difficulty, with special reference to a good king, and addressed to James IV. The poet sees in a vision a large company travelling towards the Palace of Honour, joins them, and tells the story of the pilgrimage, not without reminiscences of Chaucer and *Piers Plowman.* The singular company includes heathen goddesses, Scriptural and classical personages, virtues and vices, poets and patriots. *King Hart* is also an allegorical view of human life. The human heart is personified as a king in his castle, with the five senses around him; he is attacked by Dame Pleasaunce, who has conquered many a king, from Solomon downwards, but at length Age and Experience come to the rescue, and King Hart is set free. There is also a small moral poem on *Conscience.* But Douglas's best-known work is his complete translation of the **Æneid** (1513) in the Scottish language, being the first version of a great Latin poet into any British tongue. (Caxton printed a translation of *Cicero De Senectute* in 1481. Phaer's incomplete translation of Virgil was made in 1555–58.) The translation is in the heroic couplet, of ten syllables to the line. As a translation it is by no means accurate, but the translator shows a true and poetic appreciation of Virgil's beauties, and makes no unworthy effort to reproduce them for his unlettered countrymen, in verse none too smooth or flowing. There is poetry in the translation, but much is only prosy rhyme. The introductions to the seventh and twelfth books—describing winter and May—have been praised even by Lowell, most grudging critic of the old Scottish poets; and here, too, he takes exception to the '*item* kind of description.' In the famous passage of the descent of Æneas to the infernal regions, we read in Douglas:

It is rycht facill and eith gait, I the tell, — easy path
For to discend and pas on doun to hell,
The blak ȝettis of Pluto and that dirk way — gates
Standis evir opyne and patent nycht and day;
But tharfra to return agane on hycht,
And heir abufe recovir this airis lycht,
That is difficill werk—thar laubour lyes.

In regard to his temper and his relation to the Renaissance, Mr Courthope surely exaggerates when he says that 'no poet, not even Dante himself, ever drank more deeply of the spirit of Virgil than Gavin Douglas;' compared with Dunbar he is mediæval in spirit. Though later in point of time than Henryson and Dunbar, Douglas is much less easily read. He was, like Spenser, fond of archaisms, and he resolved, he said, to write wholly in the vernacular of Scotland, which he was the first notable writer to call Scottis (see page 165). His language is, however, far from being pure Lowland Scots, and this he himself admits; as Professor Skeat says, his style is 'much affected by Anglicisms,' and he seems to have manufactured new words from Latin at will. This is what he himself says:

And ȝit, forsuith, I set my besy pane
As that I suld, to mak it braid and plane,
Kepand na sudroun bot our awin langage, — 1
And speikis as I lernit quhen I was page.
Nor ȝit sa clene all sudroun I refuse,
Bot sum word I pronunce as nychtbour doise; — 2
Lyk as in Latyne bene Grew termes sum, — Greek
So me behuvit quhilum, or than be dum,
Sum bastard Latyne, Frensch, or Inglis oiss, — use
Quhar scant war Scottis I had na wther choiss. — choice

1 Southron, English of the south. 2 As our neighbours [of England] do.

Douglas disapproved strongly of Caxton's translation of Virgil—really of a French romance on the subject—as an insult to the great poet's name:

Adherand to my protestatioun,
Thocht Williame Caxtoun, of Inglis natioun,
In pross hes prent ane buik of Inglis gros, — prose
Clepand it Virgill in Eneados,
Quhilk that he sais of Frensch he did translait,
It hes na thing ado therwith, God wait,
Nor na mair like than the devill and Sanct Austyne;
Haue he na thank therfor, bot lost his pyne, — pain
So schamfully that storye did pervert;
I red his werk with harmes at my hert, — sorrows
That sic ane buik, but sentence or engyne, — sense or ability
Suld be intitillit efter the poet divyne;

His ornait goldin versis mair than gilt,
I spittit for despyt to see sua spilt — so spoiled
With sic a wycht, quhilk treulie be myne entent,
Knew neuer thre wowrdis of all that Virgill ment.

The following verses—with their double or triple internal rhymes—are part of an apostrophe in praise of Honour at the end of the *Palice of Honour*:

O hie Honour, sweit heuinlie flour degest! — gracious
Gem verteous, maist precious, gudliest,
For hie renoun thou art guerdon conding, — condign
Of worschip kend the glorious end and rest,
But quhome in richt na worthie wicht may lest, — last, endure
Thy greit puissance may maist auance all thing,
And pouerall to meikall auail sone bring. — poverty
I the require sen thow but peir art best, — without peer
That eftir this in thy hie blis we ring. — reign

Of grace thy face in euerie place sa schynis,
That sweit all spreit baith heid and feit inclynis
Thy gloir afoir for till imploir remeid. — before thy glory
He docht richt nocht that out of thocht the tynis; — loses
Thy name but blame and royal fame diuine is; — die
Thou port at schort of our comfort and reid, — at hand
To bring all thing till glaiding after deid;
All wicht but sicht of thy greit micht ay crynis; — shrinks
O schene I mene, nane may sustene thy feid. 1

[1] O fair [one whom] I mean, none can endure thy ill-will. *But*, four times, means 'without.'

Much of the translation is very pedestrian—hardly more poetic than the doggerel of the chroniclers. The bishop cannot be accounted happy in his rendering of the beginning of the first book of the *Æneid*:

The batellis and the man I will descrive,
Fra Troys boundis first that fugitive,
By fait to Itale coyme and coist Lavyne; 1, 2
Our land and see cachit with mekle pyne, 3, 4
By force of goddis abuif, fro euery steid, — place
Of cruell Juno throw ald ramembrit feid. — feud, quarrel
Greit pane in batell sufferit he also,
Or he his goddis brocht in Latio,
And belt the ciete, fra quhame, of noble fame, 5
The Latyne peple takin hes thair name,
And eik the faderis, princis of Alba
Come, and the valleris of greit Rome alswa. 6

[1] Come. [2] Coast of Lavinia. [3] Over. [4] Chased, driven. [5] Built the city. [6] Wallers, fortifiers.

The most poetic parts of Douglas's work are the Prologues to the several books of the *Æneid*, which are free creations, absolutely without any parallel in the original, and breathe the air of sixteenth-century Scotland, not of ancient Italy at all. This, for example, is a Scotch winter, though added as Prologue to the seventh book of the *Æneid*:

Quhen brym blastis of the northyne art 1, 2
Ourquhelmit had Neptunus in his cart, — Overwhelmed—car
And all to schaik the levis of the treis, 3
The rageand storm ourwalterand wally seis; 4
Reveris ran reid on spait with watteir broune, 5
And burnis hurlis all thair bankis downe, — brooks
And landbrist rumland rudely wyth sic beir, 6
So loud ne rummist wyld lioun or beir. 7
Fludis monstreis, sic as meirswyne or quhailis, 8
For the tempest law in the deip devallyis. 9

[1] Fierce. [2] *Art* [later Scotch *airt*], direction, quarter. [3] Cf. 'All to break his skull' in Judges ix. 53. [4] Over-weltering wavy seas. [5] Red in flood. [6] Landslips rumbling loud with such noise. [7] As never bellowed lion or bear. [8] Monsters of the flood, such as porpoises and whales. [9] By reason of the storm sink low in the deep.

The two following passages, both from the Prologue to the twelfth book, represent a Scottish May-day in somewhat rosy colours:

As fresch Aurora, to mychty Tythone spous,
Ischit of hir safron bed and evir hous, — Issued from—ivory
In crammysin cled and granit violat, — cramoisie—grain-dyed silk
With sanguyne cape, the selvage purpurat,
Onschot the windois of hyr large hall, — Unshut, opened
Spred all wyth rosys, and full of balm ryall, — royal
And eik the hevinly portis crystallyne — eke, also
Vpwarpis braid, the warld to illumyn. Throws up, opens wide
. . . . . .
. . . . . Wenchis and damysellis,
In gresy gravis wandrand by spring wellis, 1
Of blomyt branchis and flowris quhite and rede 2
Plettand thar lusty chaiplettis for thar hede;
Sum sing sangis, dansis ledys, and rovndis, 3
Wyth vocis schill, quhill all the daill resovndis; 4, 5
Quharso thai walk into thar caraling, — Whereso, wherever—carolling
For amorus lays doith all the rochis ryng. — rocks
Ane sang, *The schip salis our the salt fame,*
Will bring thir merchandis and my lemman hame; — sweetheart
Sum other singis, *I wil be blyth and lycht,*
Myne hart is lent apon sa gudly wycht. — so goodly a youth
And thochtfull luffaris rowmys to and fro, — roam
To leis thar pane, and plene thar joly wo; 6, 7
Eftyr thar gys, now syngand, now in sorow, — guise, manner
With hartis pensyve, the lang symmeris morow:
Sum ballettis lyst endyte of his lady,
Sum levis in hoip, and sum aluterly — hope—utterly
Disparyt is, and sa quyte owt of grace,
His purgatory he fyndis in euery place.

[1] Grassy lanes or groves. [2] Bloom-covered, blossomed. [3] Lead dances and round-dances. [4] Voices clear. [5] Till. [6] Get rid of. [7] Lament their pleasing sorrow.

The second is a welcome to the summer sun:

Welcum the lord of lycht, and lamp of day,
Welcum fostyr of tendir herbys grene,
Welcum quyknar of florist flowris schene, 1
Welcum support of euery rute and vane, — vein, fibre
Welcum confort of alkynd fruyt and grane,
Welcum the byrdis beyld apon the breyr, — bield, shelter, nest
Welcum maister and rewlar of the zeyr,
Welcum weilfar of husbandis at the plewis,
Welcum raparar of woddis, treis, and bewis, — boughs
Welcum depayntar of the blomyt medis, — decorator of the flowery meads
Welcum the lyfe of euery thing that spredis,
Welcum stourour of alkynd bestiall, — guardian of all kinds of cattle
Welcum be thi brycht bemys, glading all,
Welcum celestiall myrrour and aspy, — espier, sentinel
Attechyng all that hantis sluggardy! — Arresting, arousing

[1] Quickener of flourishing flowers bright.

The *Palice of Honour* seems to have been first printed in 1553, the same year as the *Æneid*. Ruddiman's edition of the *Æneid* is notable as having had a glossary of Scots words which served as a basis for Jamieson's Dictionary. The next edition was that of the Bannatyne Club (1839). The first collected edition of the works was by Dr John Small (4 vols. 1874).

Sir David Lyndsay, Lyon King of Arms and satirist, was born about the year 1490 either at The Mount, in the parish of Monimail in Fife, or at his father's other house of Garmylton (now Garleton), near Haddington. He was educated probably at Cupar or Haddington, then at the University of St Andrews, was early employed at the court of James IV., and in 1511–12 had a salary of forty pounds as usher. About the same time he took part in a play performed before the king and queen at Holyrood. He was in attendance on the king at the church of St Michael, Linlithgow, when an apparition warned the monarch against passing to England on his fatal project of invasion—an incident graphically delineated in Scott's *Marmion*. Lyndsay became practically the companion and senior playfellow of the young James V.:

> As ane chapman beris his pak,
> I bure thy Grace upon my bak;
> And sumtymes strydlingis on my nek,
> Dansand with mony bend and bek.
> The first syllabis that thow did mute
> Was PA, DA, LYN.

About the year 1529 the king knighted Lyndsay and appointed him Lyon King of Arms, or chief of the Heralds' College of Scotland. He was employed on missions to the court of the Emperor Charles V. at Brussels, as well as to Denmark, France, and England, and on various royal messages and embassies, besides representing the burgh of Cupar in Parliament in 1544–46. From the beginning he sympathised with the people rather than with the nobles, and with the Reforming party as against the Churchmen. In his later days he retired to The Mount, where he died in 1555. The antique phrasing, prolixity, and frequent coarseness of Lyndsay's writings have thrown them into the shade; but they abound in racy pictures of the times, in humorous and burlesque description, and in keen and cutting satire, and not seldom show poetical fancy, warm sympathies, and kindly feeling. He wrote for the king and court, but obviously meant to appeal to a wider audience—the nation at large. He attained at once to very great popularity, and for two centuries was what, down to Burns, nobody else had been in the same degree—the poet of the Scottish people. His breadth and license in description and satire doubtless did much to cherish a delighted tolerance for 'frankness' and 'realism' of a kind hardly consistent with the puritan temper—characteristic rather of Scottish theology and religion than of Scottish life and character. Lyndsay was apparently thoroughly in earnest with his satire; he was the Langland of Scotland, with a large element of coarser humour superadded. He lashed the vices of the clergy with boldness, and from his public position and the openness of his satire and invective, he must materially have advanced the Reforming temper, if not the Reformed doctrines. He was one of the influential Reformers who in 1547 urged Knox to become a preacher; yet he did not join the Reformed congregation, and, dying before the triumph of that cause, remained nominally at least a Catholic to the end. He escaped the vengeance of the Church throughout; and James overlooked the shafts of Lyndsay directed against his own 'pleasant vices' and defects. With the bulk of his countrymen Davie Lyndsay was singularly popular. His sarcastic lines and shrewd sayings passed into proverbs, and are not yet wholly forgotten.

Lyndsay's first poem, *The Dreme*, was written about the year 1528, when he was accordingly a man of thirty-seven. The prologue to the *Dreme* is the most poetical of his pieces; while the dream itself is a rather methodical and tedious survey of hell, where clerics from popes down to humblest friars, heretics, kings, and nobles 'fry furiously' in the fire; of purgatory; of heaven, where—

> Of that tryumphand court celestiall
> St Peter was lufetenand-general;

of the earth, especially of Scotland, where, spite of the bounty of nature, ruinously bad government had induced dire poverty, 'John the Commoun Weill' being driven to quit the country. This was followed by *The Complaynt to the King* (1529), on the king's escape from the tutelage of the Douglas faction; and *The Testament and Complaynt of our Soverane Lordis Papyngo* [Parrot] in 1530. All three works consist largely of criticisms of the state of the kingdom during two of its dismal minority governments. The *Papyngo* has a specially hard word for the monks and friars —ravens and kites—who, with the most plausible pretexts, are eager to be in at the death for the sake of the death-dues. The other principal works of Lyndsay, besides his heraldic *Register of Scottish Arms*, are *An Answer to the Kingis Flyting* (1536), *The Deploration of the Death of Queen Magdalene* (1537); *Ane Supplication directit to the Kingis Grace, in contemptioun of Syde Taillis* (1538), a vehement denunciation of the fashionable long skirts of the ladies; *Kittis Confessioun* (1541), a satire on auricular confession; *The Tragedie of the Cardinall* (1546), on the death of Beaton; *The Historie and Testament of Squyer William Meldrum* (about 1550); *Ane Dialog betuix Experience and ane Courteour, of the miserabyll estait of the World* (1553), otherwise called the *Monarchie;* and his most notable work, *Ane Pleasant Satyre of the Thrie Estaitis*. This last work is a rude dramatic composition, a satire upon the three estates of the realm—clergy, nobles, and merchants—full of humour and grossness, and curiously illustrative of the taste of the times. Spite of its pungency, its attacks on bishops and Church abuses, and its frequent indecencies, the satiric drama of the *Thrie Estaitis* was acted in presence of the court at Linlithgow, Cupar, and Edinburgh, the stage being

in the open air. The performance at Linlithgow took place at the Feast of Epiphany, January 6, 1539–40, in the presence of the king, queen, the ladies of the court, the bishops, and a great concourse of people of all ranks. When Lyndsay called his play a 'Satyre,' he meant the word to include something of the ancient sense of 'medley;' it has for us a curious interest as the only specimen of the old vernacular Scottish play—for Buchanan's Latin plays, so important in their influence on vernacular play-writing in Germany, belong to another category. We have a bit of an interlude from Dunbar, and we have innumerable allusions in books (Knox, James Melville, Calderwood), biographies, and kirk-session records to show that from early in the sixteenth century at least, or about the seventeenth century, plays in some connections—as at the grammar schools—were either directly sanctioned or encouraged by the authorities; and when the presbyteries intervened, they did so on account of the 'much bawdry and banning' which seem a separable accident of the plays. Lyndsay's is a cross between the old morality, the interlude as managed in England by Heywood and Bale, the modern play, and explicit and systematic satire. Sensualitie, Wantonness, Flatterie, Falset [Falsehood], Dissait [Deceit], are characters who have too much authority with Spiritualitie, Temporalitie, and Merchand (the three estates); John the Commoun Weill has many and bitter complaints to make; and by help of Gude Counsall and Correction things are to be put on a better footing, in spite of the recalcitrancy of Spiritualitie. The satire is indeed keen and scathing, particularly of the abuses of the Church and of Churchmen; in the interludes the allegory gives way to very realistic buffoonery; and the picture of contemporary manners of Scotland is amazingly vivid. The *Historie of Squyer Meldrum* is perhaps the most entertaining of all Lyndsay's works, rough but lively and full of verve. A belated specimen of a metrical romance, it is founded on the actual adventures of a well-known Fife laird, William Meldrum, of Cleish and Binns, who served in France during the war in 1513, and on his return to Scotland was noted for his gallantry and for his tragic fate.

The **Dreme**, addressed to the still young King James V., thus begins:

Quhen thow wes young, I bure thee in myne arme
  Full tenderlie, tyll thow begouth to gang; (began)
And in thy bed oft happit thee full warme, (covered)
  With lute in hand syne sweitlie to thee sang:
  Sumtyme in dansing feiralie I flang; (nimbly)
And sumtyme playand farsis on the flure;
And sumtyme on myne office takkand cure:

And sumtyme lyke ane feind, transfigurate, (fiend, devil)
  And sumtyme lyke the greislie gaist of Gye;
In divers formis oft tymes disfigurate,
  And sumtyme dissagyist full pleasandlye. (disguised)
  So sen thy birth I have continewalye (since)
Bene occupyit, and aye to thy plesoure;
And sumtyme Seware, Coppare, and Carvoure;

Thy purs maister and secreit Thesaurare,
  Thy Yschare, aye sen thy natyvitie, (usher)
And of thy chalmer cheiffe Cubiculare,
  Quhilk to this hour hes keipit my lawtie; (loyalty)
  Lovyng be to the blyssit Trynitie! (Praise)
That sic ane wracheit worme hes maid so habyll,
Tyll sic ane Prince to be so greabyll. (agreeable)

Bot now thow arte, be influence naturall,
  Hie of ingyne, and rycht inquisityve (genius)
Of antique storeis, and deidis marciall;
  More plesandlie the tyme for tyll ouerdryve,
  I have at lenth the storeis done descryve
Of Hectour, Arthour, and gentyll Julyus,
Of Alexander and worthy Pompeyus;

Of Jasone and Medea, all at lenth,
  Of Hercules the actis honorabyll,
And of Sampsone the supernaturall strenth,
  And of leill luffaris storeis amiabyll; (loyal lovers)
  And oft tymes have I feinyeit mony fabyll, (feigned)
Of Troylus, the sorrow and the joye,
And seigis all of Tyir, Thebes, and Troye.

The Propheceis of Rymour, Beid, and Marlyng,
  And of mony uther plesand storye,
Of the Reid Etin, and the Gyir Carlyng,
  Confortand thee, quhen that I saw thee sorye:
  Now, with the supporte of the King of Glorye,
I sall thee schaw ane storye of the new,
The quhilk affore I never to thee schew. (showed)

But humilie I beseik thyne Excellence,
  With ornate termis thocht I can nocht expres
This sempyll mater, for laik of eloquence; (lack)
  Yit, nochtwithstandyng all my besynes
  With hart and hand, my mynd I sall addres,
As I best can, and most compendious:
Now I begyn: the mater hapnit thus.

In to the Calendis of Januarie,
  Quhen fresche Phebus, be movyng circulair,
Frome Capricorne wes enterit in Aquarie,
  With blastis that the branchis maid full bair,
  The snaw and sleit perturbit all the air,
And flemit Flora frome every bank and bus, (chased)
Throuch supporte of the austeir Eolus.

The works and stories named may be regarded as Sir David's notion of the 'best books for young people.' *Guy of Warwick*, as we know it, has no grisly ghost; *Red Etin* and the *Gyre-Carling* (see page 209) are still extant, though the latter's cannibal giant would hardly be a pleasant acquaintance for youth. The prophecies of Thomas the Rhymer and of Merlin were very famous; for that attributed to the Venerable Bede (about the overthrow of England), see the *Scottish Antiquary*, xiv. 72.

The Sewer was the court officer who presided over the serving of meals; the Coppare is the cup-bearer; the Cubicular took charge of the sleeping-chambers.

Of Lyndsay's freedom in satirising blunders in State-policy we may judge from a passage in the **Complaynt to the King**, on the Scottish revolution in 1524, when—the king being twelve years of age—the Douglases gained the ascendency:

Imprudentlie, lyk wytles fuilis,
Thay tuke that young Prince frome the scuilis,

Quhare he, under obedience,
Was lernand vertew and science,
And haistelie platt in his hand — placed
The governance of all Scotland;
As quho wald, in ane stormye blast,
Quhen marinaris bene all agast
Throw dainger of the seis raige,
Wald tak ane chylde of tender aige,
Quhilk never had bene on the sey,
And to his biddyng all obey,
Gevyng hym haill the governall — whole, all
Of schip, marchand, and marinall,
For dreid of rockis and foreland,
To put the ruther in his hand:
Without Goddis grace is no refuge:
Geve thare be dainger, ye may juge. — If
I gyf thame to the Devyll of hell,
Quhilk first devysit that counsell,
I wyll nocht say that it was treassoun;
Bot I dar sweir it was no reassoun.
I pray God, lat me never se ryng — reign
In to this realme so young ane Kyng.

Much of Lyndsay's work is hardly smoother or more melodious than Wyntoun's *Chronicle;* a part of it is in the same rhyming octosyllabics, the lines made up with 'as I heard tell,' 'as I you tell,' 'without sudgeorne' [sojourn, delay], and the like needless phrases. English spellings and rhymes were adopted when he thought fit (see below, where he has *bone* and *none*, instead of *bane* and *nane*, as elsewhere); and his Scripture history and tales of the Assyrian kings are not, as a rule, more truly poetical than Zachary Boyd's Bible renderings. Yet it is often interesting for other reasons—for the insight it gives us into contemporary notions of geography and history among the educated, of religious and political thought among all classes; for its shrewd and often sage remarks on men and things; for its humour, and even sometimes for its lack of humour. The *Satyre of the Thrie Estaitis* seems like a curious and uncouth jumble of *Piers Plowman*, Bishop Bale, and Goethe's *Faust*. With Lyndsay allegory was not adopted for the love of it, but as a literary expedient for providing varied satirical effects. Lyndsay, like his predecessors, reverenced Chaucer; and unlike as their tempers were, there are in Lyndsay many direct traces of Chaucer's influence.

The creation of woman is thus recorded in the **Monarchie** (an elaborate compendium of events in sacred and profane history, in some parts based on Melanchthon's *Daniel*, but taken partly direct from Scripture and from a series of authors duly specified, from Orosius to Polydore Vergil):

God putt Adam in sic sapour — *sopor*, drowsiness
That for to sleip he tuke pleasour,
And laid hym doun apone the grounde;
And quhen Adam was slepand sounde
He tuke ane rib furth of his syde,
Syne fyld it up with flesche and hyde,
And maid ane woman of that bone
Fairar of form wes never none.
Than tyll Adam incontinent
That fair Ladye he did present.

The Fall is described in an equally unimpressive manner, and tells how, being ashamed, 'thai maid thame breikis of levis grene' (nearly as the Geneva Bible of 1560 has it, and as Wyclif's translators rendered it long before).

The Flood is much more vigorously described:

Quhen wynd and rane began to ryis;
The roikis with rerd began to ryve, — rocks—noise
Quhen uglie cluddis did ouerdryve,
And dirkynnet so the Hevinnis brycht — darkened
That Sonne nor Mone mycht schaw no lycht;
The terrabyll trymlyng of erthquaik
Gart biggyngis bow and cieteis schaik: — buildings
The thounder raif the cluddis sabyll, — rived, tore
With horrabyll sound appoventable; — terrific
The fyre flauchtis flew ouerthorte the fellis; — 1, 2
Then wes thare nocht bot yowtis and yellis.

[1] Lightnings. [2] Athwart.

He has keen sympathy for the poor animals' dismay:

The fysches thocht thame euyll begyld
Quhen thay swame through the woddis wyld;
Quhalis tumbland amang the treis, — Whales
Wyld beistes swomand in the seis. — swimming
Birdis with mony pietuous pew
Affeiritlye in the air they flew
Sa lang as thay had strenth to flee,
Syne swalterit doun into the sea.

There are few of his poems in which he does not find occasion for a few shrewd strokes at abounding corruption in Church and State; and when he does directly address himself to denounce the unholy lives of bishops, priests, and friars, he is appallingly frank. Many a man has been burnt for less; for, though he did not attack theological mysteries, and said nothing about the mass, he demanded most that the martyrs asked. He insisted on the use of the vulgar tongue in prayers, protested against the mumbling of prayers in half-understood Latin, and jeered in the freest manner at pilgrimages, processions, images, relics, and pardons. Rutebeuf and the mediæval satirists used the same freedom in an age of stricter orthodoxy: the amusement they gave to all classes, including those satirised, covered a multitude of sins; the court-minstrel and the court-fool were, in fact, permitted the same liberties. The very broad humour (not seldom indecent) mixed up with Lyndsay's satire would have made a solemn prosecution for heresy ridiculous; and no doubt, as with Rabelais, this ingenious but indecorous expedient was deliberately adopted to embarrass clerical interference. Lyndsay, who was, besides, till James's death in 1542, the king's old and faithful and intimate friend, seems to carry the freedom of his address to bishops and princes into his appeals to the Almighty, whom he thus invokes:

Gett up! thow slepist all too lang, O Lord;
And mak one haistie reformatioun
On thame quhilk doeth tramp doun thy gratious Worde.

robably there are few prologues more in-
even in works more directly theological,
which the author more plainly indicates
the blame will lie if the book fail of effect,
that to the *Monarchie*, the last verse of
runs thus :

r, O Lorde, I pray thy Majestie
ow did schaw thy heych power Divyne,
anely in the Cane of Galelee,
re thow convertit cauld watter in wyne,
oye my mater tyll ane fructuous fyne, fruitful effect
ve my sayingis baith frome schame and syn :—
t, for now I purpose to begyn. Give heed

next three passages are from

The Satyre of the Thrie Estaitis.

er. Gude man, will ye gif me of your charitie,
sall declair yow the black veritie.
ther was ane auld man, and ane hoir, hoary
as of age fourscoir of yeirs and moir.
lald, my mother, was fourscoir and fyfteine,
ith my labour I did thame baith susteine.
ad ane meir, that caryit salt and coill, mare—coal
erie ilk yeir scho brocht us hame ane foill. each
ad thrie ky, that was baith fat and fair, cows
ydier into the toun of Air.
ther was sa waik of blude and bane, weak
e deit, quhairfoir my Mother maid gret maine : 1
cho deit, within ane day or two ;
air began my povertie and wo.
id gray meir was baittand on the feild, feeding
ir Land's laird tuik hir, for his hyreild, 2
ckar tuik the best cow be the heid,
nent, quhen my father was deid.
hen the Vickar hard tel how that my mother
id, fra hand, he tuke to him ane uther :
leg, my wife, did murne baith evin and morow,
the last scho deit for verie sorow :
hen the Vickar hard tell my wyfe was dead,
id cow he cleikit be the heid. caught, clutched
mest clayis, that was of rapploch gray, 3, 4
ckar gart his Clark bear them away.
all was gane I micht mak na debeat,
h my bairns past for till beg my meat.
haif I tald yow the blak veritie,
I am brocht into this miserie.
How did the Person? was he not thy gude freind? 5
The Devil stick him ! he curst me for my teind : 6
lds me yit under that same proces,
rt me want the Sacrament at Pasche. Easter
faith, Sir, thocht he wald cut my throt,
a geir except ane Inglis grot, groat
I purpois to gif ane man of law.
ence. Thou art the daftest fuill that ever I saw ;
hou, man, be the law to get remeid
of Kirk? Na, nocht till thou be deid.
er. Sir, be quhat law, tell me quhairfoir or quhy,
e Vickar suld tak fra me thre ky?
ence. Thay have na law exceptand consuetude,
law to them is sufficient and gude.
er. Ane consuetude against the common weill,
na law, I think, be sweit Sanct Geill. St Giles

1. 2 A fine extorted by a superior on the death of his 3 Uppermost [bed]clothes. 4 Coarse woollen. 5 Parson. nunicated me for my tithe.

From the Speech of the Pardoner.

My patent Pardouns, ye may se,
Cum fra the Cane of Tartarie, Khan
Weill seald with oster-schellis.
Thocht ye have na contritioun,
Ye sall have full remissioun,
With help of buiks and bellis.
Heir is ane relict, lang and braid,
Of Fine Macoull the richt chaft blaid, jaw-bone of Ossian's father
With teith and al togidder :
Of Colling's cow heir is ane horne,
For eating of Makconnal's corne,
Was slaine into Balquhidder.
Heir is ane coird, baith great and lang, cord
Quhilk hangit Johne the Armistrang :
Of gude hemp soft and sound :
Gude, halie peopill, I stand for'd
Quha ever beis hangit with this cord,
Neids never to be dround.
The culum of Sanct Bryd's kow, fundament
The gruntill of Sanct Antoni's sow, snout
Quhilk buir his haly bell :
Quha ever he be heiris this bell clinck,
Gif me ane ducat for till drink,
He sall never gang to hell,
Without he be of Baliell borne : Belial
Maisters, trow ye, that this be scorne !
Cum win this Pardoun, cum.
Quha luifis thair wyfis nocht with thair hart,
I have power thame for till part.—
Me think yow deif and dum !
Hes naine of yow curst wickit wyfis,
That halds yow intill sturt and stryfis,
Cum tak my dispensatioun :
Of that cummer I sall mak yow quyte, gossip
Howbeit your selfis be in the wyte, blame
And mak ane fals narratioun.
Cum win the Pardoun, now let se,
For meill, for malt, or for monie,
For cok, hen, guse, or gryse. pigs
Of relicts heir I haif ane hunder ; relics
Quhy cum ye nocht? this is ane wonder :
I trow ye be nocht wyse.

Pauper's Complaint against the Law's Delays.

Marie ! I lent my gossop my meare to fetch home coils,
And he hir drounit into the Querrell hollis : Quarry holes
And I ran to the Consistorie for to pleinye, complain
And thair I happinit amang ane greidie meinye ; company
Thay gave me first ane thing thay call *Citandum*,
Within aucht dayis I gat bot *Lybellandum*,
Within ane moneth I gat *ad Opponendum*,
In half ane yeir I gat *Interloquendum*,
And syne I gat, how call ye it? *ad Replicandum :*
Bot I could never ane word yit understand him ;
And than thay gart me cast out many plackis, small coin
And gart me pay for four-and-twentie actis :
Bot or thay came half gait to *Concludendum*,
The Feind ane plack was left for to defend him.
Thus thay postponit me twa yeir, with thair traine,
Syne *Hodie ad octo* bad me cum againe :
And than thir ruiks thay roupit wonder fast, croaked
For sentence silver thay cryit at the last.
Of *Pronunciandum* thay maid me wonder faine ;
Bot I got never my gude gray meir againe.

There are editions of Lyndsay by G. Chalmers (3 vols. 1806) and David Laing (3 vols. 1879); some of the poems have been edited for the Early English Text Society (1865–71), and the Scottish Text Society has promised an edition. See Dr John Ross's *Early Scottish History and Literature* (1884), and Hugh Walker's *Three Centuries of Scottish Literature* (1893).

Early Minor Poets and Anonymous Pieces.—The writing of books was not largely practised in early Scotland, though probably much that was actually produced in the way of verse has been utterly lost. In his *Lament for the Makaris* Dunbar names along with Chaucer, Lydgate, and Gower no less than a score of Scotsmen. We need not suppose that he meant thus to rank them with or near Chaucer; but he presumably held them fairly entitled to the style and credit of poets. It is noticeable that he does not name James I. The works of only six of them are certainly known to us — Barbour, Wyntoun, Blind Harry, Henryson, Holland, and Kennedy. Sir Hew of Eglinton, or Huchown, and Clerk of Tranent have been discussed above at pages 171–175. *The Cursing of Sir Johne Rowlis against the Steilaris of his Fowlis*, a profane and playful parody of a solemn excommunication still extant, will hardly establish the claim of either of the Roulls named by Dunbar to be considered poets. For the rest, only guesswork can identify them with persons bearing like names in exchequer rolls and court archives; and there is but the slenderest ground for accepting the doubtful attribution to them of otherwise anonymous poems in MS. or in print. An orthodox Christian, such as Dunbar professed to be, forgives his enemies; a dying poet may be expected to be in the least critical humour in speaking even of his professional brethren. It is difficult to be enthusiastic over what 'great Kennedie' has left us, or to grieve much for what of his and his still less known colleagues has wholly perished. Wyntoun could only be accounted a poet at a time when the term was generously interpreted.

We may here mention summarily a few early pieces not yet dealt with, some of them referred to by Douglas, Dunbar, and Lyndsay, and in *The Complaynt of Scotlande* (see also page 214).

Elegy on the Princess Margaret.—The unfortunate Princess Margaret, daughter of James I., was married to the Dauphin, afterwards Louis XI. of France, in 1436, when she was about eleven years old. Louis, an unnatural and disloyal son, proved a heartless and callous husband; and the princess sought solace for her husband's neglect in books and in poetry—she spent many a sleepless night writing rondeaux, we are told. At her early death in 1445 many pens lamented her loss, including, it appears, that of her sister Isabel, Duchess of Brittany; and in the *Book of Pluscarden*, based on the Fordun-Bower *Scotichronicon*, there is a poem on her death in Scots, by one of her attendants. It is described as having been translated 'in lingua Scotticana' from the epitaph on her tomb 'in lingua Gallicana.' But as there seem to have been thirty-six complex stanzas of ten lines each, the in Scots must have been considerably exte It is obviously an original poem, not a lation. George Buchanan, who was acqu with it, calls it an 'epitaphial poem.' Skene edited the *Book of Pluscarden* (1877–80), reasons for believing that the chronicler anc was Maurice Buchanan, a cleric who was tre to the Dauphiness, and spent his later year monk in the priory of Pluscarden. The ele book, containing the poem, was separately lished by Father Stevenson for the Maitland in 1837. The—somewhat conventional—l for the princess is put in the mouth of the bate husband, who calls upon the Creator to

> Ger all the cloudis of the hevin habound
> And souk up all thir watteris hale and sounde
> Baith of salt sey, of burne, well and revere,

that they may descend in tears; air and win to become 'sobbyng and sichyng soore;' song are to lament; and 'myrth, musik and glew [are to be turned into mourning. After five s of this the copyist, shrewd in his criticisn anxious to improve the occasion, adds: nochtwithstandyng thaire is maire of this l tacioune (xviij coupill and the ansuere of R als mekill) this may suffyce, for the compl bot fenȝeit thing; bot be caus the tother quhilk is the Ansuere of Resoune, is verray fastnesse, me think it gud to put mare of it, followis thus efterwarte.' And he accor copies the whole eighteen stanzas of the a Reason points out sensibly, piously, and not out a touch of poetry here and there, tha and even princes are but mortal at best beloved princess is in no way profited by exc sorrow, which is merely harmful to her fri she herself does not wish such grieving:

> Scho thankis nane to be lamentable;
> Scho is in joy as be oure faythe trast we.
> The lang lyff is nocht profitable heire,
> Quhill we be went our will is ever in weire, T
> And syne the passage is rycht peralous.
> We have bot bale quhill we be brocht on beire;
> Bot syne we ordand ar till have gud cheire
> And we do weill traist weill it sall be thuss,
> Cryst scheu quhen [that] he rasyt Lazaruss;
> He grat oure hym, for he kneu weil the payn wept o
> He suld have in his lyffyng langaruss, lan
> Never till have joy till he war deide agayn.
>
> Sene we have heire na cete permanente,
> Our saule quhilk is in our body lent
> Is haldyn in us as it were in presoun,
> Ordant to purvay for the parliament,
> Till ansuere at the dreidfull jugement;
> Thaire is oure rest, thaire is oure rycht sesoun,
> This warld is bot a permutacioun. . . .
>
> Sene warldis welth is al bot vayn glory
> And warldis wysdome al bot fyne foly,

we should seek to be reasonable over our loss

Quhat proffyt is it with fortoun for to flyt? scold
Deed, weird, na fortoun ar nocht for to wyt, blame
Thai do nocht bot throu soverayn ordinance.

Death, fate, nor fortune, as the elegist says, are not to be blamed; the princess's perfections should be allegiance to sorrow for her death:

Let be thi mane and murne for hir no mare,
Thou suld mak joy quhare now thou makis care,
Sen scho decest with all the sacramentis.
Quhen scho was borne men wyst scho suld cum thaire;
Thaire is na thyng that ma lest evir mare, may last
That compunde is of brukyll alymentis. brittle elements
Scho has assythit deid of all his rentis; paid death in full
Hir dule is done, scho as na more ado, has
Bot double hir joy eftir the jugimentis,
Weill war the wy that weill ma cum therto! wight
. . . . . .
Take gud comfurte and leife in hop of grace,
And think how scho throw vertu and gudnasse,
Baith luffit and lovit with God and men has beyn,
And think how that XM. ȝeire that wasse a thousand years
Quhen it is gane semys bot ane houre of spasse,
Like till a dreme that we had dremyt ȝeistreyn; yestreen
Gar haly kirk have mind on hir and meyn,
Think on thi self and all thi myss amend, shortcomings
And pray to Mary moder, virgyn cleyn,
That for hir grace scho bring ws to gud end.
Amen.

This poem is interesting alike for the pathos of the event it celebrates, the period of the language it illustrates, and the matter and manner. At the end of the same eleventh book is another poem, a *Moralitas*, apparently by the same author, 'exhibiting the state of the kingdom of Scotland under the figure of a harp'—then the Scottish national instrument of music—in some forty seven-line stanzas, opening thus:

Rycht as all stryngis are rewlyt in a harpe ruled, tuned
In ane accord and turnyt all be ane uth, key (?)
Quhilk is as kyng, than curiusly thai carpe; 1
The sang is sueit quhen that the sound is suth; 2
Bot quhen thai ar discordand, fals, and muth muted
Thaire wil na man tak plesance in that play,
Thai mycht weill thole the menstrale war away. 3

[1] Exquisitely they play. [2] Sooth, true. [3] Well endure, be glad.

The poet gives a poor account of the administration of justice and of the state of the kingdom generally, and the poem is an exhortation to the king, presumably James II. In one verse he hints pretty broadly that they do these things better in France, oddly suggesting that the French Parliament would not be so complaisant to the powers as the Scottish one:

War it in France men wald mak cession hale
In parliament, and nocht bow to thi croune,
Quhill thou had maid them a reformacioune.

Cockelbies Sow is a curious medley, partly a boisterous burlesque ruder in form than Skelton's rudest, partly a sort of fable, and partly a tale of knightly prowess and true love exalted to rank and power. It has not been noted that in 1483 Sir John ye Ros, King's Advocate and one of Dunbar's 'makars,' had to defend his title, as laird of Montgreenan in Kilwinning, to the lands of Cockilbie or Cokylby in the adjoining parish of Kilmaurs. *The Wowing of Jok and Jynny* is *very* rude love-making; the *Gyre-Carling*, on the adventures of the Mother Witch of Scottish superstition, is much coarser if not more uncouth; *King Berdok* is a fragmentary caricature of chivalrous romance; *The Wife of Auchtermuchty* is a homely Scottish but distinctly amusing version of a widespread folk-tale of rivalry between husband and wife; *Symmie and his Bruther* is a satire, not without point, against pardoners or begging friars. *The Hermeit of Alareit*—Loretto, near Musselburgh—is a rude but pithy satire on the Grey Friars, and is quoted by Knox in his *History*. The work of the fifth Earl of Glencairn, a strenuous Reformer, who died in 1574, it is much later in date than most of the pieces just named. *Grey Steill* is a modernised version of a really old but poor romance. *Clariodus* is another Middle Scotch romance, based on a French original, and first published for the Maitland Club in 1830. Recent researches, including those of Dr Curtis on its rimes and phonology (*Anglia*, 1894–95), and of Dr Bülbring, who edits it for the E.E.T.S., tend to show that it belongs to the first half of the sixteenth century. *Roswall and Lillian* exists only in a modernised shape, and is probably English in origin (see *Englische Studien*, vol. xvi.). *Philotus*, first printed in 1603, is a comedy, in vernacular verse, of the inconveniences of a marriage between age and youth; it was reprinted by the Bannatyne Club in 1835.

The Three Priests of Peblis, also partially modernised in spelling, is a more notable performance than most of the above; the tales told by three Churchmen in a hostelry in Peebles while the capons were roasting are in many ways interesting and readable. Maister Johne tells how a king summoned the Three Estates of the realm, and asked first the Burgesses,

Quhy Burges bairns thryves not to the thrid air, heir

why the wealth of merchant-princes is squandered before the third generation—a question quite easily answered, with many side-lights on Scottish mercantile and domestic ways. His Lords he asks,

Quhairfoir and quhy and quhat is the cais cause
Sa worthie Lords war in mine elderis dayis
Sa full of fredome, worship, and honour,
Hardie in hart to stand in every stour,
And how in yow I find the hail contrair,

and why they are so perpetually at feud with one another—a question the answer to which involved more self-examination. The question addressed to the Clergy or Prelates was:

That is to say, Quhairfoir and quhy
In auld times and days of ancestry,
Sa monie Bishops war, and men of kirk,
Sa grit wil had ay gude warkes to wirk.

And throw thair prayers, maid to God of micht,
The dum men spak ; the blind men gat their sicht ;
The deif men heiring ; the cruikit gat thair feit ;
War nane in bail bot weill they culd them beit.
To seik folks, or in sairnes syne, illness
Til al thay wald be mendis and medecyne. healing
And quhairfoir now in your tyme ye warie ;
As thay did than quhairfoir sa may not ye ;
Quhairfoir may not ye as thay did than ?
Declair me now this questioun, gif ye can—

perhaps the sorest home-thrust of the three. Warying or excommunication is represented both by satirists and reformers as the main occupation of the Scottish clergy in the sixteenth century. There are parallels to this poem in that strange mosaic, *The Complaynt of Scotlande*, and in more than one of Lyndsay's works ; the satire is not so bitter as in Lyndsay, and the priests evidently meant to amuse as well as edify one another and the readers. And there are Chaucerian touches in thought as well as in word. Thus the iterations of

Quhairfoir & quhy and quhat is the cais?

are quite like those of

Good Sir, tell me all hoolly
In what wise, how, why, and wherefore,

in *Blaunche the Duchesse.*

The ballad **Tayis Bank**, referred to the reign of James IV., combines a comparatively modern ballad rhythm with superabundant alliteration, and in spite of much over-ornate and artificial phrasing, has some happy touches. It may have been written to the old tune *Twysbank*, mentioned in *Colkelbie*, and seems meant to celebrate the praises of Margaret Drummond, a favourite mistress of James IV., who died of poison :

Quhen Tayis bonk wes blumyt brycht,

and when

Wod winter with his wallowand wind Wild
But weir away wes went, Without doubt
Brasit about with wyld woodbynd Embraced
Wer bewis on the bent. boughs

On Tayside, where, as on the banks and braes of bonnie Doon, rose-bushes or 'roseris raiss on raw,' was to be met—

This myld meik mensuete Mergrite, gentle
This perle polist most quhyt,
Dame Natouris deir dochter discreit,
The dyamant of delyt.

Never was made 'a figour more perfyte,' and by her beauty and 'womanly vertew' she was well fitted to rejoice the heart of king and knight :

Hir cullour cleir, hir countinance,
Hir cumly cristall ene,
Hir portratour of most plesance
All pictour did prevene.
Off every vertew to avance
Quhen ladeis prasit bene,
Rychtest in my remembrance
That rose is rutit grene.

The poet seems to have become confused between the beauty of the landscape, the flowers, the birds, the weather, and the lady's charms ; the story does not progress, and ends abruptly, without anything happening except the birds 'schowtting.'

Peblis to the Play and *Chrystis Kirk of the Grene* are old poems of which the authorship has been much debated and is still debatable. They have much in common, and might have been the work of one author, though *Chrystis Kirk*, which refers to *Peblis* expressly, must be the later of the two, and is of more vigorous workmanship than the other. In 1521 John Major credited King James I. with a poem beginning *At Beltayne*, and *Peblis* so begins, though there is nothing else to prove them identical. The Bannatyne MS. Collection (1568) attributes *Chrystis Kirk* also to James I., and a later tradition — perhaps based on a misprint of 'Fift' for 'First'—refers it to James V. (to whom, with as little ground, *The Gaberlunzie Man* and *The Jolly Beggar* have also been attributed). The tradition is at best rather vague and confused, and most authorities, including Professor Skeat, unhesitatingly refuse to admit that James I. had anything to do with either of the poems in question. It is certainly difficult to associate the peculiar and characteristic humour of these poems with the author of the *Kingis Quair*, and it is not easy to believe that either of them was written before 1437. The tendency of criticism is to refer both to some time in the sixteenth century, probably near the beginning of it. Professor Skeat has argued against the theory of James I.'s authorship in his introduction to the *Kingis Quair;* Mr Henderson has defended it in his *Scottish Vernacular Literature*, crediting the comic poems as well as the *Quair* to James I.

Peblis and *Chrystis Kirk* are the first full-fledged examples of a genre which was to be very conspicuous in Scottish literature—descriptions in rattling stanzas of popular amusements, giving full play to any contretemps and comic incidents that might arise. There are analogies in *Cockelbies Sow* and in several of Lyndsay's poems ; Robert Sempill's *Piper of Kilbarchan* and Francis Sempill's (?) *Blythsome Bridal* and *Hallow Fair* are in the same vein ; Allan Ramsay continued *Chrystis Kirk* by adding a second series of very similar, but coarser, adventures ; and the same kind of humour appears again in Fergusson's *Leith Races* and *Hallow Fair*, in several of Burns's, *Holy Fair*, *Jolly Beggars*, *Halloween*, and other characteristic poems, and in Tennant's *Anster Fair.* In the earlier poems the incidents are rude and the fun not very humorous, though the go and spirit are undeniable. *Peblis* makes more of the dancing and lovemaking, *Chrystis Kirk* of the quarrelling and fighting with fists, cudgels, and even more deadly weapons. *Peblis* in some of its twenty-six stanzas, and *Chrystis Kirk* in many of its twenty-three, add copious and effective but unsystematic alliteration.

Peblis thus begins :

At Beltayne quhen ilk bodie bownis — each—betakes him
To Peblis to the Play
To hear the singin and the soundis,
The solace, suth to say ;
Be firth and forrest furth they found ; — went
Thay graithit them full gay— — arrayed
God wait that wald they do that stound, — wot-hour
For it was thair feist day
Thay said,
Of Peblis to the Play.

All the wenchis of the west
War up or the cok crew ;
For reiling thair micht na man rest, — racket
For garray and for glew ; — hurry—glee, mirth
Ane said : My curches ar nocht prest ; — kerchiefs
Than answerit Meg full blew, — anxious
To get ane hude I hald it best,
Be Goddis saull that is true,
Quod scho,
Of Peblis to the Play.

r the time the twenty-third stanza is reached—

The pyper said : Now I begin
To tire for playing to ;
Bot yit I have gottin nathing
For all my pyping to you ;
Thre happenis for half ane day
And that will nocht undo you ;
And gif ye will gif me richt nocht
The meikill devill gang wi you,
Quod he,
Of Peblis to the Play.

ıe whole winds up, like so many folk-lore tales, th :

Had thair bein mair made of this sang
Mair suld I to yow say;

ıd the superfluous repetition :

At Beltane ilka bodie bownd
To Peblis to the Play.

Pinkerton published the poem in 1783 from a ınscript made by Bishop Percy with his own ınd from the MS. at Cambridge. We follow nkerton, only modifying his punctuation a little r sense's sake. 'Play,' like 'ploy' in modern ɔtch, means entertainment, festivity. It is ıticeable that the last line or refrain of the ınza does not as a rule connect in sense with e words preceding. The stanzas are usually inted (as by Pinkerton) with a short line of two llables between the eighth and last lines. The ınnatyne MS., however (printed for the Hun-ian Society), tacks this short line on to the ghth in the quite similar stanza of **Chrystis Kirk**—which the following are the first four stanzas :

Was nevir in Scotland hard nor sene
Sic dansing nor deray, — disturbance
Nowthir at Falkland on the grene
Nor Peblis at the play
As wes of wowaris as I wene — wooers
At Chryst Kirk on ane day ;
Thair come our kitteis weschine clene — sweethearts—washen
In thair kirtillis of gray, full gay
At Chrystis kirk of the grene.

To dans thir damysellis thame dicht, — dressed
Thir lassis licht of laitis, — gay of manners
Thair gluvis wes of the raffel rycht, — doeskin
Thair schone wes of the straitis ; — kersey
Thair kirtillis wer of lynkome licht, — Lincoln green
Weill prest with mony plaitis.
They wer so nyss quhen men thame nicht — coy—nighed
They squelit lyk ony gaitis, so lowd, — goats
At Chrystis kirk of the grene that day.

Of all thir madynis myld as meid — meadow
Wes nane so gympt as Gillie, — slim
As ony ross hir rude wes reid, — rose—cheeks
Hir lyre was lyk the lillie : — skin
Fow yellow yellow wes hir head, — Full
But scho of lufe wes sillie,
Thocht all hir kin had sworn hir deid, — Though—death
Scho wald haif bot sweit Willie allone,
At Chrystis kirk of the grene.

Scho skornit Jok and skraipit at him,
And mvrionit him with mokkis ; — flouted
He wald haif luvit, scho wald nocht lat him,
For all his yalow loikkis : — locks
He chereist hir, scho bad ga chat him, — hang
Scho compt him nocht twa clokkis ; — counted—beetles
So schamefully his schort goun set him,
His lymmis wes lyk twa rokkis, scho said — limbs—distaffs
At Chrystis kirk of the grene.

In a rage 'ane bent a bow' and 'chesit a flame'—chose an arrow ; and 'when the toder said Dirdum dardum' to insult him, he let fly, determining to pierce him through the cheeks or inflict other serious injury :

Bot be an akerbraid it come nocht neir him ;
I can nocht tell quhat mard him, thair — marred
At Chrystis kirk of the grene.

With that a freynd of his cryd Fy !
And vp ane arrow drew ;
He forgit it so fowriously — drew it so furiously
The bow in flenders flew. — fragments
Sa wes the will of God, trow I,
For had the tre bene trew,
Men said that kend his archery
That he had slane anew, that day,
At Chrystis kirk of the grene.

Finally there was a general mêlée, bloody faces, cudgels in use, 'hiddous yells' from the women ; the common bell rang so rudely that the steeple 'rokkit,' and many of the merrymakers are left on the green faint and 'forfochin' or in a state of collapse. The scene of this Scottish Donnybrook may have been the village still called Christ's Kirk or Rathmuriel, near Insch, in Aberdeenshire.

If the bob-wheel of the third stanza (especially) be dropped, the resemblance in rhythm to 'Sally in our Alley' is very marked. The *rude* is the red or ruddy part of the skin—here the cheeks; the *lyre* the part naturally white.

The Scottish ballads are treated at pages 520–541.

In this connection reference may be made to the pieces named in *The Complaynt of Scotlande*, and to the list of works Lyndsay (q.v.) says he read to the young king ; to Lord Hailes, *Ancient Scottish Poems* (1770) ; Pinkerton, *Ancient Scotish Poems* (1786) ; Irving, *History of Scotish Poetry* (1828–61) ; Laing, *Early Popular Poetry of Scotland* (1822–26 ; republished in 1895) ; T. F. Hender-

son, *Scottish Vernacular Literature* (1898); to many of the publications of the Bannatyne and Maitland Clubs, and of the Scottish Text Society; as also to the *Bannatyne MS.*, as published in full by the Hunterian Club of Glasgow (3 parts, 1874–87).

John Major was one of two contemporary Scottish authors who wrote only in Latin, and deserve mention for their eminence and for their influence on the thought of the nation: one is conspicuously, yet not wholly, a mediævalist, the other in literary style at least a representative of the Renaissance. Major—or Mair—born near North Berwick in 1469, studied at Oxford, Cambridge, and Paris, and at Paris became one of the most distinguished lecturers on scholastic logic and philosophy. He also wrote voluminous commentaries on Peter Lombard and numerous other works in theology and philosophy, and in 1521 printed at Paris his famous *Historia Majoris Britanniæ*, a history of England and Scotland. In 1518 he was teaching in the college of Glasgow, where he had Knox among his pupils; at St Andrews (1523–25) he had Patrick Hamilton and George Buchanan. In 1525 Major returned to Paris, where he remained till about 1530, admired and honoured by all who still held out against the new light of the Renaissance, and acclaimed as head of the scholastic philosophy and prince of the divines of Paris. In 1533 he became provost of St Salvator's College, St Andrews, an office which he held till his death in 1550. Mair's Latin is crabbed school Latin, and he was a stout defender of mediæval philosophy and theological orthodoxy, although—a Gallican and not an ultramontane—he recognised and protested against many ecclesiastical abuses. In some things he was more modern in spirit than Boece. He was distinctly sceptical about many of the marvels Boece swallowed wholesale; he abstained from pushing the genealogy of the Scottish kings into an indefinite antiquity; he was not unwilling to admit the superiority of England to Scotland in many matters, and was in favour of a union of the kingdoms. But most chiefly he was a strong Liberal in politics, and taught that the power of kings came from the people. In this respect Buchanan was a faithful if not very grateful pupil. Knox inherited this part of his teaching, which has never lacked supporters in Major's native land. The History has been admirably translated by Mr Constable (Scottish Hist. Soc. 1891). In the appendix Dr Law has given a bibliography of works by Major's countrymen in Paris who were also his disciples in scholasticism—David Cranstoun, George Lokert [Lockhart], William Manderston, and Robert Caubraith [Galbraith].

Hector Boece was the principal redactor of that extraordinary tissue of preposterous fable and serious fact which till the days of Father Innes (1729) was usually accepted as the history of Scotland. He was born at Dundee about 1465, and studied at Paris, where from about 1492 to 1498 he was a professor of philosophy and a friend of Erasmus. Thence he was called by Bishop Elphinstone to preside over his newly-founded university of Aberdeen, and became canon of the Cathedral. In 1522 he published his Lives, in Latin, of the Bishops of Mortlach and Aberdeen (Bannatyne Club, 1825; trans. by Moir for New Spalding Club, 1895); in 1527, also in Latin, his famous *History of Scotland*. He based largely on Bower's *Fordun* (see above, page 182), partly on Wyntoun, and partly on some more doubtful authorities—a certain Veremundus, a Spaniard, and one John Campbell, whose MSS. he says came to him from Iona. It may be that he had seen such MSS., though he was long suspected of having invented them as well as the tales he took from them. Certainly the fabulous reached its culmination in his work, written in Latin so comparatively elegant as to justify us in calling him a humanist, in contrast with the scholastic yet more critical Major. Buchanan was also much more discreet, though he followed Boece in the main. The patriotic mania for believing and proving the incomparable antiquity and dignity of the Scottish monarchy, as compared with that of England, must have moved either Boece or *some* of his predecessors to the deliberate invention of utterly baseless facts, which, patriotically invented, were patriotically believed in long after their baselessness was pretty obvious. The king rewarded him with a pension, and he was promoted to a benefice a year or two before his death in 1536. (See page 256.)

The Scots Wyclifite New Testament.—It has often been remarked with surprise that the Scots had made no attempt to render the Scriptures into their own vernacular, but were content to import English versions, which must have been with difficulty understood by the mass of the people. The statement can, however, no longer be made so absolutely. In 1895 Lord Amherst of Hackney became the fortunate possessor of a manuscript, which from the handwriting is ascribed to the first decade of the sixteenth century, containing a Scottish version of Purvey's revision of Wyclif's New Testament (see above, page 87), with certain lessons from the Old Testament. The author's name is unknown, but the work probably proceeded from the Lollards of Ayrshire; and the manuscript was for many generations in the possession of the Nisbet family. The vocabulary of this interesting version is not so distinctly Scottish as it would have been if it had been made directly from the Vulgate; for, though the grammar and spelling are purely Scottish, the reviser has followed Purvey closely in his vocabulary, making alterations only where the English would have been unintelligible or unfamiliar north of the Tweed. Thus Purvey writes, 'Suffre ye litle children to come to me, and forbede ye hem not.' The Scots version similarly, 'Suffir ye litil childire to cum

to me, and forbid ye thame nocht;' while in Archbishop Hamilton's Catechism (1552) we have, 'Thoile young barnis to cum.' But the list of Middle English words and phrases for which the Scottish reviser was constrained to find for his readers more familiar expressions is a large one, and it is this which gives to his version for students of the language an almost unique philological value.

In the Scots New Testament the last eight verses of the first chapter of Matthew's gospel are thus worded:

Bot the generatioun of Crist was thus: Quhen Marie the Moder of Jesu was spousit to Joseph, before thai com togeddir, scho was fundin hauyng of the Haligast in wambe. And Joseph hir husband, for he was richtiuse, and wald not publice hir, he wald priuelie haue left hir. Bot quhile he thouchte this thingis, Lo the angel of the Lord apperit to him in slepe, and said, Josephe, the sonn of Dauid, wil thou nocht drede to tak Marie thin wif: for that that is born of hir is of the Haligast. And scho sal bere a sonn, and thou sal cal his name Jesus: for he sal mak his pepele saif fra thar synnis: Forsuth al this was done that it suld be fulfillit that was said of the Lorde be a prophet, sayand, Lo a virgine sal haue in wambe, and scho sal bere a sonn, and thai sal cal his name Emmanuel, that is to say, God with vs. And Joseph raise fra slepe and did as the angel of the Lord comandit him, and tuke Marie his spous: and he knew hir nocht til scho had born hir first begettin sonn: and callit his name Jesus.

How closely this follows the English rendering from which it was adapted will be seen on comparing Purvey's version of the same passage as given in Dr Skeat's Wyclifite New Testament, reprinted from Forshall and Madden (Clarendon Press, 1879):

But the generacioun of Crist was thus. Whanne Marie, the modir of Jhesu, was spousid to Joseph, bifore thei camen togidere, she was foundun hauynge of the Hooli Goost in the wombe. And Joseph, hire hosebonde, for he was rightful and wold not puplisch hir, he wolde priueli haue left hir. But while he thouȝhte these thingis, lo! the aungel of the Lord apperide in sleep to hym, and seide, Joseph the sone of Dauid, nyl thou drede to take Marie, thi wijf; for that thing that is borun in hir is of the Hooli Goost. And she shal bere a sone, and thou shalt clepe his name Jhesus; for he schal make his puple saaf fro her synnes. For al this thing was don, that it schuld be fulfillid that was seid of the Lord bi a prophete, seiynge, Lo! a virgyn shal haue in wombe, and she schal bere a sone and thei schulen clepe his name Emanuel, that is to seie, God with vs. And Joseph roos fro sleepe and dide as the aungel of the Lord comaundide hym, and took *Marie* his wijf; and he knew her not, til she hadde borun her firste bigete sone, and clepide his name Jhesus.

The Parable of the Virgins begins thus in the Scots, in direct agreement with the English:

Than the kingdome of heuinis salbe like to ten virginis, the quhilk tuke thare lampis and went out aganes the spouse and the spouses. And v of thame war fules, and v prudent. Bot the v fules tuke thare lampis, and tuke nocht oile with thame: Bot the v prudent tuke oile in thare veschels with thare lampis. And while the spouse tariet al thai nappit and slepit. Bot at midnycht a crie was made, Lo the spouse cummis: ga ye out to meet him. Than al the virginis raise vp and arayit thare lampis. And the fules said to the wise, Gefe ye to vs of your oile: for our lampis ar sloknyt [Engl. 'ben quenchid']. The prudent ansuerde and saide, Or peraventure it suffice nocht to vs and you: ga ye rather to men that sellis and by to you. And quhile thai went for to by, the spouse com; and thai that war reddy enteret with him to the weddingis: and the yet was closet.

T. G. L.

[This Scots New Testament, interesting from so many points of view, was in 1899–1900 being edited for the Scottish Text Society by Dr Thomas Graves Law, to whom we owe the above account of the work, as well as the extracts from it.

The close dependence of the Scots version on Purvey's English wording is conspicuous in every verse, the usual difference being merely that Scots spellings or forms are put—word for word—in place of the corresponding English or southern ones—*ga* and *gais* for *go* and *goith*; *fra* for *fro*; *kirk* for *chirche*; *quhat, quhen, quham* for *what, when, whome*; 'thou knawis' for 'thou knowist;' 'quhy brekis thy disciplis' for 'whi breken thi disciplis;' and so on. Sometimes, of course, a distinct northern word is used—'biggit his hous on a staan' for 'bildid his hous on a stoon.' Rarely the changes seem needless and arbitrary; but *mirk* and *mirknesse* are regularly substituted for *derk* and *derkness*, though *derk* is a common Scots word. Not seldom, as might be expected from the date and other circumstances, the Scottish version is nearer the modern English than the old English; rarely, but occasionally, more archaic. In Matthew's gospel there are only two or three passages in which the Scottish scribe either deliberately chooses a slightly different rendering, or perhaps follows a copy with readings different from those of the printed editions of Purvey; thus in 'All ȝe that travailes and ben chargid, come to me, and Y schal fulfille you,' the Scots makes it, 'Al ye that travales and ar chargit, cum to me, and I sal refresch you,' where the older Wyclifite version has 'fulfille or refresch;' and in the phrase 'schal not quenche a smokynge flax,' the Scots has 'slokin a smewkand brand.' Almost the only word that need seriously puzzle a Scotsman who knows modern Scotch is in the phrase 'a flok of mony swyne lesewand'—*lesewand*, unusual in Scotch, being an adapted Scottish spelling of the standard old English *lesewynge*, 'pasturing,' which is Purvey's word. The Scots has *peple* for the English *puple* (people), *paralasie* for *palesie*, *except* for *outtakun*, *adultrie* for *avowtrie*, *thaim* and *thair* for *hem* and *her* (in the sense of *them* and *their*), *abide* and *abidis* for *abiden* and *abidith*, *realme* for *reume*, *liand* for *liggynge*, *call* for *clepe*, *follow* for *sue*, *seuche* for *diche*—'gif a blindman leid a blindman bathe falle doun into the seuche.' The English *toon* and *tothir* are not represented in Scots by *taue* and *tother*, but by *that ane* and *that vther*. English *taris* is Scots (with gloss) *dornells* (or *weidis*); *sour doun* becomes *sour dauche* (or *laven*); *busschel* is *buschel* (or *furlot*); *eris* of corn are *ekiris* (Burns's *ickers*); *strongere* becomes *starker*; *pathis, roddis*; *gessen, wene*; *greten, salus*; *repen, scheris*; *kerying, louyng*; *mesils, lepermen*. In the parable of the talents we have *besaunt* (Engl.) and *besand* respectively, 'pupplicans and hooris' and 'puplicanis and hures.' In 'synagogis or corneris of stretis' the Scotsman rejects the French word *corneris* (Fr. *cornière*) and prefers the Anglo-Saxon *neukis*. *Chandelar* is one of the very few cases where the Scots prefers a French form for the English *candilstike*. Describing Christ's boat 'schoggid with wawis' (so Purvey), the Scotsman puts 'catchet with waivis;' and for 'hilid with wawes,' 'keuerit with waivis' (i.e. *covered*). The 'reed wawed with the wynd' becomes, less solemnly, 'waggit with wind.' 'Nouther cast ye your margaritis befor swyne' is the Scots respelling of 'nethir caste ȝe ȝour margaritis before swyne;' and Purvey's description of Matthew 'sittynge in a tolbothe' (i.e. in the custom-house) is faithfully reproduced in the Scots 'sittand in a tolbuthe.' The Scots simply repeats the English *mutatis mutandis* in 'draw on breed thar philateries and magnifies hemmis;' 'that teendis mynt' is an obvious alteration; less so 'clengeand a myge bot suelliand a camele' for 'clensinge a gnatte but swolewynge a camele.' 'Eddris and eddris birdis' is almost literatim (=vipers and generation of vipers); and so is 'abhominatioun of discomfort' (A.V. 'desolation'). The Scots has 'tolbuthe' again where the English has 'moot halle' for the hall in the governor's house where Christ was crowned with thorns. 'Pilate of Pounce' in both oddly represents Pontius Pilate; and 'Symount' or 'Symont,' the usual form in the English, is in the Scots 'Symon.'—Ed.]

The Complaynt of Scotlande is a puzzling book, and many of the opinions in regard to it cherished by the most competent scholars have since 1890 been completely overthrown. The work was originally published soon after the disastrous battle of Pinkie, when internal factions and foreign intrigues had reduced the country's credit and prosperity to the lowest pass. The author was a strong upholder of the French alliance, and the aim of the book was to denounce and render impossible any rapprochement to England. The original issue, printed apparently in Paris in 1549, is extremely scarce: only four copies have come down to modern times. Dr John Leyden edited and reprinted it in 1801, and Dr J. A. H. Murray, with much scholarly learning, in 1872, under the auspices of the Early English Text Society. But neither editor had any suspicion the work was not original; that it was mainly unacknowledged translation or plagiarism. Murray agrees with Leyden that 'the *Complaynt* is well written and fraught with great learning; the style of remark is shrewd and forcible, though frequently quaint and affected; and the arrangement, though sometimes careless, is not devoid of method.' And Professor Masson treated the work as the most notable book of impassioned prose that had till then been produced in either England or Scotland. But, alas! the learning is almost wholly second-hand, the plan and arrangement mainly that of a famous old French poet's work, and much of the most impassioned and effective prose in it a direct translation from the French. Mr Neilson has proved that the plan of the whole is *mutatis mutandis* that of the *Quadrilogue Invectif* of Alain Chartier (1386–1458), an appeal to all ranks and conditions of the French nation to unite against the English invaders and tyrants; and long passages of the *Complaynt* are mere translations, with occasional adaptations. Plagiarisms from other sources have also been pointed out.

The Scottish translator-adapter follows his model in exhorting the three estates to be vigilant for the commonweal, and in ransacking Hebrew, Greek, and Roman history and literature for examples of the curse attending on discord, self-seeking, indolence, and other public and private crimes. Fatigued by his argument, he seeks rest in the wholesome air of the country, beneath verdant trees and by beryl streams, sleeps, and has a vision (as in so many poems of that and preceding ages), in this case of Dame Scotia and her three sons — Nobility, Spirituality, and Commons or labourers. Then the argument begins anew, the dramatic form being little heeded. The 'affligit lady' reasons with her sons, hears their mutual recriminations, and reprimands and warns them sharply, with much more exhortation, to concord and union against the public enemy. The 'Monologue Recreative' or 'Monolog of the Actor' thrust into the middle of the argument is a very odd but interesting interruption, and bears evidence of having been much extended after the first draft. For not only does it describe with extraordinary particularity the sounds and voices of a great variety of beasts and birds, but adds an account of a sea-fight with the names of the tackle and the shouts of the seamen. Then an exposition of the excellence of the shepherd's life leads to an exposition of the cosmogony, and a page or two on meteorology; with a long list of tales then current in Scotland (as told by the highly intelligent shepherds, their sons and daughters, to one another), with the songs they sang and the tunes they danced to; together with a catalogue of medicinal herbs! The list of popular stories and romances (*The Well of the World's End*, *The Red Etin*, *Lancelot du Lac*, *Arthur Knight*, *Wallace*, *The Bruce*, &c.) and the songs (*Pastance with good Company*, *Under the Leavis Green*, *The Frog cam to the Mill Door*, *The Battle of Harlaw*, *The Hunt of Cheviot*, *The Sang of Gilquhiskar*, &c.) is much more interesting than the political disquisitions. Some parts of this 'Monologue Recreative' are, we may be confident, translations or adaptations also; some must surely be original, such as, for example, this description of a Scottish shepherd's al-fresco breakfast after the naval battle:

[The noise of the engagement was 'hiddeus;'] 'and the stink of the gun puldir fylit ale the ayr, maist lyke as plutois paleis had been birnand in ane bald fyir, quhilk genrit sik mirknes and myst that I culd nocht see my lyntht about me. Quhar for I rais and returnit to the fresche feildis that I cam fra, quhar I beheld mony hudit hirdis blawand ther buc hornis and ther cornepipis, calland and convoyand mony fat floc to be fed on the feildis. Than the scheiphirdis pat their scheip on bankis and brais and on dry hillis to get ther pastour. Than I beheld the scheiphirdis wyvis and ther childir that brocht ther morning bracfast to the scheiphirdis. Than the scheiphirdis wyvis cuttit raschis and seggis, and gadrit mony fragrant grene meduart, witht the quhilkis tha covvrit the end of ane leye rig, and syne sat doune al togyddir to tak there refectione, quhar they maid grit cheir of evyrie sort of mylk, baytht of ky mylk and 3oue mylk, sueit mylk and suir mylk, curdis and quhaye, sourkittis, fresche buttir and salt buttir, reyme, flot quhaye, grene cheis, kyrn mylk. Everie scheiphird hed ane horne spune in the lug of there bonet: thai had na breid bot ry caikis and fustean skonnis maid of flour. Than after there disjune, tha began to talk of grit myrrines that was rycht plesand to be hard.

Baid fyir, bale-fire, bonfire; *raschis and seggis*, rushes and sedges; *meduart*, meadwort, meadow-sweet (in modern Scotch, 'queen-of-the-meadow'); *sourkittis*, clouted cream; *flot quhaye*, boiled whey; *fustean skonnis*, homely scones; *disjune*, déjeuner.

The language is Scottish of the middle period and of the southern type, but is a literary or 'Ciceronian' style, full of Latin and French words utterly unknown to shepherds or plain vernacular Scotsmen at any date.

The book, early known as 'Wedderburn's *Complaynt*,' has been attributed (as by Leyden) to

.vid Lyndsay; (as by Laing) to Robert rburn, vicar of Dundee, one of the same to which we owe the *Gude and Godlie* r (pages 216–17); to Sir James Inglis, abbot ɔss (died in 1531); and to Sir James Inglis, n of Cambuskenneth Abbey—in no case on ive evidence. Thus Leyden, having re- on imitations of Gavin Douglas in the *ynt*, insisted that the coincidences in d thoughts, arguments, illustrations, and between the *Complaynt* and Sir David y's works were sufficient to justify the ion of the *Complaynt* to the Lyon King f whose acknowledged works are called *ynt*). Mr Craigie's discovery that the of the *Complaynt* plagiarised from an un- translation of *Ovid*, by Octavien de St Bishop of Angoulême—possibly from the IS. now in the Bibliothèque de l'Arsenal— it almost certain that the work was written as printed in Paris, and probable that the was in attendance on the young Queen of d. Robert Wedderburn was also, it should d, in Paris in 1534–49.

following is another portion of this odd ıny, the 'Monologue':

eftir I herd the rumour of rammasche foulis beystis that made grite beir, quhilk past besyde nd boggis on green bankis to seik ther susten- Their brutal sound did redond to the hie uhil the deepe hou cauernis of cleuchis and aggis ansuert vitht ane high not of that samyn s thay beystis hed blauen. It aperit be pre- and presuposing that blaberand Eccho had been ıne hou hole, cryand hyr half ansueir, quhen s rycht sorye socht for his saruandis, quhen n ane forrest, far fra ony folkis, and there eftir of Eccho he drounit in ane drau vel. Nou eutht of the beystis that made sic beir, and of that the foulis did, ther syndry soundis hed emperance nor tune. For fyrst furtht on the ieldis the nolt maid noyis vitht mony loud lou. horse and meyris did fast nee, and the folis The bullis began to bullir, quhen the scheip ɔ blait, because the calfis began till mo, quhen gis berkit. Than the suyne began to quhryne hai herd the asse rair, quhilk gart the hennis quhen the cokis creu. The chekyns began to en the gled quhissillit. The fox followit the e and gart them cry claik. The gayslingis hilk quhilk, and the dukis cryit quaik. The f the rauynis gart the crans crope. The huddit ryit varrok varrok, quhen the suannis murnit, the gray goul mau pronosticat ane storme. il began for to greit, quhen the cuschet zoulit. ene followit the goilk, and gart hyr sing guk he dou croutit hyr sad sang that soundit lyik Robeen and the litil vran var hamely in The jargolyne of the suallou gart the iay iangil, ɔ maueis maid myrtht, for to mok the merle. erok maid melody vp hie in the skyis. The al al the nycht sang sueit notis. The tuechitis uis nek, quhen the piettis clattrit. The garruling tirlene gart the sparrou cheip. The lyntquhit sang cuntirpoint quhen the osʒil ʒelpit. The grene serene sang sueit, quhen the gold spynk chantit. The rede schank cryit my fut my fut, and the oxee cryit tueit. The herrons gaif ane vyild skrech as the kyl hed bene in fyir, quhilk gart the quhapis for fleyitnes fle far fra hame.

Rammasche (Fr. *ramassée*), collected; *beir*, birr, noise; *cleughs*, dells; *rotche* (Fr. *roche*), rock; *blaberand*, whispering; *nolt*, neat-cattle; *gled*, kite; *crans*, cranes; *goul mau*, gull maw; *cuschet*, cushat-dove; *titlene*, hedge-sparrow; *goilk*, gowk, cuckoo; *dou*, dove; *maueis*, thrush; *merle*, blackbird; *lauerok*, lark; *tuechitis*, pee-wits, lapwings; *piet*, magpie; *stirlene*, starling; *lyntquhit*, linnet; *osʒil*, ousel; *grene serene*, greenfinch; *gold spynk*, gold-finch; *oxer*, ox-eye tomtit; *quhapis*, whaups, curlews; *fleyitnes*, frightenedness.

The odd list of beast and bird cries has a noteworthy resemblance to the seventy-one given by Urquhart in translating from Rabelais, Book iii. chap. 13, though only a few of Urquhart's quite correspond (e.g. *kekyl* instead of *cackle*; *rammasche* and *ramage* are used differently). Rabelais had but nine cries, the rest being Urquhart's additions. Not merely the sudden and incongruous transitions of the 'Monologue,' but its method of giving detailed and preposterous lists of odd or unusual words and names is in the Rabelaisian manner; and Pantagruel's voyage in Book iv.—if we were sure that it was by Rabelais and was known before the *Complaynt* in its first form was issued—might almost be held to have suggested several things in the 'Monologue'—the nautical words of command, shipmen's chanties, the list of culverins and other guns, and the confounding noise of the gunnery in the naval battle. Thus it is difficult to believe, for example, that the odd cry *holabar* is other than the *hault la barre* shouted in the storm in Rabelais. The third book was doubtless the book of the season at Paris in 1546; and the fourth, like the third, may have been read in MS. before it was printed or published.

See the editions of Leyden and Murray, above mentioned; for the dependence on Alain Chartier, see Mr W. A. Neilson, in the *Journal of Germanic Philology*, No. 4; for the plagiarism from St Gelais, Mr Craigie in the *Modern Quarterly of Language and Literature*, No. 4 (1899).

John Bellenden was born towards the close of the fifteenth century, and in 1508 matriculated at St Andrews as 'of the Lothian nation.' He completed his education at Paris, where he took the degree of D.D. at the Sorbonne. He was attached to the court of James V., had some charge of the young king's studies, and for him executed his famous translation of Boece's *Historia Gentis Scotorum*. This and his version of the first five books of Livy (both done in 1533) are interesting as early specimens of Scottish prose. On the strength of his metrical 'Prohemes,' or prologues, the *Dictionary of National Biography* has described him as a poet. The *Croniklis of Scotland* is a very free rendering, and contains so many passages not to be found in Boece that it is in some places almost an original work —though not an original authority. Bellenden enjoyed great favour at the court of James V., at whose request he executed the translations. As a

reward he received considerable grants from the Treasury, and afterwards was made archdeacon of Moray and canon of Ross. Becoming involved, however, in ecclesiastical controversy, he went to Rome, where he died about 1550, or as late as 1587. The History was printed at Edinburgh in 1536, and edited in 1821 by Thomas Maitland (afterwards Lord Dundrennan), who first published in 1822 the 'traductioun' of Livy (being re-edited for the Scottish Text Society in 1900). The pithy yet not unpolished vernacular of Bellenden (whose family name is also spelt Ballantyne) is in sharp contrast to the artificial or Ciceronian style of the *Complaynt of Scotlande*.

Part of the Story of Macbeth.

Nocht lang eftir, hapnit ane uncouth and wounderfull thing, be quhilk followit sone ane gret alteration in the realme. Be aventure, Makbeth and Banquho wer passand to Fores, quhair King Duncane hapnit to be for the time, and met be the gait thre wemen, clothit in elrage and uncouth weid. Thay wer jugit be the pepill to be weird sisteris. The first of thaim said to Makbeth: 'Hale, Thane of Glammis!' the secound said: 'Hale, Thane of Cawder!' and the thrid said: 'Hale, King of Scotland!' Than said Banquho: 'Quhat wemen be ye, sa unmercifull to me, and sa favourabil to my companyeon? For ye gaif to him nocht onlie landis and gret rentis, bot gret lordschippis and kingdomes; and gevis me nocht.' To this answerit the first of thir weird sisteris: 'We schaw more felicite appering to thee than to him; for thoucht he happin to be ane king, his empire sall end unhappelie, and nane of his blude sall efter him succeid; be contrar, thow sall nevir be king, bot of the sal cum mony kingis, quhilkis with lang progressioun sall rejose the croun of Scotland.' Als sone as thir wourdis wer said, they suddanlie evanist out of sicht. This prophecy and divinatioun wes haldin mony dayis in derision to Banquho and Makbeth. For sum time, Banquho wald call Makbeth King of Scottis, for derisioun; and he, on the samin maner, wald call Banquho the fader of mony kingis. Yit becaus al thingis succedit as thir wemen devinit, the pepill traistit and jugit thaim to be weird sisteris. Not long eftir, it hapnit that the Thane of Cawder wes disherist and forfaltit of his landis, for certane crimes of lese majeste; and his landis wer gevin be King Duncane to Makbeth. It hapnit in the next nicht, that Banquho and Makbeth wer sportand togiddir at thair supper. Than said Banquho: 'Thow hes gottin all that the first two weird sisteris hecht. Restis nocht bot the croun, quhilk wes hecht be the thrid sister.' Makbeth, revolving all thingis as thay wer said be thir weird sisteris, began to covat the croun; and yit he concludit to abide quhil he saw the time ganand thairto, fermelie beleving that the thrid weird suld cum, as the first two did afore.

In the mene time, King Duncane maid his son Malcolme Prince of Cumbir, to signify that he suld regne eftir him. Quhilk wes gret displeseir to Makbeth; for it maid plane derogatioun to the thrid weird, promittit afore to him be thir weird sisteris. Nochtheles he thocht, gif Duncane wer slane, he had maist richt to the croun, becaus he wes nerest of blud thairto, be tennour of the auld lawis maid eftir the deith of King Fergus, 'Quhen young children wer unabil to govern the croun, the nerrest of thair blude sall regne.' Als, the respons of thir weird sisteris put him in beleif, that the thrid weird suld cum als weill as the first two. Attour, his wife, impacient of lang tary, as al wemen ar, specially quhare thay ar desirus of ony purpos, gaif him gret artation to persew the thrid weird, that scho micht be ane quene; calland him oft timis febil cowart, and nocht desirus of honouris; sen he durst not assailye the thing with manheid and curage, quhilk is offerit to him be benivolence of fortoun; howbeit sindry otheris hes assailyeit sic thingis afore, with maist terribil jeopardyis, quhen thay had not sic sickernes to succeid in the end of thair laubouris as he had.

Makbeth be persuasion of his wife gaderit his freindis to ane counsall at Innernes, quhare King Duncane happinnit to be for the time. And because he fand sufficient oportunite, be support of Banquho and otheris his freindis, he slew King Duncane, the vii yeir of his regne. His body was buryit in Elgin, and eftir tane up and brocht to Colmekill, quhare it remanis yit, amang the sepulturis of uthir kingis; fra our redemption, MXLVI yeris.

The weird sisters are not 'weird-looking,' but cunning or powerful in weirds—destinies, prophecies, fates; Gray calls them 'Fatal Sisters.' *Elrage weid*, eldritch, weird-looking raiment; *rejose*, enjoy; *hecht*, promised; *quhil*, till; *ganand*, appropriate, belonging; *Cumbir*, Cumberland; *als*, also; *attour*, 'out-over,' furthermore; *artation*, incitement, pressure (a Low-Latin word); *sickernes*, security; *Colmekill*, Iona.

The Gude and Godlie Ballatis is the name that has long been the popular one for a collection of oddly mixed devotional and satirical poems in vernacular Scotch, more formally calling itself *Ane Compendious Buik of Godlie Psalmes and Spirituall Sangis*, which seems in a rudimentary shape to have been published before 1546. These rude but pithy poems became immensely popular in Scotland, were committed to memory, circulated and sung, and often reprinted. They had a marked influence in promoting the Reformation in Scotland, and provoked a corresponding hostility on the part of the Church. The bulk of the book seems to be due to three brothers, James, John, and Robert Wedderburne, sons of a wealthy and respected burgess family of Dundee, who entered St Andrews University in 1514, 1525, and 1526 respectively. They had all to flee the country as heretics or as suspected by Cardinal Beaton. James became a merchant at Dieppe, John lived long in Germany, at Wittenberg and elsewhere, till the Reformation triumphed in Scotland; Robert, who succeeded his uncle as Vicar of Dundee, returned to Scotland after the death of Beaton. James wrote both tragedies and comedies, some of which were acted, though none have been preserved. The *Complaynt of Scotlande* (page 214) has been by many attributed to Robert; John had most to do with the *Ballatis*, to which the Lord's Prayer, the Creed, a short Catechism in prose and another in verse, with graces &c., are prefixed. Then follow sixteen *Spirituall Sangis*, mostly translations, some freer and some closer, from the German Lutheran hymns. The second main division, *The Psalms of David with other new*

Ballatis, contains again translations mainly rom German versions. But to each part ed a number of miscellaneous pieces, some y quite original, some possibly from Eng- irces. More of them are religious, either ial or controversial; many of them are pro- ngs spiritualised, such as those that still he old first lines *Quho is at my windo, Iohne, cum kis me now; Hay now the day* One, *Welcum, Fortoun*, was as obviously of worldly love, which, proscribed by the Assembly of 1568, was unknown till Dr l printed it in 1896; one not in the oldest —*The Pape, that Pagane full of pryde*—and n Wedderburne's pen, was not proscribed, vived to be perhaps the best known, and in its reprobation of the ways of priests, and nuns, in places so scurrilous that Dr l, editing a standard text for a learned has thought it advisable to suppress some lines. Several of those from the German iginally done into German from old Latin ; one, *In dulci Jubilo*, is originally a maca- Latin and German, Scotch taking the place German in the Dundee version, and the eing left untranslated. Of the collection Dr supreme authority on hymns, says: 'Some ieces, though rude, have a wonderful pathos, n beauty.' It should be noted that at the late the English people had no popular on of anything that could be called hymns. ld and Hopkins in the various issues con- only versions of the psalms. Coverdale's *and Spirituall Songs*, which are much than the *Ballatis*, never took hold on the mind. Coverdale's were largely translated he same sources, and four of them very agree with four of the *Ballatis*, so that been alleged that Coverdale's four were done by Wedderburne into Scotch. But chell inclines to think the Scots version the The attempt to utilise for sacred purposes profane tunes, and to supersede unholy y pious ones, was nothing new; it had been d in France and Germany long before the ation; and Bardesanes, the Syrian Gnostic, son Harmodius, in the third century, were t the number of those who, as John Wesley refused to let the devil have all the good

first verse only of the following is an ion of the old English song usually printed:

he hunt is up, the hunt is up,
And it is well-nigh day,
nd Harry our king is gone hunting
To bring the deer to bay.

spiritualised version runs thus:

Vith huntis vp, with huntis vp,
It is now perfite day,
Ifus, our King, is gane in hunting,
Quha lykis to ſpeid thay may.

Ane curſit fox lay hid in rox — rocks
This lang and mony ane day,
Deuouring ſcheip, quhill he micht creip,
Nane micht him ſchaip away. — escape

It did him gude to laip the blude
Of zoung and tender lammis; — young
Nane culd he mis, for all was his,
The zoung anis with thair dammis.

The hunter is Christ that huntes in haist,
The hundis ar Peter and Paull,
The Paip is the fox, Rome is the rox,
That rubbis vs on the gall.

The Paip.

The Paip, that pagane full of pryde,
He hes vs blindit lang;
For quhair the blind the blind dois gyde,
Na wonder thay ga wrang:
Lyke prince and king he led the ring
Of all iniquitie:
Hay trix, tryme go trix,
Vnder the grene-wod tree.

Bot his abominatioun
The Lord hes brocht to licht;
His Popiſche pryde, and thrinfalde crowne, — threefold
Almaiſt hes loiſt thair micht;
His plak pardounis ar bot lardounis — deceits
Of new found vanitie:
Hay trix, tryme go trix, &c.

His Cardinallis hes caus to murne,
His Biſchoppis borne aback:
His Abbottis gat ane vncouth turne,
Quhen ſchauelingis went to ſack. . . . .

As no German original is known for the following, it may both be a spiritualised form of the song with the same name mentioned in *The Complaynt of Scotlande:*

Rycht sorelie musyng in my mynde,
For pietie sore my hart is pynde
Quhen I remember on Christ sa kynde,
That savit me:
Nane culd me saif from thyne till ynde — here to India
Bot onlie he.

He is the way, trothe, lyfe and lycht,
The varray port till heaven full rycht.
Quha enteris nocht be his greit mycht
Ane theif is he
That wald presume be his awin mycht
Sauit to be. — Saved

I grant that I haif faultit sore, — have committed faults
To stok and stane geuand his glore — giving his glory
And heipand warkis into store
For my remeid:
War nocht his mercy is the more
I had bein deid.

Thow lytill bill, thy wayis thou wend — book, poem
And schaw my mynde fra end to end
Till thame that will repent and mend
Thow schaw thame till
Beleue in Christ, quhom God hes send
And wirk his will.

In dulci Jubilo, printed both by Laing and Mitchell in four lines, thus begins:

In dulci jubilo now let
us sing with mirth and jo,
Our hartis consolatioun
lyis *in presepio;*
And schynis as the Sone,
Matris in gremio.
Alpha es et O,
Alpha es et O.

In 1878 Dr David Laing edited the *Gude and Godlie Ballatis* (1863), from the edition of 1578; Professor Mitchell, in his elaborate edition for the Scottish Text Society, had also for comparison a copy of the older edition of 1567, one copy of which he had heard of first in 1866.

Archbishop Hamilton's Catechism.—The Catechism known as Archbishop Hamilton's because it was issued by his authority after being examined and approved by the Provincial Council over which he presided in Edinburgh, January 26, 1551-2, is a masterpiece of its kind. It was very carefully prepared for its purpose as a popular exposition of Roman Catholic doctrine to be read by the parish priest from the pulpit in lieu of a sermon. Dignified in style, free from colloquialisms or any affectation of foreign phraseology, it is one of the best standards of the literary Scots of the period (see page 167).

The Catechism thus expounds the ninth sin against the first command—the first in the Catholic reckoning including what most Protestants divide into first and second. Witchcraft, it will be seen, was as real a trouble to the Catholic Kirk in Scotland as it was afterwards to the Church of the Reformation:

The nynt, thai brek this Command, quhasaevir usis Wichecraft, Nicromansie, Enchantment, Juglarie or trastis in thame, or seikis thair help, quhasa lippinnis to werdis or dremis, quhasa lippinnis to defend thair self, or thair beistis, or geir aganis fyre, watter, swerd, noysum beistis, with certene takinnis or writingis superstitiously.

And gyf ony man or woman wald say: Oft tymis we se, that thingis cummis to passe, quhilk divinaris sais. Oft tymes men and beistis ar helpit be wytchis charmis. Oft tymes geir, tynt or stowin, is gettin agane be cowngerars, and sa apperandly, it is nocht evil done to seike for siclike help. O thou wretchit and blind man or woman, that thinkis or says siclike wordis, knaw thow weil and understand, that quhen saevir thow speris or seikis for ony help, counsel, remede, consolation or defence at ony wytche, socerar, cowngerar or siclike dissaveris, thow dois greit injure to thi Lord God, because that thow takis the honour and service quhilk aucht to be gevin to God allanerly, and giffis it to the devil, quhilk is deidly enemie to thy saul. For without dout, all Wytches, Nigromanceris and siclike, workis be operatioun of the devil under a paction, condition, band or obligation of service and honour to be made to him. Mairouir thow sa doand, condemnis thi awn saule to panis eternal, because that thow forsakis utterly thi Lord God quhilk hais creat the to his awin ymage and liknes, and redemit the with na lesse price than with the precious blud of his awin natural sone our salviour Jesus Christ. Attouir thow brekis thi condition and band of service made to him in the sacrament of Baptyme. Finally thou art made as ane Pagan, Saracene or Infidele and sall perische for evirmair, except thou amend thy lyfe be trew, scharp, and lang penance. Quhat is deidly syn, bot wilfull transgressioun of the command of God? Than, how can thow that is ane wytche, or giffis credite to be helpit be Wytchcraft, excuse the fra deidly syn and endles damnation, seand that God almychty expresly in his haly law forbiddis al kindis of wytchecraft and siclike devilrie saiand thus: *Non augurabimini, nec observabitis somnia.* Use na kynd of wytchcraft, and tak na tent to dremis. And a litle efter hend: *Non declinetis ad Magos, nec ab ariolis aliquid scisciteminì ut polluamini per eos, ego dominus deus vester.* Gang nocht to witchis for ony help or confort, nother seik for counsell at ony socerar, for sa doand, ye are fylit in your saulis be thame, for I am your Lord God. And to mak an answar to thi argument. The devil sumtyme in smal matters schawis to the the verite, bot to that effeck, that finally he may cause the gif credit to his lesingis and black falset, in maters of greit wecht concerning thi saul. Sumtyme he will help the to get agane the guddis of this warld, bot his intent is, that finally he may cause the tyne the guddis of the warld to cum. Sumtyme he wil help the to recover the helth of thi body, bot to that effeck, that finally he may bring the to eternal dede of thi saul. Quharfor all trew christin men and wemen, suld nocht only be the command of God use na kind of witchcraft, bot alswa suld seik for na help at witchis, because that all siclike doing is injurius to God, and damnable to mans saul.

Nother can thai excuse thame self fra transgression of the first command, that superstitiously observis ane day mair than ane other, as certane craftis men, quhilk will nocht begin thair warke on the saterday, certane schipmen or marinars will nocht begin to sail on the satterday, certane travelars will nocht begin thair jornay on the sattarday, quhilk is plane superstition, because that God almychty made the satterday as well as he made all other dayis of the wouke. Quharfor all lesum warkis may be begon als wel on the Satterday as ony other day of the wouke, quhilk is nocht commandit haly day. Siclik superstición is amang thame, that will nocht berisch or erde the bodis of thair freindis on the North part of the kirk yard, trowand that thair is mair halynes or vertew on the South syde than on the North. It is nocht unknawin to us, that mony and sundry uther sinfull and damnable kindis of witchecraftis and superstitionis ar usit amang sum men and wemen, quhilk at this tyme we can nocht reherse and reprove in special, thairfor according to our dewtie we require yow forbeir thame all, because thai ar all damnable to your saulis.

Trastis, trusts; *werdis*, weirds, predictions: *lippin*, trust: *takinnis*, tokens; *speris*, asks; *dissaveris*, deceivers; *lesing*, lying; *tyne*, lose; *dede*, death; *wouke*, week; *lesum*, lawful.

T. G. L.

[The Catechism was edited by Dr Thomas Graves Law for the Clarendon Press in 1884; the extract follows that edition.—Ed.]

John Knox.—Though in the first place and pre-eminently a man of action, it is by undoubted right that John Knox claims a place in the history of English literature. His published writings fill six thick volumes, and two at least out of the six, alike by their literary quality and the importance of the themes with which they deal, may fairly be ranked among the great books of the language.

as said of Julius Cæsar may be said with truth of Knox—he wrote with the same th which he fought.

received a learned education, and, as far sant and absorbing public cares would per- was a student to the end of his life. Born addington in 1505, he probably attended gh school of that town. During the years ıd 1523 he studied at the University of ı, and during part of this period he had as ıis teachers ous school- ɔhn Major, n he would ıted into all ricacies of olastic the- Whatever ve been his ı Major, it in that the cal writings ı are essen- cholastic, ıy the ab- ss of their and the and spirit hich they ıdled. For d of some en years ıow passes ely out of When he rs he is in connection e Church of ıut is on the f that turn- ıt in his r which his life in

JOHN KNOX.
From Beza's *Icones*.

According to Knox's own testimony, it intercourse with George Wishart, begun ember 1545, which led to his embracing m of faith to which he was henceforth to himself with such memorable results for ıre of Scotland. The immediate conse- of his change of faith were disastrous for The burning of Wishart and the murder linal Beaton directly bore on his own l safety. His abode in the Castle of rews, his nineteen months in the French his twelve years' exile, were the imme- sults of his association with Wishart; and ıged purposes in life determined the entire scope of his literary production. There is theme and one object in all his six volumes ırtherance of the Protestant form of faith extinction of the doctrines of Rome. So rbing is his purpose that it would be hard to find a page in all his writings (including his familiar letters) that does not bear more or less directly on the mission to which he had given himself.

From 1549 to 1554 Knox spent his exile in various parts of England. The results of his sojourn in that country—his success in spreading the new religious opinions at Berwick-on-Tweed, Newcastle, and elsewhere; the modifications he succeeded in effecting in the formularies of the Church of England—are a notable chapter in the religious history of Britain. As far as literary effort is concerned, however, these years in England were not fruitful. It is with his flight to the Continent shortly after the accession of Mary Tudor (1553) that he began that long series of occasional writings which were to make him a voluminous author. Some months spent at Dieppe, about a year (1554–5) at Frankfort-on-the-Main, and about four in Geneva (with an intervening visit to Scotland) completed the period of Knox's exile. Hortatory letters to the Protestants in Scotland and England and expository theological treatises make up the bulk of his literary production throughout these years. By the place it holds in the history of political opinion, one of his many pamphlets deserves at least a passing notice—his famous *First Blast of the Trumpet against the Monstrous Regiment of Women*. The pamphlet had a resounding notoriety at the time of its appearance, and may still be read with interest at once as a specimen of the controversial literature of the period and as the expression of opinions which were shared by Jean Bodin, the greatest political thinker of the sixteenth century. As far as literary quality is concerned, however, the *Blast* by no means shows Knox at his best. It is essentially an ill-considered performance, as he himself, indeed, came to admit—undigested and ill-reasoned, violent without being powerful, and with few of those great strokes which abound in the work on

which his reputation as a writer must mainly rest.

It was the singular fortune of Knox to be at once the chief actor in a national revolution and its pre-eminent interpreter and historian. It was in the beginning of May 1559 that he finally returned to Scotland. He found the country in the throes of the struggle which was to end in the overthrow of the ancient Church and in the establishment of Protestantism; and till his death in 1572 it was to these ends that he devoted himself with that intensity of purpose and those extraordinary gifts of mind and character which have given him his supreme place in the memory of his countrymen. It was at once by word and deed that Knox advanced the cause on which he had set his heart; for, unlike men of the type of Savonarola, he combined the passionate self-abandonment of the popular orator with the prudence of the practical politician. 'I assure you,' wrote Randolph, the English agent in Scotland, to Cecil, the great Minister of Elizabeth—'I assure you the voice of one man is able in one hour to put more life in us than five hundred trumpets continually blustering in our ears.' If his power of speech was thus so formidable, the course of events conclusively proved that none of the Protestant lords, professed politicians though they were, saw so clearly and comprehensively the conditions of the eventual triumph of the new faith and the new national policy. With the details of the great struggle we are not here directly concerned; but it is to be noted that it is precisely those qualities which he displayed in his public action—the combination of enthusiasm and shrewd sense—which gives its distinctive character to his monumental *Historie of the Reformatioun in Scotland.*

As originally conceived, Knox's *Historie* was to have been limited to the period between 1558 and August of 1561—the date of the return of Queen Mary to Scotland; and its main object was to be the justification of the Protestant party in its proceedings against the Crown. Fortunately both for literature and history, the work grew on his hands till it attained a scope which fully justifies the title by which it came to be known. Of the five books of which it consists, the first relates the growth of Protestant opinion till the year 1558, the second and third deal with the revolution which ended in the Treaty of Leith and the establishment of Protestantism as the national religion, the fourth is in large degree autobiography, and the fifth continues the narrative from 1564 to 1567. With the exception of the last, which did not receive the author's final touch, each of the books possesses a specific character and value of its own. As a rapid and vivid survey of the gradual breach of Scotland with Rome the first is equally striking from the point of view of literature and history. Such passages as those which describe the martyrdom of Patrick Hamilton, the rout of Solway Moss, the murder of Cardinal Beaton, and the battle of Pinkie are historical paintings which are engraved on the national mind. The second and fourth books deserve the high praise that by the substantiation of facts by abundant original documents they satisfy the criterion of modern historical criticism. But it is the fourth book of his *Historie* that reveals in their strength and weakness all the powers of Knox as a man and as a writer. His theme is the conflict of the old and the new religions; but here we are far from the abstract disquisitions which make unreadable the bulk of his other productions. Mary Stuart as the embodiment of error, and himself as the vehicle of truth—it is on these two figures that, as in some spiritual drama, he fixes our eyes with all the passion and skill of a great unconscious artist. His reports of his four successive interviews with Mary are ineffaceable photographs, which by their truth and vivacity would alone be the adequate proof of his special literary gift. But, in truth, Knox was endowed in abundance with all the equipment of the so-called picturesque historian. He had the keenest of eyes for all the details of life, and from his varied experience in court and camp and deliberative assembly, he had enjoyed the most ample opportunities of exercising his gift. Of battles he writes with a gusto that suggests the doughty man-at-arms rather than the apostle of the religion of peace. We have called him an unconscious artist, but this description must be taken with certain reserves. Owing perhaps to his residence in England and his intercourse with English exiles abroad, he was led, in his *Historie* especially, to employ a style so much more English than the vernacular Scots of the period as to draw down on him the reprobation of Catholic controversialists for his unpatriotic preference for the southern form of speech. We have it on his own word that he deliberately introduced the lighter play of mind into the conduct of the most serious affairs. 'Melancholious reasons,' he said, 'would have some mirth intermixed.' Even in his phraseology it would seem that, at least on occasion, he consciously employed a certain literary artifice. Such an expression as 'The foolish fantasy of facile flesh' attests a conscious aim at literary effect. Nevertheless the general impression produced by the work of Knox is that of a great natural force manifesting itself in literature as in life with the various and overpowering energies of an original mind and character, which under no circumstances could have been determined by conventional trammels, whether of art or life.

Such are the high qualities that are generally conceded to Knox as a writer of history; yet in exact proportion are the defects that belong to them. In adversaries he sees no virtue; in opinions that collide with his own he sees only wilful and pernicious error. Large and sane views of human affairs, comprehensive grasp and luminous development of his subject as a whole—of these historical virtues Knox is totally void. As in his actions so

/ritings, it is precisely that lack of repose
ed with force, of dignity and weight of
conjoined with intensity of feeling, which
m beneath the first rank equally of men of
nd men of letters.

An English Invasion.

:eassed nott Sathan, by all meanes, to manteane
lome of darkness, and to suppresse the light of
Evangell. But potent is he against whome thei
for when thay wicked war in greatast securitie,
ane God to schaw his anger. For the thirde day
in the year of God Jm. Vc. xliiij yearis, without
ge of any man in Scotland, (we meane of such as
aif had the care of the realme,) was seene a great
schippis arryving towardis the Firth. The postis
the Governour and Cardinall, (who boith war in
gh,) what multitud of schippis ware sene, and
urse thei took. This was upoun the Setterday
une. Questioun was had, what should thei
Some said, 'It is no doubt but thei ar Englis-
d we fear that thei shall land.' The Cardinall
[mocked] and said, 'It is but the Island flote
thei ar come to mak a schaw, and to putt us in
I shall lodge all the men-of-ware into my eae
hat shall land in Scotland.' Still sittis the
ll at his dennare, eavin as that thare had bene
;er appearing. Men convenis to gase upoun the
, some to the Castell Hill, some to the Craiggis,
er places eminent. But thare was no questioun,
vhat forces shall we resist, yf we be invadit?'
ter sax houris at nycht, war arryved and had
anker in the Read [Roads] of Leyth, mo then
ndreth sailles. Schortlie thare after the Admirall
flote boite, which, frome Grantoun craigis
:ast Leyth, sounded the deipe, and so returned
schippe. Heirof war diverse opinionis. Men
ement foresaw what it ment. But no credite
:vin to any that wold say, 'Thei mynd to land.'
past all man to his rest, as yf thei schippis had
;ard for thare defence.
e the poynt of day, upon Sounday, the fourt of
ldressed thei for landing, and ordered thei thare
so that a galay or two lade thare snowttis to the
The small schippis called pinaces, and light
approched als neir as thei could. The great
discharged thare souldiouris in the smallare
is, and thei by bottis, sett upon dry land befoir
ris ten thousand men, as was judged, and mo.
vernour and Cardinall seing then the thing that
ld nott, or att least thei wold nott beleve befoir,
it thei had maid a brag to feght, fled as fast as
old cary them; so that after, thei approched nott
wenty myllis of the danger. The Erle of Anguss
)rge Dowglas war that nycht freed of ward, (thei
Blakness.) The said Schir George in merynes
thank King Hary and my gentill Maisteris of
l.'
Englis army betuix twelf and one hour entered
1, fand the tables covered, the dennaris prepared,
oundance of wyne and victuallis, besydis the other
:e, that the lyik riches within the lyik boundis
t to be found, neyther in Scotland nor England.
the Mononday, the fyft of Maij, came to thame
:rwik and the Bordour, two thowsand horsmen,
:ing somewhat reposed, the army, upoun the
Wednisday, marched towardis the Toune of Edinburgh, spoyled and brynt the same, and so did thei the Palice of Halyrud-house. The horsmen took the House of Cragmyllare, and gatt great spoyle tharein; for it being judged the strongast house near the Toune, other then the Castell of Edinburgh, all man sowght to saif thare movables thairin. But the stoutness of the Larde gave it over without schote of hackque-boote, and for his reward was caused to merch upoun his foote to Londoun. He is now Capitane of Dumbar and Provest of Edinburgh.

(From Book i. of the *Historie*.)

An Interview of Knox and Mary.

The Queyn looked about to some of the reaportaris, and said, 'Your wourdis ar scharpe yneuch as ye have spocken thame; but yitt thei war tald to me in ane uther maner. I know (said sche) that my Uncles and ye ar nott of ane religioun, and thairfoir I can nott blame you albeit you have no good opinioun of thame. But yf ye hear any thing of my self that myslyikis you, come to my self and tell me, and I shall hear you.'

'Madam,' quod he, 'I am assured that your Uncles ar enemyes to God, and unto his Sone Jesus Christ; and that for manteanance of thair awin pompe and worldlie glorie, that thei spair not to spill the bloode of many innocents; and thairfoir I am assured that thair interpryses shall have no better successe then otheris haif had that befoir thame have done that thei do now. But as to your awin personage, Madam, I wold be glade to do all that I could to your Graces contentment, provided that I exceed nott the boundis of my vocatioun. I am called, Madam, to ane publict functioun within the Kirk of God, and am appointed by God to rebuk the synnes and vices of all. I am not appointed to come to everie man in particular to schaw him his offense; for that laubour war infinite. Yf your Grace please to frequent the publict sermonis, then doubt I nott but that ye shall fullie understand boyth what I like and myslike, als weall in your Majestie as in all otheris. Or yf your Grace will assigne unto me a certane day and hour when it will please you to hear the forme and substance of doctrin whiche is proponed in publict to the Churches of this Realme, I will most gladlie await upoun your Grace's pleasur, tyme, and place. But to waitt upoun your chalmer-doore, or ellis whair, and then to have no farther libertie but to whisper my mynd in your Grace's eare, or to tell to you what otheris think and speak of you, neather will my conscience nor the vocatioun whairto God hath called me suffer it. For albeit at your Grace's commandiment I am heare now, yitt can not I tell what other men shall judge of me, that at this tyme of day am absent from my book and wayting upoun the Courte.'

'You will not alwayis,' said sche, 'be at your book,' and so turned hir back. And the said Johne Knox departed with a reasonable meary countenance; whairat some Papistis offended said, 'He is not effrayed.' Which heard of him, he answered, 'Why should the pleasing face of a gentill woman effray me? I have looked in the faces of many angrie men, and yit have nott bene effrayed above measure.' And so left he the Quene and the Courte for that tyme. (From Book iv.)

Knox and Mary's Ladies-in-Waiting.

Heirwith was the Quene more offended, and commanded the said Johne to pass furth of the cabinet, and to abyd farther of hir pleasur in the chalmer. The Laird of Dun taryed, and Lord Johne of Coldinghame cam into

the cabinet, and so thei boyth remaned with hyr neyr the space of ane houre. The said Johne stood in the chalmer, as one whom men had never sein, (so war all effrayed,) except that the Lord Ochiltrie bayre him companye: and thairfoir began he to forge talking of the ladyes who war thair sitting in all thair gorgiouse apparell; whiche espyed, he mearelie said, 'O fayre Ladyes, how pleasing war this lyeff of youris, yf it should ever abyd, and then in the end that we myght passe to heavin with all this gay gear. But fye upoun that knave Death, that will come whitther we will or not! And when he hes laid on his areist, the foull wormes wilbe busye with this flesche, be it never so fayr and so tender; and the seally sowll, I fear, shalbe so feable, that it can neather cary with it gold, garnassing, targatting [tasseling], pearle, nor pretious stanes.' And by suche meanes procured he the cumpany of women; and so past the tyme till that the Laird of Dun willed him to departe to his house quhill new advertisement.

(From Book iv.)

See *The Works of John Knox*, collected and edited by David Laing; M'Crie, *Life of John Knox* (1812); Hume Brown, *John Knox: a Biography* (1895); *The History of the Reformation of Religion in Scotland within the Realm of Scotland*, written by John Knox, edited [modernised and abridged] for popular use by Sheriff C. J. Guthrie (1898).

P. H. B.

George Buchanan.—As far as his contribution to English or Scottish literature is concerned, George Buchanan would call but for the most cursory notice in the present work. Of the two folio volumes which make up his published writings, some twelve pages contain all that he wrote in the vernacular—the rest being in classical Latin, prose and verse. Yet for learned Scots, from his own day till this, Buchanan has been one of the most interesting and important figures in the literary history of their country. His Latin paraphrase of the Psalms has been for three centuries the delight of cultivated Scottish readers, and the same book, studied in Scottish schools for at least two centuries, formed the taste and ministered to the faith of the successive generations of Scottish youth. By his *History of Scotland* also—hailed at the time of its appearance as the most successful reproduction of classical models—he made the annals of his native country known to educated Europe. Moreover, the inspiration of his name and example, as of the greatest scholar whom Scotland has produced, has been of the most potent efficacy in determining a special line of culture followed by his countrymen; for to Buchanan it is mainly due that the study of Latin came to hold its peculiar place in the higher education of Scotland. 'No man,' says Calderwood, writing of Buchanan in the seventeenth century—'no man did merit better of his nation for learning, nor thereby did bring it to more glory;' and Hill Burton, in the nineteenth, could still write that 'there are not, perhaps, above three or four names holding so proud a place in the homage of his countrymen as Buchanan's.' Such being the acknowledged name and influence of Buchanan, it would seem that in the reckoning of the literary achievements of his country he must command an interest peculiarly his own.

The life of Buchanan is a typical chapter from the history of the Revival of Letters. The scholars of the Renaissance were the veritable knights-errant of their time, and few of them had a more varied and adventurous career than Buchanan. Born in February 1506, at Killearn in Stirlingshire, he received the elements of his education in various schools of his native country. In his fourteenth year he was sent to the University of Paris through the good offices of his maternal uncle, James Heriot. Paris had for centuries been the dream of the studious youth of Scotland; and at the date (1520) of Buchanan's first sojourn there the university was passing through a critical period of its history. A double conflict was engaging the best minds in its schools. The teaching of Luther was clashing with the religion of Rome; and the study of Latin and Greek in the new spirit of the Italian Renaissance was asserting itself in opposition to the traditional curriculum of the Middle Ages. It was doubtless during the two years he now spent in Paris that Buchanan acquired that special bent of mind and of intellectual interest which gave him his distinctive character as a typical personality of his age. Henceforward the study of the classics, and specially of Latin, became the engrossing aim of his life, and he pursued it with such natural aptitude and such industry as finally won for him the admiration of learned Europe and the first place among the scholars of his age. Ill-health and the failure of means through the death of his uncle forced Buchanan to return to Scotland after some two years' sojourn in Paris. When next we hear of him, it is as a volunteer in an expedition led by the Regent Albany against England. The result of his experience in soldiering was not encouraging, as in consequence of his hardships he was bedridden for the ensuing winter. Apparently convinced that the career of scholar was his true vocation, he resumed his studies, but on this occasion at the University of St Andrews, where he had for his principal teacher the most famous literary Scotsman of his generation, John Major, the author of a History of Great Britain and of several folios of scholastic theology. It was the meeting of the old world and the new. Buchanan, who had in Paris been initiated into the intellectual ideals of the new generation, found in the highest degree uncongenial mere logical subtleties which in the later Middle Age had become so barren and unprofitable. After a session at the feet of Major, therefore, Buchanan, on taking his degree of Bachelor of Arts, returned (1526) to Paris, where he was to make his home for the next ten years.

The Scots College in Paris, founded in 1326 by the Bishop of Moray, was his first home, and thence he graduated M.A. in 1528. Being thus qualified to act as regent or tutor, Buchanan chose the profession of teaching as the means of earning

ıd, and to the close of his career he remained to his choice. With his notable gifts he easily have assured himself a far more ıs existence had he chosen to enter the .; but, as his future was to show, Buchanan ɔorn man of letters whose chief gratification e untrammelled expression of opinion on questions which were then agitating men's

ar as Buchanan's literary ambitions were rned, his now lay y before ith the rest s career, re, we may omewhat briefly. ome years n the Col- Ste Barbe ris he be- utor to the Earl of is, whom companied otland in It is a proof distinction ad already s a scholar ıe was now d with the ion of Lord Stewart, a l son of V. (not the James, it be said, in Scottish as the Earl oray). A of inci- now befell

GEORGE BUCHANAN.
From the Portrait in the National Portrait Gallery.

nan which, according to his own testimony, ıined his whole future. At the request of ıg he wrote a satire (*Franciscanus*) against eat Order of the Franciscans, which made ıd too hot for him and drove him to seek in England. Even in England, where, in n words, he found Henry VIII. 'burning tant and Catholic alike on the same day and same fire,' Buchanan was not safe, and after of six months he once more sought a refuge nce (1540). Here for the next three years d him acting as a master in a large school y founded at Bordeaux, where, it is worthy , he had among his pupils the great essayist, igne. Again his sarcastic humour seems to ɔrought him into trouble. A satirical dia- ɔn monasteries created some sensation in the ıd, as the Franciscans of Scotland had never lost sight of him, he found it advisable to follow his fortunes elsewhere. For some years, during which he suffered much from ill-health, he resided in various parts of France; but in 1547 he received an offer which led to the most notable experience in his varied career. This was to make one of a band of scholars chosen to act as professors in the University of Coimbra in Portugal. On the way to his destination he passed a few days at Salamanca, famous for its great university. It was the season of Lent; the only fish to be had were conger eels; the bread of the town was detestable; and Buchanan's digestion, as we know, was of the feeblest. In an evil hour for himself he ate meat in the sacred season. The sin was discovered, and was not forgotten. Within little more than a year Buchanan found himself in the dungeons of the Inquisition at Coimbra on a general charge of heresy, and specially of eating meat in Lent. After a trial which was protracted through a year and a half, he was confined in a monastery by way of penance for his past unsatisfactory conduct as a true son of the Church; and it was during his enforced seclusion that he mainly accomplished his famous Latin paraphrase of the Psalms. On his release (1552) he again, after a brief visit to England, settled in France; for, though he had spoken so freely regarding the doctrines of the Church and the morals of the clergy, he was still at heart a Catholic. His last years in France were spent in the capacity of tutor to the son of the Maréchal de Brissac; and on the expiry of this engagement there were special reasons for his seeking a final home in his native country (1561). By further study of the questions at issue between Protestantism and Rome he had become convinced that the truth lay with the former, and by the date when he saw fit to change his religion Protestantism had triumphed in Scotland.

Though Buchanan was in his fifty-sixth year at the date of his return, and though his health, never robust, disabled him from playing a great part in public affairs, the various offices he successively filled prove the esteem in which he was held as the most famous literary Scotsman of his day. He read Livy with Queen Mary, he took a prominent part in the business of successive General Assemblies of the new religion, and he acted for a time as Principal of the College of St Leonard's in St Andrews. The part he played in the arraignment of Queen Mary for the murder of Darnley belongs to his history of the time, and is embodied in his terrible indictment known as the *Detectio*. On the dethronement of Mary he was entrusted with the education of her son, afterwards James VI.; and during the regency of Lennox he filled successively the offices of Director of Chancery and Keeper of the Privy Seal. His last years were occupied in the writing of his *History of Scotland*, which was published the year after his death on 28th September 1582. The circumstances of his end are memorable in the history of letters; he died so poor that his means were insufficient to defray the expenses of his funeral.

With Buchanan's two Latin folios before us the question inevitably suggests itself—What would have been his literary achievement had he chosen Scots or English as his vehicle of expression? That his work would have been memorable there can be no manner of doubt. In the range and variety and quality of his gifts—displayed, it is to be remembered, through the hampering medium of a foreign tongue—he is indubitably superior to the most distinguished of the early Scottish vernacular writers—Dunbar, or Douglas, or Henryson, or Lyndsay. He has passion, wit, humour, and playful fancy; and in such productions as his *Epithalamium* (on the marriage of Mary Stuart with the Dauphin of France), as well as in many of his Psalms, he rises to the heights of pure imaginative feeling. As to his genius he added the most varied experience of life and all the accomplishments of his time, he would have approached his themes with advantages far beyond those of any early Scottish writer. As it is, the few pages in the Scots tongue which he has written only prove that, had he chosen to use it, he had the perfect command of all its capacities. Even from the two brief letters here quoted it will be seen that he handles the language with a deftness and precision which is unequalled in any specimens of early Scots that have been preserved; while the extract from the *Admonitioun* proves that on higher themes he could produce a harmony and symmetry in the old Scots tongue which recalls the periods of Cicero or Livy.

To his singular freynd M. Randolph, maister of postis to the Queinis Grace of Ingland.

I resauit twa pair of lettres of you sens my latter wryting to you. Wyth the fyrst I resavit Marinus [*sic*] Scotus, of quhylk I thank you greatly, and specialy that your inglessmen ar fund liars in thair cronicles allegyng on hym sic thyngs as he never said. I haif beyne vexit wyth seiknes al the tyme sens, and geif I had decessit ye suld haif lesit [lost] bath thankis and recompens. Now I mot neid thank you, bot geif wear [war] brekks vp of thys foly laitly done on the border, than I wyl hald the recompense as Inglis geir, bot gif peace followis and nother ye die seik of mariage or of the twa symptomes following on mariage quhylks ar jalozie and cuccaldry, and the gut [gout] cary not me away, I most other find sum way to pay or ceise kyndnes or ellis geifing vp kyndnes pay yow with evil wordis; and geif thys fasson of dealing pleasit me I haif reddy occasion to be angry with you that haif wissit me to be ane kentys man, quylk in a maner is ane centaure, half man, half beast.[1] And yit for ane certaine consideration I wyl pas over that iniury, imputyng it erar [rather] to your new foly, than to ald wysdome. For geif ye had beine in your rycht wyt, ye being anis escapit the tempestuous stormes and naufrage of mariage had never enterit agane in the samyn dangeris. For I can not tak you for ane *Stoik philosopher*, havinge ane head inexpugnable with the frenetyk tormentis of Jalozie or ane cairless hart that taks cuccaldris as thyng indifferent. In thys caise I most neidis præfer the rude Scottis wyt of capitane Cocburne to your inglis solomonical sapience, quhylk wery of ane wyfe deliuerit hir to the queyne again; bot you deliuerit of ane wyfe castis your self in the samyn nette, *et ferre potes dominam saluis tot restibus ullam*. And so capitane Cocburne is in better case than you for his seiknes is in the feitte and yowris in the heid. I pray you geif I be out of purpose thynk not that I suld be maryit. Bot rather consider your awyn dangerouse estait of the quhylk the speking has thus troublit my braine and put me safar out of the way. As to my occupation at thys present tyme, I am besy with our story of Scotland to purge it of sum Inglis lyis and Scottis vanite. As to maister Knoks his historie is in hys freindis handis, and thai ar in consultation to mitigat sum part the acerbite of certaine wordis and sum taintis quhair in he has followit to muche sum of your inglis writaris, as M. Hal *et suppilatorem eius* Graftone,[2] &c. As to M. Beza I fear that eild [old age] quhylk has put me from verses making sal delivre him sone a *scabie poetica*, quhylk war ane great pitye, for he is ane of the most singular poetes that has beine thys lang tyme. As to your great prasyng gevin to me in your lettre: geif ye scorne not, I thank you of luif and kyndnes towart me; bot I am sorie of your corrupt iugement. Heir I wald say mony iniuries to you war not yat my gut [gout] commandis me to cesse and I wyl als spair mater to my nixt writings. Fairweal and god keip you. At Sterling the sext of August. G. BUCHANAN.

[1] The allusion is to the old story that the men of Kent had tails.
[2] Grafton was the continuator of the chronicler Hall.

To Maister Randolf Squiar, Maister of Postes to the Quenis Grace of Ingland.

Maister, I haif resavit diverse letters frome you, and yit I have ansourit to naine of thayme; of the quhylke albeit I haif mony excusis, as age, forgetfulnes, besines, and disease, yit I wyl use nane as now, except my sweirness [laziness], and your gentilnes; and geif ye thynk nane of theise sufficient, content you with ane confession of the falt, without fear of punitioun to follow on my onkindnes. As for the present, I am occupiit in writyng of our historie, being assurit to content few, and to displease mony thar throw. As to the end of it, yf ye gett

t not or thys winter be passit, lippen not for it [do not lepend or count on it], nor nane other writyngs from ae. The rest of my occupation is wyth the gout, quhilk aldis me besy both day and nycht. And quhair ye say e haif not lang to lyif, I traist to god to go before yow, lbeit I be on fut, and ye ryd the post; praying you ls [also] not to dispost my hoste at Newwerk, Jone of Celsterne. Thys I pray you, partly for his awyne sake, quhame I thocht ane gud fellow, and partly at request f syk as I dar nocht refuse. And thus I tak my leif hortly at you now, and my lang leif quhen God pleasis, ommitting you to the protection of the almychty. At iterling xxv. day of August, 1577.

Yours to command with service, G. BUCHANAN.

Exhortation to the Lords of the Privy Counsell agaynst the Hamiltons.

It may seame to 3our lordships that I melling [medling] with hie materis of governing of commoun weill as myne estait being of sa meane qualitie and for3ettis ny devoir geving counsale to the wysest of this realme. Nochtyeles seing the miserie sa greit apperand and ye alamitie sa neir approcheand, I thocht it lesse falt to ncur the cryme of surmonting my priuat estait nor the blame of neglecting the publict dangeare. Thairfoir I hosit rather to underly the opiniouu of presumptiouu in peking than of tressoun in silence, and specialie in sic hingis as seme presentlie to redound to perpetuall schame f 3our lordships, distructiouu of this royall estait, and ewyne of ye haill commoun weill of scotland. On this onsideratiouu I haif tane at this tyme on hand to aduerteis 3our honors of sic thingis as I thocht to pertene bayth o 3our lordships in speciall and in generall to ye haill ommunitie of yis realme in punitiouu of traitors, pacifiatiouu of troubles amangis our selffis, and continewatiouu f peace with our nychtbouris. Of the quhilk I haif tane he travell to wryte and remittis the jugement to 3our disretiouu, having that hoip at the leist that gif my wit and oirsicht can not satisfie 3ow my gude will sall not displeis 3ow—of the quhilk aduertisement the summar is this. First to considder how godlie is the actiouu that 3e haif tane on hand to writ. The defence of 3our king, ane innocent pupill, the establissing of religiouu, punitiouu of thevis and tratouris, manteinance of peace, and quietnes amangis 3our selffis and with forayne nationis. Nixt to remembir how 3e haue vindicat this realme out of thraldome of strangearis, out of domestik tyranne, and out of ane publict dishonour anentis all forayne nationis; quhair we wer altogidder estemit ane people murtherare of kingis, impacient of lawis and magistrattis—in respect of ye murthour of ye lait king Henry within ye wallis of ye principall towne, the greittest of ye nobilitie being present with ye Quene for the tyme. And how eftir 3our power 3e tryit out ane part of ye cheif tratouris frome amangis the trew subjectis and constranit strangearis to prays eftirwart als mekill 3our justice as thai had afoir condampnit wrangusle 3our injustice.

The vernacular writings of Buchanan, as far as is known, consist of the two letters given above; *The Chamæleon*, a satirical allegory on the career of Maitland of Lethington; and the *Admonition to the True Lords*, a political pamphlet addressed to the Protestant nobles of Scotland. The Scots translation of the *Detectio* is probably by another hand. The most satisfactory edition of Buchanan's Latin works is that of Ruddimann (1715). His vernacular writings are published by the Scottish Text Society. During Buchanan's sojourn in Bordeaux he wrote four Latin tragedies for acting by the students. It is interesting to know that two of these—the *Baptistes* and the *Jephthes*, translated into German after 1570—set in Germany the example of treating sacred subjects in the severer style of the classical tragedy, somewhat on Senecan lines. See Irving's *Life of George Buchanan* (and ed. 1817), and Hume Brown's *George Buchanan, Humanist and Reformer* (1890).

Robert Lindesay, tenant rather than laird of Pitscottie, near Ceres in Fife, is gratefully remembered as the gossiping chronicler of Scottish history, the 'auld Pitscottie' who was Sir Walter Scott's authority for many a vivid passage in his prose and verse—as, for instance, the story in *Marmion* of James IV.'s vision in Linlithgow kirk before Flodden; 'for quaint interest, the Herodotus of Scotland,' Mr Lang calls him. For the dates of his birth and death, c.1500–c.1565, formerly accepted by him, Dr Mackay on no very convincing grounds substituted in 1899 c.1532–c.1578. Pitscottie belonged to a branch of the noble family of Lindsay; but though, like all Scotsmen in this 'romantic' age, he was a strong partisan, he took no conspicuous part in public affairs. His sympathies were with the English or Protestant party throughout, and he is manifestly unable to be fair to the other side. He is apt to be wonderfully wrong in his dates; he sometimes exasperates us by giving the driest and briefest annals in years full of great events for which he might rank as a contemporary authority. But when it does occur to him to tell a story in full, he does it with a will, and is both graphic, humorous, ample in striking details, and eminently quaint. He proposed to himself to be the continuator of Boece and Bellenden, and his first book is a translation, with additions, from Boece. The first printed edition—that of 1728—was 'modernised;' that of 1814 was well meant but uncritical. And all before that of the Scottish Text Society (2 vols. 1899) were incomplete. Of sixteen MSS. examined for that edition by Sheriff Mackay, only one (which came to light in 1896) contained any account of the events of the interesting decade 1565–1575, which saw the murder of Darnley, the Bothwell marriage, Queen Mary's flight, the regency of Murray, the deaths of Knox and Lethington. Dr Mackay is convinced the newly discovered portion is Pitscottie's own, suppressed in the other MSS. because the scribes were afraid to copy Pitscottie's frank account of these critical times. Pitscottie thus recounts the escape of the Duke of Albany, the brother of James III., from Edinburgh Castle, to which, after a rebellion in 1479, the king had committed him:

Sone efter this they consallit the king to iustiefie the Duik of Albanie his brother, thinkand gif they war quyte of him they suld do witht the king quhat they pleissit; ffor they stude in sic aw of the Duik of Albanie they durst not mell witht the king nor put hand in him, so lang as the said Duik was on lyue. Quhairfor thir consperatouris desyrit at all tymes to haue this Duik put to deid, trustand the better to come to thair purpois of the king. Althocht the conspiratouris thocht to have this matter that is above specifyit in quyetnes, yet nochtwithtstanding the king of France gat wit of the samin tressoun be moyen of sum that fawored the Duik of Albanie; and

thairefter come ane Frinche schip out of France haistelie in to Scottland witht secreit wryttingis to the Duik of Albanie, quho then was in presone in the castell of Edinburgh, to advertise him that it was concludit with the king and consall that he sould be iustifieit witht in ane certane day; quhilk was the day befoir the schip strak in the raid of Leyth besyde the Newheawin and gaif hir self fourtht as ane passinger witht wyne, and send wpe word to the castell to the Duik of Albanie gif he wald haue of the samin. Quhen he hard thir nowellis he desyrit the captaneis lecence to send for tuo bossis of wyne, quho gaif him leif glaidlie and provydit the bossis himself. And then the Duik of Albanie send his familiear servand to the said frincheman for the wyne and prayit him to send of the best and starkest; quho grantit the samin werie heartfullie and send him the tuo bossis of mavasie, and in the on of the bossis he pat ane roll of wax quhairin was clossit ane secreit writting quhilk schew the Duik of Albanie sic tydings as he was nocht content witht, bot in the wther boss thair was ane certane fadame of cordis to support him in his neid at that tyme. The bossis was of the quantatie of tuo gallouns the peace, quhairfoir they war the les to be knawin that thair was ought in to them bot the wyne. Nochtwithtstanding the man that brocht the wyne sped him hame to his maister and schew him certane thingis be toung quhilk this stranger had bidin him, and that night the Duik of Albanie callit the captane to the supper and promissit him ane drink of goode wyne and he glaidlie desyrit the same, and came to him incontenent and suppit witht him. The Duik off Albanie gaif his chamberchyld command that he sould drink no wyne that night bot keip him fresche ffor he knew not quhat he wald haue adoe; thairfor he prayit him to be war witht him self and gif thair raise ony thing amangis them he prayit him to tak his pairt as he wald serue him. Quhen supper was done the captane went to the kingis challmer to sie quhat he was doand, quho was then ludgit in the castill; and quhen he had gart wesit it, he gart syne steik the zettis and syne gart sett the watch man and thairefter came againe to the Duik of Albanieis chamber to the collatioun; and efter that they had drukin and all men was in thair bedis, the Duik and the captane zeid to the tabillis and playit for the wyne. The fyre was hott and the wyne was stark and the captane and his men became merie; quhill at the last the Duik of Albanie persaueit his tyme and saw them merrie and maid ane signe to his chamber chyld to be redy as he had instructit him befoir. For the Duik thocht at that tyme that thair was no wther remeid bot ether do or die, because that he was suirlie adwertissit be the frinche schip that he was to be heidit wpoun the morne; thairfor he thocht it best to prevene the tyme and to put his lyffe in jeopardie, thinkand the tyme might fall that he might releif himself. Thairfor he gaif the evintour and lap fra the boorde and straik the captane witht ane quhinger and slew him and allso siclyk to ane wther. Bot his chamber chyld was right bussie in the meane tyme and sua the tua wther tuik foure, that is to say the captane and his thrie men, and quhen they had done cast them in the fyre; and efterwart tuik out thair cordis and past to the wall heid at ane quyit place quhair the watches might haue no sight of thame, and thair laid ower the tow ower the wall and the Duik lat done his chamber chyld first. Bot the tow was schort and he fell and brak his thie baine, and thairefter cryit to his maister and bad him mak lang for he was gaine. Then the Duik raif the scheittis of his bed and maid the raipe langer and past doune him self saiflie and quhen he come doune he persawit his servant lyand in the poynt of his lyfe. He tuik him wpe on his bak and buire him as far as he might win away and hide him in ane quyit place quhair he trowit he might be saif, and syne went to the New hevin, quho send thair bott to the land to him and ressawit him in to the schip; bot I knaw not giue his servant past witht him or not, bot suirle money gentillmen of Scottland wissit to be witht him. Amangis the laif Schir Alexander Jeardane laird of Apillgirth past witht him, witht sindrie gentillmen. Bot on the morne quhen the watchis persauit that the tow was hingand ower the wall, they ran to seik the captane to haue schawin him the maner; bot he was not in his chamber, they could not gett him. Then they passit to the Duik of Albanieis chamber and thair they fand the doore standand oppin and ane deid man lyand athort it; and also they saw the captane and tuo wther in the fyre burnand, whiche was werie dollarus and feirfull wnto them; bot they mist the Duik of Albanie and his chamber chyld, and thairfoir they rane spedelie and tauld the king how the matter had hapnit, that the captane was slaine and his servantis. Bot the king wald not credit them quhill he past him self and saw how the matter stude, and saw the captane and his men lyand deid and brunt in the fyre. Then he considerit the haill cause how it stude, and caussit the zettis to be haldin close that no worde sould pass to the toune quhill he had searchit all the place to se gif the Duik of Albanie had bene withtin the place or not. Bot quhen he could on nawayis comprehend him, he caussit to send out horsemen in all pairtis of the contrie to se gif they could comprehend him in ony place and bring him to the king againe, and they sall haue great revairdis thairfoir. Bot on nowayis could they gett wott of him, bot at last thair came ane man out of Leyth and schew the king that thair came ane bott of the frenche schip and tuik in certane men and thairefter pullit wpe thair saillis and trevissit wpe and doune the firth, quhom they iudgit all to be the Duik, as it was trew; for he past to France incontenent and thair was weill ressawit witht the king and gatt in marieaige the Duches of Ballan and gat wpoun hir Johnne Stewart quhilk efter him was Duik of Albanie and governour of Scottland.

The extract follows in all essentials the 1899 edition. The z in such words as 'zettis' is for the old ȝ – practically y; the w in 'wpon' is of course u. *Quhill* means till; to *justifie* is to execute; *mell*, meddle; *thir*, these; *nowellis*, news ('*nowelles*'); *boss*, cask or leathern butt; *mavasie*, malvoisie, malmsey; *fadame*, fathom; *gart*, caused; *wesit*, visit; *steik*, shut; *zettis*, yetts, gates; *zeid*, gaed, went; *drukin*, drunken; *stark*, strong; *heidit*, beheaded; *gaif the evintour*, 'gave the adventure,' made the venture; *quhinger*, whinger, hanger, large dirk; *tow*, rope; *thie baine*, thigh bone; *wissit*, wished; *mak lang*, make away; *athort*, athwart; *dollarus*, dolorous; *get wott*, get wit; *Ballan*, Boulogne. It is characteristic of Pitscottie that by him this very circumstantial story is referred to the year 1483, when Albany again fled to England, not to France; and conversely, he makes him do in 1479 what he could not have done till 1483.

John Leslie, or LESLEY, Churchman and historian, was the son of the parish priest of Kingussie. Born in 1526, he studied at Aberdeen and Paris, was professor of canon law at Aberdeen, and in 1565 was made Bishop of Ross. He was a warm supporter of the queen, followed her in her evil fortunes, and was her commissioner and confidential friend as well as ambassador to Elizabeth,

by whom he was imprisoned or confined for a year or two for promoting the marriage of Mary with the Duke of Norfolk. He pled Mary's cause at the courts of France, of Spain, and of the Empire; was sent from Rome as papal nuncio to the Emperor Maximilian; was vicar-general of the diocese of Rouen; and after Mary's execution (1587) retired to a monastery near Brussels, where he died in 1596. While in England he wrote in the vernacular Scots a History of Scotland from the death of James I. (where Boece left off) to his own time, which he finished during his confinement 'in the Bishope of London's house in the Cite of London' in 1570. At Rome after 1575 he rewrote this History in Latin, considerably expanding it, and prefixing a description of Scotland and a history from the fabulous beginnings, based on Boece and Major. This latter extended work was translated into Scots in 1596 by Father James Dalrymple, a monk of the monastery of St James at Ratisbon; the translation being edited for the Scottish Text Society in 1885–88. Leslie's History is wooden on the whole compared with Pitscottie, though it has its merits; and his original homely Scotch is both clear and vigorous, and is much less artificial than Father Dalrymple's translation.

The following is part of Leslie's account of the reign of James IV., in which we have the Churchman's frank admissions as to ecclesiastical abuses in the court of Rome as well as in Scotland:

James, eldeſt ſone to King James the third, wes borne the [17th] day of Marche 1472, quha eftiruart wes callit James the fourt, and wes ane juſte and guide prince.

Ane comette mervellus appeirit in the ſouthe, the xvij day of Januer till the xviij day of Februar, caſtand gret beames of licht touart the ſouth, and wes placet betuix the pole and the pleyaidis callit the ſevin ſtarnis, quhilk the aſtrologis did afferme to be ane ſigne of mony mervellus changes in the warld.

The greyt ſchip biggit be the biſchop of St Androis, callit the biſchoppis barge, being laidinnit with merchandice, brak and periſchit beſid Bamburghe, the xijth day of Marche; in the quhilk mony merchandis, clarkis, and utheris paſſingeris war drownit, except ane few number quha did eſchaip be ane boitt, in the quhilk the Abbot of Saint Colme wes takin preſoner, and haldin be ane James Kar in Ingland, quhill he payit four ſcore pundis for his ranſoun. The haille gudeis being in the ſaide ſchip wes ſpulyeit and takin away be the Inglíſhmen, to the gryet hurt of the merchandis and awnaris thaireof, notwithſtanding of the trewis.

The Abbacye of Dunfermeling vacand, the convent cheiſit ane of thair awn monkis, callit Alexander Thomſsun, and the King promovit Henry Creychtoun Abbat of Paiſlay thairto, quha wes preferrit be the Paip, through the Kingis ſupplicationis, to the ſaide Abbacye. And ſic lik Mr Robert Shaw, perſoun of Mynto, was promovit be the King, of the Abbacye of Paiſlay; and ſua than firſt began ſic maner of promotione of ſecularis to abbacies be the Kingis ſupplicationis, and the godlie electiones war fruſtrate and dekayde, becaus that the Court of Rome admittit the princis ſupplicationis, the rather that thay gat greyt profſeit and ſowmes of money thairby; quhairfore the biſchoppis durſt not conferme thame that wes choſin be the convent, nor thay quha wer electit durſt not perſew thair awn ryght. And ſua the Abbayis come to ſecular abuſſis; the abbottis and pryouris being promovit furth of the court, quha levit courtlyk, ſecularlye, and voluptuoſlye: And than ceiſſit all religious and godlye myndis and deidis, quhairwith the ſecularis and temporall men beand ſklanderit with thair evill example, fell fra all devocioun and godlynes to the warkis of wikednes, quhairof daylie mekill evill did increaſe.

This yeir [1474] in September, the indulgence of the ſeitt of St Androis wes publiſchet be Patrick Grahame Archebiſchop thairof, and the ſame ſeitt erectit in ane Archebiſchoprik; quhilk wes impetrat be the ſaide Patrick Grahame, quha maid narrative to the Paip, that becaus the Archebiſchoprick of York wes metropolitane of Scotland before, and that thair wes oftymis wearis betuix Scotland and Ingland, quhairthrouch thay could not haif acceſſe to thair metropolitane, ſpeciallie for remedie of appellacione, the Paip conſentit to mak St Androis primat and metropolitan of Scotland, and ordanit the uther xij biſchoppis of Scotland to be under his primacie; quha reſiſtit thairto, and promeſit ane taxacione of xij thouſand merkis to the King for his mayntenance aganis the Archebiſchop. And the prelattis ſend to Rome, quhair thay pleyit the cauſe.

Guide, good; *ſtarnis*, stars; *laidinnit*, laden; *clarkis*, clergy; *quhill*, till; *ſpulyeit*, spoiled, plundered; *awnaris*, owners; *trewis*, truce; *cheisit*, chose; *Paip*, Pope; *impetrat*, obtained; *pleyit*, plea'd, pled.

The following, from the same reign, is Leslie's story of a famous incident, the subject of a satire by Dunbar (see page 199), who made out that the alchemist was the devil in disguise:

This tyme thair wes ane Italiene with the King, quha wes maid Abbott of Tungland, and wes of curious ingyne. He cauſet the King believe that he, be multiplyinge and utheris his inventions, wold make fine gold of uther metall, quhilk ſcience he callit the quintaſſence; quhairupon the King maid greit coſt, bot all in vaine. This Abbott tuik in hand to flie with wingis, and to be in Fraunce beſoir the ſaidis ambaſſadouris; and to that effect he cauſet mak ane pair of wingis of fedderis, quhilkis beand feſſinit apoun him, he flew off the caſtell wall of Striveling, bot ſhortlie he fell to the ground and brak his thee bane; bot the wyt thairof he aſſcryvit to that thair was sum hen fedderis in the wingis quhilk yarnit and covet the mydding and not the ſkyis.

Multiplying is a regular word for alchemy in Chaucer; *the ſaidis*, the said, the above-mentioned; *fedderis*, feathers; *feſſinit*, fastened; *thee*, thigh; *wyt*, blame; *yarnit*, &c., yearned for and desired; *mydding*, dunghill.

A sentence or two from Dalrymple's translation of the passage on the corruption in monasteries will show his Latinised style:

Now alms deidis abuſet ar turnet into plesures, now what laid up was to help the miſerie of the pure, is gyuen to ſatisfie the volupteousness of the ryche. The mounkis now electis nocht Abbotis quha godlie ar maist and deuote, but kingis cheisis Abbots quha ar lustiest and maist with thame in fauour.

Sir James Melville (1535–1617), privy-councillor and gentleman of the bed-chamber to Mary Queen of Scots, was born at Hallhill, in Fifeshire. He was page to Queen Mary at the French court, and subsequently undertook missions to the court

of England and to the Elector Palatine. He left in manuscript an historical work, which long lay unknown in the Castle of Edinburgh, but, discovered in 1660, was published in 1683, as the *Memoirs* of Sir James Melville of Hallhill, professing to give 'an impartial account of the most remarkable affairs of state during the last age,' especially those under Elizabeth, Mary Queen of Scots, and James, in which the author was personally concerned. This work, of which the Bannatyne Club's standard edition appeared in 1827, is memorable for the vigour and liveliness of its style, and as sole authority for some important events.

An Interview with Queen Elizabeth.

Sche apperit to be ſa effectionit to the Quen hir gud ſiſter, that ſche had a gret deſyre to ſe hir; and becauſe ther deſyred meting culd not be ſa haiſtely brocht till paſs, ſche delyted oft to luk vpon hir picture, and tok me in to hir bed chamber, and oppenit a litle lettroun wherin wer dyuers litle pictures wrapped within paiper, and wreten vpon the paiper, ther names with hir awen hand. Vpon the firſt that ſche tok vp was wreten, 'My lordis picture.' I held the candell and preſſit to ſe my lordis picture. Albeit ſche was laith to let me ſe it, at lenth I be importunite obteanit the ſicht therof, and aſkit the ſame to cary hame with me vnto the Quen; quhilk ſche refuſed, alleging ſche had bot that ane of his. I ſaid again, that ſche had the principall; for he was at the fartheſt part of the chamber ſpeaking with the ſecretary Cicill. Then ſche tok out the Quenis picture and kiſſit it; and I kiſſit hir hand, for the gret loue I ſaw ſche bure to the Quen. Sche ſchew me alſo a ſair ruby, gret lyk a racket ball. Then I deſyred that ſche wald eyther ſend it as a token vnto the Quen, or elis my Lord of Leceſters picture. Sche ſaid, gene the Quen wald ſolou hir conſaill, that ſche wald get them baith with tym, and all that ſche had; bot ſuld ſend hir a dyamont for a token with me. Now it was lait efter ſupper; ſche appointed me to be at hir the nyxt mornyng be 8 houres, at quhilk tym ſche vſed to walk in hir garden; and inquyred ſundre things at me of this contre, or vther contrees wherin I had laitly trauelit; and cauſed me to eat with hir dame of honour, my lady Stafford, ane honorable and godly lady, wha had bene at Geneva, baniſſit during the regne of Quen Mary, that I mycht be alwayes neir hir Maieſte, that ſche mycht conferr with me; and my lady Staffordis dochter was my meſtres, for I was of ther acquantance when they paſſit throw France, and had gud intelligence be hir and be my lady Throgmortoun.

At dyuers metingis ther wald be dyuers purpoſes; and the Quen my ſouerane had inſtructed me ſomtymes to leau matters of grauite, and caſt in ſome purpoſes of mirrines, or elis I wald be tyred vpon, as being weill infourmed of hir ſiſters naturell. Therfore in declaring the cuſtomes of Dutchland, Polle and Italy, the buſking and clothing of the dames and wemen was not for3et, and what contrey weid was beſt ſetten for gentilwemen to wair. The Quen of England ſaid ſche had of dyuers ſortis; quhilkis euery day ſa lang as I was ther ſche chengit; ane day the Engliſch weid, ane the Frenche, and ane the Ytalien, and ſa of others; aſking at me quhilk of them ſet hir beſt. I ſaid the Italien weid; quhilk pleſit hir weill, for ſche delyted to ſchaw her golden coloured hair, wairing a kell and bonet as they do in Italy. Hir hair was reder then 3ellow, curlit apparantly of nature. Then ſche entrit to dicern what kynd of coulour of hair was reputed beſt; and inquyred whither the Quenis or hirs was beſt, and quhilk of them twa was faireſt. I ſaid, the fairness of them baith was not ther worſt faltes. Bot ſche was erneſt with me to declaire quhilk of them I thocht faireſt. I ſaid, ſche was the faireſt Quen in England, and ours the faireſt Quen in Scotland. Yet ſche was erneſt. I ſaid, they wer baith the faireſt ladyes of ther courtes, and that the Quen of England was whytter, bot our Quen was very luſome. Sche inquyred quhilk of them was of hyeſt ſtature. I ſaid, our Quen. Then ſche said, the Quen was ouer heych, and that hir ſelf was nother ouer hich nor ouer laich. Then ſche aſkit what kynd of exercyſes ſche vſed. I ſaid, quhen [when] that I was diſpatchit out of Scotland, that the Quen was bot new com bak from the hyland hunting; and when ſche had leaſer fra the affaires of hir contre, ſche red vpon gud bukis, the hiſtories of dyuers contrees, and ſomtymes wald play vpon lut and virginelis. Sche ſperit gene ſche plaid weill. I ſaid, raiſonably for a Quen.

That ſame day efter dener, my L. of Hundſden drew me vp till a quyet gallerie that I mycht heir ſome muſik, bot he ſaid he durſt not advow it, wher I mycht heir the Quen play vpon the virginelis. Bot efter I had harkenit a whyll, I tok by the tapiſſerie that hang before the dur of the chamber, and ſeing hir bak was toward the dur, I entrit within the chamber and ſtod ſtill at the dur chek, and hard hir play excellently weill; bot ſche left aff ſa ſchone as ſche turnit hir about and ſaw me, and cam forwartis ſemyng to ſtryk me with hir left hand, and to think ſchame; alleging that ſche vſed not to play before men, bot when ſche was ſolitary hir allaine, till eſchew melancholy; and aſkit how I cam ther. I ſaid, as I was walken with my L. of Hundſden, as we paſt by the chamber dur, I hard ſic melodie, quhilk rauyſt and drew me within the chamber I wiſt not how; excuſing my ſalt of hamelynes, as being brocht vp in the court of France, and was now willing to ſuffer what kynd of puniſſement wald pleiſe hir lay vpon me for my offence. Then ſche ſat down laich vpon a kuſſchen, and I vpon my knee beſyd hir; bot ſche gaiſ me a kuſſchen with hir awen hand to lay vnder my kne, quhilk I refuſed, bot ſche compellit me; and callit for my lady Stafford out of the nyxt chamber, for ſche was hir allain ther. Then ſche aſked whither the Quen or ſche played beſt. In that I gaif hir the prayſe. Sche ſaid my Frenche was gud; and ſperit gif I culd ſpeak Italen, quhilk ſche ſpak raiſonable weill. I ſaid, I taried not abone tua monethes in Italy, and had brocht with me ſome bukis to reid vpon; bot had na leaſer to learn the langage perfytly. Then ſche ſpak to me in Dutche, bot it was not gud; and wald wit what kynd of bukis I lyked beſt, whither of theologie, hiſtory, or loue matters. I ſaid, I lyked weill of all the ſortis.

I was erneſt to be diſpetſchit; bot ſche ſaid that I tyred ſchoner of hir company nor ſche did of myn. I ſaid, albeit I had na occaſion to tyre, that it was tym to retourn; bot I was ſtayed twa dayes langer till I mycht ſe hir dance, as I was infourmed; quhilk being done, ſche inquyred at me whither ſche or the Quen dancit beſt. I ſaid, the Quen dancit not ſa hich and diſpoſedly as ſche did. Then again ſche wiſſit that ſche mycht ſe the Quen at ſome convenient place of meating. I offerit to convoy hir ſecretly in Scotland be poiſt, clothed lyk a

paige diſgyſed, that ſche mycht ſe the Quen; as K. James the 5 paſt in France diſgyſed, with his awen ambaſſadour, to ſe the Duc of Vendomes ſiſter that ſuld haue bene his wyf; and how that hir chamber ſuld be kepit as thoch ſche wer ſeak, in the mean tym, and nane to be preuy therto bot my lady Stafford, and ane of the grumes of hir chamber. Sche ſaid, Alace! gene ſche mycht do it; and ſeamed to lyk weill of ſic kynd of langage, and vſed all the meanis ſche culd to cauſe me perſuad the Quen of the gret loue that ſche bure vnto hir, and was myndit to put away all geleuſies and ſuſpitions, and in tymes comyng a ſtraiter frendſchip to ſtand between them then euer had bene of before; and promyſed that my diſpaſche ſuld be delyuerit vnto me very ſchortly, be Meſter Cicill at Londoun.

Lettroun, lectern, desk; *gene*, gin, if; *leau*, leave; *tyred vpon*, fatigued; *Polle*, Poland; *weid*, raiment; *setten*, suited; *kell*, cap; *lusome*, lovely; *heych*, *kich*, high; *laich*, low; *kusschen*, cushion; *wissit*, wished; *senk*, sick.

James Melville (1556–1614) was, like his uncle, the Hellenist, divine, and great Presbyterian Churchman, Andrew Melville (1545–1622), born at Baldowie, Montrose, and became successively regent or tutor in the College of Glasgow, professor of Oriental Languages at St Andrews, and minister in 1586 of Anstruther and Kilrenny, whence he was ejected in 1606. He died at Berwick-on-Tweed. He is best remembered for his *Diary* (rather autobiography), which was edited for the Bannatyne Club (1829) and the Wodrow Society (1842).

His Childhood.

I haid an evill-inclyned woman to my nuris; thereſter ſpeaned and put in a cottar hous, and about four or fyve yeir auld brought hame to a step-mother; yit a verie honest burges of Montros hes oft tauld me, that my father wald ley me down on my bak, pleying with mie, and lauche at me because I could nocht ryse, I was sa fatt; and wald ask mie what ealed mie: I wald answer, 'I am sa fatt I may nocht geang.' And trewlie sen my rememberance, I cam never to the place bot God moved sum an with a motherlie affection towardis me. About the fyft yeir of my age, the Grate Buik was put in my hand, and when I was seavine, lytle thairof haid I lernit at hame; therfor my father put my eldest and onlie brother, David, about a year and a halff in age above me, and me togidder, to a kinsman and brother in the ministerie of his, to ſcholl, a guid, lerned, kynd man; whome for thankfulnes I name, Mr Wilyam Gray, minister at Logie-Montrose. He haid a sistar, a godlie and honest matron, rewlar of his hous, wha often rememberit me of my mother, and was a verie loving mother to us, indeid. Ther was a guid nomber of gentle and honest men's berns of the cowntrey about, weill treaned upe bathe in letters, godlines, and exercise of honest geames. Ther we lerned to reid the Catechisme, Prayers, and Scripture; to rehers the Catechisme and Prayers *par cœur*; also nottes of Scripture, eſter the reiding thairof; and ther first I ſand (blyſed be my guid God for it!) that Sprit of ſanctification beginning to work sum motiones in my hart, even about the aught and nynt yeir of my age; to pray going to bed and rysing, and being in the fields alan to say ower the prayers I haid lernit with a sweit moving in my hart; and to abhore swearing, and rebuk and complean upon sic as I hard swear. Wherunto the exemple of that godlie matron, seiklie, and giffen to read and pray in hir bed, did mikle profit me; for I ley in hir chamber and heard hir exerceises. We lerned ther the Rudiments of the Latin Grammair, withe the vocables in Latin and Frenche; also dyverse speitches in Frenche, with the reiding and right pronunciation of that toung. We proceidit fordar to the Etymologie of Lilius and his Syntax, as also a lytle of the Syntax of Linacer; therwith was joyned Hunter's Nomenclatura, the Minora Colloquia of Erasmus, and sum of the Eclogs of Virgill and Epistles of Horace; also Cicero his Epistles *ad Terentiam*. He haid a verie guid and profitable form of resolving the authors; he teatched grammaticallie bathe according to the Etymologie and Syntax; bot as for me, the trewthe was, my ingyne and memorie war guid aneuche, bot my judgment and understanding war as yit smored and dark, sa that the thing quhilk I gat was mair be rat ryme nor knawlage. Ther also we haid the aire guid, and fields reasonable fear, and be our maister war teached to handle the bow for archerie, the glub for goff, the batons for fencing, also to rin, to loope, to swoom, to warsell, to preve pratteiks, everie ane haiffing his matche and andagonist, bathe in our lessons and play. A happie and golden tyme, indeid, giff our negligence and unthankfullnes haid nocht moved God to schorten it, partlie be deceying of the number, quhilk caused the maister to weirie, and partlie be a pest quhilk the Lord, for sinne and contempt of his Gospell, send upon Montrose, distant from Over Logie bot twa myles; sa that scholl skalled, and we war all send for and brought hame. I was at that scholl the space of almost fyve yeirs, in the quhilk tyme, of publict news I remember I hard of the mariage of Hendrie and Marie, King and Quein of Scots, Seingnour Davie's [Riccio's] slauchter, of the King's mourder at the Kirk of Field, of the Quein's taking at Carbarri, and the Langsyd feild. Wherof reid Mr Bowchannan Cornicle, lib. 17, 18, 19.

Even at that tyme, me thought the heiring of these things moved me, and stak in my hart with sum joy or sorrow, as I hard they might helpe or hender the Relligion: Namelie, I remember the ordour of the faſt keipit *in anno* 1566; the evill handling of the ministerie be taking away of their stipends; for Mr James Melvill, my uncle, and Mr James Balfour, his cusing-german, bathe ministers and stipendles, with guid, godlie, and kynd Patrick Forbes of Cors. The Lard of Kinnaber, and the godlie and zealus gentlemen of the countrey, partlie for thair bernes' cause, and partlie for that notable instrument in the Kirk of Scotland, Jhone Erskine of Done, Superintendent of Merns and Angus, his residence in Logy at certean tymes, did oftentymes frequent our hous, and talk of sic maters. Also, I remember weill whow we past to the head of the muir to sie the fyre of joy burning upon the stiple head of Montrose, at the daye of the King's birthe. These things I mark for the grait benefit of that place and companie, wherin the Lord wald haiff me treaned upe in my first and tender age.

Speaned, weaned; *ealed*, ailed; *geames*, games, sports, exercises; *alan*, alone; *seiklie*, sickly; *ingyne*, intelligence; *smored*, smothered, obscured; *was mair rat ryme nor knawlage*, was more by rote than knowledge; *feir*, fair; *lowpe*, leap; *glub*, club; *warsell*, wrestle; *preve pratteiks*, prove practiques, defend theses; *deceying*, decaying; *skalled*, 'skailled,' emptied, was dismissed; *Bowchannan Cornicle*, Buchanan's History of Scotland; *bernes'*, bairns'; *whow*, how; *fyre of joy*, bonfire; *treaned*, trained.

His Flight by Sea from St Andrews to Berwick.

To keipe the sie all night in an opin litle bott, it was dangerus, and to go to Dumbar we durst nocht; sa, of necessitie, we tuk us toward St Tab's Heid. Bot we haiffing but twa eares, and the boot slaw and heavie, it was about alleavin houres of the night or we could win ther; whowbeit, na man was ydle, yea, I rowit my selff, till the hyd cam af my fingars, mair acquented with the pen nor working on an are. Coming under the crag, we rowit in within a prettie lytle holl betwix the mean and the head, whare easelie going a-land, we refreschit us with cauld water and wyne; and returning to our boot, sleipit the dead of the night, bot neidit nan to wakin us, for soon, be the day-light piped, ther was sic a noyse of foulles on the crag, and about us, because of thair young annes that we war almaist pressed to lainche out. Now we haid Cawdingham bay and Hay-mouth to pas by, and that but slawly, rowing be the land, whar the residence of Alexander Home of Manderston, an of our cheiff confederat enemies, and wha haid intercepted a boot of the Earle of Angus coming about from Tamtallon to Berwik nocht lang befor. This put us in grait feir; but our guid God gardit us, making a sweik thik mist till aryse, wherby we might bot skarslie gis at the sight of the land; and thairfra nane could sie us. Sa we cam on hulie and fear till we wan within the bounds of Berwik, whar we was in graittest danger of all, unbesett in the mist be twa or thrie of the cobles of Berwik, quhilk war sa swift in rowing, that they ged round about us; bot we being fyve within burd, and haiffing twa pistolets, with thrie swords, and they na armour, they war fean to let us be, namlie, when they understud that we was making for Berwik.

St Tab's Heid, St Abb's Head; *eares*, oars; *hyd*, skin; *nor working on an are*, than pulling an oar; *betwix . . . head*, betwixt the mainland and St Abb's Head; *nan*, nane, none; *piped*, peeped, dawned: *foulles*, fowls; *lainche*, launch; *Cawdingham and Haymouth*, Coldingham and Eyemouth; *sweik*, deceptive; *gis*, guess; *unbesett*, surrounded and attacked; *fean*, fain.

Lesser Sixteenth-Century Prose Writers. — As we have seen, Scottish prose writing had made but feeble beginnings in the fifteenth century: the examples already cited show that development had taken place in the next century, which was active in historical, theological, and political disquisition. In theology both the Catholic Kirk and the Reformed found effective spokesmen. A few of the less prominent authors and books of this period may here be more summarily treated.

The old faith is well represented by **Ninian Winyet** (Winzet, i.e. Wingate), born at Linlithgow in 1518, who at the Reformation was provost of the collegiate church of his native town. Deprived of his post by the religious revolution, Winyet secured the queen's patronage for *Certain Tractatis for Reformatioun of Doctryne and Maneris*, discussing the Church question from the point of view of a modest reformer who remained loyal to the Catholic Kirk. He subsequently held offices in the University of Paris and the English college of Douay, and ended his life in 1592 as abbot of a monastery at Ratisbon. **Quintin Kennedy** (1520–64), abbot of Crossraguel, and son of the Earl of Cassillis, was an even more vehement defender of the papal cause after the Reformation. He conducted a famous *Disputation* with Knox at Maybole, and he printed also a *Compendious Treatise . . . to establish the Conscience of a Christian Man* on the points in dispute.

On the other side we have such men as **John Cau**, who, born at Perth in the last decade of the fifteenth century, was a student at St Andrews in 1509, 'drank of St Leonard's well,' and as a follower of the Reformed doctrines fled to Malmoe or Scania (then Danish). He ended his days as a prebendary of Our Lady's Church in Copenhagen. At Malmoe he in 1533 translated from the Danish of Christian Pedersen (who had in 1531 translated from the German of Urbanus Rhegius) a treatise—mainly Lutheran—on *The Richt Vay to the Kingdom of Heuine*. It is the earliest prose treatise on the Reformed doctrines in the Scottish dialect (edited for the Scottish Text Society in 1886–87), and contains in the appended 'epistil to ye nobil lordis and barons of Scotland' an interesting reference by a contemporary to the martyrdom of Patrick Hamilton. Another was **John Craig** (c. 1512–1600), an Aberdeenshire man, who studied at St Andrews, and became head of a monastery at Bologna; but, passing over to the new faith, escaped from Italy to Vienna, and became a colleague of Knox in the High Kirk of Edinburgh and coadjutor in Reformation work. He had an important share in drawing up the *Second Book of Discipline* and the National Covenant or Confession of 1560, and was the author of the *Short Summe of the whole Catechisme*, edited by Dr Law in 1883. **Robert Rollock** (c. 1555–1599), a Stirlingshire man, was brought in 1583 from his chair in St Andrews to be regent and then principal of the newly-founded University of Edinburgh. He was ultimately professor of theology and minister of the High Kirk, and was one of the earliest and most copious of Scottish Protestant commentators on the Bible. The greater number of his score of works were in Latin, but some commentaries and sermons were in vigorous vernacular. Two volumes of his select works were published by the Wodrow Society in 1844–49. The following is part of the sermon on 2 Cor. v.:

Will ye speir at men and wemen quhen they ar lying bathing them selfis in wickitnesse, gif they will gang to hevin; they will answere, Yes they will gang to hevin or ever their feit be cauld. Bot vain lown, thou never knew Christis purpose in deing for thee. His purpose was that thou suld be ane new man, and thou suld not live to thy awin self, bot to him. And the end sal prove (and [if] thou proceid sa, living to thyself and not to him quha hes died for thee) that the deith of Christ never had force in thee. Thairfoir luik gif thou livis [examine whether thou livest] to Christ; and gif thou dois sa, then assure thyself that Christ died for thee.

Another in the same series concludes thus:

And the Lord grant me this sinceritie; and I beseik him that as he hes bene with me sen the beginning of my ministrie, sa he wald never leif me untill the time I

finish my cours with joy, to his glory, and comfort of his Kirk, through Jesus Christ our Lord, to quhome with the Father and the Halie Gaist be all honour, praise and glorie for now and ever. Amen.

There is an anonymous *Historie and Life of King James the Sixt;* an anonymous *Diurnal of Remarkable Occurrents in Scotland* from the time of James IV. to 1575, scrappy but highly entertaining; *The Diarie of Robert Birrel, Burges of Edinburgh*, from 1532 to 1605; David Moysie's *Memoirs of the Affairs of Scotland* from 1577 to 1603; and from Richard Bannatyne, John Knox's secretary, we have a *Memoriale of Transactions in Scotland* from 1569 to 1573, which, though it records interesting facts, is, like most of the rest, lacking in almost all the graces of style. Dr Gilbert Skene left *Ane Briefe Description of the Pest; The Sea Law of Scotland* was expounded 'for the reddy use of seafaring men;' and John Skene prepared an *Exposition of the Termes and Difficill Words* in some collections of old Scots laws. Most of these have been reprinted by the Bannatyne Club or the Scottish Text Society. *The Rolment of Courtis*, by Abakuk Bysset, written in the reign of Charles I., remains in MS., and is, according to Dr J. A. H. Murray, 'perhaps the latest specimen of literary Middle Scotch prose existing.'

Sir Richard Maitland of Lethington, now Lennoxlove, near Haddington (1496–1586), father of the more famous Secretary Lethington, was educated at St Andrews and Paris, and served James V., the Queen-Regent, Mary, and James VI. as judge, privy-councillor, and Keeper of the Great Seal, and as commissioner for dealing with Border troubles. After he had become blind (before 1560) he filled in his spare time by writing a *Historie of the House of Seaton;* by writing a large number of poems, notable chiefly for shrewdness, sense, wit, and good feeling; and by making a very valuable MS. collection of Early Scottish poems by various authors, his daughter serving as amanuensis. Many of his own poems, largely occasional—*On the New Yeir, On the Quenis Maryage, On the Assemblie of the Congregatioun*, &c.—beseech the factions which rent the country to be reconciled in the public interest. His record proves that in that time of fierce party conflict he was little of a partisan; but on the whole he favoured the Reforming party. His facetious verses have something in common with Lyndsay's. The following is from his

Satire on the Toun Ladyes.

Sum wyfis of the burrows-toun
Sa wondir vane ar, and wantoun,
  In warld they watt not quhat to weir: — wot
On claythis thay wair monye a croun; — spend
  And all for newfangilnes of geir. . . . — attire

And of fyne silk thair furrit cloikis,
With hingand sleivis, lyk geill poikis; — jelly-bags
  Na preiching will gar thame foirbeir
To weir all thing that sinne provoikis;
  And all for newfangilnes of geir.

Thair wylecots man weill be hewit, — petticoats
Broudirit richt braid, with pasmentis sewit: — lace
  I trow, quha wald the matter speir,
That thair gudmen had caus to rew it,
  That evir thair wyfis weir sic geir.

Thair wovin hois of silk ar schawin, — displayed
Barrit abone with tasteis drawin;
  With gartens of ane new maneir;
To gar thair courtlines be knawin;
  And all for newfangilnes of geir.

Sumtyme thay will beir up thair gown,
To schaw thair wylecot hingeand down;
  And sumtyme bayth thay will upbeir,
To schaw thair hois of blak or broun;
  And all for newfangilnes of geir.

Thair collars, carcats, and hals beidis; — carcanets and necklaces
With velvet hats heicht on thair heidis,
  Coirdit with gold lyik ane younkeir,
Brouderit about with goldin threidis;
  And all for newfangilnes of geir.

Thair schone of velvot, and thair muillis; — slippers
In kirk ar not content of stuillis, — with stools
  The sermon quhen thay sit to heir;
Bot caryis cuschingis lyik vaine fuillis:
  And all for newfangilnes of geir. . . .

And sum will spend mair, I heir say,
In spyce and droggis, on ane day,
  Nor wald thair mothers in ane yeir:
Quhilk will gar monye pak decay,
  Quhen thay sa vainlie waist thair geir. . . .

Leif, burgess men, or all be loist, — Leave, cease
On your wyfis to mak sic cost,
  Quhilk may gar all your bairnis bleir: — cry till their eyes are bleared
Scho that may not want wyne and roist,
  Is abill for to waist sum geir.

Betwene thame, and nobillis of blude,
Na difference bot ane velvous huid!
  Thair camroche curcheis are als deir; — cambric kerchiefs
Thair uther claythis ar als guid;
  And thai als costlie in uther geir. . . .

Of burgess wyfis thoch I speik plaine,
Sum landwart ladyis ar als vain, — country ladies
  As be thair cleithing may appeir;
Werand gayer nor thame may gain; — may suit
  On ouir vaine claythis waistand geir.

Maitland's own poems were many of them printed by Pinkerton (1786) and by Sibbald (1807); and all of them by the Maitland Club (1830), so called in honour of the collector of the MSS.

Alexander Scott (1525?–1584?) is on slender evidence conjectured to have been the son of a (Catholic) prebendary of the Chapel-Royal at Stirling, and seems to have spent most of his life in Edinburgh, in what office or profession is not known. He left thirty-six short poems, of which the most notable is *Ane New Yeir Gift to Quene Mary*, which gives a rather melancholy picture of social conditions at the time; and a satire on the tournament, called *Justing at the Drum*, written obviously on the model of *Chrystis Kirk of the Grene*. The others are mainly love poems (some

of them very coarse, some of them mere graceful exercises in verse, some with the note of true passion); Pinkerton, not quite unreasonably, called him the Scottish Anacreon. Of Scotch authors he stands nearest his English contemporaries Wyatt and Surrey; his verse is pointed, graceful, and melodious, and very varied in stanza and rhythm.

A Rondel of Lufe.

Lo, quhat it is to lufe, love
Learn ȝe that list to prufe,
By me, I say, that no wayis may
The grund of greif remufe,
Bot still decay, both nycht and day;
Lo, quhat it is to lufe!

Lufe is ane fervent fyre,
Kendillit without desyre,
Schort plesour, lang displesour;
Repentence is the hyre;
Ane pure tressour, without messour;
Lufe is ane fervent fire.

To lufe and to be wyiss,
To rege with gud adwyiss, rage, be mad
Now thus, now than, so gois the game,
Incertane is the dyiss;
There is no man, I say, that can
Both lufe and to be wyiss.

Fle alwayis from the snair; Fly—snare
Lerne at me to be ware;
It is ane pane and dowble trane pain—train
Of endles wo and cair;
For to refrane that denger plane,
Fle always from the snair.

In *wayis*, *gois*, the 'i' is not pronounced; *wise* in Scotch (here *wyiss*) rhymes with *dice*.

To his Heart.

Hence, hairt, with hir that most departe, her—must
And hald thee with thy soverane,
For I had lever want ane harte, the rather
Nor haif the hairt that dois me pane;
Thairfoir, go with thy lufe remane,
And lat me leif thus vnmolest; live
And se that thow cum not agane,
Bot byd with her thow luvis best.

Sen scho that I haif scheruit lang, she—served
Is to depairt so suddanly,
Address thee now, for thow sall gang
And beir thy lady cumpany.
Fra scho be gone, hairtless am I; Since she
Ffor quhy? thow art with her possest.
Thairfoir, my heart, go hence in hy, haste
And byd with hir thow luvis best.

Though this belappit body heir beleaguered
Be bound to scheruitude and thrall, servitude
My faithful hairt is fre inteir,
And mynd to serf my lady at all.
Wald God that I wer perigall equal, fitted
Vnder that redolent ross to rest! rose
Ȝet at the leist, my hairt, thow sall
Abyd with hir thou lufis best.

Sen in ȝour garth the lilly quhyte
May not remane amang the laif, rest
Adew the flour of haill delyte;
Adew the succour that ma me saif; may
Adew the fragrant balme suaif, sweet
And lamp of ladeis lustiest!
My faithful hairt scho sall it haif,
To byd with hir it luvis best.

Deploir, ȝe ladeis cleir of hew,
Hir absence, sen scho most departe,
And specialy ȝe luvaris trew,
That woundit bene with luvis darte;
Ffor sum of ȝow sall want ane harte
Als weill as I: thairfoir at last
Do go with myn, with mynd inwart,
And byd with hir thow luvis best.

The merit of Scott's translations of the First and Fiftieth Psalms may be gathered from the first verse of the former (the double rhymes in first and third lines being a feature):

Happie is he hes hald him fre
From folkis of defame;
Alwayis to fle iniquite
And sent of syn and schame. scent, taint

Some of Scott's poems were printed by Allan Ramsay, Lord Hailes, and others; the whole of them were edited by D. Laing (1821), in the Hunterian Club's transcript of the Bannatyne MS. in which alone they were preserved (1874-81), and for the Scottish Text Society by Cranstoun (1895).

Robert Sempill (1530?–95), author of *The Sempill Ballates*, was the most considerable verse-satirist in the period immediately following the Scottish Reformation. He has been—absurdly enough—identified with both the third and the fourth Lords Sempill, but was probably an illegitimate member of that noble house. Either as combatant or as spectator he was present at the siege of Leith in 1559–60. He was in Paris before 1572, whence he escaped at the massacre of St Bartholomew, and there is record of his having been paid for some service to the Scottish Government. A violent partisan of the ultra-Reforming party, he in his verses reviled Mary, Bothwell, Lethington, Kirkaldy of Grange, and the episcopal ('Tulchan') dignitaries, and treated their opponents as glorious and spotless heroes. His earlier pieces (three of which are in the Bannatyne MS.) are highly indecorous; his principal satires are rather lampoons — coarse, rude, but pithy and clever; his most decorous 'deplorations' of deaths and disasters are dismal diatribes, not poems. Yet he is doubtless the representative spirit of a party that has left no equally vivid picture of the temper of the times. *The Regentes Tragedy* was a lament for the Earl of Moray's death; *Ane Complaint upon Fortoun* records his regret for the fall of Morton; the *Legend of the Bischop of St Androis Lyfe* is a scurrilous invective against Archbishop Adamson, and opens thus:

To all and sundrie be it sene
Mark weill this mater what I meine,
The legend of a lymmaris lyfe, rogue's
Our Metropolitane of Fyffe;

Ane schismatyke and gude swyne hogge,
Come of the tryb [of] Gog Magoge;
Ane elphe, ane elvasche incubus,
Ane leurand laurie licherous, leering fox
Ane fals, forloppen fenyeit freir, run-away
Ane ranigard for greid of geir; runagate
Still daylie drinckand or he dyne, ere
A wirriare of the gude sweit wyne, swiller
Ane baxters sone, ane beggar borne,
That twyse his surname hes mensworne. . . .

How little descriptive poetry was Sempill's forte will be seen from these verses from *The Sege of the Castil of Edinburgh* in 1572:

The vehement schot ȝeid in at ather syde,
By threttie Cannonis plasit at partis seuin,
Quhill thay thair in mycht not thair heidis hyde
For Pot Gun pellettis falland from the heuin.
The Bumbard stanis derectlie fell sa euin,
That in to dykis by dint it deidly dang thame,
Quhill all the housis in the place wes reuin:
The bullatis brak sa in to bladis amang thame. fragments

Continewand this ane dosand of dayis or mair,
Quhill tyme apointit, neuer man durst steir;
The larum rang, the Regent self wes thair,
My Lord Ambassat, to, stuid uerry neir;
The manlie Generall, lyke the god of weir,
Not vsit to sleip quhen sic thingis ar a do;
Our Cronall als, quha is ane freik bot feir, colonel, champion
With all his Capitanes reddie to ga to.

Allan Ramsay printed in the *Evergreen* three of Sempill's poems given in Bannatyne's MS.; T. G. Stevenson printed them all (with many not by him) in *The Sempill Ballates* (1873); and of the forty-eight pieces in Cranstoun's *Satirical Poems of the Reformation* (Scot. Hist. Soc. 1889–93) those certainly by Sempill are twelve in number, and a good many of the twenty-seven that are anonymous or pseudonymous were by the editor regarded as probably Sempill's.

Alexander Montgomerie (c. 1545–c. 1610), born probably at Hessilhead Castle near Beith, was in the service of the Regent Morton and James VI., travelled in France, Flanders, and Spain, and, having lost favour and retired from court, became devout in his later years. His pasquinades are coarse and savage without being strong, his amatory poems laboured, and his devotional pieces poor. His fame rests on *The Cherrie and the Slae* (1597), which is an allegorical poem representing virtue and vice, and was possibly written in Compstone Castle, on Tarff Water, above Kirkcudbright (seven of the stanzas were recast shortly before his death). The allegory is poorly managed, and is both obscure and incoherent; some of the descriptions are lively and vigorous, but there is more sound sense than poetry in the reflections suggested. The metre, partly at least his own invention, seems to have been first developed in his poem, *The Bankis of Helicon*. Here he follows a poetic but non-classical convention which, in speaking of the Muses, opposes a well or stream called Helicon to the mountain of Parnassus—a convention followed also by Chaucer ('By Elicon the clerè well'), Caxton, Gavin Douglas, Skelton, Davie Lyndsay, Spenser, the academic *Pilgrimage to Parnassus*, and even Ben Jonson, as well as by Burns. Mount Helicon was sacred to the Muses, and on it were the hallowed fountains Aganippe and Hippocrene (also called Fons Caballinus); and though there was a spring named Helicon near Parnassus and a river so called in Sicily, there is no classical authority for associating either with the Muses. The stanza is made up of a common enough ten-line verse followed by four short lines having double rhymes analogous to those of some Latin hymns. It has not usually been noted that Turberville (see page 265) uses a stave which in the matter of these double rhymes and other essentials is very similar. Maitland adopted this stanza, Ramsay revived it, and Burns often used it; but, like several of Montgomerie's rhythms, this is rather complicated for his metrical skill or poetic gift. He was influenced by Alexander Scott and the English lyrists; and it has been pointed out that several of his seventy sonnets are translations from Ronsard. The *Flyting* with Sir Patrick Hume of Polwarth is as coarse as that of Dunbar with Kennedy. Like Dunbar, Holland, and other old Scottish poets, he wrote bitterly and contemptuously against 'Hielandmen.' The first verse of the *Bankis of Helicon* (which Dr Cranstoun accepted as certainly Montgomerie's) is:

Declair, ȝe bankis of Helicon,
Parnassus hillis and daillis ilk on, each one
And fontaine Caballein, Hippocrene (Fons Caballinus)
Gif ony of ȝour Muses all
Or nymphis may be peregall equal
Vnto my lady schein. bright
Or if the ladyis that did lave
Their bodyis by your brim
So seimlie war or ȝit so suave,
So bewtiful or trim.
Contempill, exempill Consider
Tak be hir proper port, Take example by
Gif onye sa bonye
Amang ȝou did resort.

This is one of Montgomerie's sonnets to the king, begging for his pension:

If lose of guids, if gritest grudge or grief, greatest
If povertie, imprisonmont, or pane,
If for guid will ingratitude agane,
If lauguishing in langour but relief, without
If det, if dolour, and to become deif,
If travell tint and labour lost in vane tined, lost
Do properly to poets appertane,
Of all that craft my chance is to be chief,
With August Virgill wantit his reuard,
And Ovids lote as lukless as the lave, lot
Quhill Homer livd his hap was wery hard,
ȝet vhen he died, sevin cities for him strave;
Thoght I am not lyk one of thame in arte
I pingle thame all perfytlie in that parte. surpass

From the recast of the 'Cherrie and the Slae.'

About an bank with balmy bewis,
Quhair nychtingales thair notis renewis,
With gallant goldspinks gay,

The mavis, merle, & Progne proud, thrush, swallow
The lintquhyt, lark, & lavrock loud linnet
Salutit mirthful May;
Quhen Philomel had sweitly sung,
To Progne scho deplord,
How Tereus cut out her tung,
And falsly hir deflourd;
Quilk story so sorie
To schaw hirself scho seimt,
To heir hir so neir hir,
I doutit if I dreimt.

The cushat crouds, the corbie crys, coos
The coukow couks, the prattling pyes
To geck hir they begin; taunt
The jargoun of the jangling jayes,
The craiking craws and keckling kays, jackdaws
They deavt me with thair din.
The painted pawn with Argos eyis peacock
Can on his mayock call; make, mate
The turtle wails on witherit treis,
And Fecho answers all,
Repeting with greiting
How fair Narcissus fell,
By lying and spying
His schadow in the well.

I saw the hurcheon and the hare hedgehog
In hidlings hirpling heir and thair, secret—hopping
To mak thair morning mange. meal
The con, the cuning, and the cat, squirrel—rabbit
Quhais dainty downs with dew were wat,
With stiff mustachis strange.
The hart, the hynd, the dae, the rae, doe—roe
The fulmart and false fox; polecat
The beardit buck clam up the brae
With birssy bairs and brocks; bristly bears and badgers
Sum feiding, sum dreiding
The hunters subtle snairs,
With skipping and tripping
They playit them all in pairs.

The air was sobir, saft and sweit;
Nae misty vapours, wind nor weit,
Bot quyit, calm, and cleir,
To foster Floras fragrant flouris,
Quhairon Apollos paramouris
Had trinklit mony a teir;

The quhilk lyke silvir schaikers shynd, spang
Embroydering Bewties bed,
Quhairwith their heavy heids declynd,
In Mayis collouris cled:
Sum knoping, sum droping
Of balmy liquour sweit,
Excelling and smelling
Throw Phebus hailsum heit.

He skilfully worked up an old *motif* and refr into a new song, of which we hardly know h much is Montgomerie's and how much the origi ('spiritualised' in the *Gude and Godlie Ballat* The first two stanzas run:

Hey, nou the day dawis;
The jolie cok crawis;
Now shroudis the shawis w
Throu Natur anone.
The thissell-cok cryis th
On louers wha lyis;
Nou skaillis the skyis sca
The nicht is neir gone.

The feildis ouerflouis
With gouans that grouis,
Quhair lilies lyk lou is, fl
Als rid as the rone. ro
The turtill that treu is,
With nots that reneuis,
Hir pairtie perseuis:
The night is neir gone.

Montgomerie's Poems have been edited by Irving (1821) Dr James Cranstoun (Scot. Text Soc. 1886–87). See also Hoffmann's *Studien zu Alexander Montgomerie* (Altenb 1894).

ELIZABETHAN AND JACOBEAN LITERATURE.*

LATER SIXTEENTH AND EARLY SEVENTEENTH CENTURIES.

IT is growing to be more and more difficult, as knowledge becomes more exact, to find a general term by which to distinguish the magnificent literature of England at the close of the sixteenth and the opening of the seventeenth centuries. It was customary in earlier times to call everything from Sackville to Shirley Elizabethan, and in common parlance the entire period of sixty or seventy years is still laxly termed the Elizabethan age. In point of fact, the adjectives 'Elizabethan' and 'Jacobean,' though convenient, are misleading; and the literary movement from 1558 to 1625 cannot be regarded with reference to political events. The date of Elizabeth's death, 1603, is a particularly inconvenient one to the student of literature, and divides the epoch of Shakespeare and Ben Jonson in a meaningless way. Nor is there anything which properly connects a writer like Gascoigne with a writer like Quarles. The proper way of regarding this intensely vivid and various age is, perhaps, to divide it into four periods of unequal length and value. But before we define these stages in the evolution of the Elizabethan-Jacobean history, we must see where England stood among the peoples of Europe in 1558.

Italy at that moment was still at the summit of the intellectual world, easily first among the nations for learning and literary accomplishment. But she was already closely pursued by France, and before the age we are considering ended she was to be passed in the race by Spain and England. This, then, is to be noted, that we find Italian literature the first in Europe, and that we leave it the fourth; the rapid, steady decline of Italy being a phenomenon of highest import in our general survey. But prestige lingers long after the creative faculty has passed away; and the nations of Western Europe were still dazzled by the splendours of Italian poetry long after Italy had ceased to deserve homage. The chivalrous epic of Italy, with its tales 'of ladies dead and lovely knights,' whether entirely serious with Boiardo (1434–1494) and Ariosto (1474–1533), or tinged with burlesque humour with Pulci (1432–1487) and Berni (1497–1535), had been the last great gift of Italy to literature before she sank into her decline. The *Orlando Furioso* and the *Morgante Maggiore* set their stamp on European literature, and most of all on that of England. To note the influence of Ariosto on Spenser, in particular, is of the first critical importance.

All these Italian poets, it will be observed, were dead when Elizabeth came to the throne. There succeeded to these great names nothing better than those of serio-comic poets of the third class, such as Tassoni and Bracciolini, although, during our own great age, the light of Italian poetry made another flicker in the

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socket with Guarini and with Torquato Tasso. If however, Italian verse was not any longer of commanding importance, Italian prose was so still less. Italy had possessed a noble school of political historians, but they had passed away before the middle of the sixteenth century. The novelists of manners, who exercised so important an influence on our drama, and on Shakespeare himself, belong to a period antecedent to the revival of English prose; Bandello died in 1561, Cinthio in 1573; the *Notti Piacevoli* was published in 1554. A blight fell upon Italian prose after the appearance of these novels. More curious still was the early attempt made, at first apparently with extraordinary success, to create an Italian drama. It was doomed to sudden and abject failure. In all things it seemed as though Italy, after the splendours of the Cinque Cento, was deliberately drawn into the background by Providence to make room for France, and for Spain, and most of all for England.

If we turn to France, we find that by 1558 the principles of the Italian Renaissance had been completely introduced among the young writers. The famous *Défense et Illustration de la Langue Française* dates from 1549, and in its reformation of the language led to a parallel revival of literary forms and a return to natural poetic inspiration. The result had been an instant and extraordinary renovation of the essential French genius, dipped again in the waters of antiquity and transformed to youth and beauty. That France was ahead of England in her literary revival is easily exemplified by the fact that Joachim du Bellay, by whom the principles of that revival were illustrated with peculiar perfection and delicacy, died in 1560, before Shakespeare and Marlowe were born. Ronsard, who lived to the confines of old age, died just six months after Shakespeare came of age. The creation of tragedy in France followed a little later, but it was coincident with the earliest years of Elizabeth, and the date of the *Cléopâtre* of Jodelle is 1552. The beginnings of original comedy in France, with Grévin and Jean de la Taille, belong to the first decade of Elizabeth's reign. In all forms of imaginative revival France is seen to be about one generation ahead of us at this time. The same may be said of French prose in the hands of the writer who affected us most, namely, Montaigne (1533–1592).

In Spain the reign of Philip II. (1555–1598) was so nearly coincident with that of Elizabeth that we can trace the literary parallel with some closeness. The following of Italian models is far more general in Spain than it is with us, but it takes a form which is a perfectly original one and native to the Peninsula, namely, the lyrico-mystical. In St Teresa (1515–1582), St John of the Cross (San Juan de la Cruz, 1542–1591, abbot of the monastery of Ubeda, who was called 'the ecstatic doctor'), and Luis Ponce de Leon (1527–1591) we have poets of the transcendental order who were far ahead of any English writers of 1570 in vigour of diction and accomplishment of poetic art; these lyrists were destined to exercise an intense, though limited, influence on our own poetry. The novel, picaresque or pastoral, was cultivated in Spain before it was transplanted to us. Montemayor, who died in 1561, is the direct inspirer of Sidney and the school of Greene. Moreover, in the days of Philip II. the drama found in Spain that acceptance which it had failed to find in Italy, and the life of Lope de Vega extends on both sides beyond the life of Shakespeare. Mr Fitzmaurice-Kelly has dwelt on the dramatic experiments of Encina (1468–1534), and we have nothing in English of the early sixteenth century to compare with his 'liturgical' dramas. The amazing tragi-comedy or dramatised novel of *Calisto and Melibea*, by Rojas, dates from 1499, and is precisely on a level with what some Englishmen of like mind might have composed in 1599. We are not, however, to presume from this that England was all through the century a hundred years behind Spain, since there seems to have been made no further progress at all, in the novel or the drama, until the days of Cervantes and of Lope de Vega, who were exact contemporaries of Shakespeare and Spenser.

We may therefore roughly say that, standing on the first year of the reign of Elizabeth, we see Italy, flushed and garlanded with triumphs, and taking as a matter of course her prestige of supremacy, practically unsuspicious of the fact that her vitality has left her, and that she is dwindling to the fourth rank among the nations. We see France, at this very instant of sudden revival and reconstitution of her literature, taking the principles of humanism with a sort of limpid innocence, like a child, amusing herself by applying them to the outer surface of life and language, without troubling herself to see that they permeate into the veins of the race. France is in the heyday of her brief literary Age

of Gold. Spain is the one country in Europe whose literary history at this moment resembles our own. Like ourselves, she has tardily accepted the Renaissance; the mediæval strain has nearly worked itself out of her; she is starting, or has started, each of the purely modern forms of literary expression. But, while Spain began her revival earlier than we did, she progressed with it in far more dilatory fashion. In 1558 we are still almost barbarous, while she looks back on Boscán and Garcilaso and Guevara; but Spain moves so slowly that by 1588 we have caught her up, and before 1600 we have passed her.

For in 1588 there was little being produced or prepared that could have suggested to such a general observer as did not then exist in the world that we could pretend to anything better than the fourth place among the literary nations. If we give a brief consideration to the first of the four divisions of one period of which we have spoken above, the record it presents to us is mainly one of sterile turmoil and the irritability of inexperience. From 1558 to 1570 we are told, indeed, that 'Minerva's men and finest wits' swarmed like bees at the universities and the Inns of Court, but little honey resulted, and that neither sweet nor translucent. One great poetic genius, indeed, born out of his due time, and crushed (it would appear) by the absolute inability of his age to comprehend what he was doing, does appear in the form of Thomas Sackville, whose *Induction*, a meteoric portent of a poem, not connected with any other in the generation, appeared in 1563 in the second edition of a dreary and antiquated verse-miscellany called *A Mirror for Magistrates*, where its vivid modern note clashes astonishingly with the droning and mumbling measure of its fellows. As I have remarked elsewhere, a sign of the unhealthy condition of letters in this hectic generation is that, although it produced experiments in literature, it encouraged no literary man, and Sackville passed abruptly from us into politics and silence. Ascham, an opponent of the Italian influence, and the head of a school which had endeavoured to press upon Englishmen a crabbed Hellenism, stripped of all the elements of beauty, died in 1568, leaving us unconvinced of the value of his own scheme of humanism, yet suspicious of and unprepared for any other. Arthur Brooke, convinced to the finger-tips that salvation can only come from Italy, produces a poem worthy of more historical attention than we have been accustomed to give. Churchyard, Googe, Turberville, dull dogs without much to say or voice for singing, keep the level of accomplishment as low as they can; while Ascham's theories about the classics lead to a great activity in the rendering of Greek and Latin classics into a horrible jargon that passes for the newest English. The year 1570 comes and goes, and English literature is still in doleful case.

It is permissible, however, to take the somewhat arbitrary date of the publication of the Bull of Excommunication by Pope Pius V. (April 25, 1570) as the opening of a new intellectual era in England. Elizabeth, not in the least daunted by her enemies, adopted an attitude of resolute isolation which gave confidence to her entire people. For the next ten years, by contrast with the distracted condition of Europe, the internal affairs of England were prosperous and tranquil, for the country had realised that it was face to face with an implacable foe, whom, nevertheless, by the exercise of patriotic virtue, it might confidently hope to defy. In this condition of exalted public feeling, under this pleasurable tension, these seeds of Renaissance culture, which had hitherto sent up such dwindled shoots into the English air, began to thrust forth an abundant harvest. The Bull of Deposition, which it was hoped by the Roman party would paralyse England, was a trumpet-blast calling upon all the slumbering forces of intelligence to waken and come forth. Hence the period from 1570 to 1590--the real and essential Elizabethan period—is one of the most vivid and exciting spaces of twenty years with which the student is called upon to deal in the whole history of letters. It rustles with growth, like a tropical forest in early summer. We find it difficult to take note of what is happening, so sudden and so manifold are the manifestations of originality.

In the higher poetry, Spenser, still a schoolboy, leads the chorus with his first lisping translations from Petrarch and Joachim du Bellay as early as 1569. But for the solitary voice of Sackville, calling twice in the wilderness, like a ghostly clarion, there had been none to point out the excellent way of modern English poetry since Surrey. But by this time some of the poets had at least reached the age at which independent impressions are formed and can be retained. In 1570 we may recollect that Marlowe and Shakespeare were six years old, while Constable, Daniel, Drayton,

Chapman, Greene, Lodge, Watson, and doubtless Peele and Kyd were children of more or less observation and advancement. Some of the great prose-writers of the next age were older still; Raleigh was eighteen, Hooker and Sidney sixteen, Bacon nine. These were among the foremost of the names which were to make the closing years of the reign of Elizabeth illustrious.

We may gain, perhaps, a useful idea of what took place within these twenty years if we glance for a moment at what had been accomplished at the close of them. In 1570 there was no poetry of real value being composed in England; in 1590 all the English world was reading the first three books of *The Faerie Queen*, in which romantic and allegorical narrative rose to a height which put us at once on a level with the Italy of Boiardo and Ariosto. In 1570 our prose was still inchoate, still cumbered with the dullness and stiffness, of mediævalism, still in the leading-strings of Latin and French models. By 1590 it had begun to produce, although still rather timidly, a crop of national and individual works. *Euphues* and the *Arcadia* were written; there had grown up a school of writers of prose romances which were not without their promise. If, however, the revival of prose belongs to a still later period, one magnificent thing had been accomplished in these twenty years—the foundation of English drama. From the thin and stammering pseudo-classical plays of the beginning of Elizabeth's reign, from *Ralph Roister Doister* and *The Supposes*, to tragedy as created by Kyd and Marlowe, the transition is like that from deep night to full sunrise. With *The Arraignment of Paris* and *Alexander and Campaspe* (1584) England took her place among the drama-producing nations, but with *Tamburlaine the Great* she indicated her intention of standing at their head for all remaining time.

Nevertheless, it must be distinctly recognised that this second Elizabethan period, for all its warm fecundity, was in the main a period of preparation rather than fulfilment. The very type of it was George Gascoigne, who, without bequeathing to English literature a single work or even a single line which is now read with enjoyment, for its own sake, was an innovator of extraordinary ingenuity and versatility. Everything which was later on to be done well, every neglected instrument from which melody was presently to be extracted, was tested, was handled by Gascoigne without any considerable personal success. He died, as he arrived, too soon; in 1577 the world of English fancy was not prepared for the multitudinous experiments of Gascoigne's mind. The author of his elegy, addressing his contemporaries, cried, 'His scene is played; you, follow on the act!' and this is precisely what the greatest of them did. He had written the first Greek play introduced upon the English stage, the first prose drama, the first criticism, the first satire, the first non-dramatic poem in blank verse. Gascoigne was but a servitor among the Elizabethans; but he swept the floor, arranged the seats, and lighted the candles for the orchestra of magnificent performers which swept into their places when he had prematurely passed away.

Almost the only department in which Gascoigne is not known to have essayed his pale experiments is that of prose fiction. This was started by numerous travelled Englishmen, who had found delight in the Italian stories of the preceding century. Paynter's *Palace of Pleasure* (1566) in the very first years of Elizabeth's reign had alarmed sober and old-fashioned men by introducing tales by Bandello, Boccaccio, and even Straparola. This collection had contained, in its primitive form, the plot of *Romeo and Juliet*. A little later Englishmen attempted to emulate these romantic fictions by prose novels of their own; the *Promos and Cassandra* (1578) of Gascoigne's friend Whetstone being the earliest of these 'right excellent and famous histories, divided into comical discourses,' which can by any stretch of language be called a novel. Lyly's *Euphues*, a real addition to prose literature, and a milestone on the roadway of English style, dates from 1579; and it has been thought that the *Don Simonides* of Barnabe Rich (1581), containing 'strange and wonderful adventures' and 'very pleasant discourse,' the whole 'gathered for the recreation as well of our noble young gentlemen as of our honourable courtly ladies,' may be considered our earliest modern romance.

Therefore it seemed probable that the revival in English composition would take the form of the novel. Certainly an impartial observer between 1580 and 1590 would have been justified in supposing so. There came into existence a set of professional men of letters, who supplied the taste of the time with stories of extravagant adventure wrapped up in a curiously sophisti-

cated moral disquisition. Greene began with *Mamillia* (1583), a long series of highly-coloured fantastic novels, 'love-pamphlets,' as he called them; and he was immediately imitated by Lodge, by Dickenson, by Lodewick Lloyd, and by many others of less notoriety. These books had a peculiarity which is of the greatest importance: they were written for women. It was frequent to dedicate a novel of this class 'To the Gentlewomen of England;' Lyly went so far as to say that his books would 'rather lie shut in a lady's casket than open in a scholar's study.' This gave a peculiarly civilising effect to what was best in these romances, most of which, although they were objected to by the severe on account of their appeal to frivolity and their long-drawn pictures of lovers' emotion, were in no sense licentious or even coarse.

This curious fashion, however, although introduced by a book so original, so wise, and in many ways so attractive as *Euphues*, and although for a little while so triumphant, was doomed to rapid and complete failure. The romantic novel in Elizabethan England culminated in the *Rosalynde* of Lodge (1590), and we may admit the space of twelve years as comprising its rise and its decay. From the first it was exotic; not one of the novels (with the curious exception of Nash's realistic picaresque romance of *Jack Wilton*, 1594, from which an extract is given below) touched the incidents of actual life. The landscape was a scene out of some vague, flowery Arcadia; the personages were heroic beyond mortal comprehension; the language used was almost invariably that artificial, mincing dialect suggested, as is now believed, by the study of the world-famous *Reloj de Principes*, or 'Dial of Princes,' by the Spanish bishop, Antonio de Guevara (translated from a French version by Lord Berners, see page 104: and again by Sir Thomas North in 1557). This dialect took the name of Euphuism, though it existed before the days of *Euphues*, and indeed hangs like a faint scent of musk over most early Elizabethan prose. Discredited and ridiculed, Euphuism was not only long in dying, but lived to impress indelibly the style of the greatest English writers of the next age, and Shakespeare himself.

The novel was a rapidly deciduous growth thrown off to prepare the minds and tongues of Englishmen for an infinitely more important and more national literary manifestation. The exotic, artificial romance was not nearly strong enough meat for the appetites of men, or of women either, awakened to the gust of life at the close of the glorious Tudor epoch. In the extreme fermentation of public and private existence, the violence and intensity of passion experienced in real life easily and finally rendered insipid the flowery, languid stories of the Euphuists. When life moved so quickly, and presented people with such startling reverses of fortune; when foreign politics, and home church-craft, and the bewilderment of infatuated love, and the intrepidity of murder, and a thousand other forms of passionate, ill-regulated vitality, were stirring the fantasy of the populace, so that life itself was more exciting than a thousand romances, it was impossible to be interested for any length of time in long, blossomy conversations between the melancholy shepherd Menaphon and the fair nymph Samela of Cyprus. And out of this impatience grew the great literary invention of the Elizabethan age, the stage-play.

We have already passed in review, in earlier divisions of this volume, the Tudor *miracles* and *moralities* which illustrated the theatrical spirit for men who had not been touched by the new learning. In these interesting but primitive compositions plot had been entirely wanting, and everything approaching to evolution of character. These plays had been humorous, sensible, and lively; they had depended upon allegory for their interest; and they had been independent of all exotic influence. In the first years of Elizabeth certain faint efforts had been made at creating a native comedy and a native tragedy, and these will be chronicled in their place. But the mediæval play had to die before the Renaissance play could be created. According to an early legend, the boy Shakespeare went from his home to Coventry to watch a performance of the old pageant of Corpus Christi. It was the new world contemplating the old world, and between these two there was really no essential bond. The attempts made, therefore, to modernise the surface of the mediæval play, and give it a humanist veneer, are of purely antiquarian interest.

The first Renaissance English play belongs to a period earlier than that with which this division deals. Nor was *Ralph Roister Doister* a farce on English lines at all, but founded almost servilely on a classical model. There were several successors to Udall's clever adaptation of the manner of Plautus, but none of

them led any farther in the development of comedy. In tragedy the same process was repeated, under a worse model, the so-called Seneca. The interest taken in this bombastic Latin tragedy in the early years of Elizabeth was very remarkable, and culminated in the production of *Gorbuduc* of Sackville and Norton, first performed in 1562. The irrational character of these dramatic experiments, and the fact that they led nowhere, and were incapable of development and extension, struck contemporary minds after a quarter of a century of bewildered subjection to Seneca. The most advanced critic to-day could scarcely define the faults of an early Elizabethan dramatist better than Whetstone did (in 1578) when he declared him to be 'most vain, indiscreet, and out of order; he first grounds his work on impossibilities; then in three hours runs he through the world; marries, gets children; makes children men, men to conquer kingdoms, murder monsters; and bringeth gods from heaven, and fetcheth devils from hell.'

What delayed the wholesome revival of the modern drama in England was the persistence with which the university wits, such as Sidney, Harvey, and Gosson, determined that this incoherence could only be abated by a stricter adherence to classical rules of composition. Their great mistake was to regard the drama as a purely intellectual or literary thing, without taking into consideration the material requirements of an audience in a theatre. But, while the scholars were wrangling in their closets as to the proper way in which the precepts of Aristotle should be carried out, the common people, who had never heard of Aristotle or of the unities, but who desired to be amused and alarmed in commodious play-houses, on their own lines, with intelligible chronicle-plays and farces, were really preparing the foundations of a national drama. Hence, in discussing the movement of our dramatic literature, it is impossible to escape from a subject not properly dealt with in this volume, namely, the history of the stage, or to decline to acknowledge the importance of the date 1576, as that of the year in which the great building of advanced suburban theatres began.

We are here, however, confronted by the extremely curious fact that it seems impossible for us to discover what happened in the English theatrical world between this date and 1587. In spite of endless research and conjecture, these ten years, the conduct of which would be of extraordinary interest to us, obstinately refuse to deliver up their dramatic secrets. It is certain that several of the court-plays of Lyly, curious anomalies in stage-craft, which faintly prophesied of the poetic comedy of the next age, were performed; and it is also certain that one play of real merit, in its fragmentary way, *The Arraignment of Paris*, by George Peele, was played in 1584 by the Children of the Chapel Royal before Queen Elizabeth. Robert Greene, afterwards so famous, in these years 'left the University [of Cambridge] and away to London, where [he] became an author of plays.' But these early dramas of Greene have, without exception, perished or vanished. Perhaps the play of *Sir Clyomon and Sir Clamydes*, a strange medley of mediæval and Hellenic romance, belongs to this same dim period of transition. Putting together these and what other scraps of evidence we possess, we come to the conclusion that in these years, from 1576 to 1587, there was a tendency to the employment of Euphuism on the stage, to an avoidance of serious passion; that there was preferred the use of rhyming metres, blank verse still lacking the sonority desirable for the public stage; that no attention was seriously given to characterisation or construction, the two qualities upon which drama really depends; and that for all these reasons there was a suspended animation, the English drama being unable to start, although absolutely ready to do so, until some man or men should arise strong enough to sweep these obstacles out of her path.

It seems quite certain that neither Peele nor Lyly, though each had a graceful talent, was man enough to do this; and what Greene was doing when he was not penning love-pamphlets is so absolutely unknown to us that conjecture is idle. But the revolutionary qualities wanted were unquestionably met with in two men of extraordinary fertility of invention and resolute originality—Kyd and Marlowe. Of these Marlowe had doubtless the greater genius; the tradition of the seventeenth century, combined with very recent discoveries, leads us to suspect that Kyd was the more innovating spirit. The fault of allegorical pastorals like *Endymion* and *The Arraignment of Paris* was that they were too gentle; they merely brushed the surface of life. These were social entertainments, in which political and courtly complications were touched with so timid a hand that if the official world turned upon the poet he might say that he did not mean anything at all, and that the resem-

blance was accidental. But such plays ill-matched the deep excitement, the audacious keenness, of the maturing Elizabethan age; and therefore we see, in 1587, two dramatists, supported unquestionably by their strong personal friendship, rise like Harmodius and Aristogeiton to free English drama by an unexpected death-blow from the tyranny of a paralysing conventionality.

The blow was struck by Marlowe in *Dr Faustus* and by Kyd in *The Spanish Tragedy*. But to comprehend the nature of the revolution worked by these two men we must realise what their personal relations were with their time. It wanted but a little that these twin planets of our dramatic dawn were burned at the stake for their atheistical and infamous opinions; they were in actual danger of a death as violent as any which they drew. One of them actually died by the hand of a murderer, and both were, in their brief, fiery, and tempestuous lives, the prototypes of the melodramatic villains of their own tragedies. Neither Kyd nor Marlowe shrank from the contemplation (we must not say the committal) in real life of those 'carnal, bloody, and unnatural acts' which they loved to describe. If the character of Faustus fascinated them, it was because they saw in him what they wished to be—a turbulent innovator, self-supported in a paroxysm of intellectual arrogance and revolt. These new authors, in addition to the startling frankness with which they voiced the pride of the age, each possessed one dramatic quality of the highest and most pregnant value. Kyd had discovered the secret of the evolution of a plot: Marlowe invented the sonorous fullness of an effective stage blank verse. These two things had but to be united, and tragedy was on the right road. The same year, 1587 (it is probable), saw the first working out of the story of *Hamlet* in a popular Senecan form, due, almost certainly, to Kyd. We incur little danger of mistake, indeed, if we take that date as the practical start-year of drama in its finished form in England. It is worthy of note that, while tragedy is thus taking hold of the English mind in deep romantic intensity, it is fading from the stage of France, where it seemed to be so passionately welcomed. Before Marlowe and Kyd are vocal, Jodelle and Garnier (with whom Kyd had much in common) have quitted the stage, and have left no direct descendants.

If we turn to narrative and lyrical poetry, we do not find the same abrupt transitions as meet us in the history of drama, but we observe a rapid upward development. Oddly enough, the period is limited, at its beginning and its close, by a publication of Spenser—*The Shepherd's Calendar* in 1579, and the first three books of *The Faerie Queen* in 1590. As will in due course be shown, Spenser himself almost wholly disappears from our view during those years; but the progress of poetry, set in action by the startling novelties of *The Shepherd's Calendar*, continues. Sidney's friendship with Spenser, and his presidency of the 'Areopagus,' a sort of club which set out to revolutionise poetry in a wholly undesirable way, dates from a year or so earlier than this; and Sidney, in defiance of his own rules, begins to write the canzonets and pastoral odes of the *Arcadia*, and, what is much more to the point, to introduce the sonnet and celebrate the alembicated loves of Astrophel and Stella. But these poems are not seen by the general public, and a profound sensation is made by Thomas Watson, whose *Hecatompathia, or Passionate Centurie of Love*, is published in 1582. Watson has, perhaps, not left behind him a single poem, a single line, which lives in English literature; yet his historical position is a very prominent one. He marks the disappearance of the last traces of mediævalism, and the completion of the triumph of southern influences. Watson is a Petrarchist of the late order, of the class of Bembo and Molza, and of his sonnets may be said what Dr Garnett has excellently remarked of those of the last-mentioned Italian, that they are 'as inexpressive as harmonious—a perpetual silvery chime which soothes the ear, but conveys nothing to the mind.'

It was, in all probability, a very propitious thing for English poetry that the Italian verse of the Cinque Cento declined so suddenly and lost its prestige so completely. The Petrarchists, after the brilliant success of their innumerable warblings, ceased to sing, or ceased to find listeners, in the middle of the century; the latest and perhaps the best of them, Bernardo Tasso and Luigi Tansillo, died in 1568–69. There was, therefore, no contemporary Italian, of their own exact class, before whom Sidney and Watson were tempted to bow down. The most they could do was to become the English Tansillo and Molza of a later age. In spite of the weakness of their cause, their success was considerable. It must not be overlooked that a strong chord of Petrarchism continued to run through the complicated music of the

great Elizabethan period, and was not drowned until it melted into the grotesque melody of the disciples of Donne. Drayton, Daniel, Barnfield, even Shakespeare himself, are full of Petrarchism, and it is only proper to remember that all this was started and given direction to by Sidney and Watson, but by Watson most of all.

By the side of the Petrarchan there flourished the pastoral manner, borrowed from Italy and the Peninsula. One of the books of the Cinque Cento which most deeply influenced the literature of the world, and not least of England, was the *Arcadia* of Sannazaro (1504), a pastoral romance, written in careful, but not Euphuistic, prose, plentifully besprinkled with bucolic verse. This work positively fascinated the youth of Europe, and was imitated, to satiety and ridicule, in every language. The Portuguese, in particular, greatly delighted in it, and it was a poet of Portugal, Jorge de Montemayor, whose Castilian pastoral of the *Diana* (1558) awakened in the youthful Sidney the ambition to compete in English pastoral with the poets of Southern Europe. Sidney had imitated Montemayor and Sannazaro before these poets were widely known in England; a version of the *Diana* (1598), by Bartholomew Young, acquired great popularity. Pastoral was started in England in two species—the Virgilian and Chaucerian, mingled in a kind of national eclogue, by Spenser, the purely artificial and Sannazaran by Sidney—and this also had its vogue throughout the next half-century, as exemplified in the direct scholars of Spenser, such as Phineas Fletcher and Browne, and in the more voluptuous dramatists from Beaumont to Shirley.

One prominent section of literature remains to be spoken of, and that is prose. But here we find much less to be said of a definite kind. The great years from 1570 to 1590 were years of national concentration on the difficult and supremely fascinating art of verse, and very secondary and desultory attention was given to pedestrian prose. Of late what is perhaps an exaggerated attention has been given to the useful and picturesque but prolix translations of the early Elizabethan age. Sir Thomas North, Philemon Holland, Savile, and the rest have their place in the development of prose, but they were awkward writers, rocking feverishly between a vulgar raciness and an inappropriate pomposity of language. In Lyly, for the first time, we meet with an English writer of measured and occasionally elegant prose, although even Lyly is painfully prolix and mannered. In Hooker, for the first time, we discover really competent and practical prose, capable of conducting an argument with sanity, lucidity, and dignity; but Hooker published nothing until 1594. Much of the practical prose of the early Elizabethan is energetic, and it is possible from a dozen writers to select brief passages of extreme magnificence; but it is difficult to perceive that they wrote upon any system, or that it had ever crossed their minds that prose should be given, and could deserve, no less sustained technical attention than verse itself. After 1590 there came a burst of geographical and adventurous prose, much of which makes exceedingly good reading to-day. Nothing is more delightful than to plunge into those miscellanies in which Hakluyt and afterwards Purchas preserved the 'memorable exploits of late years by our English nation achieved, from the greedy and devouring jaws of oblivion.' Most of all, the progress of biblical and liturgical prose deserves our careful attention, the *Bishops' Bible* of Parker (1568) being the companion of men who gradually became dissatisfied with its imperfections, and demanded from the Conference of 1604 a revision of the English Scriptures, which led, in 1611, to the publication of a Bible the most faultless and the most melodiously picturesque to be found in any European vernacular. For the success of this crowning trophy of Jacobean genius praise must not be withheld from Lancelot Andrewes, the editor or chairman of James I.'s learned committee of ecclesiastics.

We have now indicated a few of the influences and the surroundings which moulded English imaginative thoughts in the days which preceded the magnificent burst of genius in the midst of which the voice of Shakespeare was raised. When the creators were at work, simultaneously building the vast palaces of Elizabethan poetry, it became difficult to recollect the very names of their predecessors. It has therefore seemed well that we should linger a little on the movement of those gentle forces which led up to the great explosion of genius, in order to prepare readers for the phenomena which will be presented to them in due chronological course. From 1591 to 1616—that is to say, during the quarter of a century peculiarly identified with the activity of Shakespeare—English literature was raised to an ex-

traordinary height of splendour and originality, and this must now be studied in the detailed life of its individual exponents.

One general order of ideas may, however, be suggested. Without giving way to the tendency to see historical events immediately reflected in literary productions, we may yet perceive to advantage the many ways in which Elizabethan literature proceeded on lines continuous with those worked along by the great Tudor statesmen. First of all, it is impossible not to be struck by the contributions to the sentiments of national independence offered by one great author after another. There was this difference between, let us say, the polished epics of Italy and *The Faerie Queen*, that the one represented a vain aspiration and the other a living entity. When Spenser drew a picture of that newly-invented paragon of chivalry, the English gentleman, he painted something at once more attractive and more romantic than Orlando or Rinaldo had proved on the realistic canvas of Boiardo. But while he seemed, with his allegory and his fabulous geography, to be farther from existence than the southerners, he was actually moving much nearer to it, because he presented the veritable sentiment of the English champions who surrounded the virgin Gloriana on her throne.

The literature of this magnificent period, in its pride of mien and audacity of purpose, seems to support the prerogative of the English Crown. It is the literature of a nation that has just awakened to a sense of its strength, its isolation, its almost insupportable inward pertinacity. With the sudden development of political independence, there came an apprehension of the necessity of intellectual and spiritual cultivation. Every accomplishment helped to make England great, and while the Italian laboured at high astronomy or was martyred in the cause of ethical speculation without a spark of national enthusiasm, the Elizabethan turned his little copy of verses or practised an air on the theorbo with the belief that England would be so far the richer for his energy. The courtier, the speculator, the soldier, the poet, the adventurer on perilous seas, the patient and responsible public servant, were found united in a single personage in these 'spacious' times. The careers of men like Raleigh and Sidney appeal to us all; but those of Fulke Greville, of John Davies, of Sackville, may teach us still more of this devotion to the day's service, be it what it may; of this noble determination to do well whatever England may call a man to do, be it successively the task of a poet, a diplomatist, a member of Parliament, a lawyer, a financier, or a soldier.

It would be absurd, however, to pretend that Elizabethan literature was sustained at these crystal heights. Spenser and Shakespeare exemplify the chivalrous aspect at its best; we shall discover little chivalry in Marston and Joseph Hall. Yet even in the grossest and most turbid of the Elizabethans we find abundance of that energy and intensity which are the signs of life and youth, and their faults are those out of which a great nation grows into serenity and strength. If the playwrights were coarse and rough, they were at least rough with the crudity of a full-bodied vintage, a wine that suffers in its youth for the stoutness and vigour of its quality. This is quite another thing from the malady of morals which falls on a feeble and decaying people, and which is like the flatness of a thin, indifferent vintage kept too long. In the general fusion of forces which took place in the reign of Elizabeth, a certain confused violence could not fail to be a symptom, in literature as well as in politics and Church matters. Life suddenly began to be many-sided and copious, and elements of turbidity were inevitable in so tumultuous a torrent of thought.

The reader of the following pages will be able to appreciate what were the main imaginative forms taken by this redundancy and ebullience of national sentiment. If he passes suddenly from 1591 to 1616, which we take as the close of our third period, he will be surprised at the change he encounters. At the first date the world was opening before the inexperienced poet; at the second, all experiments have been tried, all heights reached in the summer of English poetry, and the faintest breath of autumnal sadness is felt in the air. We left Raleigh dreaming of Guiana; we find Ben Jonson and Donne blushing to remember their marriage odes on Somerset's hideous wedding. The man of the moment is Bacon; the Spanish Marriage fills the air; Shakespeare is dying, and Beaumont; Fletcher's dramatic art has already become a formula; the school of Spenser has sunk into silence. Everywhere there is a sense of the meridian being passed; in literature, as in politics, the high rapture cannot be sustained, and the independence of a people is no sooner broadly established than

it begins to cultivate the weaknesses of other settled nations.

In nine years more, at the death of James I. in 1625, what we permitted ourselves to suspect has become matter of patent observation. Everywhere the symptoms of decay and decline are obvious. Bacon is degraded, and dying; and no one takes his place. Ben Jonson is paralysed, and 'sick and sad,' and his 'sons in Apollo' have not a tithe of his genius. Fletcher is dead, and his work descends to Massinger. Of the glorious romantic poets which had made London the capital of Parnassus, the weary Heywood is still hanging about the stage, Middleton is closing appropriately in *Anything for a Quiet Life*, and with Ford and Shirley in a little momentary revival, a martin's summer, is preparing England for a long period of darkness. In all this we trace nothing more nor less than the collapse of energy which answers in the history of the imagination of a people to nervous exhaustion in an individual. England was tired of her rapture, her transcendent effort, and she was ready to sink into the repose of a convention.

We may, perhaps, discover a further reason for the malady which begins to afflict her from the reign of James I. onwards to the end of the Commonwealth. One palpable cause of the neglect of letters has been always pointed out in the confusion of political issues, and the concentration of popular attention on vast constitutional problems. But this easy solution of the difficulty is not to be accepted without a protest. In the first place, the decline of literature was proceeding at full speed while the political world was still quiet, and when none but the most far-sighted patriots anticipated a grand upheaval. On the other hand, it is by no means certain that an eager interest in high matters of State is necessarily unfavourable to the production of literature. The ecclesiastical storms which led to the appointment of Elizabeth's High Commission swept through every household in England, but their violence and bluster did not brush a grain of jewel-dust off the wings of *The Faerie Queen*, or delay by an hour the evolution of the genius of Shakespeare. Nor is it at all certain that the disturbed condition of English politics half a century later had any ill effect on the imagination of Milton. We have to beware of attributing to politics too direct an influence on the waxing and waning of poetical literature.

When we close the brilliant and unparalleled period the examination of which we are now about to commence, what we do find is that England did not escape that curious blight or malady of the mind which fell on every other part of Europe, and marked, in so doing, the close of the Renaissance. This was the preoccupation with a forced ingenuity of fancy which is known by so many names, and which affected so many literatures in different but contemporary ways, as in Donne with us, Marino with the Italians, Gongora with the Spaniards. In this a morbid horror of the obvious leads the writer into forms of thought and speech which are inelegant and non-natural, and in which the proportion between what is essential and what is trifling is lost. It is not quite exact to say that this change consisted in a decay of taste, because ugly and monstrous things had been written, with an almost innocent nonchalance, by the poets of the great period, while those of the decline were often prettier and more graceful in trifles than their masters had been. But there was a decay of the sense of relative values, and this we see exemplified in the works of a man of such amazing genius and force as Donne, who says the most penetrating and the most silly thing at the same moment, not (as it would appear) distinguishing what is silly from what is penetrating, and having no criterion by which to judge his creations.

So that, without paradox, we may say that what this period of our literary history did, in its excessive and volcanic strain of production, was to wear out and paralyse those faculties by which it held its own acts in the balance. It lost the sense of proportion, the power of parallel measurement, so that it stumbled and fell, as those do who by some affection of the nerves have lost the power of regulating their actions. What was left for further generations, then, to do was to recover the measuring and weighing power by means of a strict and tonic mental discipline. And it is thus, and thus alone, that we can comprehend the readiness with which those whose childhood had been spent in the light of Spenser and Shakespeare were willing to subject themselves to the Aristotelian rules and the versification of Waller and Denham. It was that the blaze and blare of Elizabethan genius had worn out their capacities of enjoyment, and they had to subject themselves to a system of intellectual discipline to recover their mental tone.

EDMUND GOSSE.

homas Sackville.—In the reign of Elizabeth first great name in poetry is that of Thomas cville, Lord Buckhurst (1536–1608), from 1604 of Dorset, and from 1599 Lord High-Treasurer ngland; he has already come before us in the acter of a dramatic writer (page 157). Probably rds the end of the reign of Queen Mary, and re he actively engaged in public life, Sackville ned the design of the *Myrroure for Magis-s*, somewhat on the lines of Lydgate's *Falls of ces* (itself based on Boccaccio: see above at 79). The poet was to descend into the under-d, as in the plan of Virgil and Dante, and erse with the most famous persons in English ory who had suffered sad reverses of fortune; e were each to tell his own story as a mirror warning to statesmen and rulers. Sackville e the noble *Induction* or Prologue describing descent, and powerfully sketching the allegori-personages about the porch of hell; and told tale of Henry Stafford, Duke of Buckingham, of the shades to come up to the visitors—the kingham who first supported Richard III. and suffered for intriguing against him. More than Sackville did not contribute to the scheme; but t he wrote has alone real poetic value. The plan continued by George Baldwin and George ers, and the whole published in 1559 and Sackville's part, though obviously meant as duction to the whole, did not appear till 1563, then near the end of the book. The *Induction* truly remarkable poem, a startling apparition n contrasted with the work of such predecessors Hawes. Hallam said it 'unites the school of ucer and Lydgate to the *Faery Queen*;' its ures of gloom and sorrow, its allegorical per-fications, rival Spenser's own work. The subject not new; the stanza was that which Chaucer made familiar; but the melody of the verse, power and truth of the drawing, the dignity of presentation, and the poetic charm were new and Tottel's 'Miscellany' (1557) is the only other of this time that contains anything comparable Sackville in poetic value; and in rhythm and dy and metric perfection Sackville far sur-es Wyatt and Surrey. Spenser recognised his debt to his predecessor, and was unquestion-influenced by him.

From the Induction to the 'Myrroure for Magistrates.'

n hideous hole all vaste, withouten shape,
endles depth, overwhelmde with ragged stone,
ith ougly mouth and griesly jawes doth gape,
nd to our sight confounds itselfe in one.
ere entred wee and yeeding forth anone — going
n horrible lothly lake wee might discerne
blacke as pitch, that cleped is Averne.

deadly gulfe where nought but rubbish grows,
ith fowle blacke swelth in thickned lumps that lies,
hich up in th' ayre such stinking vapors throws
at over there may flie no fowle but dyes,
oaked with the pestilent savors that arise,

Hither wee come whence forth wee still did pace,
In dreadfull feare amid the dreadfull place.

And first within the porch and jawes of Hell,
Sate deepe Remorse of Conscience, all besprent
With teares; and to her selfe oft would shee tell
Her wretchednes, and, cursing, never stent
To sob and sighe, but ever thus lament
With thoughtfull care; as shee that, all in vaine,
Would were and waste continually in payne:

Her eyes unsteadfast, rolling here and there,
Whirled on each place, as place that vengeaunce brought,
So was her minde continually in feare,
Tossed and tormented with the tedious thought
Of those detested crymes which shee had wrought;
With dreadful cheare, and lookes throwne to the skie,
Wishing for death, and yet shee could not die.

Next sawe wee Dread, all trembling how hee shooke,
With foote uncertaine, profered here and there;
Benumm'd of speach; and with a ghastly looke
Searched every place, all pale and dead for feare,
His cap borne up with staring of his heare; — hair
Stoyned and amazed at his own shade for dreede, — Astonished
And fearing greater daungers than was neede.

And next within the entry of this lake,
Sate fell Revenge, gnashing her teeth for ire;
Devising means how shee may vengeaunce take;
Never in rest, till she have her desire;
But frets within so far forth with the fire
Of wreaking flames, that now determines she
To dy by death, or venged by death to bee.

When fell Revenge, with bloudy foule pretence,
Had showed herself, as next in order set,
With trembling limbs we softly parted thence,
Till in our eyes another sight wee met;
When fro my heart a sigh forthwith I fet, — fetched
Rewing, alas, upon the woefull plight
Of Misery, that next appeared in sight.

His face was leane, and somedeale pyned away,
And eke his hands consumed to the bone;
But what his body was, I cannot say,
For on his carkas rayment had he none,
Save clouts and patches pieced one by one;
With staffe in hand, and scrip on shoulder cast,
His chief defence agaynst the winters blast.

His foode, for most, was wild fruites of the tree,
Unlesse sometime some crums fell to his share,
Which in his wallet long, God wot, kept hee,
As on the which full daintely would fare;
His drink the running stream, his cup the bare
Of his palm closed; his bed, the hard cold ground;
To this poore life was Misery ybound.

Whose wretched state when wee had well beheld,
With tender ruth on him and on his feres, — comrades
In thoughtfull cares forth then our pace wee held;
And by and by another shape apperes
Of greedy Care, still brushing up the breres; — briers
His knuckles knob'd, his flesh deepe dented in,
With tawed hands and hard ytanned skin:

The morrowe gray no sooner hath begun
To spreade his light even peping in our eyes,
When hee is up, and to his worke yrun;
But let the nights blacke misty mantles rise
And with foule darke never so much disguise
The fayre bright day, yet ceaseth hee no while,
But hath his candels to prolong his toyle.

By him lay heavy Sleepe, the cosin of Death,
Flat on the ground, and still as any stone,
A very corps, save yielding forth a breath;
Small keepe took hee whom Fortune frowned on,
Or whom shee lifted up into the throne
Of high renoune, but, as a living death,
So dead alive, of life he drew the breath:

The bodys rest, the quiet of the heart,
The travailes ease, the still nights feer was he, brother
And of our life in earth the better part;
Reaver of sight, and yet in whom wee see
Things oft that tyde and oft that never bee;
Without respect esteming equally
King Crœsus pompe and Irus poverty.[1]

And next in order sad, Old Age wee found:
His beard all hoare, his eyes hollow and blind;
With drouping chere still poring on the ground,
As on the place where nature him assigned
To rest, when that the Sisters had untwyned
His vitall thred, and ended with their knyfe
The fleting course of fast declyning lyfe:

There heard wee him with broke and hollow plaint
Rew with him selfe his end approching fast,
And all for nought his wretched mind torment
With sweete remembraunce of his pleasures past,
And fresh delytes of lusty youth forewast; wasted
Recounting which, how would hee sob and shriek,
And to be yong again of Jove beseeke!

But an the cruell fates so fixed bee
That tyme forepast cannot retourne agayne,
This one request of Jove yet prayed hee—
That, in such withred plight, and wretched paine,
As eld, accompanied with his lothsome trayne,
Had brought on him, all were it woe and griefe,
He might a while yet linger forth his life,

And not so soone descend into the pit;
Where Death, when hee the mortall corps hath slayne,
With reckless hand in grave doth cover it:
Thereafter never to enjoy agayne
The gladsome light, but, in the ground ylayne,
In depth of darknesse waste and weare to nought,
As hee had nere into the world been brought: never

But who had seene him sobbing how hee stood
Unto himselfe, and how hee would bemone
His youth forepast, as though it wrought him good
To talke of youth, all were his youth foregone,
He would have mused, and mervayled much whereon
This wretched Age should like desire so fayne
And knowes full well lyfe doth but length his payne.

[1] Irus was the beggar of Ithaca, employed as messenger by Penelope's suitors.

Crookebackt he was, tooth-shaken, and blere-eyed;
Went on three feete, and sometyme crept on foure;
With olde lame bones, that rattled by his syde;
His scalp all pilled, and hee with eld forlore,
His withred fist still knocking at Deaths dore;
Fumbling and driveling as hee drawes his breath;
For briefe, the shape and messenger of Death.

And fast by him pale Malady was placed;
Sore sicke in bed, her colour all foregone;
Bereft of stomacke, savour, and of taste,
Ne could shee brooke no meate but broths alone;
Her breath corrupt; her kepers every one
Abhorring her; her sickness past recure,
Detesting phisicke and all phisickes cure.

But, oh, the dolefull sight that then wee see!
Wee turned our looke, and on the other side
A griesly shape of Famine mought wee see:
With greedy lookes, and gaping mouth, that cryed
And roared for meate, as shee should there have dy
Her body thin and bare as any bone,
Whereto was left nought but the case alone.

And that, alas! was gnawne on every where,
All full of holes; that I ne mought refrayne
From tears, to see how shee her arms could teare
And with her teeth gnash on the bones in vayne,
When, all for nought, shee fayne would so sustayne
Her starven corps, that rather seemed a shade
Than any substaunce of a creature made:

Great was her force, whome stone-wall could not st
Her tearing nayles snatching at all shee sawe;
With gaping jawes, that by no meanes ymay
Be satisfied from hunger of her mawe,
But eates herselfe as shee that hath no lawe;
Gnawing, alas, her carkas all in vayne,
Where you may count each sinew, bone, and vayne.

On her while we thus firmly fixt our eyes,
That bled for ruth of such a drery sight,
Lo, suddenly she shriekt in so huge wise
As made Hell gates to shiver with the might;
Wherewith a dart we sawe how it did light
Right on her brest, and therewithall pale Death
Enthrilling it, to reve her of her breath:

And by and by a dumb dead corps we sawe,
Heavy and colde the shape of Death aright,
That daunts all earthly creatures to his lawe,
Against whose force in vaine it is to fight;
Ne peeres, ne princes, nor no mortall wyght,
No Townes, ne Realmes, Cityes, ne strongest Tow
But all perforce must yield unto his power:

His dart anon out of the corps hee tooke,
And in his hand (a dreadfull sight to see)
With great tryumph eftsoones the same hee shooke,
That most of all my feares affrayed mee;
His body dight with nought but bones, pardè;
The naked shape of man there saw I plaine,
All save the flesh, the sinew, and the veine.

Lastly, stood Warre, in glittering armes yclad,
With visage grym, stern lookes, and blackly hewed
In his right hand a naked sworde he had,
That to the hilts was all with bloud embrued;
And in his left (that kings and kingdoms rewed)

Famine and fyer he held, and therewithall,
He razed townes, and threw downe towres and all.

Cities he sackt, and realmes (that whilome flowerd
In honour, glory, and rule, above the rest)
He overwhelmde, and all theire fame devoured,
Consumed, destroyed, wasted, and never ceast,
Till he their wealth, their name, and all oppresst:
His face forehewed with wounds; and by his side
There hung his targe, with gashes deepe and wide.

. . . . . .

Then first came Henry Duke of Buckingham,
His cloak of black all pilled, and quite forworne,
Wringing his hands, and Fortune oft doth blame,
Which of a duke had made him now her skorne;
With gastly looks, as one in maner lorne,
Oft spred his armes, stretcht hands he joynes as fast,
With ruful cheer, and vapored eyes upcast.

His cloake he rent, his manly brest hee beat;
His hayre all torne about the place it lay:
My heart so molt to see his griefe so great,
As felingly methought it dropt away;
His eyes they whirld about withouten stay:
With stormy sighes the place did so complayne,
As if his heart at ech had burst in twayne.

Thrise he began to tell his dolefull tale,
And thrise the sighes did swallow up his voyce?
At ech of which he shrieked so withall,
As though the heavens rived with the noyse;
Till at the last recovering his voyce,
Supping the teares that all his breast beraynde,
On cruel Fortune weeping thus he playnde.

The *Induction* runs to eighty stanzas, the *Complaint* to over a hundred. Our text is substantially that of the edition of 1587. The first of the seventy-four characters in the completed work is King Albanact of Scotland in 1085 B.C.; the last is Wolsey. King Locrinus of Britain, son of Brutus, tells his story, King Bladud and Queen Cordila also; and Julius Cæsar and half-a-dozen Roman emperors figure in the company of British notables. Sackville West edited the collected works in 1859.

George Gascoigne (1525–77), son of Sir John Gascoigne of Cardington in Bedfordshire, and descendant of the famous Chief-Justice under Henry IV., was an early dramatist (see above at page 238), one of our first satirists, an indefatigable translator, and a pioneer in many departments of literature. He studied at Cambridge, entered Gray's Inn, wrote poems, and sat in Parliament for Bedford (1557–59), but was disinherited by his father for his prodigality. He married a widow (to improve his finances), was still persecuted by creditors, set out for Holland, and served gallantly under the Prince of Orange (1572–75). Surprised by a Spanish force and taken prisoner, he was detained four months; and, on his return to England, settled at Walthamstow, where he collected and published his poems. He was praised by his own and the succeeding generation of writers, and experienced a share of royal favour; for he accompanied the queen to Kenilworth, and supplied part of the poetical and scenic entertainments at Leicester's magnificent seat and also at Woodstock. He translated in prose and verse, from Greek, Latin, and Italian. *The Complaynt of Phylomene*, his first poem, was begun in 1563 and published in 1575. *The Supposes*, translated from *I Suppositi* of Ariosto, is the first prose comedy in English; *Jocasta*, based on the *Phœnissæ* of Euripides, is the second tragedy in English blank verse; *The Glasse of Government* is an original comedy; *The Steele Glas* is the earliest blank-verse satire; and in the *Notes of Instruction on Making of Verse* we have the first considerable English essay on the subject. It is pathetic that already Gascoigne thought some of the standard poetic epithets were worn out: 'If I should undertake to wryte in prayse of a gentlewoman,' he says, 'I would neither praise hir christal eye nor hir cherrie lippe, etc. For these things are *trita et obvia*.' How often have they done duty since! To such a zealous experimenter English literature obviously owes a deep debt, though much of his work is hopelessly tedious. It may be said for him that he sometimes attains freedom both in rhyme and in blank verse, and that his lyrics show even a certain grace and lightness of touch. In the **Steele Glas,** Gascoigne explains that he finds an old-fashioned mirror of steel greatly more truthful than those of glass (first made at Venice in 1300, but not in England until 1673). Common glass, beryl glass, and crystal he believes to be false:

That age is dead, and vanisht long ago,
Which thought that steele both trusty was and true,
And needed not a foyle of contraries,
But shewde al things even as they were indeede.
In steade whereof, our curious yeares can finde
The christal glass, which glimseth brave and bright,
And shewes the thing much better than it is,
Beguiled with foyles of sundry subtil sights,
So that they seeme and covet not to be.

All the more reason that, having had such a trusty steel mirror bequeathed to him, the satirist should put it to some use! Thus he can show his contemporaries their faults, as in the two following extracts (the second from the Epilogus)—drunken soldiers, false judges, usurious merchants being also not forgotten:

On the Country Gentleman.

The Gentleman which might in countrie keepe
A plenteous boorde and feed the fatherlesse
With pig and goose, with mutton, beefe, and veale
(Yea, now and then a capon and a chicke),
Will breake up house and dwel in market-townes
A loitring life, and like an Epicure.
But who meanwhile defends the common welth?
Who rules the flocke when sheperds so are fled?
Who stayes the staff which shuld uphold the state?
Forsoth, good Sir, the Lawyer leapeth in—
Nay, rather leapes both over hedge and ditch,
And rules the rost: but few men rule by right.

O Knights, O Squires, O Gentle blouds yborne,
You were not borne onely for your selves:
Your countrie claymes some part of al your paines;
There should you live, and therein should you toyle,
To hold up right and banish cruel wrong,
To help the pore, to bridle backe the riche,
To punish vice and vertue to advaunce,
To see God servde, and Belzebub supprest.
You should not trust lieftenaunts in your rome,
And let them sway the scepter of your charge,
Whiles you meanwhile know scarcely what is don,
Nor yet can yeld accompt if you were callde.

On the Court Ladies.

Beholde, my lorde, what monsters muster here,
With Angels face and harmfule helish harts,
With smyling lookes, and deep deceitful thoughts,
With tender skinnes and stony cruel mindes,
With stealing steppes, yet forward feete to fraude.
Behold, behold, they never stande content,
With God, with kinde, with any helpe of arte,
But curle their locks with bodkins and with braids,
But dye their heare with sundry subtill sleights,
But paint and slicke till fayrest face be foule,
But bumbast, bolster, frisle, and perfume:
They marre with muske the balme which nature made,
And dig for death in dellicatest dishes.
The yonger sorte come pyping on apace,
In whistles made of fine enticing wood,
Till they have caught the birds for whom they birded.
The elder sorte go stately stalking on,
And on their backs they beare both land and fee,
Castles and towres, revenewes and receits,
Lordships and manours, fines, yea, fermes and al.
What should these be? Speak you, my lovely lord.
They be not men, for why, they have no beards;
They be no boyes which weare such side long gowns;
They be no Gods, for al their gallant glosse;
They be no divels, I trow, that seme so saintish.
What be they? Women masking in men's weedes—
With dutchkin dublets, and with jerkins jaggde,
With Spanish spangs and ruffes fet out of France,
With high copt hats and feathers flaunt-a-flaunt—
They, to be sure, seem even *two* to *men*, indeed!

The Arraignment of a Lover.

At Beautyes barre as I dyd stande,
  When False Suspect accused mee,
'George,' quod the judge, 'holde up thy hande,
  Thou art arraigned of flatterye;
Tell, therefore, howe wylt thou bee tryed,
Whose judgment here wylt thou abyde?'

'My Lord,' quod I, 'this lady here,
  Whom I esteeme above the rest,
Doth knowe my guilte, if any were;
  Wherefore hir doome shall please me best. verdict
Let hir bee judge and jurour bothe,
To trye mee guiltlesse by myne oathe.'

Quoth Beautie: 'No, it fitteth not
  A prince hirselfe to judge the cause;
Wyll is our justice, well you wot,
  Appointed to discusse our Lawes;
If you will guiltlesse seeme to goe,
God and your countrey quitte you so.'

Then Crafte the cryer called a quest,
  Of whom was Falshoode foremost feere;
A pack of pickethankes were the rest,
  Which came false witnesse for to beare;
The jury suche, the Judge unjust,
Sentence was said: 'I should be trust.' trussed

Jelous the jayler bound mee fast,
  To hear the verdict of the byll;
'George,' quod the judge, 'nowe thou are cast,
  Thou must goe hence to Heavie Hill,
And there be hanged all by the head;
God rest thy soule when thou art dead!'

Downe fell I then upon my knee,
  All flatte before Dame Beauties face,
And cried: 'Good Ladye, pardon mee!
  Which here appeale unto your grace;
You knowe if I have beene untrue,
It was in too much praysing you.

'And though this judge doe make suche haste.
  To shed with shame my guiltlesse blood,
Yet let your pittie first be plac't
  To save the man that meant you good;
So shall you shewe yourself a Queene,
And I maye bee your servaunt seene.'

Quod Beauty: 'Well; bicause I guesse
  What thou dost meane hencefoerth to flee:
Although thy faultes deserve no lesse
  Than Justice here hath judged thee;
Wylt thou be bounde to stynt all strife,
And be true prisoner all thy lyfe?'

'Yea, Madame,' quod I, 'that I shall;
  Loe fayth and trueth my suerties!'
'Why, then,' quod she, 'come when I call,
  I aske no better warrantise.'
Thus am I Beauties bounden thrall,
At hir commaund when shee doth call.

There are an edition of Gascoigne by W. C. Hazlitt (1868–69), reprints by Arber of the *Instruction*, the *Phylomene*, and the *Steele Glas* (1868), and a Life by Schelling (Boston, 1893).

Thomas Tusser (1524–80) was, in Fuller's words, 'successively a musician, schoolmaster, serving-man, husbandman, grazier, poet, more skilful in all than thriving in any vocation.' Sprung of a good stock near Witham, in Essex, he was trained especially in singing and music, became a chorister at St Paul's and elsewhere, studied at Eton and Cambridge, and lived at court for ten years as retainer and musician to Lord Paget. He then tried farming both in Suffolk and in Norfolk, but without success; about 1559 was a singer in Norwich Cathedral; farmed taxes in Essex; became a servant at Trinity Hall, Cambridge; but died in London, a prisoner for debt, in 1580. His highly didactic poem, a *Hundreth Good Pointes of Husbandrie*, first published in 1557, is a series of practical directions for farming, expressed in always rude but not always dull and sometimes quite pointed dactylic verse, and many proverbs are traced back to him. There was also a *Hundreth Poyntes of Good Husserie;*

and the two were finally expanded (1573) into *Five Hundreth Pointes of Good Husbandry united to as many of Good Huswifery*, of which there have been a score of reprints and editions, including one in Scott's edition of the Somers Tracts, and one for the English Dialect Society by Payne and Herrtage in 1878. He has been called the British Varro; Scott praises his minute and comprehensive observation, his quaint and pointed style.

The following verses, not consecutive, will show his shrewdness and common-sense, as well as his uncouth notion of 'poetry':

Of mastiues and mungrels, that many we see,
a number of thousands, too many there be:
Watch therefore in Lent, to thy sheepe go and looke,
for dogs will have vittels by hooke and by crooke.

Good Ploughman look weekly of custom and right
for rostmeat on Sundaies and Thursday at night:
This dooing and keeping, such custom and guise,
they call thee good huswife, they loue thee likewise.

As cat a good mouser is needful in house
because of hir commons she killeth the mouse:
So rauening currs, as a meany do keep,
makes maister want meat and his dog to kill sheepe.

In medow or pasture (to grow the more fine)
let campers be camping in any of thine:
Which if ye do suffer, when low is the spring,
you gaine to your self a commodious thing.

The camping recommended for improving pasture is football-playing; and 'camping fields' are still known where the word camping or kemping is no longer used for the game. Tusser sometimes varies his usual verse with a rhythm of shorter lines, which partly anticipates Shenstone and Cowper, as in these lines in praise of having fields enclosed or fenced:

The countrie inclosed I praise,
the tother delighteth not me,
For nothing the wealth it doth raise
to such as inferiour be.
Now both of these partly I know;
here somewhat I mind for to show.

There swineherd that keepeth the hog,
there neatherd with cur and his horne,
There shepheard with whistle and dog
be fense to the medow and corne;
There horse being tied to a balk
is ready with theefe for to walke.

Over and above these disadvantages, he contends that poor fields enclosed will give better returns than rich soil unenclosed:

More plenty of mutton and beefe,
corne, butter, and cheese of the best,
More wealth any where (to be breefe),
more people, more handsome and prest, neat
Where find ye (go search any cost)
than there where enclosure is most?

The following is part of Tusser's meteorology:

In winter—

North winds send haile, South winds bring raine,
East winds we bewaile, West winds blow amaine;
North-east is too cold, South-east not too warme,
North-west is too bold, South-west doth no harme.

In spring—

The North is noier to grass of all suites,
The East a destroyer to hearbs and al fruites.

In summer—

The South with his showers refresheth the corne,
The West to al flowers may not be forborne.

In autumn—

The West as a father all goodness doth bring,
The East, a forbearer, no maner of thing;
The South, as vnkind, draweth sicknes too neere,
The North as a friend maketh all again cleere.

Though winds do rage, as winds were wood, mad
And cause spring-tides to raise great flood;
And lofty ships leaue anker in mud,
Bereauing many of life and of bloud;
Yet, true it is, as cow chewes cud,
And trees, at spring, doth yeeld forth bud,
Except wind stands as neuer it stood,
It is an ill wind turnes none to good.

In his *Farmers' Year* (1899) Mr Rider Haggard follows, but in prose, the example of Tusser, who more than three hundred years earlier tilled the land in the same county of Norfolk; he repeatedly quotes Tusser — less in appreciation of his poetry than in approval of his sentiments and opinions. Tusser knew perfectly what to do with dogs that take to lamb-killing, and how to employ branches of trees to eke out hay and straw as fodder: 'Good lamb is worth gold' then as now; but, alas! by reason of the bad times for farmers, Mr Haggard seems to be less confident than his predecessor that

Good farme and well stored, good housing and drie,
Good corne and good dairie, good market and nie; nigh
Good shepherd, good tilman, good Jack and good Gill,
Make husband and huswife their coffers to fil;

though even these aids are necessary to ward off total ruin.

Queen Elizabeth deserves a niche in the literary history of the period named from her reign. Born in 1533, she was queen from 1558 to 1603. She was one of the learned ladies of her time, like Lady Jane Grey, Mildred Cooke (afterwards the Countess of Burghley), and Sir Thomas More's daughter Margaret; had many accomplishments; and was well and widely read—a better classic, it would appear, than Lady Jane, and more proficient in modern tongues. She translated Boethius as well as Sallust. When she was Ascham's pupil she could already speak Latin easily, Greek moderately well, and French and Italian as perfectly as English. And her mastery of her mother-tongue is borne witness to by every recorded saying or letter of hers; her style reflects her powerful, subtle mind—terrible and insinuating by turns, cold and

stately or playful and genial, unmistakably direct and trenchant or impenetrably oracular, as she willed it to be, but always memorable. Her poems, though, like her beauty, praised in her own time as unsurpassable, are less triumphant, but show at least, as Bishop Creighton puts it, that 'she was infected with the poetical fury of the times.' When in Mary's reign she was practically imprisoned in the gatehouse of Woodstock, she wrote with charcoal on a shutter this not unpoetical and quite characteristic expression of her ill-humour :

Oh Fortune how thy restless wavering state
Hath wrought with care my troubled wit,
Witness the present prison whither fate
Could bear me and the joys I quit.
Thou caus'dst the guilty to be loosed
From bonds wherein an innocent enclosed,
Causing the guiltless to be strait reserved
And freeing those that death had well deserved.
But by her envy can be nothing wrought.
So God send to my foes all they have wrought.
Quoth Elizabeth, Prisoner.

Bishop Creighton accepts as probably genuine the famous impromptu made when her sister the queen caused her to be plied with questions about her belief in transubstantiation :

Christ was the Word that spake it,
He took the bread and brake it,
And what his words did make it
That I believe and take it.

Her best-known poem or exercise in verse is the so-called sonnet, selected by Puttenham in Elizabeth's lifetime as a specimen of the 'gorgious,' and by him described as 'a ditty of her Maiesties owne making, passing sweete and harmonicall.' Puttenham expressly says it refers to Elizabeth's alarm at the intrigues of her prisoner Mary Queen of Scots ('the daughter of Debate'); Bishop Creighton thinks it must have been written soon after Norfolk's execution. Here we follow Puttenham's version :

The doubt of future foes exiles my present joy,
And wit me warnes to shun such snares as threaten mine annoy.
For falshood now doth flow, and subject faith doth ebb,
Which would not be, if reason rul'd or wisdome wev'd the webbe.
But clowdes of tois untried do cloake aspiring mindes,
Which turne to raigne of late repent, by course of changed windes.
The toppe of hope supposed, the roote of ruth will be,
And frutelesse all their graffed guiles, as shortly ye shall see.
Then dazeld eyes with pride, which great ambition blinds,
Shalbe unseeld by worthy wights, whose foresight falshood finds,
The daughter of debate, that eke discord doth sowe,
Shal reap no gaine where former rule hath taught stil peace to growe.
No forreine bannisht wight shall ancre in this port,
Our realme it brookes no strangers force, let them elswhere resort.
Our rusty sworde with rest shall first his edge employ
To polle their toppes that seeke such change and gape for joy.

In some versions *doubt* in the first line is *dread*; *subject faith* is *subjects'*; *raigne of late repent* is 'the rain of a too late repentance.'

At page 228 will be found Sir James Melville's 'interview' with the queen, and his notes of her conversation. The following, written in August 1588 after the defeat of the Spanish Armada, is from the Camden Society's volume (1849) of her letters to James VI. :

Now may appeare, my deare brother, how malice conioined with might, strivest [*sic*] to make a shameful end to a vilanous beginning, for, by Gods singular fauor, having ther flete wel beaten in our narow seas, and pressing with all violence to atcheue some watering-place, to continue ther pretended invation, the winds have carried them to your costes, wher I dout not the shal receaue smal succor and les welcome, vnles thos lords [the Catholic earls] that so traitors like wold belie ther own prince, and promis another king reliefe in your name, be suffred to live at libertye, to dishonor you, peril you, and aduance some other (wiche God forbid you suffer them live to do). Therfor, I send you this gentilman [Sir Robert Sidney, afterwards Earl of Leicester], a rare younge man and a wise, to declare unto yov my ful opinion in this greate cause, as one that neuer wyl abuse you to serve my owne turne ; nor wyl you do aught that myselfe wold not perfourme, if I wer in your place. You may assure yourselfe that, for my part, I dout no whit but that all this tirannical, prowd, and brainsick attempt wil be the beginning, thogh not the end, of the ruine of that king that most unkingly, euen in mids of treating peace, begins this wrongful war. He hath procured my greatest glory that ment my sorest wrack, and hath so dimmed the light of his svnshine, that who hathe a wyl to obtaine shame let them kipe his forses companye. But for al this, for yourselfe sake, let not the frends of Spain be suffred to yeld them forse ; for thogh I feare not in the end the sequele, yet if by leaving them unhelped you may increase the English harts unto you, you shal not do the worst dede for your behalfe ; for if aught should be done, your excuse wyl play the *boiteux*, if you make not sure worke with the likely men to do hit. Looke wel unto hit, I besiche you.

The necessity of this mattir makes my skribling the more spidye, hoping that you wyl mesure my good affection with the right balance of my actions, wiche to you shallbe euer such as I haue professed, not douting of the reciproque of your behalfe, according as my last messengier unto you hathe at large signefied, for the wiche I rendar you a milion of grateful thankes togither, for the last general prohibition to your subiects not to fostar nor ayde our general foe, of wiche I dout not the obseruation, if the ringeleaders be safe in your hands ; as knoweth God, who euer haue you in his blessed kiping, with many happy yeres of raigne. Your most assured louing sistar and cousin, ELIZABETH R.

To my verey good brother the king of Scotts.

She wrote French with almost equal freedom and vigour. But in spite of her mental gifts and acquirements, it must be added that Elizabeth does not seem to have really cared for literature or interested herself in learned men. She paid no special heed to Shakespeare's plays when they

were performed before her, and took no interest in Spenser or his work. If the Elizabethan writers made her name famous, conferred glory on her reign, and celebrated herself in extravagant terms, it was not because Elizabethan literature owed anything to her. In temper she was rather pre-Elizabethan, or at most Early Elizabethan, than truly Elizabethan. Her last literary criticism was uttered shortly before her death, but throws a light backward on her whole life—one remembers what poetry and Shakespeare were to Tennyson on his death-bed. When Elizabeth was in her last illness, Sir John Harington, her godson, was gratified to note that she 'inquired of some matters which I have written,' he says, and tried to 'feed her humour' by reading to her some of his verses; 'whereat she smiled once and was pleased to say [to the discomfited poet], "When thou dost feel creeping time at thy gate, these fooleries will please thee less."'

John Foxe, the martyrologist, was born at Boston in 1516. He studied at Oxford, where he applied himself with ardour to the study of divinity, and was ultimately drawn to the doctrines of the Reformers; the consequence being that his position in Magdalen became unbearable, and he resigned his fellowship in 1545. He was not expelled, as used to be said. He was tutor in the Lucy house at Charlecote, and then in the family of the Duchess of Richmond at Reigate, in Surrey, where he continued till the persecutions of Mary's reign made him flee for safety to the Continent. Passing through Antwerp, Frankfort, and Strasburg to Basel, he there supported himself by correcting the press for the printer Oporinus. At the accession of Queen Elizabeth he returned to England, and was kindly received and provided for by the Duke of Norfolk, who had been his pupil at Reigate. Through other powerful friends, he might now have obtained considerable preferment; but, entertaining conscientious scruples as to surplices and some of the ceremonies of the Church, he declined the offers made to him, except that of a prebend at Salisbury, which he accepted with reluctance. He pled in vain for mercy for the persecuted Anabaptists. He died in 1587.

Foxe published numerous controversial treatises and sermons, besides an apocalyptic Latin mystery-play, called *Christus Triumphans* (Basel, 1556). But the work that has immortalised his name is his *History of the Acts and Monuments of the Christian Martyrs and Matters Ecclesiastical passed in the Church of Christ from the Primitive Beginning to these our Days, as well in other Countries as namely in England and Scotland*, popularly known as *Foxe's Book of Martyrs*, the first part of which was published in Latin at Strasburg in 1554. The first English edition (folio) appeared in 1563. Sanctioned by the bishops, it was ordered by the Anglican Convocation of 1571 to be placed in the hall of every episcopal palace in England; and it went through four editions in Foxe's lifetime, and many more since his death. The book is not a biographical record of those whom Foxe regarded as God's martyred saints; it is an enthusiastic apology of the Reformation, a fierce impeachment of the errors of the Roman Church, a compendium of controversial theology. Next to the Bible it moulded the temper of English Protestants. Foxe's statements cannot be accepted as trustworthy evidence, if unsupported from other sources. His story is doubtless substantially true, although his credulity and obvious prejudice hardly suggest critical capacity in the selection of his authorities. But in those days most strong natures were prejudiced, and bitterly prejudiced, one way or other. People who can admire Mr Froude's brilliant gifts as a historian, and make allowance for his keen prejudices, should not be too severe on Foxe's partisanship. And Foxe was no doubt as thoroughly sincere in his abhorrence of popery and papists as in his joy in the privileges of the newer light. He possessed the gift of graphic narrative, knew thoroughly how to use interesting episodes, and relieved the pathos and the horrors of his story by homely touches and even amusing episodes. And his work will survive as a noble monument of English.

From the 'Book of Martyrs.'

[Under the year 1555 Foxe tells at length 'a Notable History of William Hunter, a Young Man, an apprentice of 19 years, pursued to Death by Justice Brown, for the Gospel's Sake, worthy of all Young Men and Parents to be read.' William Hunter, apprentice to a silk-weaver in London, was discharged from his master's employment for refusing to attend mass. Having returned to the house of his father at Brentwood, he attracted the attention of the spiritual authorities by reading the Scriptures on the desk in Brentwood chapel. The sumner, Father Atwell, challenged him, and reported the matter to the Vicar; he questioned him closely on transubstantiation, and reported to the magistrate, Master Brown, who caused the constable to arrest Hunter, and brought the heretic before Bonner, the Bishop of London. Hunter was repeatedly examined by the Bishop, put in the stocks, kept in irons in prison for nine months, and, having been five times examined, was at length condemned in the consistory at St Paul's, when Foxe was present. Hunter was sent for a time to Newgate, and then to Brentwood to prepare for death. The conversations with all his various visitors, including Master Higbed, a gentleman of Essex, who was one of the next victims, are detailed with suspicious precision by Foxe, who gives the last part of the story thus:]

In the meanetime, Williams father and mother came to him, and desired heartily of God that he might continue to the end in that good waie which hee had begun; and his mother sayde to him that she was glad that ever she was so happie to beare such a childe, which could find in his heart to lose his life for Christs names sake. Then William sayde to his mother: 'For my little paine which I shall suffer, which is but a short braide, Christ hath promised me, mother,' sayd he, 'a crowne of joy: may you not bee glad of that, mother?' With that, his mother kneeled downe on her knees, saying: 'I pray God strengthen thee, my sonne, to the end: yea, I thinke thee as well bestowed as any childe that ever I bare.'

At the which words, Maister Higbed tooke her in his arms, saying: 'I rejoice' (and so said the others) 'to see you in this mind, and you have a good cause to rejoice.' And his father and mother both saide that

they were never of other minde, but praied for him, that as he had begun to confesse Christ before men, he likewise might so continue to the end. Williams father said: 'I was afraid of nothing, but that my son should have bin killed in the prison for hunger and cold, the bishop was so hard to him.' But William confessed after a month that his father was charged with his boorde [board], that he lacked nothing, but had meate and cloathing enough, yea, even out of the court, both mony, meate, clothes, woode, and coales, and all things necessary.

Thus they continued in their inne, being the Swan in Brentwood, in a parlor, whither resorted many people of the country to see those good men which were there; and many of Williams acquaintance came to him, and reasoned with him, and he with them, exhorting them to come away from the abhomination of popish superstition and idolatry.

Thus passing away Saturday, Sunday, and Munday, on Munday, at night, it hapned that William had a dreame about two of the clock in the morning, which was this: how that he was at the place where the stake was pight where he should be burned, which (as hee thought in his dreame) was at the towns end where the butts stood, which was so indeed; and also hee dreamed that he met with his father as he went to the stake, and also that there was a priest at the stake, which went about to have him recant. To whom he said (as he thought in his dreame), how that he bade him: Away, false prophet, and how that he exhorted the people to beware of him and such as he was; which things came to passe indeed. It hapned that William made a noise to himselfe in his dreame, which caused M. Higbed and the others to wake him out of his sleepe, to know what he lacked. When he awaked, he told them his dreame in order as is said.

Now when it was day, the sheriffe, M. Brocket, called on to set forward to the burning of William Hunter. Then came the sheriffes son to William Hunter, and embraced him in his right arme, saying: 'William, be not afraid of these men which are here present with bowes, bills, and weapons, ready prepared to bring you to the place where you shall be burned.' To whom William answered: 'I thank God I am not afraid; for I have cast my coumpt what it will cost me, already.' Then the sheriffes son could speake no more to him for weeping. Then William Hunter plucked up his gown, and stepped over the parlour grounsell, and went forward cheerefully, the sheriffes servant taking him by one arm, and his brother by another; and thus going in the way, he met with his father, according to his dreame, and he spake to his son, weeping, and saying: 'God be with thee, son William;' and William said: 'God be with you, father, and be of good comfort, for I hope we shall meet againe, when we shall be mery.' His father said: 'I hope so, William,' and so departed. So William went to the place where the stake stood, even according to his dreame, whereas all things were verie unreadie. Then William tooke a wet broom fagot, and kneeled down thereon, and read the 51st Psalme, till he came to these words: 'The sacrifice of God is a contrite spirit; a contrite and a broken heart, O God, thou wilt not despise.'

Then said Master Tirell of the Beaches, called William Tirel: 'Thou liest,' said he; 'thou readest false, for the words are, "an humble spirit."' But William said: 'The translation sayth "a contrite heart."' 'Yea,' quoth M. Tyrell, 'the translation is false; ye translate books as ye list your selves, like heretickes.' 'Well,' quoth William, 'there is no great difference in those words.' Then said the sheriffe: 'Here is a letter from the queen: if thou wilt recant, thou shalt live; if not, thou shalt be burned.' 'No,' quoth William, 'I will not recant, God willing.' Then William rose, and went to the stake, and stood upright to it. Then came one Richard Ponde a bailiff, and made fast the chain about William. Then said Master Brown: 'Here is not woode enough to burn a legge of him.' Then said William: 'Good people, pray for me; and make speed, and dispatch quickly; and pray for mee while yee see me alive, good people, and I will pray for you likewise.' 'How!' quoth Master Brown, 'pray for thee? I will pray no more for thee than I will pray for a dogge.' To whom William answered: 'Master Brown, now you have that which you sought for, and I pray God it be not laide to your charge in the last daie: howbeit, I forgive you.' Then said Master Brown: 'I aske no forgivenesse of thee.' 'Well,' said William, 'if God forgive you not, I shall require my bloud at your hands.' Then said William: 'Sonne of God, shine upon me!' and immediately the sunne in the element shone out of a dark cloude so full in his face that hee was constrained to looke another way; wherat the people mused, because it was so darke a little time afore. Then William took up a fagot of broom, and embraced it in his armes. Then this priest which William dreamed of came to his brother Robert with a popish booke to carrie to William, that hee might recant; which booke his brother would not meddle withall. Then William, seeing the priest, and perceiving how hee would have showed him the booke, saide: 'Away, thou false prophet! Beware of them, good people, and come away from their abhominations, lest that you be partakers of their plagues.' Then quoth the priest: 'Look how thou burnest here; so shalt thou burne in hell.' William answered: 'Thou liest, thou false prophet! Away, thou false prophet! away!'

Then there was a gentleman which said: 'I pray God have mercie upon his soul.' The people said: 'Amen, Amen.' Immediately fire was made. Then William cast his psalter right into his brother's hand, who said: 'William, thinke on the holy passion of Christ, and be not afraide of death.' And William answered: 'I am not afraid.' Then lift he up his hands to heaven, and said: 'Lord, Lord, Lord, receive my spirit!' And casting downe his head againe into the smothering smoke, he yeelded up his life for the truth, sealing it with his bloud to the praise of God.

Better known is Foxe's account of 'The Behaviour of Dr Ridley and Master Latimer':

Upon the north-side of the towne, in the ditch over against Baily [Balliol] colledge, the place of execution was appointed; and for feare of any tumult that might arise, to let the burning of them, the lord Williams was commanded by the queenes letters, and the housholders of the city, to be there assistant, sufficientlie appointed. And when every thing was in a readiness, the prisoners were brought forth by the maior and the bayliffes. Master Ridley had a faire blacke gowne furred, and faced with foines, such as he was wont to weare beeing bishop, and a tippet of velvet furred likewise about his neck, a velvet night-cap upon his head, and a corner cap upon

the same, going in a paire of slippers to the stake, and going between the maior and an alderman, etc. After him came master Latimer in a poor Bristow freeze frock all worne, with his buttoned cap, and a kerchiefe on his head all readie to the fire, a newe long shrowde hanging over his hose downe to the feet; which at the first sight stirred mens hearts to rue upon them, beholding on the one side the honour they sometime had, and on the other, the calamitie whereunto they were fallen.

Master doctour Ridley, as he passed toward Bocardo, looked up where master Cranmer did lie, hoping belike to have seene him at the glass windowe, and to have spoken unto him. But then master Cranmer was busie with Frier Soto and his fellowes, disputing together, so that he could not see him through that occasion. Then master Ridley, looking backe, espied master Latimer comming after, unto whom he said, 'Oh, be ye there?' 'Yea,' said master Latimer, 'have after as fast as I can follow.' So he following a prettie way off, at length they came both to the stake, the one after the other, where first Dr Ridley entring the place, marvellous earnestly holding up both his hands, looked towards heaven. Then shortlie after espying master Latimer, with a wondrous cheereful looke he ran to him, imbraced and kissed him; and, as they that stood neere reported, comforted him saying, 'Be of good heart, brother, for God will either asswage the furie of the flame, or else strengthen us to abide it.' With that went he to the stake, kneeled downe by it, kissed it, and most effectuouslie praied, and behind him master Latimer kneeled, as earnestlie calling upon God as he. After they arose, the one talked with the other a little while, till they which were appointed to see the execution, remooved themselves out of the sun. What they said I can learn of no man.

Then Dr Smith, of whose recantation in king Edwards time ye heard before, beganne his sermon to them upon this text of St Paul in the 13 chap. of the first epistle to the Corinthians: *Si corpus meum tradam igni, charitatem autem non habeam, nihil inde utilitatis capio*, that is, 'If I yeelde my body to the fire to be burnt, and have not charity, I shall gaine nothing thereby.' Wherein he alledged that the goodnesse of the cause, and not the order of death, maketh the holines of the person; which he confirmed by the examples of Judas, and of a woman in Oxford that of late hanged her selfe, for that they, and such like as he recited, might then be adjudged righteous, which desperatelie sundered their lives from their bodies, as hee feared that those men that stood before him would doe. But he cried stil to the people to beware of them, for they were heretikes, and died out of the church. And on the other side, he declared their diversities in opinions, as Lutherians, Œcolampadians, Zuinglians, of which sect they were, he said, and that was the worst: but the old church of Christ and the catholike faith beleeved far otherwise. At which place they lifted uppe both their hands and eies to heaven, as it were calling God to witnes of the truth: the which countenance they made in many other places of his sermon, whereas they thought he spake amisse. Hee ended with a verie short exhortation to them to recant, and come home again to the church, and save their lives and soules, which else were condemned. His sermon was scant in all a quarter of an houre.

Doctor Ridley said to master Latimer, 'Will you begin to answer the sermon, or shall I?' Master Latimer said: 'Begin you first, I pray you.' 'I will,' said master Ridley.

Then the wicked sermon being ended, Dr Ridley and master Latimer kneeled downe uppon their knees towards my lord Williams of Tame, the vice-chancellour of Oxford, and divers other commissioners appointed for that purpose, which sate upon a forme thereby. Unto whom master Ridley said: 'I beseech you, my lord, even for Christs sake, that I may speake but two or three wordes.' And whilest my lord bent his head to the maior and vice-chancellor, to know (as it appeared) whether he might give him leave to speake, the bailiffes and Dr Marshall, vice-chancellor, ran hastily unto him, and with their hands stopped his mouth, and said: 'Master Ridley, if you will revoke your erroneous opinions, and recant the same, you shall not onely have liberty so to doe, but also the benefite of a subject; that is, have your life.' 'Not otherwise?' said maister Ridley. 'No,' quoth Dr Marshall. 'Therefore if you will not so doe, then there is no remedy but you must suffer for your deserts.' 'Well,' quoth master Ridley, 'so long as the breath is in my bodie, I will never deny my Lord Christ, and his knowne truth: Gods will be done in me!' And with that he rose up and said with a loud voice: 'Well then, I commit our cause to almightie God, which shall indifferently judge all.' To whose saying, maister Latimer added his old posie, 'Well! there is nothing hid but it shall be opened.' And he said, he could answer Smith well enough, if hee might be suffered.

Incontinently they were commanded to make them readie, which they with all meeknesse obeyed. Master Ridley tooke his gowne and his tippet, and gave it to his brother-in-lawe master Shepside, who all his time of imprisonment, although he might not be suffered to come to him, lay there at his owne charges to provide him necessaries, which from time to time he sent him by the sergeant that kept him. Some other of his apparel that was little worth, hee gave away; other the bailiffes took. He gave away besides divers other small things to gentlemen standing by, and divers of them pitifullie weeping, as to sir Henry Lea he gave a new groat; and to divers of my lord Williams gentlemen some napkins, some nutmegges, and races [roots] of ginger; his diall, and such other things as he had about him, to every one that stood next him. Some plucked the pointes of his hose. Happie was he that might get any ragge of him. Master Latimer gave nothing, but very quickly suffered his keeper to pull off his hose, and his other aray, which to look unto was very simple: and being stripped into his shrowd, hee seemed as comly a person to them that were there present as one should lightly see; and whereas in his clothes hee appeared a withered and crooked sillie olde man, he now stood bolt upright, as comely a father as one might lightly behold.

Then master Ridley, standing as yet in his trusse, said to his brother: 'It were best for me to go in my trusse still.' 'No,' quoth his brother, 'it will put you to more paine: and the trusse will do a poore man good.' Whereunto master Ridley said: 'Be it, in the name of God;' and so unlaced himselfe. Then beeing in his shirt, he stood upon the foresaid stone, and held up his hande and said: 'O heavenly Father, I give unto thee most heartie thanks, for that thou hast called mee to be a professour of thee, even unto death. I beseech thee,

Lord God, take mercie upon this realme of England, and deliver the same from all her enemies.'

Then the smith took a chaine of iron, and brought the same about both Dr Ridleyes and maister Latimers middles; and as he was knocking in a staple, Dr Ridley tooke the chaine in his hand, and shaked the same, for it did girde in his belly, and looking aside to the smith, said: 'Good fellow, knocke it in hard, for the flesh will have his course.' Then his brother did bringe him gunnepowder in a bag, and would have tied the same about his necke. Master Ridley asked what it was. His brother said, 'Gunnepowder.' 'Then,' sayd he, 'I take it to be sent of God; therefore I will receive it as sent of him. And have you any,' sayd he, 'for my brother?' meaning master Latimer. 'Yea, sir, that I have,' quoth his brother. 'Then give it unto him,' sayd hee, 'betime; least ye come too late.' So his brother went, and caried of the same gunnepowder unto maister Latimer.

In the meanetime Dr Ridley spake unto my lord Williams, and saide: 'My lord, I must be a suter unto your lordshippe in the behalfe of divers poore men, and speciallie in the cause of my poor sister; I have made a supplication to the queenes majestie in their behalves. I beseech your lordship for Christs sake, to be a mean to her grace for them. My brother here hath the supplication, and will resort to your lordshippe to certifie you herof. There is nothing in all the world that troubleth my conscience, I praise God, this only excepted. Whiles I was in the see of London divers poore men tooke leases of me, and agreed with me for the same. Now I heare say the bishop that now occupieth the same roome will not allow my grants unto them made, but contrarie unto all lawe and conscience hath taken from them their livings, and will not suffer them to injoy the same. I beseech you, my lord, be a meane for them; you shall do a good deed, and God will reward you.'

Then they brought a faggotte, kindled with fire, and laid the same downe at Dr Ridleys feete. To whome master Latimer spake in this manner: 'Bee of good comfort, master Ridley, and play the man. Wee shall this day light such a candle, by God's grace, in England, as I trust shall never bee putte out.'

And so the fire being given unto them, when Dr Ridley saw the fire flaming up towards him, he cried with a wonderful lowd voice: 'In manus tuas, Domine, commendo spiritum meum: Domine recipe spiritum meum.' And after, repeated this latter part often in English, 'Lord, Lord, receive my spirit;' master Latimer crying as vehementlie on the other side, 'O Father of heaven, receive my soule!' who received the flame as it were imbracing of it. After that he had stroaked his face with his hands, and as it were bathed them a little in the fire, he soone died (as it appeared) with verie little paine or none. And thus much concerning the end of this olde and blessed servant of God, master Latimer, for whose laborious travailes, fruitfull life, and constant death the whole realme hath cause to give great thanks to almightie God.

But master Ridley, by reason of the evill making of the fire unto him, because the wooden faggots were laide about the gosse [gorse], and over-high built, the fire burned first beneath, being kept downe by the wood; which when he felt, hee desired them for Christes sake to let the fire come unto him. Which when his brother-in-law heard, but not well understood, intending to rid him out of his paine (for the which cause hee gave attendance), as one in such sorrow not well advised what hee did, heaped faggots upon him, so that he cleane covered him, which made the fire more vehement beneath, that it burned cleane all his neather parts, before it once touched the upper; and that made him leape up and down under the faggots, and often desire them to let the fire come unto him, saying, 'I cannot burne.' Which indeed appeared well; for, after his legges were consumed by reason of his strugling through the paine (whereof hee had no release, but onelie his contentation in God), he showed that side toward us cleane, shirt and all untouched with flame. Yet in all this torment he forgate not to call unto God still, having in his mouth, 'Lord have mercy upon me,' intermedling this cry, 'Let the fire come unto me, I cannot burne.' In which paines he laboured till one of the standers by with his bill pulled off the faggots above, and where he saw the fire flame up, he wrested himself unto that side. And when the flame touched the gunpowder, he was seen stirre no more, but burned on the other side, falling downe at master Latimers feete. Which some said happened by reason that the chain loosed; other said that he fel over the chain by reason of the poise of his body, and the weakness of the neather lims.

Some said that before he was like to fall from the stake, hee desired them to hold him to it with their billes. However it was, surelie it mooved hundreds to teares, in beholding the horrible sight; for I thinke there was none that had not cleane exiled all humanitie and mercie, which would not have lamented to beholde the furie of the fire so to rage upon their bodies. Signes there were of sorrow on everie side. Some tooke it greevouslie to see their deathes, whose lives they held full deare: some pittied their persons, that thought their soules had no need thereof. His brother mooved many men, seeing his miserable case, seeing (I say) him compelled to such infelicitie, that he thought then to doe him best service when he hastned his end. Some cried out of the lucke, to see his indevor (who most dearelie loved him, and sought his release) turne to his greater vexation and increase of paine. But whoso considered their preferments in time past, the places of honour that they some time occupied in this common wealth, the favour they were in with their princes, and the opinion of learning they had in the university where they studied, could not chuse but sorrow with teares to see so great dignity, honour, and estimation, so necessary members sometime accounted, so many godly vertues, the study of so manie yeres, such excellent learning, to be put into the fire and consumed in one moment. Well! dead they are, and the reward of this world they have alreadie. What reward remaineth for them in heaven, the day of the Lord's glorie, when hee commeth with his saints, shall shortlie, I trust, declare.

Perhaps the best-known edition of *Foxe's Book of Martyrs* is that by Cattley (8 vols. 1837–41), but it is far from perfect; in the last paragraph quoted, for example, Cattley had altered 'lucke' to 'fortune.' The best is that in the 'Reformation' series of the Ecclesiastical Historians of England, edited by Mendham and Pratt (8 vols. 1853 *et seq.*), with Townsend's vindication against the attacks of Catholic critics. But many of the Catholic criticisms were justified; and Foxe's exaggerations and want of historical precision were fully exposed by Dr S. N. Maitland in a series of pamphlets (1837–42). The biography of Foxe, attributed to his son Samuel, and published in both Latin and English in the 1641 edition of the *Acts*, is certainly apocryphal, although it has formed the basis of numerous popular memoirs.

Raphael Holinshed (HOLYNSHED, HOLLINGSHEAD, &c.), principal writer of the *Chronicles* which bear his name, is said by Wood to have been educated at one of the universities, and to have become a minister of God's Word. It is certain that he came to London; was a translator in the printing-office of the German, Reginald Wolfe; was steward to Thomas Burdet of Bromcote, in Warwickshire; and died about the year 1580. He had Leland's MSS. at his command, and he was assisted by William Harrison (1534–93), who, born in London and educated at both universities, became chaplain to Lord Cobham and Canon of Windsor; and by Richard Stanyhurst (1547–1618), born in Dublin, educated at Oxford, who, destined to be afterwards famous as the translator of Virgil, wrote for Holinshed on Irish affairs under the guidance of the Jesuit martyr, Edmund Campion. Prefixed to the historical portion of the work is a description of Britain and its inhabitants, by William Harrison, which gives an interesting picture of the state of the country and manners of the people in the sixteenth century. This is followed by a history of England to the Norman Conquest, by Holinshed; a history and description of Ireland, by Stanyhurst; additional chronicles of Ireland, translated (from Giraldus Cambrensis and others) or written by Holinshed and Stanyhurst; a description and history of Scotland, mostly translated from Hector Boece and Major, by Holinshed and others; and, lastly, a history of England, by Holinshed, from the Norman Conquest to 1577, when the first edition of the *Chronicles* was published. The book was eagerly welcomed and widely read; but some passages reflecting on debatable topics offended the queen and the ministers, and had to be cancelled. The second edition, when it appeared in 1587, was revised and continued down to 1586 under the editorship of John Hooker or Vowell, chamberlain of Exeter and uncle of 'the Judicious Hooker,' who had for coadjutors John Stow, elsewhere mentioned; Abraham Fleming (1552?–1607), a translator from the classics, a poor poet but a competent antiquary; and Francis Thynne, calling himself Boteville (1545?–1608), the Lancaster Herald. In this second edition of 1587, several sheets containing matter offensive to the queen and her ministers were mutilated in all but the first impressions; but the uncastrated text was restored in the excellent edition in six volumes quarto published in London in 1807–8. Shakespeare got the material of almost all his historical plays from the *Chronicles*, and sometimes copied the very words. It was from Holinshed—who followed Boece—that Shakespeare derived the groundwork of *Macbeth*, as well as of *King Lear* and (in part) of *Cymbeline*. In *Lear* Shakespeare partly followed an earlier play based on Holinshed: the passages of Holinshed paraphrased in *Henry VI.* are themselves paraphrases of Hall. And the author (or authors) of *Henry VIII.* might have taken the passages originally due to Cavendish's *Life of Wolsey* either from MS., from the second edition of Holinshed which had followed Cavendish, or from Stow, whose *Chronicles* contains selections from Cavendish.

Sometimes the text of Shakespeare's plays is little more than a blank verse rearrangement of Holinshed's facts and words. Thus in Act I. scene i. of *Henry V.* the Salic law is thus expounded:

> There is no barre
> To make against your Highnesse claim to France
> But this which they produce from Pharamond:
> '*In terram Salicam mulieres ne succedant*,'
> 'No woman shall succeed in Salic land;'
> Which Salike land the French unjustly gloze
> To be the Realme of France and Pharamond
> The founder of this Law and Female Barre;
> Yet their own Authors faithfully affirme
> That the Land Salike is in Germanie
> Betweene the Flouds of Sala and of Elve,
> Where Charles the Great, &c.

In Holinshed it is thus put: 'Against the surmised and false law Salike, which the Frenchmen allege ever against the kings of England in barre of their just title to the crowne of France. The verie words of that supposed law are these: "*In terram salicam mulieres ne succedant;*" that is to say, "Into the Salike land let not woman succeed." Which the French glossers expound to be the realme of France, and that this law was made by King Pharamond: whereas their owne authors affirme that the land Salike is in Germanie, betweene the rivers of Elbe and Sala; and that where Charles the Great,' &c.

So in Act IV. scene viii. the list of prisoners and slain reported to the king after Agincourt is quite amusingly close to Holinshed's, as will appear from the last few lines.

The king, having recited the long list of French slain, says:

> Here was a Royall fellowship of death!
> Where is the number of our English dead?
> Edward the Duke of Yorke, the Earle of Suffolke,
> Sir Richard Ketlie, Davy Gam, Esquire:
> None else of name; and of all other men
> But five and twentie.

The corresponding sentence in Holinshed is: 'Of Englishmen there died at this battell, Edward Duke of Yorke; the Earle of Suffolke; Sir Richard Kikelie; and Davie Gamme, Esquier; and of all other not aboue five and twentie persons.' The parallelisms have been worked out at length by Mr Boswell-Stone in his *Shakespeare's Holinshed* (1896).

Holinshed tells at great length the *proton pseudos*, the fundamental fable about Brutus, the eponymous hero of Britain, which from the days of Geoffrey of Monmouth continued so long to falsify English history. Britain, it appears, was peopled within two hundred years after the flood by the children of Japhet, whose son Samothes was the founder of Celtica, including Gallia and Britannia, and was succeeded by five kings of

the Celts and Samotheans. Then came the giant Albion and his followers, and gave the island a new name. These legends fill a whole book of the history of England, though they are admitted to be somewhat disputed. But there is no doubt about Brute. The second book begins thus:

Hitherto have we spoken of the inhabitants of this Ile before the comming of Brute, although some will needs have it, that he was the first which inhabited the same with his people descended of the Trojans, some few giants onelie excepted whom he utterlie destroied, and left not one of them alive through the whole Ile. But as we shall not doubt of Brutes comming hither, so may we assuredly thinke, that he found the Ile peopled either with the generation of those which Albion the giant had placed here, or some other kind of people whom he did subdue, and so reigned as well ouer them as ouer those which he brought with him.

When Brutus (or Brytus) 'came to the age of 15 yeeres so that he was now able to ride abrode with his father into the forests and chases, he fortuned (either by mishap or by God's providence) to strike his father with an arrow in shooting at a deere, of which wound he also died. . . . And the yoong gentleman, immediatlie after he had slaine his father (in maner before alledged) was banished his countrie, and thereupon got him into Grecia, where travelling the countrie, he lighted by chance upon some of the Trojan offspring, and associating himselfe with them, grew by meanes of the linage (whereof he was descended) in great reputation among them.'

By-and-by Brutus, who had taken to wife Innogen, the daughter of King Pandrasus, led his Trojans from Grecia by way of the Straits of Gibraltar; fell in with more Trojans near the Pyrenees under their king, Gorineus; united their forces and fight with a king of the Picts in Poitou or Pictland; and, directing their course to this island, finally 'after a few days sailing they landed at the haven now called Totnesse, the year of the world 2850, after the destruction of Troy 66.' After Brute and Gorineus had destroyed the giants Gogmagog and all such as stood against the invaders, Brute gave Cornwall to Gorineus, and set to building a capital on the Thames for himself:

Here therefore he began to build and lay the foundation of a citie, in the tenth or (as other thinke) in the second yeare after his arriuall, which he named (saith Gal. Mon.) Troinouant, or (as Hum. Llhoyd saith) Troinewith, that is, new Troy, in remembrance of that noble citie of Troy from whence he and his people were for the greater part descended.

When Brutus had builded this citie, and brought the island fullie vnder his subiection, he by the aduise of his nobles commanded this Ile (which before hight Albion) to be called Britaine, and the inhabitants Britons after his name, for a perpetuall memorie that he was the first bringer of them into the land. In this meane while also he had by his wife iij. sonnes, the first named Locrinus or Locrine, the second Cambris or Camber, and the third Albanactus or Albanact. Now when the time of his death drew neere, to the first he betooke the gouernment of that part of the land nowe knowne by the name of England: so that the same was long after called Loegria, or Logiers, of the said Locrinus. To the second he appointed the countrie of Wales, which of him was first named Cambria, diuided from Loegria by the riuer of Seuerne. To his third sonne Albanact he deliuered all the north part of the Ile, afterward called Albania, after the name of the said Albanact: which portion of the said Ile lieth beyond the Humber northward. Thus when Brutus had diuided the Ile of Britaine (as before is mentioned) into 3 parts, and had gouerned the same by the space of 15 yeares, he died in the 24 yeare after his arriuall (as Harison noteth) and was buried at Troinouant or London: although the place of his said buriall there be now growne out of memorie.

Then follows the history 'of Locrine the eldest sonne of Brute, of Albanact his yoongest sonne, and his death: of Madan, Mempricius, Ebranke, Brute Greensheeld, Leill, Ludhurdibras, Baldud, and Leir, the nine rulers of Britaine successively after Brute.' Cordelia, Gorboduc, and many less-known potentates are dealt with before Cassibelaune and Julius Cæsar are arrived at. Vortigern and Hengist do not appear till the tenth book of nearly mere fable. From the Anglo-Saxon settlement on there is much sound history.

These eponymous elucubrations about Albion and Brute naturally led the Scottish authors to claim for their kingdom a still more venerable antiquity and noble origin. The history of Scotland, compiled for Holinshed by Harrison from Boece and others, in like manner records the voyages of Gathelus, a Greek, who in Egypt marries Scota, the daughter of Pharaoh who was drowned in the Red Sea, and by way of Portingale comes to Ireland, now called Scotia after Scota. It was a prince called Rothsay that first took the Scots over to the western isles; and when they settled on the mainland of the country after then to be known as Scotland, they called the first district they settled Argathelia or Argyll, from their 'first captein and guide, Gathelus.' Thus Scottish history, like English history, was founded on baseless fables. This self-glorification by alleging descent from the great classical nations began with the Franks, but was much more diligently worked out by the Celtic peoples, the Irish series being mainly quite different in substance from those of Welsh manufacture. But the Brutus and other like fables seem to have long been about the most popular part of British history, and were quite heartily taken over and cherished by the Normans, who interested themselves more in the Welsh fable than in the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle. In England the myths derived from Geoffrey of Monmouth began to lose credit a generation or two after Holinshed; but in Scotland, as we have seen (page 212), these constituted the warp and woof of early Scottish history till well on in the eighteenth century (see page 824).

John Stow (1525?–1605), an industrious writer, was born in London about the year 1525. He was the son of a tailor, and was brought up to the same

trade, but early showed a turn for antiquarian research. About 1560 he planned to write on English history, and travelled on foot through a great part of England examining the historical manuscripts in cathedrals and collections. He bought up, as far as his resources allowed, old books and manuscripts, of which there were many scattered through the country, in consequence of the suppression of monasteries by Henry VIII. When necessity compelled him to fall back on his trade, his studies were suspended till the bounty of Archbishop Parker enabled him again to resume them. He edited Chaucer and some of the old English chronicles; and in 1561 he published his *Summary of English Chronicles* (dedicated to the Earl of Leicester), which was afterwards called *Annales of England*, and re-edited, expanded, and altered by other hands. At length, in 1598, appeared his *Survay of London*, the best known of his writings, which has served as the groundwork of all subsequent histories of the city. There was another work he was anxious to publish, a large history of Britain, on which forty years' labour had been bestowed; the MS. was extant, but it is not known what became of it. His industrious researches deserved a better fate than befell him. In his old age he fell into such poverty as to be driven to solicit charity from the public. Having made application to James I., he received the royal license 'to repair to churches or other places to receive the gratuities and charitable benevolence of well-disposed people.' Under the pressure of want and disease, Stow died in 1605 at the age of eighty. His works possess few graces of style, but he was on the whole the most accurate and conscientious chronicler of the time, though still too willing to accept the fables on which the early history was based. He often declared that in his histories he had never allowed himself to be swayed either by fear, favour, or malice, but that he had impartially and to the best of his knowledge delivered the truth. Bacon and Camden took statements upon his sole credit. — **Richard Grafton**, chronicler, has been already referred to (page 106) as continuator of Hall.

The Anthologies.

Master Slender 'had rather than forty shillings that he had his book of songs and sonnets here,' but it would appear that he had lent it, at All-hallowmass last, to Alice Shortcake, with his book of riddles. Which of several anthologies it was that Cousin Abraham regretted it is impossible to decide, for he was offered the choice of several such collections of 'dainty passages of wit.' The names of most of these miscellanies are far more poetical than their contents, and have led the unwary to suppose that these were garlands and posies of enchanting lyrics. It is desirable to insist upon the fact that, with certain exceptions, they were nothing of the kind. We have already spoken of the earliest and most important anthologies, the 'Miscellany' published by Tottel (1557); in thirty years this went through eight editions, and the latest of them may presumably be the volume which Slender missed. This, however, was in no sense an Elizabethan work, although one or two of the contributors survived and continued to write in the reign of Elizabeth. The earliest of the genuine Elizabethan anthologies was *The Paradise of Dainty Devices*, published in 1576, by Richard Edwards, sometime of Her Majesty's Chapel, who wrote a large portion of it himself. Lord Vaux and Jasper Heywood were also among the contributors. This collection has a charming title, but there its merit ends; it is, as a contemporary called it, 'a packet of bald rhymes.' It was strangely popular, however, being incessantly reprinted until at least 1606.

An even finer title adorns a still more humdrum volume, *A Gorgeous Gallery of Gallant Inventions*, edited by Thomas Proctor in 1578. This is attributed to 'divers worthy workmen of later days;' but what is not written in the form of 'pretty pamphlets' by Proctor himself seems to be from the hand of a certain Owen Roydon, of whom nothing else is known. The spirit of poetry is eminently absent from *A Gorgeous Gallery of Gallant Inventions*. It was followed, in 1584, by *A Handful of Pleasant Delights*, edited by Clement Robinson. This marks a bold advance towards music; the editor took credit for printing every sonnet 'orderly in his proper time,' and the pieces were arranged to be sung. No poets of any prominence were among the contributors, however, and the actual merit of most of the ballads in *A Handful of Pleasant Delights* is extremely small. (But see below at page 274.) The fifth anthology, *A Bouquet of Dainty Conceits* (1588), said to be a collection of 'sweet ditties either to the lute, bandora, virginals or any other instrument,' I have never seen; it is said to exist in a unique exemplar in a private library. It was edited, or written, by Antony Munday. Mr Bullen, who has examined this treasure, confesses that 'there is not even a passable lyric to be found' in it.

We come in 1593—when, it should be noticed, the lyrical revival was already complete—to *The Phœnix Nest*. Lodge and Breton contributed to this, and it was edited by an unidentified R. S., of the Inner Temple. In 1599 William Jaggard brought out '*The Passionate Pilgrim*, by W. Shakespeare.' This was a purely piratical miscellany, consisting of twenty pieces, the property of Shakespeare, Raleigh, Marlowe, Barnfield, and others, obviously all stolen. The history of this strangely tantalising compilation, and its actual connection with Shakespeare, remain obstinately obscure. We are told, however, by Heywood that Jaggard was 'altogether unknown' to Shakespeare when he 'presumed to make so bold with his name.' *The Passionate Pilgrim*, as a fraudulent publication, hardly deserves a place among the anthologies. The next

on the list seems to be *Belvedere, or the Garden of the Muses* (1600), which, however, is a nosegay of such fragmentary extracts as deserve rather to be called petals than flowers. We come at last to the famous *England's Helicon, or the Muses' Harmony* (1600), a kind of Golden Treasury of the Elizabethan age, summing up the splendours of its lyric promise, and edited by one John Bodenham. Even more precious is the *Poetical Rhapsody* (1602), edited by Francis Davison, not because it contains more excellent poetry, but because it was compiled from fresher sources, and adds more to the total harvest of our literature. In both these collections, and still more in the enlarged reprint of *England's Helicon* of 1614, there were delightful numbers; Shakespeare himself, and Greene, and Barnfield, and Sidney, and Spenser, and Lodge being among the songsters whose throats are seen quivering with ecstasy on the boughs of these latest anthologies. But neither these nor their predecessors (always excepting Tottel's 'Miscellany') had much influence on the development of poetry or deserve any prominent place in its history. Before 1585 the anthologies had been filled with dry and tuneless morality, in which youth was admonished to withdraw his affection from the vain seducements of fancy. After 1585 they became collections, and mostly reprints, of poems, in themselves indeed most beautiful, but written without relation to the anthology and unstimulated by its existence. The Poetical Miscellanies, then, are literary curiosities which have, in the opinion of the present writer, received an amount of attention from critics which they do not intrinsically deserve, and which should be transferred from them to the music-books. These latter really did influence and even transform the character of lyrical poetry in England. The inaugurators of the Song were not the didactic Edwardses and Proctors, in spite of the beautiful names which they gave to their collections, but musicians such as Byrd, and Dowland, and that rare artist in both kinds, the incomparable Thomas Campion.

EDMUND GOSSE.

Translators and Translations.

At many different dates English literature has been largely influenced by translations and translators. In early Christian days Biblical renderings and the close contact with Church Latin gave a Hebraic-Latinistic flavour to Anglo-Saxon. Alfred was a prince of translators, and Boethius and Orosius left their mark on English thought. Caxton, his patrons, friends, and successors were zealous in translating. The version of Cicero's *De Senectute* in 1473 is one of the first instances of the translation of a great classic, and is thought by some to have been identical with that rendering printed by Caxton in 1481 (see page 97). Gavin Douglas's metrical rendering of the *Æneid* (1513) was, all things considered, a notable achievement. But the great age of great translators was the second half of the sixteenth century and the earlier decades of the seventeenth—the age of Hoby and North, of Philemon Holland and Florio, in prose, whose achievements were rivalled, then or later, by Phaer's and by Stanyhurst's *Virgil*, Golding's *Ovid*, Chapman's *Homer*, Harrington's *Ariosto*, and Fairfax's *Tasso* in verse. Many hands were now busy rendering the Greek and Latin classics, and giving their contemporaries better or worse versions of French, Italian, and Spanish masterpieces. Urquhart, the translator of Rabelais, was a late contemporary of Fairfax's. If it cannot be said that the great Tudor translators were as a rule quite accurate or faithful, if they did not make it their business to reproduce the distinctive form and manner of their originals, they yet succeeded admirably in fulfilling one of the canons of perfect translation—they produced noble English versions which to the reader seem wonderfully like spontaneous and original works.

Sir Thomas Hoby (1530–1566), translator of *The Courtyer* of Castiglione, made Englishmen familiar with the Renaissance ideal of a gentleman, but remained himself so faithful to all that was best in English character that Ascham, though constantly suspicious of 'the Englishman Italianate,' unreservedly praised both Hoby and his book. Born at Leominster, Hoby studied at St John's, Cambridge, travelled in France and Italy, and was ambassador in France. The *Cortegiano*, planned by Castiglione in 1508, was not printed till 1528, and found as much favour in France and Spain, translated, as at home. Hoby was at work on his English translation in his youth, but did not print it till 1561. The book was received with universal applause, was repeatedly reprinted, and produced very traceable influences on the next age and its writers. Professor Raleigh, who has edited Hoby (1900) for the 'Tudor Translations,' while praising the truly English style and its rhythm, admits that, like so many of the Elizabethan translators, he tried rather to restate in English the substance of the original than to make an accurate translation. He made many mistakes through imperfect knowledge, was sometimes even slipshod in his English, and allowed himself rather to limit his vocabulary by the preference (common to him with Cheke and that school) for homely English words, in direct contrast to the pedantic Ciceronianism of the universities, the 'inkhorn terms' that commended themselves to another generation. Much more influential, however, was Hoby's contemporary, North.

Sir Thomas North (1535–1601), often referred to as the first great master of English prose, was the second son of the first Lord North, seems to have been educated at Cambridge, was a student at Lincoln's Inn, but early devoted himself to literature. He was apparently often embarrassed in circumstances, and even 'drowned by poverty.'

but maintained some dignity in Cambridgeshire, being knighted about 1591. His first work was *The Diall of Princes* by Guevara, 'Englysshed oute of the Frenche,' but partly at least direct from Spanish (1557). Lord Berners had as early as 1534 translated a shorter version by Guevara of the same work (see pages 104, 105). Of late it has been attempted to trace the Euphuism of Lyly to Guevara, and probably Lyly was influenced by the renderings both of Berners and of North; but a substantial residuum of Euphuism is Lyly's own, and cannot be traced to either of Guevara's translators. In other respects North's influence on almost all subsequent writers of English was very marked. *The Morall Philosophie of Doni* is a witty and pithy rendering of an Italian work. His most famous work, *The Lives of the Noble Grecianes and Romanes compared together by that grave learned Philosopher and Historiographer Plutarke of Chæronia*, professedly from the French rendering of Amyot, was in magnificently racy, nervous, idiomatic English—all the more that the translator did not greatly concern himself to follow Amyot closely, still less the Greek original. He wrote freely, using new-coined Latinisms, contemporary colloquialisms, and English slang with equal effectiveness. The work, which reads like an original, became one of the most popular books of the time, and was largely Shakespeare's encyclopædia of classical history. In *Antony and Cleopatra* Shakespeare has used North's words and phrases very closely; in *Coriolanus* there are whole speeches taken almost straight from North.

Aristides the Just Ostracised.

The people moreover being growen very dissolute & licencious, by reason of the victorie of Marathon, and seeking to have all thinges passe by them and their authoritie, beganne nowe to mislike and to be greatly offended that any private man should go before the rest in good fame and reputacion. Whereupon they came out of all shires of Attica into the city of Athens, and so banished Aristides with the Ostracismon: disguising the envy they bare to his glory with the name of feare of tyranny. For this maner of banishment called Ostracismon, or Exostracismon, was no ordinary punishment for any fault or offence committed: but to give it an honest cloke, they said it was onely a pulling downe and tying shorte of too much greatnesse and authority, exceeding farre the maner and countenance of a popular state. But to tell you truly, it was none otherwise then a gentle meane to qualifie the peoples envy against some private person: which envy bred no malice to him whose greatnesse did offend them, but onely tended to the banishing of him for ten yeares. But afterwards when by practise this Ostracismon banishment was laid upon meane men and malefactors, as upon Hyperbolus that was the last man so banished, they never after used it any more at Athens. And by the way it shall not be amisse to tell you here why and wherefore this Hyperbolus was banished. Alcibiades and Nicias were the chiefest men of Athens at that time, and they both were ever at square together, a common thing amongest great men. They perceiving now by the peoples assembling, that they went about to execute the Ostracismon, were marvelously afrayed it was meant to banishe one of them: wherefore they spake together, and made both their followers frends with each other, and joyned them in one tribe together, insomuch, when the most voyces of the people were gathered to condemne him that should be banished, they founde it was Hyperbolus. The people therewith were much offended, to see the Ostracismon so embased and scorned, that they never after would use it againe, and so left it off for ever. But briefly to let you understand what the Ostracismon was, and after what sorte they used it: ye are to know that at a certaine day appointed every citizen caried a great shell in his hande, whereupon he wrote the name of him he would have banished, and brought it into a certaine place railed about with woodden barres in the market place. Then, when every man had brought in his shell, the magistrates and officers of the city did count and tell the number of them: for if there were lesse then 6000 citizens, that had thus brought these shels together, the Ostracismon was not full and perfect. That done, they laid apart every mans name written in these shels: and whose name they found written by most citizens, they proclaimed him by sounde of trumpet a banished man for ten yeares, during which time notwithstanding the party did enjoy al his goods. Now every man writing thus his name in a shel, whom they would have banished: it is reported there was a plaine man of the countrey (very simple) that could neither write nor reade, who came to Aristides (being the first man he met with) and gave him his shell, praying him to write Aristides name upon it. He being abashed withall, did aske the countrey man if Aristides had ever done him any displeasure. No, said the contrie man, he never did me hurt, nor I know him not: but it grieves me to heare every man call him a just man. Aristides hearing him say so, gave him no answer, but wrote his own name upon the shell, and delivered it againe to the countrie man. But as he went his way out of the city, he lift up his hands to heaven, and made a prayer contrary to that of Achilles in Homer, besechinge the gods that the Athenians might never have such troubles in hand as they should be compelled to call for Aristides againe. Notwithstanding, within three yeares after, when Xerxes king of Persia came with his army through the countries of Thessaly and Boeotia, & entred into the heart of the country of Attica, the Athenians revoking the law of their Ostracismon, called home againe all those they had banished, and specially, because they were affraid Aristides would take part with the barbarous people, and that his example should move many other to do the like; wherin they were greatly deceived in the nature of the man: for before that he was called home, he continually travelled up and downe, perswading and incouraging the Grecians to maintaine and defende their liberty. After that lawe was repealed by proclamation, & that Themistocles was chosen the only Lieutenant generall of Athens, he did alwaies faithfully aid and assist him in al things, as well with his travell, as also with his counsell: and thereby wan his enemies great honor, because it stood upon the safety and preservation of his countrey. For when Euribiades, Generall of the army of the Grecians, had determined to forsake the Ile of Salamina, and that the gallies of the barbarous

people were come into the middest of the seas, and had environed the Iles all about and the mouth of the arme of the straight of Salamina, before any man knew they were thus inclosed in: Aristides departing out of the Ile of Ægina with a marvellous boldnesse, ventured through the middest of all the barbarous ships and fleete, and by good hap got in the night into Themistocles tent, and calling him out, spake with him there in this sort: Themistocles, if we be both wise, it is high time we should now leave off this vaine envy and spite we have long time borne each other, and that we should enter into another sort of envy more honourable and profitable for us both: I meane, which of us two should do his best endeavour to save Grece: you, by ruling and commaunding all like Lieutenant generall: and I, by counselling you the best, and executing your commandement: considering you are the man alone that will roundliest come unto the point that is best: which is in my opinion that we should hazard battell by sea within the straight of Salamina, and that as soone as might be possible. But if our frendes and confederates do let this to be put in execution, I do assure you your enemies do helpe it forward. For it is said, that the sea both before and behind us, & round about us, is covered all over with their shippes, so as they that would not before, shall now be compelled of force and in spight of their hearts to fight and bestirre them like men: because they are compassed in all about; and there is no passage left open for them to escape, nor to flie. Whereunto Themistocles answered, I am sory, Aristides, that herein your honesty appeareth greater then mine: but since it is so, that you have deserved the honor in beginning and procuring such an honourable and commendable strife betweene us, I will henceforth indevour my selfe to excede you in continuing this your desire.

See the Lives of the Norths by Roger North, as edited by Dr Jessopp (3 vols. 1890); and Professor Skeat's notes in his *Shakespeare's Plutarch* (1857) on the Lives that illustrate Shakespeare's Plays, the edition of the *Morall Philosophie* by Joseph Jacobs (1888), and the edition by Wyndham of the *Plutarch* in the 'Tudor Translations' (6 vols. 1895–96).

Philemon Holland (1552–1637), styled by Fuller 'the translator-general of his age,' was born at Chelmsford, became a Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, and in 1591 obtained somewhere the degree of M.D. He afterwards practised medicine at Coventry, and in 1628 was headmaster for ten months of the free school there. His more notable translations were Livy, Pliny's *Natural History*, Suetonius, Plutarch's *Morals*, Ammianus Marcellinus, Xenophon's *Cyropædia*, and Camden's *Britannia*. The translation of Suetonius was carried out when the plague raged at Coventry in 1605–6; in his later years the old man suffered from bodily frailties and poverty. His translations are faithful on the whole, and in fine Elizabethan English, and though not so stately as North's English renderings, have their own quaint charm. They mostly appeared in majestic folios; and this, with their number, led to Pope's well-known jesting allusion, 'And here the groaning shelves Philemon bends.' His son, Henry Holland, a bookseller in London, wrote some historical works, and published, after his father's death, one or two works by Philemon on medical subjects.

Hannibal crossing the Alps.

So that Anniball took up his lodging for one night, without his cariages & horsemen. The morrow after, when as the barbarous people ran betweene them more coldly than before, he joined his forces together, and passed the streight, not without great dammage and losse; but with more hurt of the sumpter horses than of men. After this, the mountainers (fewer in number, and in robbing wise rather than in warlike sort) ran in heapes, one while upon the vaward, other while upon the rereward, as any one of them could either get the vantage of ground, or by going one while afore, and by staying another while behind, winne and catch any occasion & opportunity. The elephants, as they were driven with great leasure, because through these narrow streights, they were readie ever & anone to run on their noses: so what way soever they went, they kept the army safe & sure from the enemies; who being not used unto them, durst not once come neer. The ninth day he woon the verie tops of the Alpes, through by-lanes and blind crankes: after he had wandred many times out of the way, either through the deceitfulnesse of their guides, or for that when they durst not trust them, they adventured rashly themselves upon the vallies, and guessed the way at adventure, and went by aime. Two daies abode he encamped upon the tops thereof, and the soldiors weried with travaile and fight rested that time: certaine also of the sumpter horses (which had slipt aside from the rockes) by following the tracks of the armie as it marched, came to the campe. When they were thus overtoiled and wearied with these tedious travailes, the snow that fell (for now the starre Vergilie [i.e. the Pleiades] was set and gone downe out of that horizon) increased their feare exceedingly. Now when as at the breake of day the ensignes were set forward, and the armie marched slowly, through the thicke and deepe snow; and that there appeared in the countenance of them all, slouthfulnesse and desperation: Anniball advanced before the standerds, and commaunded his soldiours to stay upon a certaine high hill, (from whence they had a goodly prospect and might see a great way all about them) and there shewed unto them Italie, and the goodly champion fields about the Po, which lie hard under the foot of the Alpine mountains: saying, That even then they mounted the wals, not only of Italy, but also of the cittie of Rome; as for all besides (saith hee) will be plaine and easie to be travelled: and after one or two battailes at the most, ye shall have at your command, the verie castle and head citie of all Italy. Then began the armie to march forward: and as yet the enemies verely themselves adventured nothing at all, but some pettie robberies by stealth, as opportunitie & occasion served. Howbeit they had much more difficult travailing down the hill, than in the climbing & getting up; for that most of the advenues to the Alpes from Italy side, as they be shorter, so they are more upright: for all the way in a manner was steepe, narrow, and slipperie, so as neither they could hold themselves from sliding, nor if any tripped and stumbled never so little, could they possibly (they staggered so) recover themselves and keep sure footing, but one fell upon another, as well horse as man. After this they came to a much narrower rocke, with crags & rags so steepe downeright, that hardly a nimble soldiour without his armour and baggage (do

what he could to take hold with hands upon the twigs and plants that there about grew forth) was able to creep down. This place being before naturally of it selfe steepe & pendant with a downe-fall, now was choked & dammed up with a new fall of earth, which left a bank behind it of a wonderful & monstrous heigth. There the horsmen stood still as if they had been come to their waies end. And when Anniball merveiled much what the matter might be that staied them so, as they marched not on: word was brought him, that the Rock was unaccessible & unpassable. Wherupon, he went himself in person to view the place, & then he saw indeed without all doubt, that although he had fetched a compasse about, yet he had gained nought thereby, but conducted his armie to passe through wilds & such places as before had never been beaten & troden. And verely that (of al other) was such as it was impossible to passe through. For, wher as there lay old snow untouched & not trodden on, and over it other snow newly fallen, of a smal depth; in this soft & tender snow, & the same not verie deep, their feet as they went easely tooke hold: but that snow, being once with the gate of so many people & beasts upon it, fretted and thawed, they were faine to go upon the bare yce underneath, and in the slabberie snow-broth, as it relented and melted about their heeles. There they had foule adoe and much strugling, for that they could not tread sure upon the slipperie yce: and againe, going as they did (downe hill) their feet sooner failed them: and when they had helped themselves once in getting up, either with hands or knees; if they chanced to fal again, when those their props and staies deceived them, there were no twigs nor rootes about, whereon a man might take hold, and rest or stay himselfe, either by hand or foot. And therefore all that the poore garrons and beasts could doe was to tumble and wallow only upon the slipperie and glassie yce and the molten slabbie snow. Otherwhiles also they perished as they went in the deepe snow, whiles it was yet soft and tender: for when they were once slidden and fallen, with flinging out their heeles, and beating with their hoofes more forcibly for to take hold, they brake the yce through; so as most of them, as if they had ben caught fast and fettered, stucke still in the deepe, hard frozen, & congealed yce. At last, when as both man & beast were weried and overtoiled, and all to no purpose, they encamped upon the top of an hill, having with very much ado clensed the place aforehand for that purpose: such a deale of snow there was to be digged, faied, and thrown out. This done, the souldiors were brought to breake that rocke, through which was their onely waie: and against the time that it was to be hewed through, they felled & overthrew many huge trees that grew there about, and made a mightie heape and pile of wood: the wind served fitly for the time to kindle a fire, & then they set all a burning. Now when the rock was on fire and red hot, they powred thereon strong vineger for to calcine & dissolve it. When as the rock was thus baked (as it were) with fire, they digged into it, and opened it with pickeaxes, and made the descent gentle and easie, by meanes of moderate windings and turnings: so as not onely the horses and other beasts, but even the elephants also might be able to go downe. Foure daies he spent about the levelling of this rock: & the beasts were almost pined and lost for hunger. For the hill tops for the most part are bare of grasse; and looke what fog and forage there was, the snow overhilled it. The dales and lower grounds have some little banks lying to the sunne, and rivers withall, neere unto the woods, yea and places more meet and beseeming for men to inhabite. There were the labouring beasts put out to grasse & pasture, and the soldiors that were wearied with making the waies had three daies allowed to rest in. From thence they went downe into the plaine countrie, where they found both the place more easie and pleasant, and the nătures of the inhabitants more tractable.

(From the Livy.)

See Fuller's *Worthies*, and Whibley's preface to the Suetonius in the 'Tudor Translations' (1899). *Garron* is a pony: *faied*, cleared away; *fog*, coarse winter grass.

John Florio. the translator of Montaigne, was born in London about 1553. His father was a Protestant exile and Italian preacher in London, but unpleasant charges were brought against his moral character, and he lost his post and his patrons. John Florio appears as a private tutor in foreign languages at Oxford about 1576, and two years later published his *First Fruites*, mainly English and Italian dialogues, accompanied by *A Perfect Induction to the Italian and English Tongues.* In 1581 Florio was admitted a member of Magdalen College, and became a teacher of French and Italian. He enjoyed the patronage successively of the Earls of Leicester, Southampton, and Pembroke. The *Second Fruites*, more Italian and English dialogues, had annexed to it the *Garden of Recreation*, containing Italian Proverbs (1591). His Italian and English dictionary, entitled *A Worlde of Wordes*, was published in 1598, and was repeatedly reprinted, extended, and translated. Florio was appointed reader in Italian to Queen Anne, and afterwards groom of the privy-chamber. In 1603 he published in folio his famous translation of Montaigne, of which it is praise enough to say that it is a version worthy of its original, and a noble monument of Elizabethan English. Thanks to him, as was said at the time, 'Montaigne now speaks English:' in that version Montaigne spoke to Shakespeare. In his later translation (1685) Charles Cotton, himself not immaculate, dwells on the numerous and gross errors of his predecessor. There are indeed not a few slips in Florio's by no means literal translation; and it may fairly be claimed that Cotton's easy colloquial style comes nearer the diction of the *Essays* than Florio's quaint and stately but cumbrous and involved English. But Florio, it should be remembered, would not seem quaint to Elizabethans; and his *Montaigne* still ranks as the great standard English rendering. The title was *The Essayes on Morall, Politike and Millitarie Discourses of Lord Michaell de Montaigne.* It is certain from the *Tempest* that Shakespeare was familiar with the book; and it was long, but quite gratuitously, believed that the pedantic Holofernes in *Love's Labour's Lost* was a study after Florio. No doubt Shakespeare must have known one who was a protégé of his own patrons; but Florio was not the only Italian then in London, and Florio (who died of plague at Fulham in 1625) was no absurd pedant.

From the Essay of Lyers.

I see all men generally busied (and that verie improperly) to punish certaine innocent errours in children, which have neither impression nor consequence, and chastice and vex them for rash and fond actions. Onely lying, and stubbornnesse somewhat more, are the faults whose birth and progresse I would have severely punished and cut off; for they grow and increase with them: and if the tongue have once gotten this ill habit, good Lord! how hard, nay how impossible it is to make her leave it! whereby it ensueth, that we see many very honest men in other matters, to bee subject and enthralled to that fault. I have a good lad to my tailour, whom I never heard speak a truth; no not when it might stand him in stead of profit. If a lie had no more faces but one, as truth hath, we should be in farre better termes than we are: For whatsoever a lier should say, we would take it in a contrarie sense. But the opposite of truth hath many, many shapes, and an undefinite field. The Pythagoreans make good to be certaine and finite, and evill to bee infinite and uncertaine. A thousand bywayes misse the marke, one onely hits the same. Surely I can never assure my selfe to come to a good end, to warrant an extreme and evident danger, by a shamelesse and solemne lie. An ancient Father saith, *We are better in the companie of a knowne dogge, than in a mans societie whose speech is unknowne to us. Ut externus alieno non sit hominis vice* (PLIN. *Nat. Hist.* vii. 1). *A stranger to a stranger is not like a man.* And how much is a false speech lesse sociable than silence?

(Book i. chap. 15.)

Of the Force of Imagination.

Fortis imaginatio generat casum: A strong imagination begetteth chance, say learned clearks. I am one of those that feele a very great conflict and power of imagination. All men are shockt therewith, and some overthrowne by it. The impression of it pierceth me, and for want of strength to resist her, my endevour is to avoid it. I could live with the only assistance of holy and merry-hearted men. The sight of others anguishes doth sensibly drive me into anguish; and my sense hath often usurped the sense of a third man. If one cough continually, he provokes my lungs and throat. I am more unwilling to visit the sicke dutie doth engage me unto, than those to whom I am little beholding and regard least. I apprehend the evill which I studie, and place it in me. I deeme it not strange that she brings both agues and death to such as give her scope to worke her wil, and applaude her. *Simon Thomas* was a great Physitian in his daies. I remember upon a time comming by chance to visit a rich old man that dwelt in *Tholouse*, and who was troubled with the cough of the lungs, who discoursing with the said *Simon Thomas* of the meanes of his recoverie, he told him that one of the best was to give me occasion to be delighted in his companie, and that fixing his eyes upon the livelines and freshnes of my face, and setting his thoughts upon the jolitie and vigor wherewith my youthfull age did then flourish, and filling all his senses with my florising estate, his habitude might thereby be amended and his health recovered. But he forgot to say that mine might also be empaired and infected. *Gallus Vibius* did so well enure his mind to comprehende the essence and motions of folly, that he so transported his judgement from out his seat, as he could never afterward bring it to his right place againe; and might rightly boast to have become a foole through wisdome. Some there are that through feare anticipate the hangmans hand; as he did, whose friends having obtained his pardon, and putting away the cloth wherewith he was hood-winkt that he might heare it read, was found starke dead upon the scaffold, wounded only by the stroke of imagination. Wee sweat, we shake, we grow pale, and we blush at the motions of our imaginations; and wallowing in our beds we feele our bodies agitated and turmoiled at their apprehensions, yea in such manner as sometimes we are ready to yeeld up the spirit.

(Book i. chap. 20.)

The Profit of One Man is the Dammage of Another.

Demades the Athenian condemned a man of the Citie, whose trade was to sell such necessaries as belonged to burials, under colour, hee asked too much profit for them; and that such profit could not come unto him without the death of many people. This judgement seemeth to be ill taken, because no man profiteth but by the losse of others: by which reason a man should condemne all manner of gaine. The Merchant thrives not but by the licentiousnesse of youth; the Husbandman by dearth of corne; the Architect but by the ruine of houses; the Lawyer by suits and controversies betweene men: Honour it selfe, and practice of religious Ministers, is drawne from our death and vices. *No Physitian delighteth in the health of his owne friend,* said the ancient Greeke Comike: *nor no Souldier is pleased with the peace of his Citie, and so of the rest.* And which is worse, let every man sound his owne conscience, hee shall finde that our inward desires are for the most part nourished and bred in us by the losse and hurt of others; which when I considered, I began to thinke how Nature doth not gainesay herselfe in this, concerning her generall policie; for Physitians hold that *The birth, increase, and augmentation of everything is the alteration and corruption of another.*

(Book i. chap. 21.)

The second edition of the Montaigne appeared in 1613, and a third in 1632. There have been recent reprints by Professor Morley (1 vol. 1885), J. H. M'Carthy (3 vols. 1889–90), Chubb (1 vol. 1893), Waller (in the 'Temple Classics,' 6 vols. 1897–98), and Professor Saintsbury (in the 'Tudor Translations,' 3 vols. 1892–93).

William Painter (1540?–94) studied at Cambridge, was master of Sevenoaks school, but in 1561 became Clerk of Ordnance in the Tower. His *Palace of Pleasure* (1566–67), largely composed of stories from Boccaccio, Bandello, and Margaret of Navarre, became popular, and was the main source whence many dramatists drew their plots; several of Shakespeare's plays owe something to his Italian borrowings. Twenty-six of the tales come from Bandello, but were done, not from the Italian, but from one or other of the French versions. Shakespeare's *Romeo and Juliet* is based directly on the rhymed translation of Arthur Broke, but may in some points have followed Painter's *Rhomeo and Iulietta*, published in the second volume (1567) of the *Palace of Pleasure*. The reader may compare the balcony scene in Painter with that given on the next page as in Broke:

And continuing this manner of Lyfe for certaine Dayes, *Rhomeo* not able to content himselfe with lookes, daily

did behold and marke the ſituation of the houſe, and one day amongs others hee eſpyed *Iulietta* at hir Chamber Window, bounding vpon a narrow Lane, ryght ouer againſt which Chamber he had a Gardein, which was the cauſe that *Rhomeo*, fearing diſcouery of their loue, began the day time to paſſe no more before the Gate, but ſo ſoone as the Night with his browne Mantell had couered the Earth, hee walked alone vp and downe that little ſtreat. And after he had bene there many times, miſſing the chiefeſt cauſe of his comming, *Iulietta*, impacient of hir euill, one night repaired to hir window, & perceiued throughe the bryghtneſſe of the Moone hir Friend *Rhomeo* vnder hir Window, no leſſe attended for, than hee hymſelfe was waighting. Then ſhe ſecretly with Teares in hir Eyes, & wyth voyce interrupted by ſighes, ſaid: '*Signior Rhomeo*, me thinke that you hazarde your perſon to mutch, and commyt the ſame into great Daunger, at thys time of the Nyght to protrude your ſelf to the Mercy of them which meane you little good. Who yf they had taken would haue cut you in pieces, and mine honor (which I eſteme dearer than my Lyfe,) hindred and ſuſpected for euer.' 'Madame,' anſwered *Rhomeo*, 'my Lyfe is in the Hand of God, who only can diſpoſe the ſame: howbeyt yf any Man had ſoughte menes to bereyue mee of my Lyfe, I ſhould (in the preſence of you) haue made him knowen what mine ability had ben to defend the ſame. Notwythſtandyng Lyfe is not ſo deare, and of ſutch eſtimation wyth me, but that I coulde vouchſafe to ſacryfice the ſame for your ſake: and althoughe my myſhappe had bene ſo greate, as to bee dyſpatched in that Place, yet had I no cauſe to be ſorrye therefore, excepte it had bene by loſynge the meanes, and way how to make you vnderſtande the good wyll and duety which I beare you, deſyrynge not to conſerue the ſame for anye commodytye that I hope to haue thereby, nor for anye other reſpecte, but onelye to Loue, Serue, and Honor you ſo long as breath ſhal remaine in me.' So ſoone as he had made an end of his talke, loue and pity began to ſeaze vpon the heart of *Iulietta*, & leaning hir head vpon hir hand, hauing hir face all beſprent wyth teares, ſhe ſaid vnto *Rhomeo*: 'Syr *Rhomeo*, I pray you not to renue that grief agayne: for the onely Memory of ſutch inconuenyence maketh me to counterpoyſe betwene Death and Lyfe, my heart being ſo vnited with yours, as you cannot receyue the leaſt Injury in this world, wherein I ſhall not be ſo great a Partaker as your ſelf: beſeechyng you for concluſion, that if you deſire your owne health and mine, to declare vnto me in fewe Wordes what youre determynation is to attaine: for if you couet any other ſecrete thing at my Handes, more than myne Honoure can well allowe, you are maruelouſly deceiued.

The *Palace of Pleasure* has been edited by Haslewood (1813) and Joseph Jacobs (1890).

Arthur Broke, or BROOKE, had the honour of writing that *Tragicall Historye of Romeus and Iuliet* (1562) from which probably Shakespeare chiefly took the story of his drama. Though professedly translating from the Italian of Bandello, Broke worked from a French translation, and the result was a paraphrase, with additions, amplifications, and alterations, in rather limping verse—rhymed couplets of twelve and thirteen syllables alternately. (The prose version of the tale by Painter may also have been before Shakespeare, but Broke's poem gave Shakespeare not merely the plot but sometimes the words; the Nurse is partly Broke's creation.) Part of the balcony scene is quoted. Nothing is known of Broke except that he died by shipwreck while passing to France by way of Newhaven to join the English troops fighting for the Huguenots in 1563:

Impacient of her woe, she hapt to leane one night
Within her window, and anon the Moone did shine so bright
That she espyde her loue, her hart reuiued, sprang;
And now for ioy she clappes her handes, which erst for woe she wrang.
Eke Romeus, when he sawe his long desired sight,
His moorning cloke of mone cast of, hath clad him with delight.
Yet dare I say, of both that she reioyced more:
His care was great, hers twise as great was all the tyme before.
. . . . . .
But eche of them alike dyd burne in equall flame,
The welbelouing knight, and eke the welbeloued dame.
Now whilst with bitter teares her eyes as fountaynes ronne:
With whispering voyce, ybroke with sobs, thus is her tale begonne:
Oh Romeus of your lyfe too lauas sure you are:
That in this place, and at thys tyme to hasard it you dare.
What if your dedly foes, my kynsmen, saw you here?
Lyke Lyons wylde, your tender partes asonder would they teare.
In ruth and in disdayne, I, weary of my life,
With cruell hand my moorning hart would perce with bloudy knyfe.
For you, myne owne once dead, what ioy should I haue heare?
And eke my honor staynde which I then lyfe doe holde more deare.
Fayre lady myne, dame Iuliet, my lyfe (quod he)
Euen from my byrth committed was to fatall sisters three.
They may, in spyte of foes, draw foorth my liuely threed;
And they also, who so sayth nay, a sonder may it shreed.
But who to reaue my lyfe, his rage and force would bende,
Perhaps should trye vnto his payne how I it could defende.
Ne yet I loue it so, but alwayes, for your sake,
A sacrifice to death I would my wounded corps betake.
. . . . . .
And how I wishe for lyfe, not for my propre ease:
But that in it, you might I loue, you honor, serue and please.
Tyll dedly pangs the sprite out of the corps shall send:
And therupon he sware an othe, and so his tale had ende.
Now loue and pitty boyle in Iuliets ruthfull brest,
In windowe on her leaning arme her weary hed doth reste,
Her bosome bathd in teares, to witnes inward payne,
With dreary chere to Romeus, thus aunswerd she agayne,
Ah my deere Romeus, keepe in these woordes (quod she),
For lo, the thought of such mischaunce already maketh me
For pitty and for dred welnigh to yelde vp breath:
In euen ballance peysed are my life and eke my death.
For so my hart is knitte, yea made one selfe with yours:
That sure there is no greefe so small, by which your mynde endures.

Lauas is lavish; *peysed*, poised. The poem has been repeatedly reprinted since 1821, as in J. P. Collier's *School of Shakespeare* (1843).

John Harington, the elder (flor. 1540–78), who was a confidential servant of Henry VIII., wrote very pleasing love-verses, some of which were published in the *Nugæ Antiquæ* (1804). The poet married first a natural daughter of the king, and then Isabella Markham, one of the Princess Elizabeth's gentlewomen; and with his second wife was sent to the Tower by Queen Mary, together with Elizabeth, who, on her accession to the throne, rewarded him with many favours. The following verses, from the author's own MS. dated 1564 (but written probably ten years before), were composed on Isabella Markham; and Sir John Harington (page 391), the translator of Ariosto, was the son of this loving couple:

Whence comes my love? O hearte, disclose:
'Twas from cheeks that shame the rose,
From lips that spoyle the rubyes prayse,
From eyes that mock the diamond's blaze:
Whence comes my woe? as freely owne;
Ah me! 'twas from a hearte lyke stone.

The blushyng cheek speakes modest mynde,
The lipps, befitting wordes moste kynde,
The eye does tempte to love's desire,
And seems to say 'tis Cupid's fire;
Yet all so faire but speake my moane,
Syth noughte dothe saye the hearte of stone.

Why thus, my love, so kynd bespeake
Sweet lyppe, sweet eye, sweet blushynge cheeke—
Yet not a hearte to save my paine?
O Venus, take thy giftes again;
Make not so faire to cause our moane,
Or make a hearte that 's lyke our owne.

Richard Edwards (1523?–66) was a Somerset man, who studied at Oxford, and was a member of Lincoln's Inn, but became a gentleman of the Chapel Royal and Master of the Children of the Chapel. His drama of *Palamon and Arcite* has not been preserved; but *Damon and Pythias* is in Dodsley's collection, and is of little importance. Many of his poems, which were very popular, are in *The Paradyse of Dayntye Devises.* One was

Amantium Iræ Amoris Redintegratio Est.

In going to my naked bed, as one that would have slept,
I heard a wife sing to her childe, that long before had wept.
She sighed sore, and sung full sweet, to bring the babe to rest,
That would not cease, but cried still, in sucking at her brest.
She was full wearie of her watch, and grieved with her childe;
She rocked it, and rated it, till that on her it smilde;
Then did she say: Now have I found this proverb true to prove,
The falling out of faithfull freendes renewing is of love.

Then tooke I paper, pen, and ink, this proverb for to write,
In register for to remaine of such a worthy wight,
As she proceeded thus in song unto her little brat,
Much matter uttered she of waight in place whereas she sat;
And proved plaine there was no beast, nor creature bearing life,
Could well be knowne to live in love without discorde and strife:
Then kissed she her little babe, and sware by God above,
The falling out of faithfull freendes renewing is of love.

. . . . . .

I marvaile much, pardie, quoth she, for to beholde the rout,
To see man, woman, boy, and beast, to tosse the world about;
Some kneele, some crouch, some becke, some check, and some can smoothly smile,
And some embrace others in arme, and there thinke many a wile.
Some stand aloofe at cap and knee, some humble, and some stout,
Yet are they never freendes indeed until they once fall out.
Thus ended she her song, and said, before she did remove:
The falling out of faithfull freendes renewing is of love.

George Turberville (1540?–1610) was of the ancient Dorset house from which Mr Hardy's 'Tess of the D'Urbervilles' was descended, and was secretary to Sir Thomas Randolph, Queen Elizabeth's ambassador in Scotland and (for two years) in Russia. He translated from Latin into English verse (Ovid, &c.), and from Italian (*Ten Tragicall Tales*, also versified); wrote books on *Falconrie* and hunting, and—his most notable book, in virtue of which he ranks amongst Elizabethan poets—*Epitaphes, Epigrams, Songs and Sonets* (2nd ed. 1567; reprinted by Collier 1867). A number of his poems, written in 'Moscovia,' describe the manners of the Russians.

That Death is not so much to be Feared as Daylie Diseases are.

What? ist not follie for to dread
and stand of Death in feare,
That Mother is of quiet rest,
and griefs away doth weare?

That brings release to want of wealth,
and poore oppressed Wights?
He comes but once to mortall men,
but once for all he smites.

Was never none that twise hath felt
of cruell Death the Knife;
But other griefes and pining paines
doe linger on thro life,

And oftentimes one selfe same Corse
with furious fits molest,
When Death by one dispatch of life
doth bring the soule to rest.

A Vow to Serve Faithfully.

In greene and growing age, in lustie yeeres,
In latter dayes when silver bush appeers;
In good and gladsome hap when Fortune serves,
In lowring luck when good aventure swerves;
By day when Phœbus shewes his princely pride,
By night when golden Starres in skies doe glide;

In Winter when the groves have lost their greene,
In Sommer when the longest dayes are seene ;
In happie helth when sicklesse limmes have lyfe, free from sickness
In griefull state, amids my dolors ryfe ;
In pleasant peace when Trumpets are away,
In wreakful warre when Mars doth beare the sway ;
In perillous goulfe amid the sinking sande,
In safer soyle and in the stable lande ;—
When so you laugh, or else with grimmer grace
You beare your faithfull Friend unfriendly face,
In good report and time of woorser fame,
I will be yours, yea though I loose the game.

To a Gentlewoman that alwayes willed him to weare Rosemarie.

The greene that you did wish mee weare
aye for your loove,
And on my helme a braunch to beare
not to remoove :
Was ever you to have in minde,
Whom Cupid hath my Feere assignde.

As I in this have done your will,
and minde to doo :
So I request you to fulfill
my fansie too :
A greene and loving heart to have,
And this is all that I doe crave.

For if your flowring heart should chaunge
his colour greene,
Or you at length a Ladie straunge
of mee be seene :
Then will my braunch against his use
His colour chaunge for your refuse.

As Winters force can not deface
this braunch his hue :
So let no chaunge of love disgrace
your friendship true :
You were mine owne and so be still,
So shall we live and love our fill.

Then may I thinke my selfe to bee
well recompenst,
For wearing of the Tree that is
so well defenst
Agaynst all weather that doth fall,
When waywarde Winter spits his gall.

And when wee meete, to trie me true,
looke on my hed,
And I will crave an oath of you
wher Faith be fled : whether
So shall we both assured bee,
Both I of you, and you of mee.

The verse, 'Of One that had Little Witte'—

I thee advise
If thou be wise
To keepe thy wit
Though it be small :
'Tis rare to get
And farre to fet,
'Twas ever yit
Dearste ware of all—

looks back to Skelton ; that 'To his Ladie'—

Discharge thy dole,
Thou subtile soule,
It standes in little steede
To curse the kisse
That causer is
Thy chirrie lippe doth bleede—

is a very old stave (as in Sir Thomas More, page 124, and the older song on page 157) ; and

This kind of paine
Doth he sustaine
Not ceasing
Increasing,
His pittifull pining wo :
In plenties place,
Devoide of grace,
Releasing
Or ceasing
The pangs that pinch him so—

suggests the bob-wheel used afterwards by Montgomerie in *The Cherrie and the Slae.*

A few other contemporaries we name here: **Barnabe Googe** (1540–1594), born in Lincoln, studied both at Cambridge and at Oxford, and in 1574 was by Cecil sent to Ireland, where he became provost-marshal in Connaught. He was well spoken of as a poet for his *Eglogs, Epitaphes, and Sonnetes* (1563), and translated *The Popish Kingdome or Reigne of Antichrist*, a satirical Latin poem by Thomas Naogeorgus or Kirchmayer.—**Thomas Churchyard** (1520?–1604), soldier, poet-aster, and miscellaneous writer, produced scores of volumes, pamphlets, and broadsides in prose and verse. He served in the army ; 'trailed a pike' in the reigns of Henry VIII., Mary, and Elizabeth ; fought in Scotland (he described the siege of Leith in a poem), Ireland, Flanders, and France ; and received from Elizabeth—whom he had propitiated by complimentary addresses—a pension of eighteenpence a day, which was not paid regularly. Churchyard was the Old Palæmon of Spenser's *Colin Clout*,

That sang so long untill quite hoarse he grew.

His best poem is *The Legend of Shore's Wife* (1563), but is not great. The *Worthiness of Wales* is a highly topographical poem (1587, republished by the Spenser Society in 1871). His adventures are described in *Churchyarde's Chippes* (1575, &c. ; the part concerning Scotland was reprinted by Chalmers in 1817). Single pieces or selections were printed by Sir Alexander Boswell and others. —**Thomas Phaer** (c. 1510–60), lawyer, physician, and translator, apparently born at Norwich, is remembered for his translation (1555–60) of the first nine books of the *Æneid* into fourteen-syllable verse (completed later by other hands) ; it was warmly commended by Puttenham and other contemporaries.—**Sir Thomas Chaloner** (1521–65), a London mercer's son, who was at the court of Charles V. as a diplomatist, repeatedly conducted negotiations with the Scots, fought at Pinkie, and was later ambassador to Spain. He wrote in prose and

verse, both Latin and English, and contributed to the *Myrroure for Magistrates*.—**Arthur Golding** (1535?–1605?), the son of an Essex gentleman, is said to have been educated at Cambridge, and was an industrious translator of theological works from Latin and French, especially Calvin, Beza, and Bullinger. He also Englished Cæsar and part of Seneca, but is best known for his rendering in English ballad metre of Ovid's *Metamorphoses* (1565–67), praised by all contemporary critics, and familiar, as is believed, to Shakespeare.

Literary Criticism.

Most early English literary criticism is incidental, as in Ascham's *Scholemaster;* or, like Gascoigne's *Notes of Instruction* (see page 247), deals directly with the craft of verse-making. Gabriel Harvey staggered his friend Spenser with his pedantic arguments against rhyme, and in favour of regulating English verse by the rules of classical prosody (see page 332). **William Webbe,** about whom little is known save that after studying at St John's College, Cambridge, he became tutor in families of distinction, in 1586 took the same side, in his *Discourse of English Poetrie*, 'with the author's judgment touching the reformation of English verse.' He not merely protested against 'the tinkerly verse which we call rhyme,' but provided his enemies with arguments by printing, as example of reformed verse, his own wooden hexameters and sapphics. But he cursorily surveys English poetry to his own time, gives us much interesting information on current views, and, in spite of his theory, welcomes the (anonymous) author of the *Shepheards Calender* as 'the best of all English poets that I have seen or heard.' In 1602 Thomas Campion, graceful song-writer though he was, was still denouncing 'the childish titilation of riming,' and being answered by Daniel (see page 339). Gosson's *School of Abuse* (1579) was not so much literary criticism as a sincere and powerful Puritan impeachment, by a converted playwright, of modern manners, including playgoing and poetry-making; and ultimately called forth Sidney's *Apology* (1595). Meanwhile Puttenham's *Art of Poesie* had appeared.

Stephen Gosson (1555–1624), a Kentish man, studied at Oxford, and having been poet, actor (perhaps), dramatist, satirist, and preacher, died rector of St Botolph's, Bishopsgate. His pastorals were praised; none of his comedies or tragedies have been preserved. Gosson's famous satire, the *School of Abuse* (1579), was dedicated to Sidney, and moved him, after a time, to write his apology or defence of poetry, as Gosson's short treatise is 'an invective against poets, pipers, players, jesters, and such-like caterpillars of a commonwealth.' The first regular theatre in England had been built by Burbage three years before (1576), and was keenly attacked by the clergy. Gosson says:

> And because I have bene matriculated my selfe in the schoole where so many abuses florish, I will imitate the dogs of Egypt, which, comming to the banks of Nylus to quenche their thirste, syp and away, drinke running, lest they be snapte short for a pray to crocodiles. I shoulde tel tales out of the schoole and bee ferruled for my faulte or hyssed at for a blab yf I layde all the orders open before your eyes. You are no sooner entred, but libertie looseth the reynes, and geves you head, placing you with poetrie in the lowest forme; when his skill is showne to make his scholer as good as ever twangde. Hee preferres you to piping, from pyping to playing, from play to pleasure, from pleasure to slouth, from slouth to sleepe, from sleepe to sinne, from sinne to death, from death to the devill, if you take your learning apace and passe through every forme without revolting.

Like other satirical writers, when he inveighs against the degeneracy of his own time he forgets all its claims to credit, and leaves out of account all the glories of the Elizabethan era. Thus:

> Our wreastling at arms is turned to wallowyng in ladies laps, our courage to cowardice, our running to ryot, our bowes into bolles [bowls], and our dartes to dishes. We have robbed Greece of gluttonie, Italy of wantonnesse, Spaine of pride, Fraunce of deceite, and Dutchland of quaffing. Compare London to Rome and England to Italy, you shall find the theaters of the one, the abuses of the other, to be rife among us. *Experto crede*, I have seene somewhat, and therefore I thinke may say the more.

Lodge replied to Gosson almost at once (see an extract at page 318); and there were defences, attacks, and reiterations on both sides. Sidney's apology did not appear till 1595.

George Puttenham.—In 1589 appeared anonymously *The Arte of English Poesie*, written, as its author states, for the queen herself, courtiers, and ladies and young gentlewomen 'desirous to become skilful in their owne mother tongue, and for their private recreation to make now and then ditties of pleasure.' The authorship was not ascribed to any one till in 1614 Richard Carew said the book was by Master Puttenham. This has generally been understood to be George Puttenham (died 1590); but it may have been his brother Richard (c. 1520–1601), both of them nephews of Sir Thomas Elyot. The author describes himself as a scholar of Oxford, and as having travelled abroad, been at court, and written interludes, poems, and prose works (unknown to any later generation). Slender as are the grounds for fixing the authorship, there is no doubt that the *Arte of Poesie* is the first systematic criticism of literature as art in English; more comprehensive than the cognate essays of Webbe (1586) and Sidney (1595), and from its publication onwards treated as a standard work. It is a treatise of some length, divided into three books—the first of poets and poesy, the second of proportion, and the third of ornament. There are chapters on language, rhyme in Latin, the poetry of 'wilde and savadge people,' the different kinds of poesy, cadence, metres, style, figures, and an interesting survey of English poetry down to his own time, quoted below. The first book thus opens:

A Poet is as much to say as a maker. And our English name well conformes with the Greeke word: for of ποιεῖν, to make, they call a maker *Poeta*. Such as (by way of resemblance and reverently) we may say of God: who without any travell to his divine imagination, made all the world of nought, nor also by any paterne or mould as the Platonicks with their Idees do phantastically suppose. Even so the very Poet makes and contrives out of his owne braine both the verse and matter of his poeme, and not by any foreine copie or example, as doth the translator, who therefore may well be sayd a versifier, but not a Poet. The premises considered, it giveth to the name and profession no small dignitie and prehominence above all other artificers, Scientificke or Mechanicall. And neverthelesse without any repugnancie at all, a Poet may in some sort be said a follower or imitator, because he can expresse the true and lively of every thing is set before him, and which he taketh in hand to describe: and so in that respect is both a maker and a counterfaitor: and Poesie an art not only of making, but also of imitation. . . . (From Chap. i.)

It appeareth by sundry records of bookes both printed and written, that many of our countreymen have painfully travelled in this part: of whose works some appeare to be but bare translations, other some matters of their owne invention and very commendable, whereof some recitall shall be made in this place, to th'intent chiefly that their names should not be defrauded of such honour as seemeth due to them for having by their thankefull studies so much beautified our English tong, as at this day it will be found our nation is in nothing inferiour to the French or Italian for copie of language, subtiltie of device, good method and proportion in any forme of poeme, but that they may compare with the most, and perchance passe a great many of them. And I will not reach above the time of king *Edward* the third and *Richard* the second for any that wrote in English meeter: because before their times by reason of the late Normane conquest, which had brought into this Realme much alteration both of our langage and lawes, and there withall a certain martiall barbarousnes, whereby the study of all good learning was so much decayd, as long time after no man or very few entended to write in any laudable science: so as beyond that time there is litle or nothing worth commendation to be founde written in this arte. And those of the first age were *Chaucer* and *Gower*, both of them as I suppose Knightes. After whom followed *John Lydgate* the monke of Bury, and that nameles, who wrote the *Satyre* called Piers Plowman; next him followed *Harding* the Chronicler, then in king *Henry* th' eight times *Skelton*, (I wot not for what great worthines) surnamed the Poet *Laureat*. In the latter end of the same kings raigne sprong up a new company of courtly makers, of whom Sir *Thomas Wyat* th'elder and *Henry* Earle of Surrey were the two chieftaines, who having travailed into Italie, and there tasted the sweete and stately measures and stile of the Italian Poesie as novices newly crept out of the schooles of *Dante*, *Arioste* and *Petrarch*, they greatly pollished our rude and homely maner of vulgar Poesie, from that it had bene before, and for that cause may justly be sayd the first reformers of our English meetre and stile. In the same time or not long after was the Lord *Nicholas Vaux*, a man of much facilitie in vulgar makings. Afterward in king *Edward* the sixths time came to be in reputation for the same facultie *Thomas Sternehold*, who first translated into English certaine Psalms of David, and *John Hoywood* the Epigrammatist who for the myrth and quicknesse of his conceits more then for any good learning was in him came to be well benefited by the king. But the principall man in this profession at the same time was Maister *Edward Ferrys*, a man of no lesse mirth and felicitie that way, but of much more skil and magnificence in his meeter, and therefore wrate for the most part to the stage, in Tragedie and sometimes in Comedie or Enterlude, wherein he gave the king so much good recreation, as he had thereby many good rewardes. In Queene *Maries* time florished above any other Doctour *Phaer*, one that was well learned and excellently well translated into English verse heroicall certaine bookes of *Virgils Æneidos*. Since him followed Maister *Arthure Golding*, who with no lesse commendation turned into English meetre the Metamorphosis of *Ovide*, and that other Doctour, who made the supplement to those bookes of *Virgils Æneidos*, which Maister *Phaer* left undone. And in her Maiesties time that now is are sprong up an other crew of Courtly makers, Noble men and Gentlemen of her Majesties owne servauntes, who have written excellently well as it would appeare if their doings could be found out and made publicke with the rest, of which number is first that noble Gentleman *Edward* Earle of Oxford. *Thomas* Lord of Bukhurst, when he was young, *Henry* Lord Paget, Sir *Philip Sydney*, Sir *Walter Rawleigh*, Master *Edward Dyar*, Maister *Fulke Grevell*, *Gascon*, *Britton*, *Turberville* and a great many other learned Gentlemen, whose names I do not omit for envie, but to avoyde tediousnesse, and who have deserved no little commendation. But of them all particularly this is myne opinion, that *Chaucer*, with *Gower*, *Lidgat* and *Harding* for their antiquitie ought to have the first place, and *Chaucer* as the most renowmed of them all, for the much learning appeareth to be in him above any of the rest. And though many of his bookes be but bare translations out of the Latin and French, yet are they wel handled, as his bookes of *Troilus* and *Cresseid*, and the Romant of the Rose, whereof he translated but one halfe, the device was *John de Mehunes* a French Poet; the Canterbury tales were *Chaucers* owne invention as I suppose, and where he sheweth more the naturall of his pleasant wit then in any other of his workes, his similitudes, comparisons and all other descriptions are such as can not be amended. His meetre heroicall of *Troilus* and *Cresseid* is very grave and stately, keeping the staffe of seven, and the verse of ten; his other verses of the Canterbury tales be but riding ryme, neverthelesse very well becomming the matter of that pleasaunt pilgrimage in which every mans part is playd with much decency. *Gower* saving for his good and grave moralities had nothing in him highly to be commended, for his verse was homely and without good measure, his wordes strained much deale out of the French writers, his ryme wrested, and in his inventions small subtillitie: the applications of his moralities are the best in him, and yet those many times very grossely bestowed, neither doth the substance of his workes sufficiently aunswere the subtilitie of his titles. *Lydgat* a translatour onely and no deviser of that which he wrate, but one that wrate in good verse. *Harding* a Poet Epick or Historicall, handled himselfe well according to the time and maner of his subject. He that wrote the Satyr of Piers Ploughman seemed to have bene a malcontent of that time, and therefore bent himselfe

wholy to taxe the disorders of that age, and specially the pride of the Romane Clergy, of whose fall he seemeth to be a very true Prophet; his verse is but loose meetre, and his termes hard and obscure, so as in them is litle pleasure to be taken. *Skelton* a sharpe Satirist, but with more rayling and scoffery then became a Poet Lawreat; such among the Greekes were called *Pantomimi*, with us Buffons, altogether applying their wits to Scurrillities and other ridiculous matters. *Henry* Earle of Surrey and Sir *Thomas Wyat*, betweene whom I finde very litle difference, I repute them (as before) for the two chief lanternes of light to all others that have since employed their pennes upon English Poesie; their conceits were loftie, their stiles stately, their conveyance cleanely, their termes proper, their meetre sweete and well proportioned, in all imitating very naturally and studiously their Maister *Francis Petrarcha*. The Lord *Vaux* his commendation lyeth chiefly in the facillitie of his meetre, and the aptnesse of his descriptions such as he taketh upon him to make, namely in sundry of his Songs, wherein he sheweth the counterfait action very lively and pleasantly. Of the later sort I thinke thus. That for Tragedie the Lord of Buckhurst, and Maister *Edward Ferrys* for such doings as I have sene of theirs do deserve the hyest price: Th'Earle of Oxford and Maister *Edwardes* of her Majesties Chappell for Comedy and Enterlude. For Eglogue and pastorall Poesie, Sir *Philip Sydney* and Maister *Challenner*, and that other Gentleman who wrate the late Shepheardes Callender. For dittie and amourous *Ode* I finde Sir *Walter Rawleyghs* vayne most loftie, insolent, and passionate. Maister *Edward Dyar*, for Elegie most sweete, solempne and of high conceit. *Gascon* for a good meeter and for a plentifull vayne. *Phaer* and *Golding* for a learned and well corrected verse, specially in translation cleare and very faithfully answering their authours intent. Others have also written with much facillitie, but more commendably perchance if they had not written so much nor so popularly. But last in recitall and first in degree is the Queene our soveraigne Lady, whose learned, delicate, noble Muse easily surmounteth all the rest that have written before her time or since for sense, sweetnesse and subtillitie, be it in Ode, Elegie, Epigram, or any other kinde of poeme Heroick or Lyricke wherein it shall please her Majestie to employ her penne, even by as much oddes as her owne excellent estate and degree exceedeth all the rest of her most humble vassalls. . . .

(From Book i. chap. 31.)

There are shrewd observations in Puttenham's advice to the poet on diction or choice of words:

Before the Conquest of the Normans it was the Anglesaxon, and before that the British, which as some will is at this day the Walsh, or as others affirme the Cornish: I for my parte thinke neither of both, as they be now spoken and pronounced. This part in our maker or Poet must be heedyly looked unto, that it be naturall, pure, and the most usuall of all his countrey: and for the same purpose rather that which is spoken in the kings Court, or in the good townes and Cities within the land, then in the marches and frontiers, or in port townes, where straungers haunt for traffike sake, or yet in Universities where Schollers use much peevish affectation of words out of the primative languages, or finally, in any uplandish village or corner of a Realme, where is no resort but of poore rusticall or uncivill people: neither shall he follow the speach of a craftes man or carter, or other of the inferiour sort, though he be inhabitant or bred in the best towne and Citie in this Realme, for such persons doe abuse good speaches by strange accents or ill shapen soundes, and false ortographie. But he shall follow generally the better brought up sort, such as the Greekes call *charientes*, men civill and graciously behavoured and bred. Our maker therfore at these days shall not follow *Piers Plowman* nor *Gower* nor *Lydgate* nor yet *Chaucer*, for their language is now out of use with us: neither shall he take the termes of Northern-men, such as they use in dayly talke, whether they be noble men or gentlemen, or of their best clarkes all is a matter: nor in effect any speach used beyond the river of Trent, though no man can deny but that theirs is the purer English Saxon at this day, yet it is not so Courtly nor so currant as our Southerne English is, no more is the far Westerne mans speach: ye shall therefore take the usuall speach of the Court, and that of London and the shires lying about London within lx. myles, and not much above. I say not this but that in every shyre of England there be gentlemen and others that speake but specially write as good Southerne as we of Middlesex or Surrey do, but not the common people of every shire, to whom the gentlemen, and also their learned clarkes do for the most part condescend, but herein we are already ruled by th'English Dictionaries and other bookes written by learned men, and therefore it needeth none other direction in that behalfe.

(From Book iii. chap. 4.)

It will be noticed that he includes amongst poets Hardyng (1378–1465), a mere rhyming chronicler; Edward Ferrys or Ferrers, apparently by mistake for George Ferrers, soldier, courtier, and writer of masques, who died in 1579; Phaer, Golding, and Chaloner are named at pages 265–6. Gascon is Gascoigne; Britton is Breton.

Camden.

William Camden (1551–1623), one of the best historians of his age, was born in London, and educated at Christ's Hospital, St Paul's School, and Oxford. In 1575 he became second master of Westminster School, but devoted his leisure hours to the study of the antiquities of Britain—a subject to which from his earliest years he had been strongly inclined. That he might personally examine ancient remains, he in 1582 travelled through some of the eastern and northern counties of England; and the fruits of his researches appeared in his famous *Britannia*, written in Latin, and describing itself (in the translation by Philemon Holland, 1610, prepared apparently under Camden's own superintendence) as *A Chorographicall Description of the most Flourishing Kingdomes of England, Scotland, Ireland, and the Ilands adioyning, out of the Depth of Antiquitie*. This was published in 1586, and immediately brought him into high repute as an antiquary and man of learning. Anxious to improve and enlarge it, he again and again journeyed into different parts of the country, examining archives and relics of antiquity, and collecting,

with indefatigable industry, whatever information might contribute to render it more complete. The sixth edition, published in 1607, was that which received his finishing touches; and of this an English translation, made with the author's sanction by Dr Philemon Holland, appeared in 1610. Holland's second edition (1637) contained many additions by the translator. From the preface to the translation we extract the following account by Camden of his historical labours:

I hope it shall be no discredite to me if I now use againe the same words with a few more than I used twenty-foure yeeres since in the first edition of this worke. Abraham Ortelius, the worthy restorer of ancient geographie, arriving heere in England above thirty-foure yeares past, dealt earnestly with me that I would illustrate this Ile of Britaine, or (as he said) that I would restore antiquity to Britaine, and Britaine to his antiquity; which was, as I understood, that I would renew ancientrie, enlighten obscuritie, cleare doubts, and recall home veritie by way of recovery, which the negligence of writers, and credulitie of the common sort had in a maner proscribed and utterly banished from among us. A painfull matter, I assure you, and more than difficult; wherein what toyle is to be taken as no man thinketh so no man beleeveth but he that hath made the triall. Nevertheless, how much the difficultie discouraged me from it, so much the glory of my country encouraged me to undertake it. So while at one and the same time I was fearefull to undergoe the burden, and yet desirous to doe some service to my country, I found two different affections, Feare and Boldnesse, I knowe not how, conjoined in me. Notwithstanding, by the most gratious direction of the Almighty, taking industrie for my consort, I adventured upon it; and, with all my studie, care, cogitation, continuale meditation, paine, and travaile, I employed myselfe thereunto when I had any spare time. I made search after the etymologie of Britaine and the first inhabitants timerously; neither in so doubtfull a matter have I affirmed ought confidently. For I am not ignorant that the first originalls of nations are obscure, by reason of their profound antiquitie, as things which are seene very deepe and farre remote; like as the courses, the reaches, the confluents, and the out-lets of great rivers are well knowne, yet their first fountaines and heads lie commonly unknowne. I have succinctly runne over the Romans government in Britaine, and the inundation of forrayne people thereinto, what they were, and from whence they came. I have traced out the ancient divisions of these kingdoms; I have summarily specified the states and judiciall Courts of the same. In the severall counties, I have compendiously set downe the limites (and yet not exactly by pearch and pole, to breed questions), what is the nature of the soile, which were places of the greatest antiquitie, who have been the dukes, marquesses, earles, viscounts, barons, and some of the most signall and ancient families therein (for who can particulate all?) What I have performed, I leave to men of judgment. But time, the most sound and sincere witnesse, will give the truest information, when envie, which persecuteth the living, shall have her mouth stopped. Thus much give mee leave to say—that I have in nowise neglected such things as are materiall to search and sift out the Truth. I have attained to some skill of the most ancient British and English-Saxon tongues. I have travailed over all England for the most part; I have conferred with most skillfull observers in each country; I have studiously read over our owne countrie writers, old and new, all Greeke and Latine authors which have once made mention of Britaine; I have had conference with learned men in the other parts of Christendome; I have been diligent in the Records of this Realme; I have looked into most Libraries, Registers, and memorials of Churches, Cities, and Corporations; I have pored over many an old Rowle and Evidence, and produced their testimony (as beyond all exception) when the cause required, in their very owne words (although barbarous they be) that the honor of veritie might in no wise be impeached.

The *Britannia* went through many subsequent editions, and proved so useful a repository of antiquarian and topographical knowledge that it was styled 'the common sun, whereat our modern writers have all lighted their little torches.' A later translation was by Gibson, Bishop of London (1695); and, with large additions, by Richard Gough (1789 and 1806).

In 1593 Camden became head-master of Westminster School, and, for the use of his pupils, published a Greek Grammar in 1597. In the same year he left the task-work of teaching on his receiving the appointment of Clarencieux King-of-Arms, an office which allowed him more leisure for his favourite pursuits. Other works, all in Latin, were an account of the monuments and inscriptions in Westminster Abbey; a collection of ancient English historians; a narrative of the trial of the Gunpowder Plotters, drawn up at the desire of James VI.; and annals of the reign of Queen Elizabeth. The last of these works is praised by Hume both for style and matter, and as being 'written with simplicity of expression, very rare in that age, and with a regard to truth.' It is eminently favourable to Elizabeth; and Robertson protested against its account of Scottish affairs under Queen Mary as inaccurate. Camden, who left a short autobiography in Latin, died unmarried at Chislehurst, 9th November 1623, at the age of seventy-two, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. Not long before his death he founded and endowed a history lecture at Oxford.

In the *Britannia*, Camden, after describing the Britons of England, Wales, and Cornwall, and the Picts of Caledonia, thus proceeds to distinguish between the 'wild Scots' and the 'civill Scots':

Among the people of Britaine, after Picts, the Scotish nation by good right challenge the next place: concerning whom, before I speak ought, for feare lest evill willers and frowardly peevish, should calumniously misconstrue those allegations, which I, simply, ingenuously, and in all honest meaning, shall heere cite out of ancient writers as touching Scots, I must certifie the Reader before hand, that everie particular hath reference to the old, true, and naturall Scots onely: whose of-spring are those Scots speaking Irish, which inhabite all the West part of the kingdome of Scotland, now so called, and the Ilands adjoyning thereto, and who now a-daies be termed High-land men. For, the rest which are of

civill behaviour, and bee seated in the East part therof, albeit they beare now the name of Scotish-men, yet are they nothing lesse than Scots, but descended from the very same Germane originall, that we English men are. And this, neither can they chuse but confesse, nor we but acknowledge, being as they are, termed by th e abovesaid, High-land men, Sassones, as well as we; and using as they doe the same language with us, to wit, the English-Saxon, different onely in Dialect, a most assured argument of one and the same originall. 'n which regard, so farre am I from working any discredit unto them, that I have rather respectively loved them alwaies, as of the same bloud and stocke, yea and honoured them too, even when the Kingdomes were divided: but now much more, since it hath pleased our almightie and most mercifull God, that wee growe united in one bodie, under one most Sacred head of the Empire, to the joy, happinesse, welfare, and safetie of both Nations, which I heartily wish and pray for.

He is sceptical about the most current contradictory etymologies of the word Scoti, and sensibly says, 'A man may with as great probability derive the Scots pedigree from the gods as from Scota, that supposed and counterfeit daughter of the Ægyptian King Pharao, wedded (forsooth) unto Gaithelus, the sonne of Cecrops, founder of Athens!'—a derivation not exploded in Scotland at that time. Less justly he weighs and rejects the etymology accepted by modern Celtic scholars: 'And yet I cannot but marvell whence Isidorus had this: The Scots (saith he) take their name in their own proper tongue of their painted bodies, for that they are marked with sharpe yron pricks and inke.' (Professor Rhys defends the view that Scoti is a Latin word from a British verb *scod*, used of this tattooing process.) Camden then shows justly enough that the early Scots were Irish:

For certainely knowen it is that out of Ireland, an Ile inhabited in old time by Britans, as shall in due place be prooved, they passed into Britain, and what time as they were first known unto writers by this name, seated they were in Ireland. For Claudian the Poet hath written of their irruptions into Britaine, in these verses:

Totam cum Scotus Hibernem
Movit, et infesto spumavit remige Thetis:

What time the Scots all Ireland stir'd offensive armes to take,
And with maine stroke of enemies ores, the sea much fome did make.

Also in another place;

Scotorum cumulos flevit glacialis Hiberne:

And frozen Ireland heapes of Scots bewail'd with many a teare.

Orosius likewise writeth thus; Ireland is peopled with Scotish Nations. Gildas calleth Scots, Irish Spoilers. And Beda; The Scots that inhabite Ireland, an Isle next unto Britaine: as also elsewhere. Yea, and in the daies of Charles the Great, Eginhardus in expresse words calleth Ireland The Isle of Scots. Moreover, Giraldus Cambrensis; That the Scotish nation (saith he) is descended out of Ireland, the affinitie as well of their Language, as of their apparell, of their weapons also, and of their maners even to this day doe sufficiently proove.

Camden finally accepts the tradition that the Scots came from Spain into Ireland, and the (Irish) identification of the words *Scoti* and *Scythi*. And though he sees the inconveniences of the theory, he is bound to hold that the Scythians must have been Goths, and so a kind of Germans originally. He adds a new argument for the identification of Scots, Scythi, and Gothi:

But if arguments in this case may bee taken from the habite and apparell of the people, surely the array and clothing of the wild Scots at this day, is all one with that of the Gothes in times past; as we may by and by perceive out of Sidonius Apollinaris, who in describing a Goth, portraieth and depainteth unto us a wild Scot, as right as may be. They are (saith he) of a flaming deepe yellow, died with saffron; they buckle upon their feet a paire of Broges made of raw and untanned leather up to their ankles; their knees, thighs, and calves of their legs are all bare; their garments high in the necke, straight made and of sundry colours, comming skarce downe to their hammes; the sleeves cover the upper points of their armes and no more; their souldiers coats of colour greene, edged with a red fringe; their belts hanging downe from the shoulder; the lappets of their eares hidden under the curled glibbes and lockes of haire lying all over them, (For so a man may very rightly call the manifold branched and parted twists of haire, which Scots and Irish weare;) they use also hooked Spears, which Gildas termeth *Vncinata tela*, and axes to fling from them. They wore likewise strait bodied coats (as saith Porphyrio) fitted close to their breasts, without girdles. If this be not for all the world the very right apparell of the wild Irish-Scots, let themselves be Iudges.

This undated letter of Camden to Sir Robert Cotton, printed by the Camden Society (*Letters*, 1843), illustrates Camden's use of learned leisure:

RYGHT WORTHY SYR,—That in my solitarines here I may avoide the deadly sinne of Slouth, I am now an humble suitor to you that you would send me by William Holland my servant the Book of Heraldry, if you have bound it up, or as it is. Or some other booke or Papers which you shall think fitting my studies or delight. The Booke of France which I lately receaved standeth me in small steed, for I perceave by my Notes that I have had it heretofore. And therefore I will shortly returne it. Your Absolon de Vita Guthlaci is the very same that other call Fœlix Monachus; and I have already both it and the other conjoined therewith. But for Theodulus, I never sawe him before. Thus presuming of your ancient kindness, I rest,—Yours in all most assuredly,

WILL'M CAMDEN.

Felix's Life of St Guthlac is still an authority for the Life of the Hermit of Crowland.

Based on his own *Memorabilia de Seipso* and his letters, there are Lives of Camden by Smith (1691) and in the various editions of the *Britannia* (Gibson's, Gough's, &c.), and in Wood's *Athenæ Oxonienses*.

John Speed (1552?–1629) published in 1611 a *History of Great Britaine*, in which he was assisted by Spelman, Cotton, and others. Born at Farringdon, in Cheshire, and a London tailor too by trade, he enjoyed few advantages from education; yet his history is highly creditable to his acquirements and judgment, and was long the best in existence. He rejected some of the fables of preceding chroniclers concerning the origin of the Britons, and though he retained many of the time-honoured errors, was more discriminating in his selection of authorities. His history of the island extends to the union of England and Scotland under King James, to whom the work was dedicated. In 1606 he published maps of England and Wales, subsequently extended to Scotland and Ireland, the best that had till then appeared. The following letters of the learned tailor to Cotton reveal the conscientious author and proof-reviser:

Worshipfull Sir, my thoughts runnyng upon the well performance of this worke, and fearfull to comitt any thing disagreeing from the truth, I have sent you a coppy of some part of that which you have alredy sene, because you left in writing at the Printers that with a fast eye you had overune it, and your leasure better affording that busines in the contrey then here you had; this therefore hath caused me to send you as much as my Printer cane espare, beseiching your Worshipe to read it more attentyvly, to place the Coynes, and what adicssions you will before you returne it; and I pray you to past a paper where you doe adde, and not to intirline the coppy, for somewhere we cannot read your Notes because the place geues your pene not rome to exprese your mynd. I have sent such Coynes as are cutt, and will weekly supply the same; so much therefore as you shall perfect I praye you send againe with as much speed as you can; but where you do want the Coynes, kepe that coppy still with you, untill I send them; for I shall not be sattisfied with your other directions or Mr Coles helpe. Good Sir, afford me herein your assistanc as you have begune, and remember my suit to my L. privy-seall, wherein you shall binde me in all dutifull service and affection to your Worship's command. So beseiking the Almighty to prosper our indevours I humbly take my leave, and leave your Worship to the Lordes protection.

Your Worships to comand in all dutifull service,

JOH. SPEED.

I am returned to my Printers, and therfore yf you please your directions maye be thither. Remember to signify the formes of your Altars.

Sir, I do most hartely thanke for your Worships assistance and kinde remembrance of our busynes, which doth not a little revive my now decayed spirit, lying on bed of my old disease the stone, which is not more grievious unto me than the detraction of this so chargable a busyness. I have sent you as many Coynes as are done, and will weekly supply them as we can get them from detracting Swisser [Christopher Switzer, a well-known engraver]. Also you shall herewith receive two leaves of coppy which we can not read the place that you have interlyned, and either to falsify your meaning, or leave out one silable we wold be lothe. Therfore I pray you both perfect that, and the yere of Christ in the other, and send them again in all hast possible, for the Printer already hath overtaken us. Thus comending my self most hartely to your Worship, I humble tak my leave this 30th of August.

Yor Worships in all duty,

JOH. SPEEDE.

Good Sir, I most earnestly entreat you to send these towe sheets inclosed, upon Wensday next, for in truth I dowbt we shall want them before that daye.

If you will send a Note of all Monasteryes in the Realm, as also the Book of Henry the fourth, I shalbe much beholding to your Worship. Thus you see how bold I am, but it is in love of that Kingdom which your self seeks still to adorne.

Amongst historical writers is also the poet Samuel Daniel (see page 339), who wrote the first and second parts of a *History of England*, extending from the Norman Conquest to the death of Edward III., a mere compilation.—**Sir Henry Spelman** (1564–1641), antiquary, was born at Congham, in Norfolk, of which county he was high-sheriff in 1604. His works are almost all upon legal and ecclesiastical antiquities. Having found it necessary to study Anglo-Saxon, he embodied the fruits of his labour in his ponderous *Glossarium Archæologicum* (1626–64), explaining the obsolete words occurring in the laws of England; it was completed after the author's death by his son and Dugdale. Another work was a Latin history of English church councils, also left incomplete. He wrote further on tithes and on sacrilege.—**Sir John Hayward** (1564?–1627), born at Felixstowe, in 1599 published *The First Part of the Life and Reign of Henry IV.*, which he dedicated to the Earl of Essex. Some passages in it gave such offence to the queen that she caused the author to be imprisoned. He conciliated James I. by defending his succession and the divine right of kings, and at the desire of Prince Henry, composed *Lives of the Three Norman Kings of England* (1613). After his death, in 1627, was published (1630) his *Life and Raigne of King Edward the Sixt*. He writes with smoothness, but in a dramatic style, imitating Livy and other ancient historians in the practice of putting speeches into the mouths of his historic characters. When Queen Elizabeth ordered Lord Bacon to search Hayward's *Life of Henry IV.* to see if it contained any treason, Bacon reported that there was no *treason*, but that there were many *felonies;* for the author had stolen many of his sentiments and conceits out of Tacitus.—**Sir Robert Bruce Cotton** (1571–1631) is celebrated as an industrious collector of records, charters, and writings of every kind pertaining to the ancient history of England. In the prosecution of his object he enjoyed only too great facilities, the recent suppression of monasteries having thrown many valuable books and written documents into private hands. In 1600 he accompanied his friend Camden on an excursion to Carlisle, for the purpose of examining the Picts' wall and other relics of former times. It was principally on his sug-

gestion that James I. resorted to the scheme of creating baronets, as a means of supplying the treasury; and he himself was one of those who purchased the distinction. Sir Robert Cotton was the author of various historical, political, and antiquarian works. His *Raigne of Henry III.* (1627) frankly discusses kingcraft; his *Dangers wherein the Kingdom now Standeth* (1628) marked him out to the court as an enemy; and an ironical *Proposition to Bridle the Impertinency of Parliament* led to his imprisonment for a time. His name is remembered chiefly for the benefit which he conferred upon literature, by gathering his valuable library of manuscripts, which was not restored to him on his release from prison; and grief at the deprivation shortened his days. After being considerably augmented by his son and grandson, it became, in 1706, the property of the nation, and in 1757 was deposited in the British Museum. One hundred and eleven of the manuscripts, many of them highly valuable, had before this time been unfortunately destroyed by fire. During his lifetime materials were drawn from his library by Raleigh, Bacon, Selden, and Herbert; and he furnished literary assistance to Camden, Speed, and many contemporary authors.

Richard Knolles (1550?–1610) published a *Generall Historie of the Turkes*, which Johnson, in the 122nd number of the *Rambler*, eulogised as 'displaying all the excellences that narration can admit. His style, though somewhat obscured by time, and sometimes vitiated by false wit, is pure, nervous, elevated, and clear.' Hallam ranks Knolles high among our elder writers; and Southey and Byron were equally pronounced in their admiration. Southey recommended Coleridge to read him; Byron said old Knolles was one of the first books that gave him pleasure as a child, made him wish to visit the Levant, and 'gave perhaps that oriental colouring that has been observed in my poetry.' The historical value of the book is slender; original research on the subject was hardly possible to Knolles, and he seems to have followed a Latin history by Boissard, published at Frankfort in 1596. Knolles, born apparently at Coldashby, in Northamptonshire, was educated at Oxford, and soon after 1571 became master of the free school at Sandwich, in Kent, where he spent the rest of his life. A fifth edition was issued in 1638; and the history was continued by Sir Paul Rycaut, whose edition in three folio volumes (1687–1700) became the standard one. An abridgment by John Savage (1701) was much read.

The Taking of Constantinople.

A little before day the Turks approached the walls and began the assault, where shot and stones were delivered upon them from the walls as thick as hail, whereof little fell in vain, by reason of the multitude of the Turks, who, pressing fast unto the walls, could not see in the dark how to defend themselves, but were without number wounded or slain; but these were of the common and worst souldiers, of whom the Turkish king made no more reckoning than to abate the first force of the defendants. Upon the first appearance of the day, Mahomet gave the sign appointed for the general assault, whereupon the city was in a moment and at one instant on every side most furiously assaulted by the Turks; for Mahomet, the more to distress the defendants and the better to see the forwardness of the souldiers, had before appointed which part of the city every colonel with his regiment should assail. Which they valiantly performed, delivering their arrows and shot upon the defendants so thick that the light of the day was therewith darkned; other in the meantime couragiously mounting the scaling-ladders, and coming even to handy-strokes with the defendants upon the wall, where the formost were for most part violently borne forward by them which followed after. On the other side, the Christians with no less courage withstood the Turkish fury, beating them down again with great stones and weighty pieces of timber, and so overwhelmed them with shot, darts, and arrows, and other hurtful devices from above, that the Turks, dismayed with the terrour thereof, were ready to retire.

Mahomet, seeing the great slaughter and discomfiture of his men, sent in fresh supplies of his janizaries and best men of war, whom he had for that purpose reserved as his last hope and refuge; by whose coming on his fainting souldiers were again encouraged, and the terrible assault begun afresh. At which time the barbarous king ceased not to use all possible means to maintain the assault; by name calling upon this and that captain, promising unto some whom he saw forward golden mountains, and unto others in whom he saw any sign of cowardise, threatning most terrible death; by which means the assault became most dreadful, death there raging in the midst of many thousands. And albeit that the Turks lay dead by heaps upon the ground, yet other fresh men pressed on still in their places over their dead bodies, and with divers event either slew or were slain by their enemies.

In this so terrible a conflict, it chanced Justinianus the general to be wounded in the arm, who, losing much blood, cowardly withdrew himself from the place of his charge, not leaving any to supply his room, and so got into the city by the gate called Romana, which he had caused to be opened in the inner wall; pretending the cause of his departure to be for the binding up of his wound, but being indeed a man now altogether discouraged.

The souldiers there present, dismayed with the departure of their general, and sore charged by the janizaries, forsook their stations, and in hast fled to the same gate whereby Justinianus was entred; with the sight whereof the other souldiers, dismayed, ran thither by heaps also. But whilst they violently strove all together to get in at once, they so wedged one another in the entrance of the gate, that few of so great a multitude got in; in which so great a press and confusion of minds, eight hundred persons were there by them that followed trodden under foot or thrust to death. The emperor himself, for safeguard of his life flying with the rest in that press as a man not regarded, miserably ended his days together with the Greek empire. His dead body was shortly after found by the Turks among the slain, and known by his rich apparel, whose head being cut off, was forthwith presented to the Turkish tyrant; by

whose commandment it was afterwards thrust upon the point of a launce, and in great derision carried about as a trophy of his victory, first in the camp, and afterward up and down the city.

The Turks, encouraged with the flight of the Christians, presently advanced their ensigns upon the top of the uttermost wall, crying Victory; and by the breach entred as if it had been a great flood, which, having once found a breach in the bank, overfloweth and beareth down all before it; so the Turks, when they had won the utter wall, entred the city by the same gate that was opened for Justinianus, and by a breach which they had before made with their great artillery, and without mercy cutting in pieces all that came in their way, without further resistance became lords of that most famous and imperial city. Some few there were of the Christians who, preferring death before the Turkish slavery, with their swords in their hands sold their lives dear unto their enemies; among whom the two brethren Paulus and Troilus Bochiardi, Italians, with Theophilus Palaeologus, a Greek, and Joannes Striavus, a Dalmatian, for their great valour and courage deserve to be had in eternal remembrance; who after they had like lions made slaughter of their enemies, died in the midst of them embrued with their blood, rather oppressed by multitude than with true valour overcome. In this fury of the barbarians perished many thousands of men, women, and children, without respect of age, sex, or condition. Many for safeguard of their lives fled into the temple of Sophia, where they were all without pity slain, except some few reserved by the barbarous victors to purposes more grievous than death itself. The rich and beautiful ornaments and jewels of that most sumptuous and magnificent church (the stately building of Justinianus the emperor) were in the turning of a hand plucked down and carried away by the Turks; and the church it self, built for God to be honoured in, for the present converted into a stable for their horses, or a place for the execution of their abominable and unspeakable filthiness; the image of the crucifix was also by them taken down, and a Turks cap put upon the head thereof, and so set up and shot at with their arrows, and afterwards in great derision carried about in their camp, as it had been in procession, with drums playing before it, railing and spitting at it, and calling it the God of the Christians; which I note not so much done in contempt of the image, as in despite of Christ and the Christian religion.

But whilst some were thus spoiling of the churches, others were as busie in ransacking of private houses, where the miserable Christians were enforced to endure in their persons whatsoever pleased the insolent visitors; unto whom all things were now lawful that stood with their lust, every common souldier having power of life and death at his pleasure to spare or spill. At which time riches were no better than poverty; and beauty worse than deformity. What tongue were able to express the misery of that time? or the proud insolency of the conquerors? where of so many thousands every man with greediness fitted his own unreasonable desire; all which the poor Christians were enforced to endure. But to speak of the hidden money, plate, jewels and other riches there found passeth credit; the Turks themselves wondred thereat and were therewith enriched, that it is a proverb amongst them to this day, if any of them grow suddenly rich, to say, He hath been at the sacking of Constantinople; whereof if some reasonable part had in time been bestowed upon the defence of the city, the Turkish king had not so easily taken both it and the city.

Dryden, who rarely borrowed, seems, as Macaulay pointed out, to have adapted a couplet from Knolles's history. Under the engraved portrait of Mustapha I. are these lines:

> Greatnesse on goodnesse loves to slide, not stand,
> And leaves for Fortune's ice Vertue's firme land.

In *Absalom and Achitophel*, Dryden has:

> But wild Ambition loves to slide, not stand,
> And Fortune's ice prefers to Virtue's land.

Knolles also translated Bodin's *Common Weale.*

Sir Paul Rycaut (1628–1700), the continuator of Knolles, deserves mention for his other works. The son of a financier from Brabant who settled in England, he was born at Aylesford, in Kent, was secretary of Embassy at the Porte, consul at Smyrna, secretary to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and British resident at Hamburg. In 1668 he published *The Present State of the Ottoman Empire*, based largely on his own observations; he also translated Platina's Latin history of the Popes, long a standard authority, and Garcilaso de la Vega's *Commentaries of Peru.*

The Elizabethan Song-Writers.

The influence of music on the evolution of lyrical poetry in England was sudden and decisive. It saved English verse, in the very nick of time, from being ruined by the heresies of the humanists, who wished to eject rhyme and to introduce lumbering equivalents for the classical measures. The necessity of writing in such a manner as that the words could be used to accompany music drove the poets into the employment of brisk, simple, and melodious metres. It may therefore be said that Byrd and Tallis, the two first great English musicians, whose labours date from about 1575, were the earliest encouragers of Elizabethan lyric, although at first little followed their training. The year 1588 was really that which marks the starting-point of easy song-writing. This was a year of surprising musical activity in England—now was printed the *Musica Transalpina*, which introduced the forms of Italian madrigal amongst us; now William Byrd (1538?–1623) published his first English song-book, the *Psalms, Sonnets, and Songs;* now Dowland began his career as a lutanist in Oxford. After this year the art of writing madrigals or songs in light English verse was one which was perfectly understood; it was rendered easier by the introduction of Luca Marenzio's very popular Roman music, which was excessively admired in London, and by the publication of Byrd's *Songs of Sundry Natures* in 1589 and of Thomas Watson's *Italian Madrigals Englished* in 1590.

It would not be right, however, while emphasising the fact that the main flood of song-writing

in England begins in 1588, to neglect to notice that several poets had, since 1580, been attempting, and sometimes with considerable success, to attain a pure lyrical movement. It is difficult to know exactly how to date the songs of Sidney, all of which must be precedent to 1586, while some may date from 1581. 'My true love has my heart' and 'Weep, neighbours, weep,' were in any case among the very earliest and most successful of Elizabethan songs. The miscellany called *A Handful of Pleasant Delights* was published in 1584, and the contents of it are entirely, as Mr Bullen has pointed out, 'intended to be sung to one or other popular tune.' This is from that collection:

Consider, Sweet, what sighs and sobs
Do nip my heart with cruel throbs,
And all, my Dear, for love of you,
Trust me truly;
But I hope that you will some mercy show
In due time duly.

If that you do my case well weigh,
And show some sign whereby I may
Have some good hope of your good grace,
Trust me truly;
I count myself in blessed case;
Let reason rule ye.

Here, however, it may be said that little advance beyond the shambling measures of folk-song has been made. But into his comedies of *Campaspe* and of *Sapho and Phao*, both published in 1584, Lyly introduces six or seven songs of a definitely artistic character, and these may be said to mark the advent of pure Elizabethan song. No previous lyrist had sung like this in England:

What bird so sings, yet so does wail?
O 'tis the ravish'd nightingale.
Jug, jug, jug, jug, tereu! she cries,
And still her woes at midnight rise.
Brave prick-song! Who is't now we hear?
None but the lark so shrill and clear;
How at heaven's gates she claps her wings,
The morn not waking till she sings.
Hark, hark, with what a pretty throat
Poor Robin Redbreast tunes his note;
Hark! how the jolly cuckoos sing!
Cuckoo! to welcome in the spring!
Cuckoo, to welcome in the spring.

The same ecstatic and almost infantile melody is found in one or two scraps of another dramatist, George Peele, whose famous 'Fair, and fair, and thrice so fair' (quoted below at page 323) is found in his *Arraignment of Paris*, which dates from 1584.

It is, however, certain that in the abundant romances of the period and the various poetical miscellanies this peculiar note of joyous lyricism does not show itself until about 1588, whereas after that year it becomes so natural and abundant that we cease to record its manifestations. This is undoubtedly connected with the foundation of the national chamber music, which owed its character to William Byrd. Italian airs were now imported and English airs invented in immense numbers, and it was necessary to find poems to suit those airs; the result was the composition of innumerable brief snatches of song, lucid, aerial, and sympathetic, either of a gaiety that clapped its hands and danced, or else of a melancholy which melted into tears. To 1588 belongs the old favourite by Sir Edward Dyer:

My mind to me a kingdom is:
Such perfect joy therein I find
That it excels all other bliss
That God or Nature hath assigned.
Though much I want that most would have
Yet still my mind forbids to crave.

One of the earliest poets to obtain ease in this particular manner of writing was Nicholas Breton. This song belongs to the same year, but is of quite a different order of dance-music:

Tho' Amaryllis dance in green
Like Faery Queen;
And sing full clear
Corinna, with a smiling cheer;
Yet since their eyes make heart so sore,
Hey ho! I'll love no more.

My sheep are lost for want of food;
And I so wood mad
That all the day
I sit and watch a herd-maid gay,
Who laughs to see me sigh so sore;
Hey ho! I'll love no more.

At the same time, the importation of the madrigal began from Italy. Here is an example, dating probably from 1589, by Thomas Watson; it is an adaptation to the case of Sir Philip Sidney of a popular Italian madrigal by Luca Marenzio:

How long with vain complaining,
How long with dreary tears and joys refraining,
Shall we renew his dying,
Whose happy soul is flying—
Not in a place of sadness—
But of eternal gladness?
Sweet Sidney lives in heaven;
O therefore let our weeping
Be turned to hymns and songs of pleasant greeting.

From this time until the end of the century the abundance and variety of song in English poetry is beyond the power of any historian to chronicle. The full choir burst forth simultaneously into warbling melody. But it is to be noted that the connection with music continued unbroken. The most exquisite songs of Shakespeare and Fletcher were introduced to lighten the action by an instrumental as well as a vocal interlude; even the lyrics in the romances of Greene and Lodge were probably intended to be sung to an accompaniment on the lute. Campion, one of the most delicate and characteristic of Elizabethan lyrists, was a professional musician; and some of the most exquisite specimens of pure song-writing which

ave come down to us are those which have been athered out of the motets and madrigals of lorley, Dowland, Robert Jones, Wilbye, Weelkes, nd Orlando Gibbons, the Little Masters of English hamber music.

EDMUND GOSSE.

Sir Edward Dyer (c.1545–1607), poet and ourtier-diplomatist, was born at Sharpham Park, ı Somerset, studied at Oxford, was knighted in 596, and died in London. He was praised by his ıtimate friend Sidney, as well as by Puttenham nd Meres, who commended especially his elegies. t was long difficult to know which were his poems: ɔme ascribed to him in one collection were elsehere recognised as the work of Lodge or Breton; ut in 1872 Dr Grosart did his best to identify and dit all Dyer's extant work—a dozen pieces in all. My Mind to Me a Kingdom is,' set to music by ſyrd in 1588, is almost certainly his, and is by far ıe best known.

My Mind to Me a Kingdom is.

My mynde to me a kyngdome is,
  Such preasent joyes therein I ſynde,
That it excells all other blisse
  That earth affords or growes by kynde.
Thoughe muche I wante which moste would have,
Yet still my mynde forbiddes to crave.

No princely pompe, no wealthy store,
  Nor force to winne the victorye;
No wilye wit to salve a sore,
  No shape to feede a lovinge eye;
To none of these I yielde as thrall,
Forwhy? my mynde doth serve for all. Because

I see how plenty suffers ofte,
  And hasty clymers sone do fall;
I see that those which are alofte
  Mishappe doth threaten moste of all;
They get with toyle, they keepe with feare:
Such cares my mynde could never beare.

Content I live, this is my staye;
  I seeke no more than maye suffyse;
I presse to beare no haughty swaye;
  Look, what I lack my mynde supplies:
Lo! thus I triumphe like a kynge,
Content with that my mynde doth bringe.

Some have too muche, yet still do crave;
  I little have and seek no more.
They are but poore, though muche they have,
  And I am ryche with lyttle store:
They poore, I ryche; they begge, I gyve;
They lacke, I leave; they pyne, I lyve.

I laughe not at another's losse;
  I grudge not at another's gayne;
No worldly waves my mynde can toss;
  My state at one dothe still remayne:
I feare no ſoe, I ſawne no friende;
I loathe not lyfe nor dread my ende.

Some weighe theyre pleasure by theyre luste,
  Theyre wisdom by theyre rage of wyll;
Theyre treasure is theyre onlye truste;
  A clocked craft theyre store of skylle: cloaked

But all the pleasure that I ſynde,
Is to mayntayne a quiet mynde.

My wealthe is healthe and perfect ease:
  My conscience cleere my choyce defence;
I neither seek by brybes to please,
  Nor by deceyte to breede offence:
Thus do I lyve; thus will I dye;
Would all did so well as I!

Dr Hannah, the editor of Raleigh and others, has pointed out that one of Greene's poems ends with:

A mind content both croune and kingdome is;

and Dyer himself, as if to show that this happy optimism was not the whole truth, indited a very different tune:

The Man of Woe.

The mann whose thoughtes agaynste him do conspyre,
  On whom Mishapp her storye dothe depaynt;
The mann of woe, the matter of desier,
  Tree of the dead, that lives in endles plaint;
His spirit am I whiche in this deserte lye,
To rue his case whose cause I cannot flye.

Despayre my name whoe never findes releiſe,
  Frended of none, but to myself a foe;
An idle care mayntaynde by firme beleiſe,
  That prayse of faythe shall throughe my torments growe;
And counte those hopes that others hartes do ease,
Butt base conceites the common sense to please.

For sure I am I never shall attayne
  The happy good from whence my joys aryse;
Nor have I power my sorrows to refrayne,
  Butt wayle the wante when noughte ellse maye suffyse;
Wherebye my lyfe the shape of deathe muste beare,
That deathe which feeles the worst that lyfe doth feare.

But what avayles with tragicall complaynte,
  Not hopinge healpe, the Furyes to awake?
Or why should I the happy mynds aquaynte
  With doleful tunes, theyre settled peace to shake?
All ye that here behould Infortune's feare,
May judge noe woe may withe my gref compare.

And the alternating joys and sorrows of the lover are expressed in the song beginning:

I woulde it were not as it is,
Or that I cared not yea or no;
I woulde I thoughte it not amiss,
Or that amiss myghte blamleſs goo;
  I would I were, yet would I not;
  I myghte be gladd, yet coulde I not.

And he sums up the situation in:

Now griefe, now hope, now love, now spyghte,
Long sorrows mixte with shorte delyghte.

Nicholas Breton (1545?–1626?) was a prolific and versatile writer of works in prose and verse, pastoral, satirical, romantic, religious, and humorous. Of him little personally is known, save that his father, William Breton, a London merchant, left money and property for his education. William's widow married the poet Gascoigne, and Nicholas is said, on poor authority, to have studied at Oriel

College, Oxford. His *Works of a Young Wit* appeared in 1577; and a swift succession of small volumes proceeded from his pen—over a score in prose and about as many in verse; eight pieces with his name, comprising his first lyrics, are in *England's Helicon*, a notable poetical miscellany published in 1600, including contributions from Sidney, Spenser, Raleigh, Lodge, Marlowe, Watson, Greene, &c. He wrote far too much. His satire is less coarse but less effective than that of some contemporaries; his religious poems are disfigured by too fantastic conceits. *Wit's Trenchmour*, a prose idyl of angling, though named from an old merry dance, is one of his most notable pieces.

A Pastoral of Phillis and Coridon.

On a hill there growes a flower,
Faire befall the daintie sweet!
By that flower there is a bower,
Where the heavenly Muses meete.

In that bower there is a chaire,
Fringed all about with golde,
Where doth sit the fairest faire
That did ever eye beholde.

It is Phillis, fair and bright,
She that is the shepheards joy,
She that Venus did dispight,
And did blind her little boy.

There is she, the wise, the rich,
That the world desires to see;
This is *ipsa quæ*, the which
There is none but onely shee.

Who would not this face admire?
Who would not this saint adore?
Who would not this sight desire,
Though he thought to see no more?

O faire eyes, yet let me see
One good looke, and I am gone:
Looke on me, for I am hee,
Thy poor sillie Coridon.

Thou that art the shepheards queene,
Looke upon thy silly swaine;
By thy comfort have beene seene
Dead men brought to life againe.

Phillida and Coridon.

In the merry moneth of May
In a morne by breake of day,
Forth I walked by the wood-side,
Whenas May was in his pride:
There I spied all alone
Phillida and Coridon.
Much adoo there was, God wot!
He would love and she would not.
She sayd, Never man was true;
He sayd, None was false to you.
He sayd, He had loved her long;
She sayd, Love should have no wrong.
Coridon would kisse her then;
She sayd, Maides must kisse no men
Till they did for good and all;
Then she made the sheepheard call
All the heavens to witness truth—
Never loved a truer youth.
Thus with many a pretty oath,
Yea, and nay, faith and troth,
Such as seely sheepheards use
When they will not love abuse,
Love, which had beene long deluded,
Was with kisses sweete concluded;
And Phillida with garlands gay
Was made the Lady of the May.

A Sweet Lullabie.

Come, little babe, come, silly soule,
Thy father's shame, thy mother's griefe,
Borne as I doubt to all our dole,
And to thyself unhappie chiefe:
Sing lullabie and lap it warme,
Poore soule that thinkes no creature harme.

Thou little thinkst, and lesse doost knowe
The cause of this thy mother's moane;
Thou wantst the wit to waile her woe,
And I myselfe am all alone;
Why doost thou weepe? why doost thou waile
And knowest not yet what thou doost ayle.

Come, little wretch! Ah! silly heart,
Mine onely joy, what can I more?
If there be any wrong thy smart,
That may the destinies implore,
'Twas I, I say, against my will—
I wayle the time, but be thou still.

And doest thou smile? O thy sweete face!
Would God Himselfe He might thee see!
No doubt thou wouldst soone purchase grace,
I know right well, for thee and mee,
But come to mother, babe, and play,
For father false is fled away.

Sweet boy, if it by fortune chance
Thy father home againe to send,
If Death do strike me with his launce,
Yet mayest thou me to him commend:
If any aske thy mother's name,
Tell how by love she purchast blame.

Then will his gentle heart soone yeeld:
I know him of a noble minde:
Although a Lyon in the field,
A lamb in towne thou shalt him finde:
Aske blessing, babe, be not afrayde!
His sugred words hath me betrayde.

Then mayst thou joy and be right glad,
Although in woe I seeme to moane.
Thy father is no rascall lad:
A noble youth of blood and boane,
His glancing lookes, if he once smile,
Right honest women may beguile.

Come, little boy, and rocke a-sleepe!
Sing lullabie, and be thou still!
I, that can doe naught else but weepe,
Will sit by thee and waile my fill:
God blesse my babe, and lullabie,
From this thy father's quality.

pular and esteemed in the seventeenth century, ›n's work was forgotten in the eighteenth, till ›p Percy printed in the *Reliques* two of his s from *England's Helicon*. There was no ›n of his works in prose and verse till Dr art produced them for the 'Chertsey Library' ·77; another volume of new discoveries was d in 1893. Single works have been published ·ately — as *The Bower of Delights* in the abethan Library' in 1893, and *No Whippinge Trippinge* in 1896. Professor Saintsbury re-ed in his *Elizabethan and Jacobean Tracts* :) Breton's 'Pretie and Wittie Discourse be-ı Wit and Will,' which contains the 'Song een Wit and Will' and other amœbean strains een them, between Care and Misery, &c.

lward de Vere, EARL OF OXFORD (1550–, studied at Cambridge, succeeded his father venteenth earl in 1562, and, already a favoured ier, married Burghley's daughter in 1571. . He handsome, accomplished, foppish, luxurious, ›usly extravagant, and unbearably insolent and g-headed. He called Sidney a puppy, but not allowed by the queen to accept Sidney's enge. He was appointed to high offices, was al commissioner for the trial of Mary Queen ›cots, and acted as Lord Chamberlain at ·s I.'s coronation. But his estates had to be —his wealth was utterly squandered by his efulness—and Burghley had to provide for his ·y. Yet some twenty-three of his poems re-· to support the contemporary judgment that ·as one of the best of the courtier poets of ıbeth's early reign; they were printed in the *ılise of Dainty Devices* and other anthologies. enham illustrated his *English Poesie* with the best known, given below; Grosart printed all could be attributed to Oxford in his *Miscel-·s of the Fuller Worthy Library* (1872).

Fancy and Desire.

Come hither, shepherd's swaine!
  Sir, what doe ye require?
I pray thee shew to me thy name!
  My name is Fond Desire.

When werte thou borne, Desyre?
  In pryde and pompe of May.
By whom, sweet boy, wert thou begott?
  By selfe-conceyte, men say.

Tell me who was thy nourse?
  Freshe youthe, in sugred ioye,
What was thy meat and dayly food?
  Sad syghes and great annoye.

What haddest thou than to drincke? then
  Unfayned lovers' teares.
What cradle wert thou rocked in?
  In hope devoyde of feares.

What lulled thee to thy sleepe?
  Sweet thoughtes which lyked one beste.
And wher is now thy dwelling place?
  In gentle hearts I rest.

What thing doth please thee most?
  To gaze on beauty still.
Whom dost thou think to be thy foe?
  Disdayne of my good will.

Dothe companye displease?
  It dothe in manye one.
Where would Desyre than chuse to be? then
  He loves to muse alone.

Will ever age or death
  Bring thee unto decaye?
Noe, noe! Desyre both lives and dyes
  A thousande tymes a daye.

Then, fond Desyre, farewell!
  Thou art no mate for me;
I should be lothe methinks to dwell
  With such a one as thee.

Another short poem runs thus:

Doth sorrow fret thy soule? O direfull spirit.
Doth pleasure feed thy heart? O blessed man.
Hast thou bene happie once? O heavy plight.
Are thy mishaps forepast? O happie than.
Or hast thou blisse in eld? O blisse too late.
But hast thou blisse in youth? O sweet estate.

Thomas Watson (1557?–1592) was author of *Hecatompathia, or Passionate Centurie of Love* (1582), a series of sonnets; *Amyntæ Gaudia* (in Latin, 1585); *Italian Madrigals Englished* (1590), one of which is quoted above at page 274; *The Tears of Fancie* (1593). He translated the *Antigone* of Sophocles into Latin. In the *Hecatompathia*, 'a hundred passions,' a hundred eighteen-line poems called 'sonnets,' describe each a several passion; two of these are given below. But the lovemaking was as artificial as the record of it; though Watson ranks high among the 'amoretists.' Professor Arber reprinted the *Hecatompathia*, the *Tears of Fancie*, and some of Watson's other things (1870) in his 'English Reprints.'

When Maye is in his prime, and youthfull Spring
Doth cloath the tree with leaves and ground with flowres,
And time of yere reviveth every thing,
And lovely nature smiles and nothing lowres;
Then Philomela most doth straine her brest
With night-complaints, and sits in litle rest.
This birds estate I may compare with mine,
To whom fond Love doth worke such wrongs by day,
That in the night my heart must needes repine,
And storm with sighes to ease me as I may;
Whilst others are becalm'd or lye them still,
Or sayle secure with tide and winde at will.
And as all those which heare this bird complaine
Conceive in all her tunes a sweete delight,
Without remorse or pitying her payne;
So she, for whom I wayle both day and night,
Doth sport her selfe in hearing my complaint;
A just reward for serving such a saint!

Time wasteth yeeres, and months, and howrs;
Time doth consume fame, honour, witt, and strength;
Time kills the greenest herbes and sweetest flow'rs;
Time weares out Youth and Beauties lookes at length;
Time doth convey to ground both foe and friend,
And each thing els but Love, which hath no end.

Time maketh every tree to die and rott;
Time turneth ofte our pleasures into paine;
Time causeth warres and wronges to be forgott;
Time cleares the skie which first hung full of rayne;
Time makes an end of all humane desire,
But onely this which setts my heart on fire.
Time turneth into naught each princely state;
Time brings a fludd from newe resolved snowe:
Time calmes the sea where tempest was of late;
Time eates whate'er the moone can see belowe;
And yet no time prevails in my behove,
Nor any time can make me cease to love!

Henry Constable (1562–1613), poet, the son of Sir Robert Constable of Newark, at sixteen entered St John's College, Cambridge, early turned Catholic, and betook himself to Paris. He was an active Catholic negotiator, conducted a mission to James VI. at Edinburgh (without result) on behalf of the papal powers, and was by-and-by pensioned by the French king. But he maintained his political loyalty, though on his return to England in 1604 he was for a few months confined in the Tower. He died at Liége. In 1592 was published his *Diana*, a collection of twenty-three sonnets; two years later, the second edition, containing seventy-six, but some of these were by his friend Sir Philip Sidney and other poets. 'The Shepheards Song of Venus and Adonis,' one of four pastoral poems contributed by him to *England's Helicon*, was thought by Malone and others to have suggested Shakespeare's *Venus and Adonis*. See W. C. Hazlitt's edition of his works (1859), and J. Gray's (1897). The following is one of Constable's sonnets:

My ladies presence makes the Roses red,
because to see her lips they blush for shame;
the lyllies leaves for envie pale became,
and her white hands in them this envie bred.
The Marigold the leaves abroad doth spred,
because the sunnes and her power are the same;
the Violet of purple cullour came,
dyed in the blood shee made my hart to shed.
In briefe all flowers from her their vertue take;
from her sweet breath their sweet smels do proceede;
the living heate which her eye beames doth make
warmeth the ground and quickeneth the seede:
The raine wherewith shee watereth the flowers
Falls from mine eyes which she dissolves in showers.

Venus and Adonis begins thus:

Venus fair did ride,
Silver doves they drew her,
By the pleasant lawnds
Ere the sun did rise;
Vestas beauty rich
Open'd wide to view her;
Philomel records
Pleasing harmonies.

Barnabe Barnes (1569?–1609), son of the Bishop of Durham, approved himself a true poet, but had been well-nigh forgotten when in 1875 Dr Grosart reprinted his poems—*Parthenophil*, containing 'sonnets, madrigals, elegies and odes,' by far his best work, and a collection of *Spirituall Sonnetts*. He also wrote an unpleasant tragedy, *The Devil's Charter*, and a treatise on political offices and duties; as a friend and collaborator of Gabriel Harvey, he suffered at the hands of Nash and his allies; and see below at Shakespeare, page 364. Professor Arber included *Parthenophil* in his *English Garner* (vol. v. 1882). This 'echo sonnet' from *Parthenophil* shows Barnes perhaps at his worst, but is a fair specimen of the uncouth and inartistic artificialities to which writers of really fine verse sometimes condescended (*rew* being a form of 'row,' and here presumably meaning 'rank'):

What be those hairs dyed like the marigold?
Echo: Gold!
What is that brow whose frown makes many moan?
Anemone!
What were her eyes when they great lords controlled?
Rolled!
What be they when from them loves thrown?
Love's throne!
What be her cheeks (when blushes rose) like?
Rose-like!
What are those lips which 'bove pearls' rew be?
Ruby!
Her ivory shoulders, what be those like?
Those like!
What saints are like her! speak, if you be?
Few be!
Thou dwellst in rocks, hart-like somewhat, then?
What then?
And rocks dwell in her heart, is 't true?
'Tis true!
Whom she loves best, know this cannot men.
Not men!
Pass him she loathes! Then I dismiss you.
Miss you!
What's sex to whom men sue so vain much?
Vain much!
Furies their fires, and I complain such?
Plain such!

Lord Vaux and **Nicholas Grimoald** were amongst the contributors to Tottel's 'Miscellany.' Other sonneteers and minor poets of the period were: **William Percy** (1575–1648), third son of the eighth Earl of Northumberland, a fellow-student at Oxford and close friend of Barnes's, who produced in 1594 a volume of sonnets called *Cœlia*.—**Henry Lok**, or **Locke** (1553?–1608?), son of a London mercer, published upwards of three hundred sonnets on Christian Passions, Conscience, and the like, which show more piety than poetry, and his sixty secular ones are hardly more valuable. He also versified Ecclesiastes and some of the Psalms.—**B. Griffin**—probably Bartholomew Griffin—who published in 1596 a collection of sixty-two sonnets called *Fidessa*, some of them admirable. He may have been an attorney, but the facts of his life are little known.—**Richard Linche**, or **Lynche**, who wrote two unimportant prose works, is believed to have been the R. L. who in 1596 published a collection of thirty-eight sonnets somewhat unequal in quality.—**William Smith**, another Spenserian sonneteer, is remembered chiefly for his collection of over fifty sonnets called *Chloris*, published in 1596.

Richard Hooker.

Richard Hooker, one of the great glories of the English Church, was born in Exeter in March 1554, of a family originally called Vowell, his uncle being city chamberlain (see the article on Holinshed). At school he displayed so much aptitude for learning and gentleness of disposition that, having been recommended to Jewel, Bishop of Salisbury, he was sent by him to Oxford. At the university he studied with ardour and success. Sandys, Bishop of London, put his son under Hooker's care. Another of his pupils was George Cranmer, a grand-nephew of the archbishop; and with both these young men he formed a close and enduring friendship. In 1579 his skill in Oriental languages led to his temporary appointment as deputy-professor of Hebrew; and two years later he entered into holy orders. Not long after this he had the misfortune to be led into a marriage which proved a constant source of annoyance to him during life. The tale is told by his biographer, Izaak Walton, whose picture of the saintly and simple-minded theologian is one of the most perfect things in English biography. But it must be remembered that Walton did not sketch from life: Keble pointed out that the excessive meekness and simplicity of the sketch hardly harmonise with the insight, incisiveness, and humour shown in Hooker's works. Dean Paget thinks there are but a few grains of truth in the gossip Walton got from Hooker's pupils Sandys and Cranmer; but there seems no doubt Mrs Hooker was a shrew from whom her husband got little sympathy. Appointed to preach at Paul's Cross in London, Hooker put up at a house set apart for the reception of the preachers. On his arrival there from Oxford he was wet and weary, but received so much kindness and attention from the hostess that, according to Walton, 'he thought himself bound in conscience to believe all that she said. So the good man came to be persuaded by her that he was a man of a tender constitution; and that it was best for him to have a wife, that might prove a nurse to him—such a one as might both prolong his life, and make it more comfortable; and such a one she could and would provide for him, if he thought fit to marry.' Hooker authorising her to select a wife for him, she not unnaturally selected her own daughter, 'a silly, clownish woman, and withal a mere Xantippe.' With this helpmate he led but an uncomfortable life, though apparently in a spirit of resignation. When visited by Sandys and Cranmer at the Buckinghamshire rectory to which he had been presented in 1584, he was found by them reading Horace and tending sheep in the absence of his servant. In his house they received little entertainment except from his conversation; and even this Mrs Hooker did not fail to disturb, by calling him away to rock the cradle, and by exhibiting such other shrewish dispositions as made them glad to depart on the following morning. In taking leave, Cranmer expressed his regret at the smallness of Hooker's income and the uncomfortable state of his domestic affairs; to which the worthy man replied, 'My dear George, if saints have usually a double share in the miseries of this life, I, that am none, ought not to repine at what my wise Creator hath appointed for me, but labour—as indeed I do daily—to submit mine to His will, and possess my soul in patience and peace.' On his return to London, Sandys made a strong appeal to his father in behalf of Hooker, the result of which was the appointment of the meek divine, in 1585, to the office of Master of the Temple. He accordingly removed to London, and commenced his labours as forenoon preacher. Now, the afternoon lecturer was Walter Travers, a man of great learning and eloquence, but a Puritan and high Calvinist, whereas Hooker's views, both on church-government and theology, were 'judicious' and moderate. The consequence was that 'the forenoon sermons spoke Canterbury, and the afternoon Geneva;' Travers sometimes even expressly denounced the latitudinarianism of his colleague; and in consequence of these controversies Whitgift suspended Travers from preaching. Travers appealed to the Council with charges against Hooker's doctrine; and Hooker answered conclusively. But to Hooker the personal controversy was so vexatious that he strongly expressed to the archbishop his wish to retire into the country, where he might live in peace and have leisure to finish his treatise *Of the Laws of Ecclesiastical Polity*. A letter he wrote to the archbishop shows his temper and aim:

RICHARD HOOKER.
(After Hollar.)

My Lord—When I lost the freedom of my cell, which was my college; yet I found some degree of it in my

quiet country parsonage; but I am weary of the noise and oppositions of this place, and indeed God and nature did not intend me for contentions, but for study and quietness. And, my lord, my particular contests here with Mr Travers have proved the more unpleasant to me, because I believe him to be a good man; and that belief hath occasioned me to examine mine own conscience concerning his opinions; and to satisfy that, I have consulted the holy Scripture and other laws, both human and divine, whether the conscience of him and others of his judgment ought to be so far complied with by us as to alter our frame of Church-government, our manner of God's worship, our praising and praying to him, and our established ceremonies, as often as their tender consciences shall require us: and in this examination I have not only satisfied myself, but have begun a Treatise in which I intend the satisfaction of others, by a demonstration of the reasonableness of the Laws of our Ecclesiastical Polity; in which design God and his holy Angels shall at the last great day bear me that witness which my conscience now does; that my meaning is not to provoke any, but rather to satisfy all tender consciences, and I shall never be able to do this but where I may study, and pray for God's blessing upon my endeavours, and keep myself in peace and privacy, and behold God's blessing spring out of my mother earth, and eat my own bread without oppositions; and therefore, if your Grace can judge me worthy of such a favour, let me beg it, that I may perfect what I have begun.

In consequence of this appeal, Hooker was presented in 1591 to the rectory of Boscombe, in Wiltshire; there he finished four books of his treatise (printed in 1594). He became sub-dean and prebendary of Sarum, and in 1595 was presented to the rectory of Bishopsbourne, in Kent. Here he wrote the fifth book, published in 1597, and on 2nd November 1600 he died. The sixth and eighth books appeared in 1648; the seventh in 1662. Doubts were raised as to the genuineness of the sixth book; it is certainly out of keeping with the general plan of the work, but Keble had no doubt it was substantially Hooker's work, though not designed as part of the Polity. The seventh and eighth books were probably written from Hooker's notes by Gauden, the editor or author of the *Eikon Basilike.*

Hooker's *Ecclesiastical Polity* is an unsurpassed masterpiece of reasoning and eloquence; its diction majestic, sonorous, and rhythmical. But the style is eminently Latinised, and so at times somewhat rhetorical and artificial; and the sentences are not seldom intolerably long, with inconvenient breaks and parentheses. 'So stately and graceful is the march of his periods,' said Hallam, 'so various the fall of his musical cadences upon the ear, so rich in images, so condensed in sentences, so grave and noble his diction, so little is there of vulgarity in his racy idiom, of pedantry in his learned phrase, that I know not whether any later writer has more admirably displayed the capacities of our language, or produced passages more worthy of comparison with the splendid monuments of antiquity.'

The argument against Roman Catholics and Puritans alike is conducted by Hooker with rare moderation and candour, and on broad general principles, not on detached texts or interpretations of Scripture. The fundamental idea is the unity and all-embracing character of law as the manifestation of the divine order of the universe, the outward expression of the mind of God, identical with reason. 'It was a kind of maxim among the Puritans that Scripture was so much the exclusive rule of human actions, that whatever, in matters at least concerning religion, could not be found to have its authority, was unlawful. Hooker devoted the whole second book of his work to the refutation of this principle. He proceeded afterwards to attack its application, more particularly to the episcopal scheme of church-government, and to the various ceremonies or usages which those sectaries treated as either absolutely superstitious, or at least as impositions without authority. It was maintained by this great writer, not only that ritual observances are variable according to the discretion of ecclesiastical rulers, but that no certain form of polity is set down in Scripture as generally indispensable for a Christian church.' The guide of human conduct is not Scripture alone, but the concurrent instruction of all the sources of knowledge Providence has put at man's command. The work is not a vast controversial pamphlet, but a monument of massive logic and masterly philosophical thought—one of the earliest and greatest in the English tongue. It is fair to say that to the *Ecclesiastical Polity* of the 'judicious Hooker' Anglican theology owes the tone and direction which largely still characterise it. 'It is claimed for this great book,' Dean Paget says, 'that it first revealed to the nation what English prose might be. It is significant that even those who censured him felt that somehow he stood apart, and that later ages have looked back to him as eminent even in the period of Spenser, of Shakespeare, and of Bacon.'

There is a preface—not too conciliatory—to them that 'seek (as they term it) the reformation of the laws and orders ecclesiastical in the Church of England,' which begins thus:

Though for no other cause, yet for this; that posterity may know we have not loosely through silence permitted things to pass away as in a dream, there shall be for men's information extant thus much concerning the present state of the Church of God established amongst us, and their careful endeavour which would have upheld the same. At your hands, beloved in our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ (for in him the love which we bear unto all that would but seem to be born of him, it is not the sea of your gall and bitterness that shall ever drown), I have no great cause to look for other than the selfsame portion and lot, which your manner hath been hitherto to lay on them that concur not in opinion and sentence with you. But our hope is, that the God of peace shall (notwithstanding man's nature too impatient of contumelious malediction) enable us quietly and even gladly to suffer all things, for that work sake which we covet to perform. [He tells the malcontents by whom 'their dis-

cipline was planted.'] A founder it had, whom, for mine own part, I think incomparably the wisest man that ever the French church did enjoy, since the hour it enjoyed him. His bringing up was in the study of the civil law. Divine knowledge he gathered, not by hearing or reading so much, as by teaching others. For, though thousands were debtors to him, as touching knowledge in that kind; yet he to none but only to God, the author of that most blessed fountain, the Book of Life, and of the admirable dexterity of wit, together with the helps of other learning which were his guides: till being occasioned to leave France, he fell at the length upon Geneva; which city the bishop and clergy thereof had a little before (as some do affirm) forsaken, being of likelihood frighted with the people's sudden attempt for abolishment of Popish religion: the event of which enterprise they thought it not safe for themselves to wait for in that place. At the coming of Calvin thither, the form of their civil regiment was popular, as it continueth at this day: neither king, nor duke, nor nobleman of any authority or power over them, but officers chosen by the people yearly out of themselves, to order all things with public consent. For spiritual government, they had no laws at all agreed upon, but did what the pastors of their souls by persuasion could win them unto. Calvin, being admitted one of their preachers, and a divinity reader amongst them, considered how dangerous it was that the whole estate of that church should hang still on so slender a thread, as the liking of an ignorant multitude is, if it have power to change whatsoever itself listeth. [And so he expounds the Calvinistic system, as he conceived it.]

The Nature and Majesty of Law.

And if any complain of obscurity, they must consider that in these matters it cometh no otherwise to pass than in sundry the works both of art and also of nature, where that which hath greatest force in the very things we see, is notwithstanding itself oftentimes not seen. The stateliness of houses, the goodliness of trees, when we behold them, delighteth the eye; but that foundation which beareth up the one, that root which ministereth unto the other nourishment and life, is in the bosom of the earth concealed; and if there be at any time occasion to search into it, such labour is then more necessary than pleasant, both to them which undertake it and for the lookers on. In like manner the use and benefit of good laws all that live under them may enjoy with delight and comfort, albeit the grounds and first original causes from whence they have sprung be unknown, as to the greatest part of men they are. But when they who withdraw their obedience pretend that the laws which they should obey are corrupt and vicious; for better examination of their quality, it behoveth the very foundation and root, the highest well-spring and fountain of them, to be discovered. Which because we are not oftentimes accustomed to do, when we do it, the pains we take are more needful a great deal than acceptable; and the matters which we handle seem by reason of newness (till the mind grow better acquainted with them) dark, intricate, and unfamiliar. . . .

And because the point about which we strive is the quality of our laws, our first entrance hereinto cannot better be made than with consideration of the nature of law in general. . . .

All things that are have some operation not violent or casual. Neither doth anything ever begin to exercise the same without some fore-conceived end for which it worketh. And the end which it worketh for is not obtained, unless the work be also fit to obtain it by. For unto every end every operation will not serve. That which doth assign unto each thing the kind, that which doth moderate the force and power, that which doth appoint the form and measure of working, the same we term a Law. So that no certain end could ever be obtained unless the actions whereby it is obtained were regular, that is to say, made suitable, fit, and correspondent unto their end by some canon, rule, or law. Which thing doth first take place in the works even of God himself. (From Book i. chap. 1.)

Dangerous it were for the feeble brain of man to wade far into the doings of the Most High; whom although to know be life, and joy to make mention of his name; yet our soundest knowledge is to know that we know him not as indeed he is, neither can know him: and our safest eloquence concerning him is our silence, when we confess without confession, that his glory is inexplicable, his greatness above our capacity and reach. He is above, and we upon earth; therefore it behoveth our words to be wary and few. (From Book i. chap. 2.)

Moses in describing the work of creation attributeth speech unto God: 'God said, let there be light; let there be a firmament: let the waters under the heaven be gathered together into one place; let the earth bring forth; let there be lights in the firmament of heaven.' Was this only the intent of Moses, to signify the infinite greatness of God's power by the easiness of his accomplishing such effects, without travail, pain, or labour? Surely it seemeth that Moses had herein besides this a further purpose, namely, first to teach that God did not work as a necessary, but a voluntary agent, intending beforehand and decreeing with himself that which did outwardly proceed from him; secondly, to shew that God did then institute a law natural to be observed by creatures, and therefore, according to the manner of laws, the institution thereof is described as being established by solemn injunction. His commanding those things to be which are, and to be in such sort as they are, to keep that tenure and course which they do, importeth the establishment of nature's law. This world's first creation, and the preservation since of things created, what is it but only so far forth a manifestation by execution, what the eternal law of God is concerning things natural? And as it cometh to pass in a kingdom rightly ordered that after a law is once published it presently takes effect far and wide, all states framing themselves thereunto; even so let us think it fareth in the natural course of the world: since the time that God did first proclaim the edicts of his law upon it, heaven and earth have hearkened unto his voice, and their labour hath been to do his will. He 'made a law for the rain,' he gave his 'decree unto the sea, that the waters should not pass his commandment.' Now, if nature should intermit her course, and leave altogether, though it were but for a while, the observation of her own laws; if those principal and mother elements of the world, whereof all things in this lower world are made, should lose the qualities which now they have; if the frame of that heavenly arch erected over our heads should loosen and dissolve itself; if celestial spheres should forget their wonted motions, and by irregular volubility turn themselves any way as it might happen; if the prince

of the lights of heaven, which now as a giant doth run his unwearied course, should, as it were through a languishing faintness, begin to stand and to rest himself; if the moon should wander from her beaten way, the times and seasons of the year blend themselves by disordered and confused mixture, the winds breathe out their last gasp, the clouds yield no rain, the earth be defeated of heavenly influence, the fruits of the earth pine away as children at the withered breasts of their mother, no longer able to yield them relief: what would become of man himself, whom these things now do all serve? See we not plainly that obedience of creatures unto the law of nature is the stay of the whole world?

(From Book i. chap. 3.)

Wherefore that here we may briefly end: Of Law there can be no less acknowledged than that her seat is the bosom of God, her voice the harmony of the world: all things in heaven and earth do her homage; the very least as feeling her care, and the greatest as not exempted from her power: both Angels and men, and creatures of what condition soever, though each in different sort and manner, yet all with uniform consent, admiring her as the mother of their peace and joy.

(From Book i. chap. 18.)

Scripture and the Law of Nature.

What the Scripture purposeth, the same in all points it doth perform. Howbeit that here we swerve not in judgment, one thing especially we must observe; namely, that the absolute perfection of Scripture is seen by relation unto that end whereto it tendeth. And even hereby it cometh to pass that first such as imagine the general and main drift of the body of sacred Scripture not to be so large as it is, nor that God did thereby intend to deliver, as in truth he doth, a full instruction in all things unto salvation necessary, the knowledge whereof man by nature could not otherwise in this life attain unto; they are by this very mean induced either still to look for new revelations from heaven, or else dangerously to add to the Word of God uncertain tradition, that so the doctrine of man's salvation may be complete; which doctrine we constantly hold in all respects without any such things added to be so complete that we utterly refuse as much as once to acquaint ourselves with anything further. Whatsoever to make up the doctrine of man's salvation is added, as in supply of the Scripture's unsufficiency, we reject it; Scripture purposing this, hath perfectly and fully done it. Again, the scope and purpose of God in delivering the holy Scripture, such as do take more largely than behoveth, they, on the contrary, side-racking and stretching it further than by him was meant, are drawn into sundry as great inconveniences. These pretending the Scripture's perfection, infer thereupon that in Scripture all things lawful to be done must needs be contained. We count those things perfect which want nothing requisite for the end whereto they were instituted. As therefore God created every part and particle of man exactly perfect, that is to say in all points sufficient unto that use for which he appointed it; so the Scripture, yea, every sentence thereof, is perfect, and wanteth nothing requisite unto that purpose for which God delivered the same. So that, if hereupon we conclude that because the Scripture is perfect, therefore all things lawful to be done are comprehended in the Scripture; we may even as well conclude so of every sentence, as of the whole sum and body thereof, unless we first of all prove that it was the drift, scope, and purpose of Almighty God in Holy Scripture to comprise all things which man may practise. But admit this, and mark, I beseech you, what would follow. God, in delivering Scripture to his Church, should clean have abrogated among them the Law of Nature, which is an infallible knowledge imprinted in the minds of all the children of men, whereby both general principles for directing of human actions are comprehended, and conclusions derived from them; upon which conclusions groweth in particularity the choice of good and evil in the daily affairs of this life. Admit this, and what shall the Scripture be but a snare and a torment to weak consciences, filling them with infinite perplexities, scrupulosities, doubts insoluble, and extreme despairs? Not that the Scripture itself doth cause any such thing (for it tendeth to the clean contrary, and the fruit thereof is resolute assurance and certainty in that it teacheth), but the necessities of this life urging men to do that which the light of nature, common discretion, and judgment of itself directeth them unto; on the other side, this doctrine teaching them that so to do were to sin against their own souls, and that they put forth their hands to iniquity, whatsoever they go about, and have not first the sacred Scripture of God for direction; how can it choose but bring the simple a thousand times to their wits' end; how can it choose but vex and amaze them? For in every action of common life to find out some sentence clearly and infallibly setting before our eyes what we ought to do (seem we in Scripture never so expert) would trouble us more than we are aware. In weak and tender minds we little know what misery this strict opinion would breed, besides the stops it would make in the whole course of all men's lives and actions. Make all things sin which we do by direction of nature's light, and by the rule of common discretion, without thinking at all upon Scripture; admit this position, and parents shall cause their children to sin, as oft as they cause them to do anything, before they come to years of capacity and be ripe for knowledge in the Scripture; admit this, and it shall not be with masters as it was with him in the gospel, but servants being commanded to go, shall stand still till they have their errand warranted unto them by Scripture. Which, as it standeth with Christian duty in some cases, so in common affairs to require it were most unfit.

(From Book ii. chap. 8.)

Defence of Reason.

But so it is, the name of the light of nature is made hateful with men; the 'star of reason and learning,' and all other suchlike helps, beginneth no otherwise to be thought of than if it were an unlucky comet; or as if God had so accursed it, that it should never shine or give light in things concerning our duty any way towards him, but be esteemed as that star in the Revelation, called Wormwood, which being fallen from heaven maketh rivers and waters in which it falleth so bitter that men tasting them die thereof. A number there are who think they cannot admire as they ought the power and authority of the Word of God, if in things divine they should attribute any force to man's reason. For which cause they never use reason so willingly as to disgrace reason. Their usual and common discourses are unto this effect. First, 'the natural man perceiveth not the things of the Spirit of God, for they are foolish-

ness unto him; neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned.' . . . By these and the like disputes an opinion hath spread itself very far in the world, as if the way to be ripe in faith were to be raw in wit and judgment; as if Reason were an enemy unto Religion, childish Simplicity the mother of ghostly and Divine Wisdom. . . .

To our purpose it is sufficient that whosoever doth serve, honour, and obey God, whosoever believeth in him, that man would no more do this than innocents and infants do, but for the light of natural reason that shineth in him, and maketh him apt to apprehend those things of God, which being by grace discovered, are effectual to persuade reasonable minds and none other, that honour, obedience, and credit belong aright unto God. No man cometh unto God to offer him sacrifice, to pour out supplications and prayers before him, or to do him any service, which doth not first believe him both to be, and to be a rewarder of them who in such sort seek unto him. Let men be taught this either by revelation from heaven, or by instruction upon earth; by labour, study, and meditation, or by the only secret inspiration of the Holy Ghost; whatsoever the mean be they know it by, if the knowledge thereof were possible without discourse of natural reason, why should none be found capable thereof but only men; nor men till such time as they come unto ripe and full ability to work by reasonable understanding? The whole drift of the Scripture of God, what is it but only to teach Theology? Theology, what is it but the science of things divine? What science can be attained unto without the help of natural discourse and reason? 'Judge ye of that which I speak,' saith the apostle. In vain it were to speak anything of God, but that by reason men are able somewhat to judge of that they hear, and by discourse to discern how consonant it is to truth. Scripture, indeed, teacheth things above nature, things which our reason by itself could not reach unto. Yet those also we believe, knowing by reason that the Scripture is the word of God. . . .

The thing we have handled according to the question moved about it; which question is, whether the light of reason be so pernicious that, in devising laws for the church, men ought not by it to search what may be fit and convenient. For this cause therefore we have endeavoured to make it appear how in the nature of reason itself there is no impediment, but that the self-same spirit which revealeth the things that God hath set down in his law, may also be thought to aid and direct men in finding out by the light of reason what laws are expedient to be made for the guiding of his church, over and besides them that are in Scripture.

(From Book iii. chaps. 8. and 9.)

Keble's edition of Hooker (1836; 7th ed. revised by Church and Paget, 1888) superseded all earlier ones; it comprised Walton's *Life* and a full introduction by Keble. See also Dean Paget's *Introduction to the Fifth Book of Hooker's Ecclesiastical Polity* (1899).

Henry Smith (1550?–1591) was called by contemporaries the 'silver-tongued Smith,' and esteemed the 'prime preacher of the nation;' and Anthony Wood records him as the 'miracle and wonder of his age' for eloquence in the pulpit. He was the son of a gentleman of good estate in Leicestershire, studied at Lincoln College, Oxford, and, drawn into church work in spite of difficulties about subscription, became a 'lecturer' at St Clement Danes in London. He was suspended for Puritanism, but restored as being in full sympathy with the Church in faith and doctrine, though doubtful about minor details of discipline. His sermons, remarkable as specimens of English prose, have been commended as specially 'free from the besetting vices of the age—vulgarity and quaintness and affected learning.' The following passage on the two consciences is from Smith's famous sermon on 'The Betraying of Christ':

If we would judge ourselves, we should not be judged. Be not deceived; for sin doth not end as it begins. When the terrors of Judas come upon the soul, the tongue cannot hide his sins; for despair and horror will not be smothered; but he which hath Saul's spirit haunting him, will rage as Saul did. There is a warning conscience, and a gnawing conscience. The warning conscience cometh before sin; the gnawing conscience followeth after sin. The warning conscience is often lulled asleep; but the gnawing conscience wakeneth her again. If there be any hell in this world, they which feel the worm of conscience gnaw upon their hearts, may truly say that they have felt the torments of hell. Who can express that man's horror but himself? Nay, what horrors are there which he cannot express himself? Sorrows are met in his soul at a feast; and fear, thought, and anguish divide his soul between them. All the furies of hell leap upon his heart like a stage. Thought calleth to fear, fear whistleth to horror, horror beckoneth to despair, and saith, Come and help me to torment this sinner. One saith that she cometh from this sin, and another saith that she cometh from that sin; so he goeth through a thousand deaths and cannot die. Irons are laid upon his body like a prisoner: all his lights are put out at once: he hath no soul fit to be comforted. Thus he lies as it were upon the rack, and saith that he bears the world upon his shoulders, and that no man suffereth that which he suffereth. So let him lie (saith God) without ease, until he confess and repent, and call for mercy. This is the goodly way which the serpent said would make you gods, and made him a devil. Therefore at the last learn the sleight of Satan in this wretched traitor. His subtilties are well called the depths of Satan; for he is so deep that few can sound him.

Richard Hakluyt (1552?–1616) was a laborious compiler, to whom the world is indebted for the preservation of narratives which might otherwise have fallen into oblivion, especially on the maritime adventures and discoveries of his countrymen. Hakluyt came of a family originally Dutch but settled for two centuries in Herefordshire (where the name was spelt in many ways, including Hacklewight!), and received his elementary education at Westminster School. He afterwards studied at Christ Church, Oxford, where he engaged in an extensive course of reading in various languages, on geographical and nautical subjects; he was appointed to lecture at Oxford on cosmography and the collateral sciences, and carried on a correspondence with those celebrated Continental geographers, Ortelius and Mercator. For five years he was in Paris as chaplain to the English ambassador, during which

time he cultivated the acquaintance of persons eminent for their knowledge of geography and maritime history. On his return from France in 1588, Sir Walter Raleigh appointed him one of the society of counsellors, assistants, and adventurers, to whom he assigned his patent for the prosecution of discoveries in America. He was in 1590 made rector of Wetheringsett, in Suffolk; was prebendary and archdeacon of Westminster, and chaplain of the Savoy; and was buried in Westminster Abbey. In 1582 and 1584 he had published two small collections of voyages to America; but these are included in a much larger work in three volumes, which he published in 1599, entitled *The Principall Navigations, Voiages, Traffiques, and Discoveries of the English Nation, made by Sea or over Land, to the Remote and Farthest Distant Quarters of the Earth, at any Time within the Compass of these 1500 Years.* In the first volume are contained voyages to the north and north-east; the true state of Iceland; the defeat of the Spanish Armada; the expedition under the Earl of Essex to Cadiz, &c. In the second he relates voyages to the south and south-east; and in the third, expeditions to North America, the West Indies, and round the world. Narratives are given of nearly two hundred and twenty voyages, besides many relative documents, such as patents, instructions, and letters. To this collection all the subsequent compilers in this department have been largely indebted. In the preliminary essay on the history of navigation prefixed to Churchill's *Collection of Voyages*, of which John Locke was—on doubtful grounds—said to be the author (though he certainly helped in collecting the material), Hakluyt's collection is spoken of as 'valuable for the good there to be picked out: but it might be wished the author had been less voluminous, delivering what was really authentic and useful, and not stuffing his work with so many stories taken upon trust, so many trading voyages that have nothing new in them, so many warlike exploits not at all pertinent to his undertaking, and such a multitude of articles, charters, privileges, letters, relations, and other things little to the purpose of travels and discoveries.' These documentary authentications would now be thought in nowise irrelevant or out of place in such a work. And when Froude called Hakluyt's *Navigations* 'the prose epic of the modern English nation,' he was probably rejoicing as much in these same warlike exploits the philosophical editor disapproved as in the more purely exploratory adventures. The poetry of this epic, it should be added, lies rather in the facts themselves than in any creative effort of Hakluyt's. For he keeps himself studiously in the background, and wrote little in his own name; though he could, and did, write admirably—witness his preface; and doubtless many of the narratives he professes to give in the writers' words owe much to his editorial pen, systematising and abridging in his own excellent English. He issued a second edition in 1598–1600. A new edition (5 vols., 4to, 1809–12) containing a supplement of tales collected by Hakluyt was added. He translated French voyages to Florida, and, from the Portuguese, the travels of Ferdinand de Soto, in what was then called Virginia. His papers came into the hands of Purchas, and were used for the *Pilgrims;* and the Hakluyt Society was founded in 1846 for publishing the records of early voyages and travels. Like most English historical writers of the time, Hakluyt begins his *Navigations* with a few fables, in sharp contrast to the conscientiously realistic and authentic records of which all but the first two or three voyages consist. The first, unhappily, is a purely mythical 'Voyage of Arthur, King of Britaine, to Island and the most north-eastern parts of Europe, Anno 517,' taken, like the second, the voyage of Malgo, an even less-known British king, from Geoffrey of Monmouth and other Latin chroniclers. Real history begins in the fourth and fifth with stories from Bede. Octher's (Ohthere's, see page 20) is the fifth voyage. The following is part of Hakluyt's own preface:

For (to conteine myselfe onely within the bounds of this present discourse, and in the midst thereof to begin) wil it not in all posteritie be as great a renowme unto our English nation, to have bene the first discoverers of a Sea beyond the North cape (never certainly knowen before) and of a convenient passage into the huge Empire of Russia by the bay of S. Nicholas and the river of Duina, as for the Portugales to have found a Sea beyond the Cape of Buona Esperanza, and so consequently a passage by Sea into the East Indies; or for the Italians and Spaniards to have discovered unknowen landes so many hundred leagues Westward and South-westward of the streits of Gibraltar, & of the pillers of Hercules? Be it granted that the renowmed Portugale Vasques de Gama traversed the maine Ocean Southward of Africke: Did not Richard Chanceler and his mates performe the like Northward of Europe? Suppose that Columbus that noble and high-spirited Genuois escried unknowen landes to the Westward of Europe and Africke: Did not the valiant English knight sir Hugh Willoughby; did not the famous Pilots Stephen Burrough, Arthur Pet, and Charles Jackman accoast Nova Zembla, Colgoieve, and Vaigatz to the North of Europe and Asia? Howbeit you will say perhaps, not with the like golden successe, not with such deductions of Colonies, nor attaining of conquests. True it is that our successe hath not bene correspondent unto theirs: yet in this our attempt the uncertaintie of finding was farre greater, and the difficultie and danger of searching was no whit lesse. For hath not Herodotus (a man for his time, most skilfull and judicial in Cosmographie, who writ above 2000 yeeres ago) in his 4. booke called Melpomene, signified unto the Portugales in plaine termes, that Africa, except the small Isthmus between the Arabian gulfe and the Mediterran sea, was on all sides environed with the Ocean? And for the further confirmation thereof, doth he not make mention of one Neco an Ægyptian King, who (for trials sake) sent a fleet of Phœnicians downe the Red sea; who setting forth in Autumne and sailing Southward till they had the Sunne at noonetide upon

their sterbourd (that is to say, having crossed the Æquinoctial and the Southerne tropique) after a long navigation, directed their course to the North, and in the space of 3 yeeres environed all Africk, passing home through the Gaditan streites, and arriving in Ægypt? And doth not Plinie tel them that Noble Hanno, in the flourishing time and estate of Carthage, sailed from Gades in Spaine to the coast of Arabia Fœlix, and put downe his whole journall in writing? Doth he not make mention that in the time of Augustus Cæsar, the wracke of certaine Spanish ships was found floating in the Arabian gulfe? And, not to be over tedious in alleaging of testimonies, doth not Strabo in the 2. booke of his Geography, together with Cornelius Nepos and Plinie in the place beforenamed, agree all in one, that one Eudoxus fleeing from king Lathyrus, and valing [dropping] downe the Arabian bay, sailed along, doubled the Southern point of Africk, and at length arrived at Gades? And what should I speake of the Spaniards? Was not divine Plato (who lived so many ages ago, and plainely described their West Indies under the name of Atlantis) was not he (I say) instead of a Cosmographer unto them? Were not those Carthaginians mentioned by Aristotle *lib. de admirabil. auscult.* their forerunners? And had they not Columbus to stirre them up, and pricke them forward unto their Westerne discoveries; yea, to be their chiefe loads-man and Pilot? Sithens therefore these two worthy Nations had those bright lampes of learning (I meane the most ancient and best Philosophers, Historiographers and Geographers) to shewe them light; and the load-starre of experience (to wit those great exploits and voyages layed up in store and recorded) whereby to shape their course: what great attempt might they not presume to undertake? But alas our English nation, at the first setting foorth for their Northeasterne discovery, were either altogether destitute of such cleare lights and inducements, or if they had any inkling at all, it was as misty as they found the Northren seas, and so obscure and ambiguous, that it was meet rather to deterre them, then to give them encouragement.

But besides the foresaid uncertaintie, into what dangers and difficulties they plunged themselves, *Animus meminisse horret*, I tremble to recount. For first they were to expose themselves unto the rigour of the sterne and uncouth Northren seas, and to make triall of the swelling waves and boistrous winds which there commonly do surge and blow: then were they to saile by the ragged and perilous coast of Norway, to frequent the unhaunted shoares of Finmark, to double the dreadfull and misty North cape, to beare with Willoughbies land, to run along within kenning of the Countreys of Lapland and Corelia, and as it were to open and unlocke the sevenfold mouth of Duina. Moreover, in their Northeasterly Navigations, upon the seas and by the coasts of Condora, Colgoieve, Petzora, Joughoria, Samoedia, Nova Zembla, &c., and their passing and returne through the streits of Vaigats, unto what drifts of snow and mountaines of yce even in June, July, and August, unto what hideous overfals, uncertaine currents, darke mistes and fogs, and divers other fearefull inconveniences they were subject and in danger of. I wish you rather to learne out of the voyages of sir Hugh Willoughbie, Stephen Burrough, Arthur Pet and the rest, then to expect in this place an endlesse catalogue thereof. And here by the way I cannot but highly commend the great industry and magnanimity of the Hollanders, who within these few yeeres have discovered to 78. yea (as themselves affirme) to 81. degrees of Northerly latitude: yet with this proviso; that our English nation led them the dance, brake the yce before them, and gave them good leave to light their candle at our torch. But nowe it is high time for us to weigh our ancre, to hoise up our sailes, to get cleare of these boistrous, frosty, and misty seas, and with all speede to direct our course for the milde, lightsome, temperate, and warme Atlantick Ocean, over which the Spaniards and Portugales have made so many pleasant prosperous and golden voyages. And albeit I cannot deny, that both of them in their East and West Indian Navigations have indured many tempests, dangers, and shipwracks: yet this dare I boldly affirme; first that a great number of them have satisfied their fame-thirsty and gold-thirsty mindes with that reputation and wealth, which made all perils and misadventures seeme tolerable unto them; and secondly, that their first attempts (which in this comparison I doe onely stand upon) were no whit more difficult and dangerous then ours to the Northeast. For admit that the way was much longer, yet was it never barred with ice, mist, or darknes, but was at all seasons of the yeere open and Navigable; yea and that for the most part with fortunate and fit gales of winde.

The following is a brief specimen of the warlike and non-geographical stories the Churchills' editor disapproved:

The 26 of July 1592, in my returning out of Barbary in the ship called the Amity of London, being in the height of 36 degrees or thereabout, at foure of the clocke in the morning we had sight of two shippes, being distant from us about three or foure leagues: by seven of the clocke we fetched them up, and were within gunshot: whose boldnesse, having the king of Spaines armes displayed, did make us judge them rather ships of warre, then laden with marchandise. And as it appeared by their owne speeches, they made full account to have taken us: it being a question among them whether it were best to cary us to S. Lucar, or to Lisbon. We waved ech other a maine. They having placed themselves in warlike order one a cables length before another, we began the fight. In the which we continued, so fast as we were able to charge and discharge, the space of five houres, being never a cables length distant either of us from other. In which time we received divers shot both in the hull of our ship, masts, and sailes, to the number of 32 great, besides 500 musket shot and harquebuzes a crocke [large earthenware jars] at the least, which we tolde after the fight. And because we perceived them to be stout, we thought good to boord the Biscaine, which was on head the other: where lying aboord about an houre, and plying our ordinance and small shot; in the end we stowed all his men. Now the other in the flie-boat, thinking we had entred our men in their fellow, bare roome with us, meaning to have layed us aboord, and so to have intrapped us betwixt them both: which we perceiving, fitted our ordinance so for him, as we quitted our selves of him, and he boorded his fellow: by which meanes they both fell from us. Then presently we kept our loofe [luff], hoised our top-sailes, and weathered them, and came hard aboord the flieboat with our ordinance prepared, and gave her our whole broad side, with the which we slew divers of their men; so as we might see the blood run out at the scupper holes. After

that we cast about, and new charged all our ordinance, and came upon them againe, willing them to yeeld, or els we would sinke them: wherupon the one would have yeelded, which was shot betweene winde and water; but the other called him traitor. Unto whom we made answere, that if he would not yeeld presently also, we would sinke him first. And thereupon he understanding our determination, presently put out a white flag, and yeelded, and yet refused to strike their own sailes, for that they were sworne never to strike to any Englishman. We then commanded their captaines and masters to come aboord us; which they did. And after examination & stowing them, we sent certaine of our owne men aboord them, and strook their sailes, and manned their ships: finding in them both 126 persons living, & 8 dead, besides those which they themselves had cast overboord. So it pleased God to give us the victory being but 42 men and a boy, whereof 2 were killed and 3 wounded: for the which good successe we give God the only praise. These two rich prizes laden with 1400 chests of quicksilver with the armes of Castile and Leon fastened upon them, and with a great quantity of bulles or indulgences, and guilded Missals or Service books, with an hundred tunnes of excellent wines, we brought shortly after into the river of Thames up to Blacke-wall.

The Elizabethan Sonnet-Cycles.

The sonnet is a species of lyrical poetry which the world owes to the instinct of the Italians for delicate and harmonious form. The word *sonnetto* gives the effect of the recurring sound of a little peal of bells, skilfully rung once to attract attention or commemorate a passing event. That the sonnet was originally an adaptation from some Provençal lyrical sequence is not doubted, but the whole essence of its merit is its conciseness and rotundity, and its escape from the loose Provençal prodigality of rhyming. The sonnet must have fourteen lines, and an exact sonnet must have five rhymes arranged according to a very precise fashion (*abba abba cde cde*). This precision was not known to the earliest Italian sonneteers, who, however, never varied the number of lines, and never closed with a couplet. The oldest sonnet extant is believed to be one of considerable irregularity of form, written about 1220 by Piero delle Vigne. In the next generation Guittone di Arezzo, a poet of more industry than genius, gave his attention and its final form to the sonnet. Folgore de San Geminiano, a precursor of Dante, was the first, it appears, to produce a 'cycle' of sonnets—that is, a set of consecutive pieces dealing progressively with a definite theme.

The sonnet, having thus made Italy its home, flourished there, almost unintermittently, for the next five centuries, until it became as easy for an educated Roman or Neapolitan to write a sonnet as to sign his name. Petrarch was the model of excellence to all these generations of poets, and it is to be noted that when the renaissance was complete, and so many of the mediæval forms of literature were done away with, the sonnet was retained out of respect for the humanism of Petrarch. We have drawn attention on page 159 to the sonnets published in the collection which came to be known as 'Tottel's Miscellany' in 1557, in which Wyatt's and Surrey's paraphrases from Petrarch introduced the sonnet to English literature. The word 'sonnet,' however, was misunderstood, and was used for the next forty years or so, as it still is by uneducated people, to mean any lyrical poem or ballad. The French had by this time introduced several irregularities into the arrangement of the rhymes, and had invented the word 'quatorzain' to describe a poem in fourteen lines of rhymed verse, not necessarily a sonnet. We find this useful word introduced into English as early as 1582, and it is perhaps worth pointing out that the thousands of Elizabethan poems called 'sonnets' are in their vast majority merely quatorzains, and not real sonnets at all. Drayton was so conscious of this that he called his cycle of 1594 *Amours in Quatorzains*. That the Elizabethans were slow to comprehend the real essence of the sonnet is shown by the fact that the work which more than any other served to popularise the form in England, the *Hecatompathia* of Watson (1582), is composed in a form of eighteen, instead of fourteen, lines.

The fourteen-line limit, however, had been properly laid down in 1575 by Gascoigne, who, unfortunately, prescribes 'cross metre and the last two rhyming together,' heresies unknown to the Continental poets. Such rules did not affect Sir Philip Sidney, who is to be taken as the real introducer of the Petrarchan sonnet into English. As Mr Lee has said, the publication of his *Astrophel and Stella* gave the sonnet in England 'a vogue that it never enjoyed before or since.' Sidney was the scholar of Petrarch in this matter; but he had a closer and more familiar relation with his own French contemporaries, especially Ronsard and Du Bellay. It has recently been put forward that Sidney owed much as a sonneteer to Desportes; but dates make this improbable. As a matter of fact, Sidney died but a few months after Ronsard; he is affiliated as sonneteer to the original cenacle of the Pléiade. His sonnets were probably composed about the year 1580; they were posthumously published in 1591, and immediately set the fashion for cycles of sonnets. Mr Sidney Lee, in an appendix to his learned *Life of William Shakespeare*, has analysed the output of sonnets in England between 1591 and 1597. The result is surprising; he estimates that during that time far more than two thousand sonnets of various kinds—amatory, congratulatory, philosophical, or religious—were actually published in this country. These post-Sidneian 'sonnets' were, almost without exception, quatorzains closing in a couplet.

The influence of Desportes, if we cannot detect it in Sidney, is obvious in these later Elizabethans. In 1592 came the first flight of English sonnet-sequences, with Constable's *Diana* and Daniel's *Delia*, both of them dipped in the conventional sweetness of Desportes. In 1593 the cycles of sonnets were like flights of locusts, with Barnes,

Constable, Lok, Giles Fletcher (the elder), Watson, and Lodge, whose *Phillis* contains some very musical, experimental measures. Among the publications of 1594 deserve mention Drayton's *Idea*, Percy's *Cœlia*, a curious anonymous volume entitled *Zephyria*, Chapman's *Coronet*, and Barnfield's Italianated perversity called *The Affectionate Shepherd*. The year 1595 was made illustrious in the sonnet world by Spenser's series of eighty-eight *Amoretti;* 1596 produced Griffin's *Fidessa*, Linche's *Diella*, Barnes's *Divine Century*, and the *Chloris* of William Smith. This was the culminating year of the Elizabethan sonnet, and after this the fashion began rapidly to fade away. It is to be noted that several collections of sonnets probably belong to this short period of six years (1591–97), although they were not then published. Shakespeare's *Sonnets* is by far the most illustrious example of this temporary suppression; but with it must be compared, and to the same period attributed, the *Cœlica* of Lord Brooke, the *Aurora* of Sir William Alexander (the Earl of Stirling), the love-sonnets of Campion, and a comic cycle of *Gulling Sonnets* by Sir John Davies.

The sonnet continued to be cultivated more fitfully after the Elizabethan age was over. John Davies of Hereford and William Browne were less successful than Drummond of Hawthornden, who went back to the rigorous Petrarchan model with considerable adroitness. Donne composed two cycles of *Holy Sonnets* and *La Corona*, which were not published until a generation later. After this the form fell into a disrepute from which it did not recover until, in Milton's hands, 'the thing became a trumpet.'

It is not to be supposed that this extraordinary manufacture of short poems, all made after the same pattern, could display much individual originality. The sonnets of Shakespeare—puzzling as they are, and formed to mystify the commentator—are at least of a most thrilling sincerity, and are inspired by an original exercise of high imagination; but if from Shakespeare to Sidney and Spenser, as sonneteers, the descent is considerable, from these latter to the general herd of cycle-writers it is immense. In the average Elizabethan sonnet we find some picturesqueness of diction, much sweetness, a tiresome abuse of pedantry, an elegance which has something affected about it, a passion so covered up with the ashes of an alembicated preciosity that it is often doubtful whether it burns at all. The monotony of the Elizabethan sonnets, their vague allusiveness, the instability and dimness of the images they evoke, do much to lessen our pleasure in reading them. Yet it must not be forgotten that, even if Sidney, Shakespeare, and Spenser were removed, there would be left a body of graceful, melodious poetry, all of which helped to give distinction to average poetic style in England, and some of which possessed positive merit of a high lyrical order.

EDMUND GOSSE.

Sir Philip Sidney seemed destined to take a very prominent part in the evolution of English poetry. In considering his work in verse, we have to recollect that at the age which Sidney had attained when he fell beneath the walls of Zutphen, Spenser had published nothing but *The Shepherd's Calendar*, and Shakespeare was principally known as the author of *Venus and Adonis*. Sidney was no less painfully working out his way through linguistic and traditional difficulties towards the open light of a perfect style; but the poisoned bullet cut short his chances of achieving a *Faerie Queene* or a *Hamlet*. When critics speak of the 'coldness' and 'affectation' of Sidney's poetry, they are forgetting the conditions under which he laboured, and are neglecting the evidence that he was rapidly surmounting those conditions. Perhaps, if the truth were known, Philip Sidney was one of the most notable 'inheritors of unfulfilled renown' the world has ever seen. He studied the art of poetry so closely—he had such an expanding and mounting sense of its capacity—he was learning so to 'look into his heart, and write,' that everything seemed to point to his becoming one of the great English poets. That he never became; but the charm, the romantic pathos, of the imperfect verses he did write is perennial.

Sidney began to study verse at a time when the particular kind of poetry he enjoyed among the Italians and the Spaniards was unknown in England. He conceived a British variety of Petrarchan art, a species of lyrical songs and sonnets, which 'might be employed, and with how heavenly fruit, both private and public, in singing the praises of the Immortal Beauty.' But in doing so he was aware of the necessity of avoiding the insipidity and insincerity which had fallen upon such poetry on the continent of Europe—the vain repetitions, the languid conceits, the preposterous frozen compliments. In opening a new literature he desired to avoid falling immediately into the errors of an old, and indeed exhausted, literature, like that of Italy. Hence Sidney starts with a divided aim; he wishes to introduce the psychology of love, with its delicacies and its refined analysis of emotion, into the rough and awkward English tongue, but at the same time he wishes to escape the pitfalls into which those descend who 'poor Petrarch's long-deceased woes with new-born sighs and denizen'd wit do sing.'

The early numbers in the *Astrophel and Stella* show us the adventures of Sidney's spirit when this design of regenerating English lyrical poetry first occurred to him. He studied 'fine inventions' and Continental models, 'oft turning others' leaves.' He tried hard to reproduce his emotions, but the effect merely depressed him; he was conscious that what he composed was harsh and pedantic, and that his speech bore no relation to his glow of inward feeling. The words came forth halting, and he became aware that study was driving away

invention. Then it was that, 'great with child to speak, and helpless in his throes,' Sidney was biting his pen and beating his bosom, when '"Fool!"' said my Muse to me, 'look in thy heart and write.' Accordingly, look in his heart he did; but to eyes unaccustomed to the blaze of nature the white light of the heart at first only blinds and bewilders. Hence, in the poetry which Sidney began to write about 1575 and onwards (for to this date we may, perhaps, attribute his determination to reform poetry in England) we find at first much that seems to us dry and displeasing, much empty fluency, much flatness, and even some insipidity. But Sidney advances in skill; he gains more and more command over the medium; and before the *Astrophel and Stella* is finished, we find that the young poet has secured the power of copying for mankind the emotional language which a living passion has written on his heart.

Hence the careful reader of Sidney's sonnets, who has at first found them a little colourless and dim after the far richer poetry of the succeeding generation, learns to appreciate in them that very quality which the eighteenth, and until lately even the nineteenth, centuries were unable to detect in them, their rigorous sincerity. When once the author has surmounted the difficulty of speaking in verse, of using the language of literature—as soon as he has gained confidence in his own observation and in his own judgment of values—he sings 'with his eye upon the object;' so that, although a species of archaism makes the *Astrophel and Stella* seem old-fashioned among the Elizabethan sonnet-cycles, it will yet be found to be more interesting, because more sincere, varied, and circumstantial, than any of its successors, except that of Shakespeare. All the time that he was writing so earnestly, an invincible modesty kept Sidney in the background of the poets—'Poor layman I, for sacred rites unfit,' he calls himself. But this simplicity gave him a realistic vitality. His genius was planted firmly on experience. The highway, along which his horse's feet went trampling, was his Parnassus. His sheep were thoughts, which he pastured, far from the haunts of men, on the 'fair hills of fruitless love.' Other men might be 'victors still of Phœbus golden treasure.' To Sidney poetry was never the main object of life, never life itself; but he adorned the paths of love, war, patriotism, religion, all that led through the wide fields of his beautiful, practical chivalry, with the roses and lilies of fragrant, flowery verse.

As a consequence of his not 'taking himself seriously' as a poet, when once his verse was written he ceased to care what became of it, and it might very easily have entirely disappeared. It is probably to the piety of his admirable sister, the Countess of Pembroke, who had the courage to ignore her brother's dying command that the MS. of his *Arcadia* should be destroyed, that we owe the preservation of Sidney's prose and verse. He published nothing in his lifetime; three editions of *Astrophel and Stella* belong to 1591, and his miscellaneous poems were added to the third edition (1598) of the *Arcadia*. Some sonnets appeared for the first time with Constable's poems, in 1594. A great mass of rather interesting verse, probably belonging to Sidney's early and unemancipated years, is embedded in the *Arcadia* itself (1590); so that the effect which was made on the public by the poetry of Sidney did not belong to the period of his career, but was wholly posthumous, and was postponed to the last decade of the sixteenth century. With so extreme a rapidity was literature then developing, that in 1595 poetry of the most startling originality written in 1575, even by Spenser and Sidney, wore a faded air; as a consequence of this the influence of Sidney, which was for a few years immense, soon passed away, and did not, in fact, survive the death of Queen Elizabeth.

EDMUND GOSSE.

Sidney was born, 30th November 1554, at Penshurst, in Kent, son of Sir Henry Sidney (who usually spelt the name Sydney, while his son preferred Sidney or Sidnei). Philip studied at Shrewsbury and Christ Church, and after spending nearly three years on the Continent returned to England, an accomplished writer, in 1575, and was introduced to the court by his uncle, the Earl of Leicester. He was present at the famous reception given by Leicester to the queen at Kenilworth in the summer of that year. At first a favourite of the queen, he was sent in 1577 on missions to the Elector Palatine, the Emperor Rudolf, and the Prince of Orange. Elizabeth was ungrateful towards his father for his exertions as Lord Deputy in Ireland, and Philip wrote in his defence; he also addressed the queen against her projected match with the Duke of Anjou. Elizabeth frowned on him; and his mother's brother, the once powerful Leicester, fell into disfavour. Sidney retired (1580) to his sister Mary, now Lady Pembroke, at Wilton, where, probably, most of his *Arcadia* was written. In 1583 he was knighted, and married Frances, daughter of Sir F. Walsingham. His arrangement (1585) to accompany Drake on one of his buccaneer expeditions was defeated by Elizabeth's caprice and Drake's treachery. Sidney was ordered to accompany Leicester, chosen by the queen to carry her half-hearted support to the Netherlanders in their struggle against Spain. After one small brilliant exploit, he received, on 2nd October 1586, his death-wound under the walls of Zutphen—where five hundred and fifty Englishmen made a gallant but ill-judged attack on nearly three thousand Spaniards—and died on the 17th.

His work in literature may be placed between 1578 and 1582. Widely celebrated as it was in his lifetime, nothing was published till after his death. His brilliant character, his connections, his generous patronage of men of letters, with the report of those

om his writings were communicated, united e him his pre-eminent contemporary fame. was, however, amply supported when the *ia* (written probably 1578–80, but never d) appeared, imperfectly in 1590, completely 8. This book long retained a vast popularity, ı now it is almost unread. It is a pastoral ce, founded upon the *Arcadia* (1504) of zaro, but perhaps even more influenced by panish romances. An intricate love-story, ıixed with m s and n in melo- but diffuse, ate, and ial prose, ɛe from the ial 'con- of that age, ɔook was ed with en- i a s m at and was t as well i v e d in e. Its in- e on Eng- erature was ɛr. Shake- ɛe shows s of his of it in ıl of his especially *ɛar*, *Love's ɛr's Lost*, *ɛmpest*, and *Midsummer 's Dream*; er was in- ɛd to it; ıe imitated nd many were based isodes in it. The eighteenth century, on the , reversed the verdict of that of the sixteenth ɛventeenth, though Richardson borrowed his ıe Pamela from it, and Cowper unfeignedly ed it, calling its author 'a warbler of poetic ' Horace Walpole called it a 'tedious, table, pedantic, pastoral romance, which the ıce of a young virgin in love cannot now through;' Hazlitt was hardly more favour- and Hallam's praise is faint. Now, un- onably, its interest is mainly historical, h much of it is fine. Drayton commended y for having checked Euphuism and im- d English style; he says he

horoughly paced our language as to show
hat plenteous English hand in hand might go
ith Greek and Latin, and did first reduce
ur tongue from Lyly's writing then in use.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.
(From the picture in the possession of Earl Cowper.)

To about 1580 may be assigned Sidney's *Apologie for Poetrie* (1591, afterwards named *Defence of Poesie*), written in clear, manly English in reply to an abusive Puritan pamphlet by Gosson. Sidney defines poetry, after Aristotle, as Ideal Imitation, and for her claims her ancient place as the highest mode of literature, teaching mankind the most important truths through the medium of that pleasure which is the formal end of all fine art. In mediæval fashion, many authorities are quoted, and the author's wide range of reading is displayed. Sidney criticises severely the crowd of contemporary versifiers —not peculiar to that age! — to whose want of power, bad taste, and trivial style he partly ascribes the then existing low estimate of poetry. And here he names the best English poets known to him: Chaucer, Sackville, Surrey, and Spenser's just (anonymously) published *Calendar*. 'Besides these, I do not remember to have seen but few (to speak boldly) printed, that have poetical sinews in them.' English drama, it will be remembered, was then in its cradle. In 1580 *Ralph Roister Doister*, *Gorboduc*, and *Gammer Gurton* were practically all the drama here to show; and Sidney could not foresee that his own contemporaries were just about to recreate the art. His criticism of the contemporary English stage was severe: trained to Italian and pseudo-classical canons, he demanded the complete separation of tragedy and comedy, and the adhesion to Senecan models. Even *Gorboduc*, which might have been 'an exact model of all tragedies,' is 'very defectuous in the circumstances.' The next ten years saw Greene, Peele, Marlowe, and Shakespeare all busily at work. In 1575 Sidney had met Penelope Devereux (1560–1607), daughter of the first Earl of Essex; but it was only in 1581, the year following her marriage to the Puritan Lord Rich, who afterwards divorced her, that Sidney awoke too late to

love for her. The one hundred and eight sonnets and eleven songs of *Astrophel and Stella* (1591) offer a marvellous picture of passionate love. In 1583 he was knighted, and married Walsingham's young daughter, Frances. Sidney also translated the Psalms. He was among the first to recognise Spenser's promise; he knew Beaumont and Fletcher, Marlowe, Bacon, and Raleigh; and he accepted dedications from Giordano Bruno.

Sidney's impetuosity of temper is seen in much of his writing, as in his reply to *Leicester's Commonwealth*, an attack on the Earl, his uncle: declaring to the attacker, 'thou therein liest in thy throat, which I will be ready to justify upon thee in any place in Europe.' The same trait appears in the following letter—containing what proved to be a groundless accusation—which he addressed in 1578 to Edward Molyneux, his father's secretary and (ultimately, at least) his own valued friend:

MR MOLYNEUX—Few words are best. My letters to my father have come to the eyes of some. Neither can I condemn any but you for it. If it be so, you have played the very knave with me; and so I will make you know, if I have good proof of it. But that for so much as is past. For that is to come, I assure you before God, that if ever I know you do so much as read any letter I write to my father, without his commandment, or my consent, I will thrust my dagger into you. And trust to it, for I speak it in earnest. In the meantime, farewell.

Of the following extracts, four are from Sidney's *Arcadia*, and the fifth from his *Defence of Poesie:*

The **Arcadia** professes to deal with love and adventures in the Greek province which, actually famed for its pure air and its people and the purity and simplicity of their lives, the Roman poets had idealised into a kind of pastoral and romantic Utopia. This is the opening:

It was in the time that the earth begins to put her new aparrel against the approch of her lover, and that the Sun running a most even course becomes an indifferent arbiter betwene the night and the day: when the hopeless shepheard Strephon was come to the scendes which lie against the island of Cithera: where viewing the place with a heavy kinde of delight and sometimes casting his eyes to the Ileward, he called his friendly rivall the pastor Claius unto him; setting first downe in his darkened countenance a dolefull copie of what he would speake, and with a long speech on his absent love, during which they see a shipwrecked man, Musidorus, washed ashore. Him they offer to conduct back with them to their home in Arcadia, and to present to the hospitable gentleman Kalander.

In Arcadia.

The 3. day after in the time that the morning did throw roses and violets in the heavenly floore against the comming of the Sun (the nightingales striving one with the other which could in most dainty variety recount their wrong-caused sorow) and made them part of their sleep, and rising from under a tree (which that night had bin their pavilion) they went on their jorney which by and by welcomed Musidorus eyes, wearied with the wasted soile of Laconia, with delightfull prospects. There were hilles which garnished their proud heights with stately trees; humble valleis, whose base estate seemed comforted with the refreshing of silver rivers; medows, enameld with al sorts of ey-pleasing floures; thickets, which being lined with most pleasant shade, were witnessed so to by the chereful deposition of many wel-tuned birds; each pasture stored with sheep, feeding with sober security; while the prety lambs with bleting oratory craved the dams comfort; here a shepheards boy piping, as though he should never be old; there a yong shepherdesse knitting, and withall singing; and it seemed that her voice comforted her hands to work, and her hands kept time to her voices music. (Book i. chap. 2.)

A Stag Hunt.

Then went they together abroad, the good Kalander entertaining them with pleasaunt discoursing—howe well he loved the sporte of hunting when he was a young man, how much in the comparison thereof he disdained all chamber delights, that the sunne (how great a jornie soever he had to make) could never prevent him with earlines, nor the moone (with her sober countenance) diswade him from watching till midnight for the deeres feeding. O, saide he, you will never live to my age, without you kepe your selves in breath with exercise, and in hart with joyfullnes; too much thinking doth consume the spirits; and oft it falles out, that, while one thinkes too much of his doing, he leaves to doe the effect of his thinking. Then spared he not to remember, how much Arcadia was chaunged since his youth; activitie and good felowship being nothing in the price it was then held in; but according to the nature of the old-growing world, still worse and worse. Then would he tell them stories of such gallaunts as he had knowen; and so with pleasant company beguiled the times hast, and shortned the wayes length, till they came to the side of the wood, where the houndes were in couples, staying their comming, but with a whining accent craving libertie; many of them in colour and marks so resembling, that it shewed they were of one kinde. The huntsmen handsomely attired in their greene liveries, as though they were children of Sommer, with staves in their hands to beat the guiltlesse earth, when the houndes were at a fault; and with hornes about their neckes, to sound an alarum upon a sillie fugitive: the houndes were straight uncoupled, and ere long the Stagge thought it better to trust the nimblenes of his feet then to the slender fortification of his lodging; but even his feete betrayed him; for, howsoever they went, they themselves uttered themselves to the scent of their enimies; who, one taking it of an other, and sometimes beleeving the windes advertisement, sometimes the view of their faithful councellors the huntsmen, with open mouthes then denounced warre, when the warre was alreadie begun. Their crie being composed of so well sorted mouthes, that any man would perceive therein some kind of proportion, but the skilful woodmen did find a musick. Then delight and varietie of opinion drew the horsemen sundrie wayes, yet cheering their houndes with voyce and horn, kept still as it were together. The wood seemed to conspire with them against his own citizens, dispersing their noise through all his quarters; and even the nimph Echo left to bewayle the losse of Narcissus, and became a hunter. But the Stagge was in the end so hotly pursued, that (leaving his flight) he was driven to make courage of despaire; and so turning his head, made the hounds with

change of speech to testify that he was at a bay: as if from hot pursuit of their enemie, they were sodainly come to a parley. (Book i. chap. 10.)

Shipwracke.

But by that the next morning began to make a guilden shewe of a good meaning, there arose even with the sun a vaile of darke cloudes before his face, which shortly (like inck powred into water) had blacked over all the face of heaven, preparing (as it were) a mourneful stage for a Tragedie to be plaied on. For forthwith the windes began to speake lowder, and as in a tumultuous kingdome to thinke themselves fittest instruments of commaundement; and blowing whole stormes of hayle and raine upon them, they were sooner in daunger then they coulde almost bethinke themselves of chaunge. For then the traiterous Sea began to swell in pride against the afflicted Navie, under which (while the heaven favoured them) it had layne so calmely; making mountaines of it selfe, over which the tossed and tottring ship shoulde clime, to the streight carried downe againe to a pit of hellish darkenesse, with such cruell blowes against the sides of the shippe that which way soever it went was still in his malice, that there was left neither power to stay nor way to escape. And shortly had it so dissevered the loving companie, which the daie before had tarried together, that most of them never met againe, but were swallowed up in his never-satisfied mouth.

(Book ii. chap. 7.)

The prayer of the Princess Pamela was a favourite prayer of King Charles I., whom Milton reproached for 'having stolen a prayer word for word from the mouth of a heathen woman praying to a heathen god':

O all-seeing Light and eternal Life of all things, to whom nothing is either so great, that it may resist; or so small, that it is contemned: looke vpon my miserie with thine eye of mercie, and let thine infinite power vouchsafe to limite out some proportion of deliuerance vnto me, as to thee shall seem most conuenient. Let not iniurie, O Lord, triumphe ouer me, and let my faultes by thy handes be corrected, and make not mine vniuste enemie the minister of thy Iustice. But yet, my God, if in thy wisdome this be the aptest chastizement for my inexcusable follie; if this low bondage be fittest for my ouer-hie desires; if the pride of my not-inough humble harte be thus to be broken, O Lord, I yeeld vnto thy will, and ioyfully embrace what sorrow thou wilt have me suffer. Onely thus much let me craue of thee, (let my crauing, O Lord, be accepted of thee, since euen that proceeds from thee,) let me craue, euen by the noblest title, which in my greatest affliction I may giue my selfe, that I am thy creature, and by thy goodnes (which is thy self) that thou wilt suffer some beame of thy Maiestie so to shine into my mind, that it may still depende confidently vpon thee. Let calamitie be the exercise but not the ouerthrowe of my vertue: let their power preuaile, but preuaile not to destruction: let my greatnes be their praie: let my paine be the sweetnes of their reuenge: let them (if so it seem good vnto thee) vexe me with more and more punishment. But, O Lord, let neuer their wickednes haue such a hand, but that I may carie a pure minde in a pure bodie. (And pausing a while) And O, most gracious Lord (said she) what euer become of me, preserue the vertuous *Musidorus*.

(Book iii. chap. 6.)

'In these my not old yeres and idelest times, having slipt into the title of a Poet, I am provoked to say somthing unto you in defence of that my unelected vocation,' says Sidney in the **Apologie**; 'I have just cause to make a pittiful defence of poore Poetry, which from almost the highest estimation of learning is fallen to be the laughing-stocke of children.' And he thus compares poetry and philosophy:

The philosopher sheweth you the way, hee informeth you of the particularities, as well of the tediousnes of the way, as of the pleasant lodging you shall have when your journey is ended, as of the many by-turnings that may divert you from your way. But this is to no man but to him that will read him, and read him with attentive studious painfulnes. Which constant desire whosoever hath in him, hath already passed halfe the hardnes of the way, and therefore is beholding to the Philosopher but for the other halfe. Nay, truely, learned men have learnedly thought that where once reason hath so much over-mastred passion, as that the minde hath a free desire to doe well, the inward light each minde hath in it selfe is as good as a Philosophers book; since in nature we know it is well to do well, and what is well and what is evile, although not in the words of Arte which Philosophers bestowe upon us; for out of naturall conceit the Philosophers drew it. But to be moved to doe that which we know, or to be moved with desire to knowe, *Hoc opus: Hic labor est.*

Nowe therein of all sciences (I speak still of humane and according to the humane conceit) is our Poet the Monarch. For he dooth not only shew the way, but giveth so sweete a prospect into the way, as will intice any man to enter into it. Nay, he dooth, as if your journey should lye through a fayr Vineyard, at the very firste, give you a cluster of Grapes; that, full of that taste, you may long to passe further. He beginneth not with obscure definitions; which must blur the margent with interpretations, and load the memory with doubtfulnesse; but he commeth to you with words set in delightfull proportion, either accompanied with, or prepared for, the well-inchaunting skill of musicke; with a tale forsooth he commeth unto you, with a tale which holdeth children from play, and old men from the chimney-corner. And pretending no more, doth intende the winning of the mind from wickednesse to vertue; even as the childe is often brought to take most wholsom things, by hiding them in such other as have a pleasant taste; which if one should beginne to tell them the nature of the Aloes or Rubarb they shoulde receive, would sooner take their Phisicke at their eares then their mouth. So is it in men (most of which are childish in the best things) till they bee cradled in their graves; glad they will be to hear the tales of Hercules, Achilles, Cyrus, Æneas; and hearing them, must needs heare the right description of wisdom, valure, and justice; which if they had been barely, that is to say philosophically, set out, they would sweare they bee brought to schoole againe.

Sidney 'never heard the old song of Percy and Douglas but he found his heart stirred as with the sound of a trumpet,' and said 'they aren ever alone who are accompanied with noble thoughts;' 'there will be the time to die nobly when you cannot live nobly;' 'there is nothing more terrible to a guilty heart than the eye of a respected friend.'

Sonnets from 'Astrophel and Stella.'

With how sad steps, O Moone, thou clim'st the skies,
How silently, and with how wanne a face!
What, may it be, that even in heavenly place
That busie Archer his sharpe arrowes tries?
Sure, if that long-with-love-acquainted eyes
Can judge of love, thou feel'st a lover's case;
I read it in thy lookes, thy languisht grace
To me that feele the like thy state discries.
Then, even of fellowship, O Moone, tell me,
Is constant love deemed there but want of wit?
Are beauties there as proud as here they be?
Do they above love to be loved, and yet
Those lovers scorne whom that love doth possesse?
Do they call vertue there ungratefulnesse?

O happie Thames, that didst my Stella beare!
I saw thee with full many a smiling line
Upon thy cheereful face joy's livery weare,
While those faire planets on thy streames did shine.
The boate for joy could not to daunce forbear;
While wanton winds, with beauties so divine
Ravisht, staid not, till in her golden haire
They did themselves (O sweetest prison) twine:
And faine those Eol's youth there would their stay
Have made; but, forst by Nature still to flie,
First did with puffing kisse those lockes display.
She, so disheveld, blusht. From window I,
With sight thereof, cried out: 'O faire disgrace;
Let Honur' selfe to thee grant highest place!'

I never dranke of Aganippe well,
Nor ever did in shade of Tempe sit,
And Muses scorne with vulgar brains to dwell;
Poore layman I, for sacred rites unfit.
Some doe I heare of poets' furie tell,
But, God wot, wot not what they meane by it;
And this I sweare by blackest brooke of hell,
I am no pick-purse of another's wit.
How falles it then, that with so smooth an ease
My thoughts I speake; and what I speake doth flow
In verse, and that my verse best wits doth please?
Ghesse we the cause? What, is it this? Fie, no.
Or so? Muche lesse. How then? Sure thus it is,
My lips are sweet, inspired with Stella's kisse.

Come, Sleepe, O Sleepe, the certaine knot of peace,
The baiting-place of wit, the balme of woe,
The poore man's wealth, the prisoner's release,
Th' indifferent judge betweene the high and low.
With shield of proofe shield me from out the prease
Of those fierce darts Despaire at me doth throw;
O make in me those civill warres to cease:
I will good tribute pay, if thou do so.
Take thou of me smooth pillowes, sweetest bed;
A chamber deaf of noise, and blind of light;
A rosie garland, and a weary hed.
And if these things, as being thine in right,
Move not thy heavy grace, thou shalt in me
Livelier than else-where Stella's image see.

Whether the Turkish new moone minded be
To fill her hornes this yeere on Christian coast?
How Poles' right king means without leave of hoast
To warme with ill-made fire cold Muscovy?
If French can yet three parts in one agree?
What now the Dutch in their full diets boast?
How Holland hearts, now so good townes be lost,
Trust in the shade of pleasant Orange-tree?
How Ulster likes of that same golden bit
Wherewith my father once made it halfe tame?
If in the Scotch Court be no weltring yet?
These questions busie wits to me do frame:
I, cumbred with good maners, answer doe,
But know not how; for still I thinke of you.

Song: 'Love is dead.'

Ring out your belles, let mourning shewes be spread;
For Love is dead:
All Love is dead, infected
With plague of deep disdaine:
Worth, as nought worth, rejected,
And Faith faire scorne doth gaine.
From so ungrateful fancie,
From such a femall franzie,
From them that use men thus,
Good Lord, deliver us!

Weepe, neighbours, weepe; do you not heare it said
That Love is dead?
His death-bed, peacock's follie;
His winding-sheete is shame;
His will, false-seeming holie;
His sole exec'tour, blame.
From so ungrateful fancie,
From such a femall franzie,
From them that use men thus,
Good Lord, deliver us!

My True Love hath my Heart.

My true-love hath my heart, and I have his,
By just exchange the one for the other giv'ne:
I hold his deare, and mine he cannot misse;
There never was a better bargaine driv'ne.
His heart in me keepes me and him in one;
My heart in him his thoughts and senses guides:
He loves my heart, for once it was his owne;
I cherish his because in me it bides.
His heart has wound received from my sight;
My heart was wounded with his wounded heart,
For as from mee on him his hurt did light,
So still methought in me his hurt did smart:
Both equal hurt, in this change sought our blisse,
My true-love hath my heart, and I have his.

(From the *Arcadia*.)

'Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother' (c.1555-1621), was not merely the friend and patron of Spenser, Samuel Daniel, Nicholas Breton, and other poets and literary men. She edited the *Arcadia* her brother had dedicated to her, had a share with him in the translation of the Psalms, translated from the French *A Discourse of Life and Death* by her brother's friend Plessis du Mornay, and rendered into English blank verse Garnier's French tragedy, *Antonie*. She was the wife of the second Earl of Pembroke, and mother of the Earl to whom it has been supposed (and denied) that Shakespeare dedicated his sonnets.

Sidney's poems and *Apologie* have been edited, the first by Grosart (1877), the second by Arber (1868), Flügel (1889), Cook (1890), and Shuckburgh (1891); *Astrophel and Stella* by Gray,

Flügel (1889), and Pollard (1891). The *Arcadia* was re-
d in facsimile by Professor Sommer in 1891. The Life by
Greville (1652) was re-edited by Sir E. Brydges (1816); and
e Lives by Zouch (1808), J. A. Symonds (1886), and Fox
(1862 and 1892). See Philip Sidney's *Memoirs of the Sidney*
(1899), and his edition of the *Sonnets and Songs* (1900).

Edmund Spenser.*

a passage which has been often quoted
n says, 'The nobility of the Spensers has
illustrated and enriched by the trophies of
orough; but I exhort them to consider the
Queene as the most precious jewel of their
et.' It is not, however, by any means certain
ney have the right to claim him. He sprang
a family of Spensers settled at Hurstwood, in
rth-east of Lancashire, and it is believed that
ther was a certain John Spenser, a journey-
clothmaker, who came up to London before
If so, his mother's name was Elizabeth, but
mily is not known. He was born, about
at East Smithfield, in 'merry London, my
kindly nurse,' as he says in the *Prothalamion*.
the 'Spending of the Money of Robert
ll,' it appears that he was sent, as a 'poor
r,' to Merchant Taylors' School when it
pened in 1561. It is supposed that he
a foundation scholar, and that he stayed
school until 1569. Lancelot Andrewes was
hoolfellow, and their head-master was Dr
ister.

ore he left school Spenser had 'commenced
r,' for early in 1569 a Dutch refugee, Dr Jan
er Noodt, published a miscellany called *A*
re for Worldlings, in which were included cer-
anslations from Petrarch and from Joachim
llay, which, though anonymous at the time,
afterwards in a modified form claimed by
er. These translations, in blank verse and
, have created a great deal of discussion;
here is no reasonable doubt that they came
the hand of Spenser, and they already dis-
ome of the characteristics of his style.

the 20th of May 1569 Spenser passed directly
Merchant Taylors' School to Pembroke Col-
Cambridge, where he matriculated as a sizar.
have evidence of his great poverty and of
ted illnesses while at college; he succeeded
in 1573 and commenced M.A. in 1576, the
that he left Cambridge. He mentions the
sity in the *Faerie Queene:*

mother Cambridge, whom as with a crown
[i.e. the Ouse] doth adorn, and is adorned by it
n many a gentle Muse and many a learned Wit.

know nothing of his academic life, but he
d at the university certain friendships which
n influence upon him. Edward Kirke, who
ards edited the *Shepherd's Calendar*, and
el Harvey, a poetaster and criticaster who
ed a position of authority at Cambridge,
his principal associates, and Harvey is the
inol of Spenser's eclogues. As late as 1586 Spenser was still Harvey's 'devoted friend, during life.' Harvey was the chief of those who promulgated the heresy that the rhythms and rhymes of normal English verse were to be swept away in favour of accentuated rhymeless measures closely modelled on Greek and Latin prosody. There is no doubt that by too modestly acceding to all this nonsense Spenser was delayed in the development of his genius.

Spenser took his degree of M.A. in 1576 and left Cambridge. He went to his own people in Lancashire, and here, as has been suggested, met the Rosalind of his sonnets and pastorals. In the

EDMUND SPENSER.
(From a print in the British Museum, after the picture in the possession of the Earl of Kinnoull.)

next year, Gabriel Harvey urging him to 'forsake his shire' and come south, Spenser seems to have paid a short visit to Ireland, and in 1578 or 1579 to have settled in London. Here he seems to have been early presented to Sir Philip Sidney and his brother-in-law, the Earl of Leicester, and to have taken up his abode in Leicester House. He wrote a series of poems which have been lost, called *Stemmata Dudleiana*. A correspondence with Gabriel Harvey, who addresses Spenser as 'Immerito,' has been preserved, and is full of bad advice about hexameters and trimeters. In this winter of 1579-80 Spenser had other poetical works ready—*Dreams*, *The Dying Pelican*, and *Nine Comedies*. All these have disappeared; but on the 5th of December 1579 was entered at Stationers' Hall a poem, the effect of which on the expansion of English literature was astounding. This is, of course, *The Shepherd's Calendar*.

The publication of this famous collection of pastorals placed Spenser, at a bound, in front of all

* Copyright 1901 by J. B. Lippincott Company to the poem "April," page 298.

English poets since Chaucer. The originality and mastery of the 'new poet,' as Spenser began immediately to be styled, was admitted at once. The *Shepherd's Calendar* was anonymous, and consisted of twelve eclogues, as they may all be roughly styled, distinguished from one another in their metre, subject, and treatment. In adopting the Arcadian device of 'goatherds' tales' Spenser was yielding to the fashion of the hour, and to the practice of the followers of Sannazaro. The whole of England was supposed to be a sheep-farm, under the sway of the queen of shepherds, fair Elisa, daughter of Pan, the god of shepherds. This setting of bucolic allegory offers many inconveniences to the fancy of the poet, especially as he wishes to treat questions of Puritan religious discipline, which have remarkably little to do with Pan and Syrinx. Under the general denomination of 'eclogues,' moreover, are included fables, satires, amatory lyrics, and other forms of current verse, so that the *Shepherd's Calendar* is really to be looked upon as a sort of miscellany.

To his contemporaries the most daring thing about the new poet was his diction, which Spenser enriched, or attempted to enrich, with a multitude of obsolete and rural forms. Sidney, who was one of the earliest admirers of the *Calendar*, and who put the new poet on a level with Theocritus, Virgil, and Sannazaro, 'dared not allow that same framing of his style in an old rustic language.' Spenser's object, however, no doubt was by this diction to accentuate the English character of his verses and to lessen their Italian aspect. Moreover, in the *Shepherd's Calendar* Spenser shows himself still related to the primitive and rural poets of the English middle ages—allegorical and alliterative. Indeed, it is not to be denied that many critics, coming upon these poems after traversing the wastes of the fifteenth and early sixteenth centuries, have applauded them with excess, since, after all, in comparison with what the English poets, and Spenser himself, were almost immediately afterwards to produce, the greater part of the *Shepherd's Calendar* is but tame, colourless, and experimental. In the eclogues for May and August we see 'the new poet' at his best, and that is far ahead of any of his immediate predecessors, except Sackville.

In the summer of 1580 Lord Grey de Wilton, on being appointed the Queen's Deputy in Ireland, took Spenser over to Dublin as his secretary, and it is supposed that he was an eye-witness of the horrible scenes enacted in the province of Munster a little later, when the Rebellion of Desmond broke out. Long afterwards, in his prose *View of Ireland*, the poet recounted many of his experiences. In 1581 he was appointed Registrar of Chancery in Ireland, and got a lease or grant of the abbey and castle of Enniscorthy, in county Wexford; these were succeeded by various employments and residences, and Spenser probably made Dublin his headquarters from 1580 to 1588. In the latter year he seems to have settled at Kilcolman, an abandoned peel-tower of the Desmonds, in a then wooded glen of the Galtee Hills, in the north of county Cork, some thirty miles south of Limerick; this, with its 3000 or 4000 acres of land, was Spenser's share of the spoil. Here, in 1589, Sir Walter Raleigh visited him, and here Spenser read to his friend the early cantos of the great poem which had now for so many years been occupying his thoughts and leisure. The 'Shepherd of the Ocean,' as Raleigh was called, perceived in a moment that this romance of fairyland rose immeasurably high above anything that had called itself poetry in England before. In the very interesting autobiographical poem called *Colin Clout's Come Home Again*, first published in 1595, Spenser gives a minute account of the conversations of the two friends. Raleigh, on his part, read his own poem of *Cynthia*, the greater portion of which is now lost, and urged Spenser to come with him to court, so that they might in unison lay their songs before Elizabeth. This Spenser immediately agreed to do; it would appear that he accompanied Raleigh to England, and was presented to the queen. She gave him a pension of £50 a year, and in December 1589 the first three books of that epoch-making poem, the *Faerie Queene*, were entered in the registers of the Stationers' Company. It was announced as 'disposed into twelve books,' but when it was published early in 1590 only three books were produced, and it is probable that no more was at this time completed. It was dedicated, in words which seem blown through a golden trumpet, to 'the most high, mighty and magnificent Empress,' Elizabeth, 'to live with the eternity of her fame,' as was added in a later edition.

The reception of the *Faerie Queene* was more than enthusiastic. All England responded to the opinion attributed to Shakespeare, that Spenser's 'deep conceit was such as, passing all conceit, needed no defence.' He was accepted, in that age of glorious singers, as the first of English poets. Caressed and congratulated by all the court, Spenser stayed in England until far on into 1591, enjoying to the full, no doubt, these the most vivid and agreeable months of his existence. He was obliged at length to return to his duties, for he was now Clerk of the Council of Munster, and he had his poems to write, which no doubt were better encouraged by the solitude of Kilcolman than by the excitements of London. He was troubled, however, by a law-suit with his crazy neighbour, Lord Roche, but the importance of this has perhaps been exaggerated. We may believe that Spenser's life was now for some years comfortable, and of a nature to encourage him in the prosecution of his noble poetical labours. We may leave him at Kilcolman for the moment, and consider the scheme of his great romantic masterpiece.

The plan of the *Faerie Queene* was confessedly allegorical, and the author has left us no chance

of miscomprehending his intention. By the 'Elvish' Monarch, Gloriana, who is kept out of sight throughout, but who animates the whole idea, he meant national splendour as embodied in Elizabeth. The Knight of the Red Cross was emblematical of Holiness, Sir Guyon of Temperance, the Lady Britomart of Chastity. The plot of the *Faerie Queene* was intended to be this: The Queen Gloriana keeps her annual festival upon twelve consecutive days, on each of which there occur adventures, undertaken by twelve successive knights, and these form the subjects of the books of the poem, eked out by such episodes as the overthrow of Marinell and the resistance of Belphœbe. Such is the scheme of the *Faerie Queene* as Spenser himself unfolded it to Raleigh. It was to be a great chivalrous epic after the Italian fashion of Boiardo and Ariosto, but with this distinction, that allegory was to be predominant in the outline of it, and that the conduct of the sentiment was to be uniformly splendid, with none of the descents to playfulness and even triviality which the Italians allowed themselves. Since Pulci had enjoyed so facile a success with the *Morgante Maggiore*, there had been a growing tendency to introduce burlesque, and even pantomimic absurdity, into the chivalrous epic, which, indeed, was now dying in the south of Europe. Spenser came just in time to lift it again to an incomparable magnificence, in a poem of extreme dignity and gravity.

We do not know how Spenser would have rounded forth his plan, for he did not live to complete the *Faerie Queene*. Only six of the twelve promised books were finished. But nothing that he might have added could have removed one basal fault; as Dean Church says, the poem 'carries with it no adequate account of its own story; it does not explain itself, or contain in its own structure what would enable a reader to understand how it arose.' There seems to have been planned yet another parallel epic, celebrating the 'politic virtues,' also, no doubt, to be in twelve books. What we possess, therefore, is but a fragment; and yet, beautiful as this is, no one has ever wished for more. Spenser did not possess constructive gifts; he was more prolix, if possible, than his Italian predecessors; and it is better to enjoy the actual texture of what he gives us in such gorgeous profusion than to attempt to realise what it was which he intended to supply. As he wrote on he used the *Faerie Queene* as a receptacle into which to pour whatever he had felt or suffered, dreamed or longed for; it became his constant haunting vision of life, now dropped for a while, now taken up anew, fused in nothing but in its uniformity of delicious music and radiant colour.

The form of the *Faerie Queene* deserves our attention. Spenser chose the *ottava rima*, as it had been used by Boiardo and was still being used by Tasso, but he altered it by adding a line between the Italian fourth and fifth, by modifying the arrangements of rhymes, and by adding a foot to the last line, which became an Alexandrine. This was a real metrical invention of high importance, and it has been claimed for Spenser that it is the only one which can be traced home to an English poet. It was little appreciated in Spenser's own age, or at least little and incorrectly imitated; but from the central years of the eighteenth century, when it was resuscitated by Akenside and Thomson, onwards to Tennyson and later, it was the characteristic metre of English romance; to Byron, Shelley, and Keats, in particular, it proved irresistibly attractive. None of these poets have used it with more complete success than its founder, in whose hands its sinuous and voluptuous melody, so subtle, so long-drawn, so majestic, presents to us something which is the very type and emblem of sustained poetic expression. The difficulty of handling this metre, especially in the group of four identical rhymes, is, however, greater than Spenser, who seems strangely breathless and hurried, can give himself time to overcome. He constantly forces sound, sense, and grammar to the exigencies of rhyme, satisfied if, without positively tripping, he can close his stanza in a rich Alexandrine.

Before Spenser returned to Ireland, he published in London a collection of nine of his miscellaneous poems, which appeared early in 1591 under the general title of *Complaints*. One of these, *Muiopotmos, or the Fate of the Butterfly*, had already been issued in 1590; this is a lyrical narrative of the loves of a winged fay, Clarion, treated with extreme delicacy and lightness of touch. *The Ruins of Time* is an exquisite series of elegies, prolonged in several measures, and closing with a lament for Sir Philip Sidney, who had died on the 17th of October, 1586, which doubtless indicates the date of composition of the poem. In *The Tears of the Muses* the poet calls upon Clio and her sisters to sing the degradation and sloth of England and her rulers in jeremiads which have little appropriateness or value beyond their verbal music; this is one of the poorest of Spenser's compositions. *Virgil's Gnat* appears to be a very early production, touched up by the more practised hand of the poet just before publication; little is to be said regarding this fluent paraphrase. Vastly more important is *Prosopopoia*, or, as it is more usually named, 'Mother Hubbard's Tale.' This satire, we are told by the poet himself, was 'long sithens composed in the raw conceit of my youth.' It is interesting to see Spenser here deliberately competing with Chaucer. Two central ideas run through 'Mother Hubbard's Tale;' it is a sarcastic picture of the English court, in its political conditions, and it is a satire of the contest proceeding between the Catholic and the Reformed Church under Elizabeth. It has been observed that Spenser's picture of society is obscured by his inability to touch life directly; Spenser must always be either romancing or allegorising.

The rest of the miscellaneous volume entitled

the *Complaints* is taken up by four series of short pieces, mystical or allegorical, two of which are translated from Joachim du Bellay, one paraphrased from Petrarch, while one, *Visions of the World's Vanity*, seems to be substantially original. Among the former are found the boyish sonnets of 1569, revised and republished to take their place among the maturer writings of the poet.

Early in 1592 (the date on the title-page is 1591) Spenser published *Daphnaïda*, an elegy in memorial of Douglas Howard Gorges, the only daughter of Lord Bindon. This is a good example of his less personal manner in funereal poetry, sedate, fluent, and elegant, but too much taken up with the commonplaces of mortuary reflection to move the heart very deeply. Indeed, there is little doubt that the composition of death-poems of this class was part of the business of the professional Elizabethan poet, and not the least lucrative part. A knowledge of the deceased was not necessary; the family supplied the outlines on which the elegy was to be constructed, and the verse-writer then built up his work around such a scaffolding. The poet, in fact, was called in, as the sculptor or the painter might have been, and no charge of insincerity could be brought against the result of his labours. Although the preface of *Daphnaïda* is signed 'London, this first of January, 1591[2],' there is good reason to believe that Spenser had reached Ireland before the close of December.

He resumed his duties as Clerk to the Council of the province of Munster. Of his history during the next two years nothing is preserved. He was probably working, in the seclusion of his barbarous little peel-tower of Kilcolman, on the remaining books of the *Faerie Queene*. On the 11th of June 1594 Edmund Spenser and Elizabeth Boyle were married in the Cathedral of Cork, by William Lyon, bishop of that diocese. Of the bride we may learn as much as the subsequently published *Amoretti* and *Epithalamion* are inclined to tell us; for little more is known. She bore him four, if not five, children, to two of whom he gave characteristically romantic names—Sylvanus, Laurence, Peregrine, Katherine. It has been discovered that about the time of his marriage Spenser resigned the Clerkship of the Council to Sir Richard Boyle, a kinsman of his wife, and a family arrangement has been conjectured. He was unquestionably anxious to be free to visit England once more and see his later poems through the press.

To Sir Walter Raleigh he had sent, immediately upon his arrival at Kilcolman in the winter of 1591, the MS. of his *Colin Clout's Come Home Again*, but his friend refrained from printing it. It was published in 1595. This is one of the most vigorous, varied, and felicitous of Spenser's works, a record in exquisitely animated verse of all that had happened to him, socially and spiritually, during the two years of brilliant awakening under Raleigh's protection. There is reason to suppose that *Colin Clout's Come Home Again* did not pass to the press straight from Spenser's hands, for it contains a celebration of his old lost love Rosalind, which reads strangely as coming from the recent bridegroom of Elizabeth Boyle. Probably the poem was printed, without his revision, from the old MS. But we are not left in the same doubt regarding Spenser's next publication, *Amoretti and Epithalamion*, which was brought over from Kilcolman in the autumn of 1595 by Sir Robert Needham, and put safely in the hands of Ponsonby, the publisher, who brought it out in a tiny volume in November.

This book was entirely devoted to a celebration of his married love. The *Amoretti* were the sonnets, eighty-eight in number, which he had composed during their courtship, while *Epithalamion* was their marriage ode. The former were of the Petrarchan order, melodious and graceful, but dimmed to excess by the indefiniteness which was Spenser's great fault, and very rarely giving the reader that hold upon reality which is indispensable for the true enjoyment of poetry of this class. On the other hand, *Epithalamion* is perhaps Spenser's most perfect and most picturesque production; this poem glows with life and passion. Hallam said long ago, 'I do not know any other nuptial song, ancient or modern, of equal beauty; it is an intoxication of ecstasy, ardent, noble, and pure.' This magnificent poem is a *canzone* of the Italian class, perhaps the most perfect in the English language; whether Spenser borrowed the form direct from Petrarch or was affected by some experiments of Sir Philip Sidney may be questioned. It is enough to point out here that the style of Spenser is nowhere of so consummate a splendour as it is in the gorgeous strophes of *Epithalamion*.

It is believed that Spenser returned to England towards the end of 1595, and that he brought with him the manuscript of the second part of the *Faerie Queene*, consisting of the fourth, fifth, and sixth books. This was published by Ponsonby in 1596, and continued the romance with the story of Cambel and Triamond, or of Friendship; that of Artegall, or of Justice; and that of Sir Calidore, or of Courtesy. This was all that Spenser ever published of his great scheme, but it is certain that he proceeded further, for two cantos, the sixth and the seventh of 'some following book' of the *Faerie Queene*, were published in 1609 in the earliest folio edition. These are known as the Cantos of Mutability, and they are supposed to illustrate a legend of constancy. In 1596 Spenser was a guest at the wedding of Elizabeth and Catherine, the daughters of the Earl of Worcester, and to this feast he contributed a 'spousal' ode, *Prothalamion*, which was privately printed by Ponsonby. This same year saw the publication of his *Four Hymns*—in Honour of Love, in Honour of Beauty, of Heavenly Love and of Heavenly Beauty. It has been claimed that these were among Spenser's earliest effusions, 'composed in the greener times

of my youth,' and these words are supposed particularly to affect the two earlier hymns. These are, doubtless, more mannered and less highly finished than the two later ones; but they greatly differ, as we now possess them, from what Spenser originally composed. 'Many copies' of the two Earthly Hymns, in their earlier form, 'were formerly scattered about,' but not one has hitherto been discovered.

When the poet issued his *Four Hymns* he was living at Greenwich, where Queen Elizabeth had a palace. He was extremely active in the year 1596, doubtless availing himself of the fact that he was closer to London to publish the various miscellaneous effusions of the past years. He printed *Astrophel*, an Arcadian elegy on Sir Philip Sidney's death, a subject which he had treated elsewhere with great fervour. In this year, too, Spenser wrote his prose treatise, the *View of Ireland*, a statesman-like proposition for the 'thorough subjugation of that rebellious country,' which has been misunderstood by Celtic patriotism. Spenser could not be expected to take a view in opposition to the queen whom he served and the Government with which he was associated; but his little book testifies to close and not unsympathetic study of the elements of Irish society as he saw it in those troubled years.

Ireland was peculiarly unsettled when Spenser, probably in the opening weeks of 1597, returned to his home in Kilcolman. On the 30th of September 1598 the poet was appointed Sheriff of Cork, and on this occasion the queen describes him in her letters as 'a gentleman dwelling in the county of Cork, who is so well known unto you all for his good and commendable parts, being a man endowed with good knowledge in learning, and not unskilful or without experience in the wars.' Meanwhile the new rebellion under Tyrone was gathering to a head in secret, and in 1598 the wild Irish rose throughout Munster in the hope of regaining from the English Undertakers, of whom Spenser was one, the lands of which they had been dispossessed. In October all the province of Munster was in the hands of the rebels. Spenser was attacked in his peel-tower, and had only just time to escape with his household before the whole of Kilcolman was in flames. Ben Jonson told Drummond of Hawthornden that Spenser's youngest child, a baby, perished in the fire. Spenser got safe to Cork, where he joined the President, Sir Thomas Norris, who sent the poet to London with a despatch containing a first report of the rebellion. Spenser arrived in England about the middle of the month of December 1598. Certain State papers drawn up by the poet for the queen's guidance 'in the recovery of the realm of Ireland' were printed first by Dr Grosart in 1884, and are valuable biographically, as showing that Spenser was not overwhelmed by his misfortunes. His end, however, was startlingly near at hand. On the 16th of January 1599 he died in an inn at King Street, Westminster. There was a very painful story of his having died in extreme indigence, from want of food; and Jonson reported that, as he was starving, 'he refused twenty pieces sent him by my lord Essex, and said he was sure he had no time to spend them.' It is also reported that he was buried at the expense of Lodowick Lloyd, the queen's serjeant-at-arms, a poetaster of the time. On the other hand, we hear from Camden that Essex paid for a public funeral at the Abbey, where the nobles and poets threw elegies, 'and the pens wherewith they had been written,' into the grave. A monument was raised in the Abbey by Anne Clifford, Countess of Dorset, in 1620.

Spenser was early distinguished as the poet's poet, and through successive generations, even when there has seemed little sympathy between his ideas and those in vogue among his youthful admirers, he has exercised an extraordinary influence over enthusiastic and imaginative young men. In his own day a cluster of disciples gathered about his work, although it is possible that of his person they knew little or nothing. Later on in the next century poets as unlike him as Cowley and Dryden acknowledged a lasting debt to him for stimulating their love of the poetic art. But we reach the most unlikely of the admirers of Spenser when we come to Pope, whose childhood was nourished on the *Faerie Queene*, who scornfully accused Addison of criticising Spenser without having really read him, and who held up the great Elizabethan as one of the landmarks of our literature. Pope wrote, when he was twelve, an epic poem of *Alcander*, in which he tried to reproduce the beauties of the *Faerie Queene*. When he was old he read Spenser's poems over again, and said that they gave him as much delight as they did when he was a child. The list of the great English poets which Pope drew out began with the name of Spenser.

This evidence of Pope's is of peculiar value, because of the diametrical opposition between the praiser and the praised in the technical character of their work. It shows that there is a peculiar quality of romance in the poetry of Spenser which is entirely independent of style and fashion, and naturally attracts all who are attracted, in whatever form, by the art of verse. After the classical period, and when romance came slowly back into fashion, it is no wonder that Spenser became again a favourite, or was imitated by such poets as Thomson, Collins, and Shenstone. With the complete revival of imaginative literature in England he was closely identified, and we trace him strongly in Shelley, Keats, and Wordsworth, and, less obviously, in Byron. In the writings of Tennyson and even of Browning the Spenserian elements are clearly perceptible. Spenser, in short, has entered into the very blood and bones of our national poetry, and we are with him oftener than we are conscious of his presence. He is still our criterion of the romantic virtues,

of candour and courtesy in a man, of dignified sweetness in a woman. His types are, without our realisation of the fact, the ideal portraits which we like to point to as those of the noblest specimens of our race and breed.

When we look broadly at the poetic work of Spenser, we find that the *Faerie Queene* stands out so massively that it dwarfs all his other achievements. Taking this glorious fragment, then, as representative of his power and quality, we see that the most prominent characteristic of Spenser is his intense conviction of the paramount importance of beauty. No poet has ever lived in whom the obsession of loveliness, in person and scenery, in thought and act, in colour and sound, in association and instinct, was so constraining as it is in Spenser. He is led by beauty as by a golden chain, and his work has the weaknesses inherent on a too persistent concentration of the mind on this particular species of harmony. He lacks sublimity; he does not know the heightening power of austerity in treatment; he shrinks from all life that is not led in the mazes of an enchanted forest or by the lustral waters of an ocean. Accordingly, his stateliness and his fantastic pageant of the imagination have a certain unreality about them, which his magic is seldom quite intense enough to remove. His scenes are too spectacular and too phantasmal to give complete satisfaction to any but children and poets.

It would be an error, however, to regard 'our sage and serious Spenser' as one who merely designed to unroll before our eyes a panorama of exquisite and dignified pictures of an incredible chivalry. His extreme devotion to the principle of beauty did not preclude him from the aim of being 'a better teacher than Scotus or Aquinas.' It is true that the least pleasing parts of his great poem are those in which he strains most tightly his ethical or didactic purpose. Like many great teachers, he teaches best when his thoughts are least set on teaching. His studies of womanhood, extraordinary in their variety and subtlety, are living sources of education. Age after age our best youth has learned to adore the female virtues in this exquisite series of full-length portraits. What could not be said of Una and Amoret, of Britomart and Belphœbe, of Florimel and Serena? In these stainless and tender creations Spenser taught the wild men of his own age, 'the rude rabblement' not less than the Satyranes and Braggadochios of Elizabeth's 'salvage' court, to honour and submit to the inherent majesty of woman; which, indeed, was at the same time quaintly and artificially foreshadowed by the etiquette due from a gentleman in addressing the queen as a beautiful and perfect maiden, although to the gross outward eye she might seem to him old and harsh and ugly.

Of Spenser's treatment of the phenomena of the physical world much might be said. He excels in broad effects; he brings up before us the illimitable wideness of great plains, the billowy vastness of primeval forests, the world veiled in shadow, drowned in a blaze of sunshine, brooded over by the starry stillness of midnight. His metre, so tense and delicate, becomes like an æolian harp as he describes the various movements of the air, from a light breeze to the very roar of tempest. But, perhaps, most of all Spenser exercises his magic in rendering the sound and appearance of living waters—in sea, in lake, in river. Even in the depths of the woodland his embodied virtues are never far from some glade down which the sound is heard of foaming breakers or of silver streams. Spenser's treatment of landscape can nowhere be more favourably studied than in the long-drawn voluptuous scenes of Acrasia's Bower of Bliss in the second book of the *Faerie Queene*, where we possess, combined in extraordinary fullness, his typical characteristics, his love of allegorical presentment, the richness of his vision, his amazing fluency and melody of style, his Platonic elevation, and also his cardinal fault, his want of constructive resolution. We think of him at last, in face of all that is ineffectual and mistaken in his theory of poetry, as nevertheless one of the noblest figures in our poetical history. He is clothed with romance as with a garment; he is an impassioned votary of the loftiest imaginative purity; and he is one of the most lavish of those who have strewn at our feet the rubies of exquisite diction. In the masque of the English poets Edmund Spenser rides on a white horse and blows a golden trumpet, the champion of beauty and Paladin of poets.

April.

'Ye dayntye Nymphs, that in this blessed brooke
Doe bathe your brest,
Forsake your watry bowres, and hether looke,
At my request:
And eke you Virgins, that on Parnasse dwell,
Whence floweth Helicon, the learned well,
Helpe me to blaze
Her worthy praise,
Which in her sexe doth all excell.

'Of fayre Elisa be your silver song,
That blessed wight,
The flowre of Virgins: may shee florish long
In princely plight!
For shee is Syrinx daughter without spotte,
Which Pan, the shepheards God, of her begot:
So sprong her grace
Of heavenly race,
No mortall blemishe may her blotte.

'See, where she sits upon the grassie greene,
(O seemely sight!)
Yclad in Scarlot, like a mayden Queene,
And ermines white:
Upon her head a Cremosin coronet,
With Damaske roses and Daffadillies set:
Bay leaves betweene,
And primroses greene,
Embellish the sweete Violet.'

(From *The Shepherd's Calendar.*)

Una and the Red Cross Knight.

e Knight was pricking on the plaine,
mightie armes and silver shielde,
)ld dints of deepe woundes did remaine,
markes of many a bloody fielde ;
till that time did he never wield.
steede did chide his foming bitt,
disdayning to the curbe to yield :
knight he seemd, and faire did sitt,
r knightly giusts and fierce encounters fitt.

his brest a bloodie Crosse he bore,
remembrance of his dying Lord,
sweete sake that glorious badge he wore,
as living, ever him ador'd :
shield the like was also scor'd,
aine hope which in his helpe he had.
hfull true he was in deede and word,
cheere did seeme too solemne sad ;
ig did he dread, but ever was ydrad.

great adventure he was bond,
test Gloriana to him gave,
itest Glorious Queene of Faery lond)
him worshippe, and her grace to have,
all earthly thinges he most did crave :
as he rode his hart did earne
his puissance in battell brave
foe, and his new force to learne,
foe, a Dragon horrible and stearne.

y Ladie rode him faire beside,
)wly Asse more white than snow,
much whiter ; but the same did hide
'ele, that wimpled was full low ;
all a blacke stole shee did throw :
at inly mournd, so was she sad,
ie sate upon her palfrey slow ;
1 heart some hidden care she had,
er in a line a milkewhite lambe she lad.

and innocent as that same lambe
n life and every vertuous lore ;
escent from Royall lynage came
t Kinges and Queenes, that had of yore
pters stretcht from East to Westerne shore,
he world in their subjection held ;
infernall feend with foule uprore
l all their land, and them expeld ;
avenge she had this Knight from far compeld.

her farre away a Dwarfe did lag,
seemd, in being ever last,
d with bearing of her bag
ients at his backe. Thus as they past,
with cloudes was suddeine overcast,
y Jove an hideous storme of raine
e into his Lemans lap so fast,
ie wight to shrowd it did constrain ;
faire couple eke to shroud themselves were fain.

to seeke some covert nigh at hand,
grove not farr away they spide,
nist ayde the tempest to withstand ;
ftie trees, yclad with sommers pride,
Did spred so broad, that heavens light did hide,
Not perceable with power of any starr :
And all within were pathes and alleies wide,
With footing worne, and leading inward farr.
Faire harbour that them seems, so in they entred ar.

And foorth they passe, with pleasure forward led,
Joying to heare the birdes sweete harmony,
Which, therein shrouded from the tempest dred,
Seemd in their song to scorne the cruell sky.
Much can they praise the trees so straight and hy,
The sayling Pine ; the Cedar proud and tall ;
The vine-propp Elme ; the Poplar never dry ;
The builder Oake, sole king of forrests all ;
The Aspine good for staves ; the Cypresse funerall ;

The Laurell, meed of mightie Conquerours
And Poets sage ; the Firre that weepeth still :
The Willow, worne of forlorne Paramours ;
The Eugh, obedient to the benders will ; Yew
The Birch for shaftes ; the Sallow for the mill ;
The Mirrhe sweete-bleeding in the bitter wound ;
The warlike Beech ; the Ash for nothing ill ;
The fruitfull Olive ; and the Platane round ;
The carver Holme ; the Maple seeldom inward sound.

Led with delight, they thus beguile the way,
Untill the blustring storme is overblowne ;
When, weening to returne whence they did stray,
They cannot finde that path, which first was showne,
But wander too and fro in waies unknowne,
Furthest from end then, when they neerest weene,
That makes them doubt their wits be not their owne :
So many pathes, so many turnings seene,
That which of them to take in diverse doubt they been.

(From *The Faerie Queene*, Book i. canto i.)

Acrasia's Bower of Bliss.

There the most daintie Paradise on ground
It selfe doth offer to his sober eye,
In which all pleasures plenteously abownd,
And none does others happinesse envye ;
The painted flowres, the trees upshooting hye,
The dales for shade, the hilles for breathing space,
The trembling groves, the christall running by,
And, that which all faire workes doth most aggrace,
The art which all that wrought appeared in no place.

One would have thought (so cunningly the rude
And scorned partes were mingled with the fine)
That nature had for wantonesse ensude
Art, and that Art at nature did repine ;
So striving each th' other to undermine,
Each did the others worke more beautify ;
So diff'ring both in willes agreed in fine :
So all agreed, through sweete diversity,
This Gardin to adorne with all variety.

And in the midst of all a fountaine stood,
Of richest substance that on earth might bee,
So pure and shiny that the silver flood
Through every channell running one might see ;
Most goodly it with curious ymageree
Was overwrought, and shapes of naked boyes,
Of which some seemd with lively jollitee
To fly about, playing their wanton toyes,
Whylest others did them selves embay in liquid joyes.

And over all of purest gold was spred
A trayle of yvie in his native hew ;
For the rich metall was so coloured,
That wight who did not well avis'd it vew
Would surely deeme it to bee yvie trew :
Low his lascivious armes adown did creepe,
That themselves dipping in the silver dew
Their fleecy flowres they fearefully did steepe,
Which drops of Christall seemd for wantones to weep.

Infinit streames continually did well
Out of this fountaine, sweet and faire to see,
The which into an ample laver fell,
And shortly grew into so great quantitie,
That like a litle lake it seemd to bee ;
Whose depth exceeded not three cubits hight,
That through the waves one might the bottom see,
All pav'd beneath with Jaspar shining bright,
That seemd the fountaine in that sea did sayle upright.

And all the margent round about was sett
With shady Laurell trees, thence to defend
The sunny beames which on the billowes bett,
And those which therein bathed mote offend.
As Guyon hapned by the same to wend,
Two naked Damzelles he therein espyde,
Which therein bathing seemed to contend
And wrestle wantonly, ne car'd to hyde
Their dainty partes from vew of any which them eyd.

Sometimes the one would lift the other quight
Above the waters, and then downe againe
Her plong, as over-maystered by might,
Where both awhile would covered remaine,
And each the other from to rise restraine ;
The whiles their snowy limbes, as through a vele,
So through the christall waves appeared plaine :
Then suddeinly both would themselves unhele,
And th' amarous sweet spoiles to greedy eyes revele.

As that faire Starre, the messenger of morne,
His deawy face out of the sea doth reare ;
Or as the Cyprian goddesse, newly borne
Of th' Ocean's fruitfull froth, did first appeare :
Such seemed they, and so their yellow heare
Christalline humor dropped downe apace.
Whom such when Guyon saw, he drew him neare,
And somewhat gan relent his earnest pace ;
His stubborne brest gan secret pleasaunce to embrace.

The wanton Maidens, him espying, stood
Gazing awhile at his unwonted guise ;
Then th' one her selfe low ducked in the flood,
Abasht that her a straunger did avise ;
But thother rather higher did arise,
And her two lilly paps aloft displayd,
And all that might his melting hart entyse
To her delights she unto him bewrayd ;
The rest hidd underneath him more desirous made.

With that the other likewise up arose,
And her faire lockes, which formerly were bownd
Up in one knott, she low adowne did lose,
Which flowing low and thick her cloth'd arownd,
And th' yvorie in golden mantle gownd :
So that faire spectacle from him was reft,
Yet that which reft it no lesse faire was fownd.
So hidd in lockes and waves from lookers theft,
Nought but her lovely face she for his looking left.

Withall she laughed, and she blusht withall,
That blushing to her laughter gave more grace,
And laughter to her blushing, as did fall.
Now when they spyde the knight to slacke his pace
Them to behold, and in his sparkling face
The secrete signes of kindled lust appeare,
Their wanton meriments they did encreace,
And to him beckned to approch more neare,
And shewd him many sights that corage cold could reare.

On which when gazing him the Palmer saw,
He much rebukt those wandring eyes of his,
And counseld well him forward thence did draw.
Now are they come nigh to the Bowre of blis,
Of her fond favorites so nam'd amis,
When thus the Palmer : 'Now, Sir, well avise ;
For here the end of all our traveill is :
Here wonnes Acrasia, whom we must surprise,
Els she will slip away, and all our drift despise.'

Eftsoones they heard a most melodious sound,
Of all that mote delight a daintie eare,
Such as attonce might not on living ground,
Save in this Paradise, be heard elsewhere :
Right hard it was for wight which did it heare,
To read what manner musicke that mote bee.
For all that pleasing is to living eare
Was there consorted in one harmonee ;
Birdes, voices, instruments, windes, waters, all agree.

The joyous birdes, shrouded in chearefull shade
Their notes unto the voice attempred sweet ;
Th' Angelicall soft trembling voyces made
To th' instruments divine respondence meet ;
The silver sounding instruments did meet
With the base murmure of the waters fall ;
The waters fall with difference discreet,
Now soft, now loud, unto the wind did call ;
The gentle warbling wind low answered to all.

There, whence that Musick seemed heard to bee,
Was the faire Witch her selfe now solacing
With a new Lover, whom through sorceree
And witchcraft she from farre did thither bring :
There she had him now laid aslombering
In secret shade after long wanton joyes ;
Whilst round about them pleasauntly did sing
Many faire Ladies and lascivious boyes,
That ever mixt their song with light licentious toyes.

And all that while right over him she hong
With her false eyes fast fixed in his sight,
As seeking medicine whence she was stong,
Or greedily depasturing delight ;
And oft inclining downe, with kisses light
For feare of waking him, his lips bedewd,
And through his humid eyes did sucke his spright,
Quite molten into lust and pleasure lewd ;
Wherewith she sighed soft, as if his case she rewd.

:s some one did chaunt this lovely lay:
hoso fayre thing doest faine to see,
; flowre the image of thy day.
: Virgin Rose, how sweetly shee
eepe foorth with bashfull modestee,
seemes the lesse ye see her may.
ne after how more bold and free
osome she doth broad display;
ne after how she fades and falls away.

h, in the passing of a day,
ife the leafe, the bud, the flowre;
th florish after first decay,
vas sought to deck both bed and bowre
ady, and many a Paramowre.
efore the Rose whilest yet is prime,
omes age that will her pride deflowre;
Rose of love whilest yet is time,
ing thou mayst loved be with equall crime.

(From *The Faerie Queene*, Book ii. canto xii.)

The Temple of Venus.

inmost Temple thus I came,
ng all with frankensence I found
rising from the altars flame.
ndred marble pillors round
p high was reared from the ground,
ith crownes, and chaynes, and girlands gay,
nd pretious gifts worth many a pound,
ad lovers for their vowes did pay;
ground was strow'd with flowres as fresh as

lred Altars round about were set,
with their sacrifices fire,
he steme thereof the Temple swet,
l in clouds to heaven did aspire,
n bore true lovers vowes entire:
hundred brasen caudrons bright,
joy and amorous desire,
nich was to a damzell hight;
Priests were damzels in soft linnen dight.

. the midst the Goddesse selfe did stand
:ar of some costly masse,
tance was uneath to understand: hard
pretious stone, nor durefull brasse,
; gold, nor mouldring clay it was;
nore rare and pretious to esteeme,
:ct, and like to christall glasse,
vas not, if one did rightly deeme;
aire and brickle, likest glasse did seeme.

shape and beautie did excell
loles which the heathen adore,
ng that which by surpassing skill
make in Paphos Isle of yore,
that wretched Greeke, that life forlore,
ove: yet this much fairer shined,
with a slender veile afore;
er feete and legs together twyned
a snake, whose head and tail were fast
ied.

. . . . . .

'And all about her necke and shoulders flew
A flocke of litle loves, and sports, and joyes,
With nimble wings of gold and purple hew;
Whose shapes seem'd not like to terrestriall boyes,
But like to Angels playing heavenly toyes,
The whilest their eldest brother was away,
Cupid their eldest brother; he enjoyes
The wide kingdome of love with lordly sway,
And to his law compels all creatures to obay.

'And all about her altar scattered lay
Great sorts of lovers piteously complayning,
Some of their losse, some of their loves delay,
Some of their pride, some paragons disdayning,
Some fearing fraud, some fraudulently fayning,
As every one had cause of good or ill.
Amongst the rest some one, through Loves constrayning
Tormented sore, could not containe it still,
But thus brake forth, that all the temple it did fill:

'"Great Venus! Queene of beautie and of grace,
The joy of Gods and men, that under skie
Doest fayrest shine, and most adorne thy place;
That with thy smyling looke doest pacifie
The raging seas, and makst the stormes to flie;
Thee, goddesse, thee the winds, the clouds doe feare,
And, when thou spredst thy mantle forth on hie,
The waters play, and pleasant lands appeare,
And heavens laugh, and al the world shews joyous cheare."'

(From *The Faerie Queene*, Book iv. canto x.)

Mutability.

When I bethinke me on that speech whyleare erewhile
Of Mutabilitie, and well it way,
Me seemes that though she all unworthy were
Of the Heav'ns Rule; yet, very sooth to say,
In all things else she beares the greatest sway:
Which makes me loath this state of life so tickle, insecure
And love of things so vaine to cast away;
Whose flowring pride, so fading and so fickle,
Short Time shall soon cut down with his consuming sickle.

Then gin I thinke on that which Nature sayd,
Of that same time when no more Change shall be,
But stedfast rest of all things, firmely stayd
Upon the pillours of Eternity,
That is contrayr to Mutabilitie;
For all that moveth doth in Change delight:
But thence-forth all shall rest eternally
With Him that is the God of Sabaoth hight:
O! that great Sabaoth God, grant me that Sabaoths sight.

(From *The Faerie Queene*, Book vii. canto viii.)

Spenser Visited by Walter Raleigh.

'One day (quoth he) I sat (as was my trade)
Under the foote of Mole, that mountaine hore,
Keeping my sheepe amongst the cooly shade
Of the greene alders by the Mullaes shore;
There a straunge shepheard chaunst to find me out,
Whether allured with my pipes delight,
Whose pleasing sound yshrilled far about,
Or thither led by chaunce, I know not right:
Whom when I asked from what place he came,
And how he hight, himselfe he did ycleepe
The Shepheard of the Ocean by name,
And said he came far from the main-sea deepe.

He, sitting me beside in that same shade,
Provoked me to plaie some pleasant fit;
And when he heard the musicke which I made,
He found himselfe full greatly pleasd at it:
Yet, æmuling my pipe, he tooke in hond
My pipe, before that æmuled of many,
And plaid thereon; (for well that skill he cond;)
Himselfe as skilfull in that art as any.
He pip'd, I sung; and, when he sung, I piped;
By chaunge of turnes, each making other mery;
Neither envying other, nor envied,
So piped we, until we both were weary.'

(From *Colin Clout's Come Home Again.*)

From 'Amoretti.'

Sweet is the Rose, but growes upon a brere;
Sweet is the Junipere, but sharpe his bough;
Sweet is the Eglantine, but pricketh nere;
Sweet is the Firbloome, but his braunche is rough;
Sweet is the Cypresse, but his rynd is tough;
Sweet is the Nut, but bitter is his pill;
Sweet is the Broome-flowre, but yet sowre enough;
And sweet is Moly, but his root is ill. a magic herb of the Greeks
So every sweet with soure is tempred still,
That maketh it be coveted the more:
For easie things, that may be got at will,
Most sorts of men doe set but little store.
Why then should I accoumpt of little paine,
That endlesse pleasure shall unto me gaine!

From 'An Hymn of Heavenly Beauty.'

Vouchsafe then, O thou most Almightie Spright!
From whom all guifts of wit and knowledge flow,
To shed into my breast some sparkling light
Of thine eternall Truth, that I may show
Some litle beames to mortall eyes below
Of that immortall beautie, there with thee,
Which in my weake distraughted mynd I see;

That with the glorie of so goodly sight
The hearts of men, which fondly here admyre
Faire seeming shewes, and feed on vaine delight,
Transported with celestiall desyre
Of those faire formes, may lift themselves up hyer,
And learne to love, with zealous humble dewty,
Th' eternall fountaine of that heavenly beauty.

Beginning then below, with th' easie vew
Of this base world, subject to fleshly eye,
From thence to mount aloft, by order dew,
To contemplation of th' immortall sky;
Of the soare faulcon so I learne to fly,
That flags awhile her fluttering wings beneath,
Till she her selfe for stronger flight can breath.

Then looke, who list thy gazefull eyes to feed
With sight of that is faire, looke on the frame
Of this wyde universe, and therein reed
The endlesse kinds of creatures which by name
Thou canst not count, much lesse their natures aime;
All which are made with wondrous wise respect,
And all with admirable beautie deckt.

First, th' Earth, on adamantine pillers founded
Amid the Sea, engirt with brasen bands;
Then th' Aire still flitting, but yet firmely bounded
On everie side, with pyles of flaming brands,
Never consum'd, nor quencht with mortall hand
And, last, that mightie shining christall wall,
Wherewith he hath encompassed this All.

From the 'Epithalamion.'

Wake now, my love, awake! for it is time;
The Rosy Morne long since left Tithones bed,
All ready to her silver coche to clyme;
And Phœbus gins to shew his glorious hed.
Hark! how the cheerefull birds do chaunt theyr
And carroll of Loves praise.
The merry Larke hir mattins sings aloft;
The Thrush replyes; the Mavis descant playes:
The Ouzell shrills; the Ruddock warbles soft; R
So goodly all agree, with sweet consent,
To this dayes merriment.
Ah! my deere love, why doe ye sleepe thus lon
When meeter were that ye should now awake,
T' awayt the comming of your joyous make,
And hearken to the birds love-learned song,
The deawy leaves among!
Nor they of joy and pleasance to you sing,
That all the woods them answer, and theyr eccho

My love is now awake out of her dreames,
And her fayre eyes, like stars that dimmed were
With darksome cloud, now shew theyr goodly b
More bright than Hesperus his head doth rere.
Come now, ye damzels, daughters of delight,
Helpe quickly her to dight:
But first come ye fayre houres, which were bego
In Joves sweet paradice of Day and Night;
Which doe the seasons of the yeare allot,
And al, that ever in this world is fayre,
Doe make and still repayre:
And ye three handmayds of the Cyprian Queen
The which doe still adorne her beauties pride,
Helpe to addorne my beautifullest bride:
And, as ye her array, still throw betweene
Some graces to be seene;
And, as ye use to Venus, to her sing,
The whiles the woods shal answer, and your ecch

Now is my love all ready forth to come:
Let all the virgins therefore well awayt:
And ye fresh boyes, that tend upon her groome,
Prepare your selves; for he is comming strayt.
Set all your things in seemely good aray,
Fit for so joyfull day:
The joyfulst day that ever sunne did see.
Faire Sun! shew forth thy favourable ray,
And let thy lifull heat not fervent be,
For feare of burning her sunshyny face,
Her beauty to disgrace.
O fayrest Phœbus! father of the Muse!
If ever I did honour thee aright,
Or sing the thing that mote thy mind delight,
Doe not thy servants simple boone refuse;
But let this day, let this one day, be myne;
Let all the rest be thine.
Then I thy soverayne prayses loud wil sing,
That all the woods shal answer, and theyr ecch

Harke! how the Minstrils gin to shrill aloud
Their merry Musick that resounds from far,

The pipe, the tabor, and the trembling Croud. Fiddle
That well agree withouten breach or jar.
But, most of all, the Damzels doe delite
When they their tymbrels smyte,
And thereunto doe daunce and carrol sweet,
That all the sences they doe ravish quite;
The whyles the boyes run up and downe the street,
Crying aloud with strong confused noyce,
As if it were one voyce,
Hymen, iō Hymen, Hymen, they do shout;
That even to the heavens theyr shouting shrill
Doth reach, and all the firmament doth fill;
To which the people standing all about,
As in approvance, doe thereto applaud,
And loud advaunce her laud;
And evermore they Hymen, Hymen sing,
That al the woods them answer, and theyr eccho ring.

Loe! where she comes along with portly pace,
Lyke Phœbe, from her chamber of the East,
Arysing forth to run her mighty race,
Clad all in white, that seemes a virgin best.
So well it her beseemes, that ye would weene
Some angell she had beene.
Her long loose yellow locks lyke golden wyre,
Sprinckled with perle, and perling flowres atweene,
Doe lyke a golden mantle her attyre;
And, being crowned with a girland greene,
Seeme lyke some mayden Queene.
Her modest eyes, abashed to behold
So many gazers as on her do stare,
Upon the lowly ground affixed are;
Ne dare lift up her countenance too bold,
But blush to heare her prayses sung so loud,
So farre from being proud.
Nathlesse doe ye still loud her prayses sing,
That all the woods may answer, and your eccho ring.

Tell me, ye merchants daughters, did ye see
So fayre a creature in your towne before;
So sweet, so lovely, and so mild as she,
Adornd with beautyes grace and vertues store?
Her goodly eyes lyke Saphyres shining bright,
Her forehead yvory white,
Her cheekes lyke apples which the sun hath rudded,
Her lips like cherryes charming men to byte,
Her brest like to a bowle of creame uncrudded,
Her paps lyke lyllies budded,
Her snowie necke lyke to a marble towre;
And all her body like a pallace fayre,
Ascending up, with many a stately stayre,
To honors seat and chastities sweet bowre.
Why stand ye still, ye virgins, in amaze,
Upon her so to gaze,
Whiles ye forget your former lay to sing,
To which the woods did answer, and your eccho ring?

But if ye saw that which no eyes can see,
The inward beauty of her lively spright,
Garnisht with heavenly guifts of high degree,
Much more then would ye wonder at that sight,
And stand astonisht lyke to those which red
Medusaes mazeful hed.
There dwels sweet love, and constant chastity,
Unspotted fayth, and comely womanhood,
Regard of honour, and mild modesty;
There vertue raynes as Queene in royal throne,
And giveth lawes alone,
The which the base affections doe obay,
And yeeld theyr services unto her will;
Ne thought of thing uncomely ever may
Thereto approch to tempt her mind to ill.
Had ye once seene these her celestial threasures,
And unrevealed pleasures,
Then would ye wonder, and her prayses sing,
That al the woods should answer, and your eccho ring.

The **View of the Present State of Ireland**, 'discoursed by way of a dialogue betweene Eudoxus and Irenæus,' begins thus:

Eudox. But yf that countrey of Ireland, whence you lately came, be soe goodly and commodious a soyle, as ye report, I wonder that noe course is taken for the tourning therof to good uses, and reducing of that savadge nation to better government and civilitye.

Iren. Marry, soe there have beene divers good plottes devised, and wise counsells cast alleready about reformation of that realme; but they say, it is the fatall desteny of that land, that noe purposes, whatsoever are meant for her good, will prosper or take good effect, which whether it proceede from the very GENIUS of the soyle, or influence of the starres, or that Allmighty God hath not yet appoynted the time of her reformation, or that he reserveth her in this unquiett state still for some secrett scourdge, which shall by her come unto England, it is hard to be knowen, but yet much to be feared.

Spenser expounds at some length the melancholy fact that the earliest English settlers in Ireland became *Hibernis ipsis Hiberniores:*

Iren. The cheifest abuses which are nowe in that realme, are growen from the English that were, but are nowe much more lawless and licentious then the very wild Irish: soe that as much care as was then by them had to reforme the Irish, soe much and more must nowe be used to reform them; soe much time doth alter the manners of men.

Eudox. That seemeth very straunge which you say, that men should soe much degenerate from theyr first natures as to growe wilde.

Iren. Soe much can libertye and ill example doe.

Eudox. What libertye had the English there, more then they had heere at home? Were not the lawes plaunted amongest them at the first, and had not they governours to courbe and keepe them still in awe and obedience?

Iren. They had, but it was, for the most part, such as did more hurte then good; for they had governours for the most part of themselves, and commonly out of the two howses of the Geraldins and the Butlers, both adversaryes and corryvalls one agaynst the other. Whoe though, for the most parte, they were but as deputyes under some of the King of Englandes sonnes, brethren, or other neere kinsemen, whoe were the Kinges lieutenauntes, yet they swayed soe much, as they had all the rule, and the others but the title. Of which Butlers and Geraldins, albeit (I must confess) theye were very brave and woorthye men, as also of other the Peeres of that realme, made Lord Deputyes and Lord Justices at sundry times, yet thorough greatnes of their late conquests and seignories they grewe insolent, and bent both that regall authoritye, and also theyr private powers, one agaynst

another, to the utter subversion of themselves, and strengthening of the Irish agayne. This ye may see playnly discovered by a letter written from the cittizens of Corke out of Ireland, to the Earle of Shrewsbury then in England, and remayning yet upon record, both in the Towre of London, and also amongest the Chronicles of Ireland. Wherein it is by them complained, that the English Lords and Gentlemen, who then had great possessions in Ireland, beganne, through pride and insolencye, to make private warres one agaynst another, and when either parte was weake they would wage and drawe in the Irish to take theyr parte, by which meanes they both greatlie encouraged and enabled the Irish, which till that time had bene shutt up within the Mountayne of Slewloghir, and weakened and disabled themselves, insoemuch that theyr revenues were wonderfully impayred, and some of them, which are there reckoned to have bene able to have spent 12 or 13 hundred poundes per annum, of old rent, (that I may say noe more) besides theyr commodityes of creekes and havens, were nowe scarce able to dispend the third part. From which disorder, an other huge calamitye came upon them, as that, they are nowe growen to be allmost as lewde as the Irish: I meane of such English as were planted above toward the West; for the English Pale hath preserved it self, through neereness of their state, in reasonable civilitye, but the rest which dwell above Conaught and in Mounster, which is the sweetest soyle of Ireland, and some in Leinster and Ulster, are degenerate, and growen to be as very patchockes [clowns, boors] as the wild Irish, yea and some of them have quite shaken of theyr English names, and put on Irish that they might be alltogither Irish.

Yet, though taking a somewhat pessimist view of Irish polity and Irish character in these distracted times, Spenser, as Irenæus, says:

I have heard some greate warriours say, that, in all the services which they had seene abroade in forrayne countreys, they never sawe a more comely horseman then the Irish man, nor that cometh on more bravely in his charge: neither is his manner of mounting unseemely, though he wante stirrops, but more ready then with stirrops; for in his getting up his horse is still going, wherby he gayneth way.

And when Eudoxus asks about the bards:

Tell me (I pray you) have they any arte in theyr compositions? or be they any thing wittye or well savoured, as Poems should be? [Irenæus answers:]

Yea truly; I have caused diverse of them to be translated unto me that I might understand them; and surely they savoured of sweete witt and good invention, but skilled not of the goodly ornamentes of Poetrye: yet were they sprinckled with some prety flowers of theyr owne naturall devise, which gave good grace and comliness unto them.

The dates of the first publication of Spenser's separate works have been given in the course of the narrative. The *Faerie Queene* was completed in six books in 1596; the earliest edition in folio is that of 1609. Spenser's works were first collected in 1611; and again in 1679, with a Life. During the last two centuries the editions have been innumerable; the Globe edition (1899) is the most compendious, Dr Grosart's (10 vols. 1882–84) the most copious. The best biography of Spenser is still that published by Dean R. W. Church in 1879.

EDMUND GOSSE.

Sir Walter Raleigh was one of the most brilliant and heroic of the great men who adorned the reign of Elizabeth. Ralegh, Rauleygh, and Rauley, other spellings used by himself, show how the name was pronounced. He was born in 1552, at Hayes manor, near Sidmouth in Devon, of an ancient family; and from his youth was distinguished by great intellectual acuteness, but still more by a restless and adventurous disposition. Having studied awhile at Oriel College, Oxford, he became a soldier at seventeen; fought for the Huguenot cause in the civil wars of France; and in 1578 joined a luckless expedition of his half-brother, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, in quest of the 'Unknown Goal.' In 1580 he went to Ireland with a hundred soldiers to act against the rebels. He took part in the massacre on 10th November of six hundred Spaniards and Italians from the fort of Smerwick, and in all his movements showed vigour and ability and no scruples. He remained in Ireland until December 1581, when we find him receiving £20 for carrying despatches from Colonel Zouch to the queen; with the aid of a handsome person and winning address, he soon became a special favourite with Elizabeth. The energy displayed in suppressing the rebellion of Desmond brought Raleigh a grant of part of the forfeited property—ultimately extended to 40,000 acres, it would seem; and he had the 'farm of wines' and a license to export broadcloth. In 1584 he was knighted; in 1585 he became Lord Warden of the Stannaries and Vice-Admiral of Devon and Cornwall; and in 1585–86 he sat in parliament for Devon. In 1584 he joined in an adventure for the discovery and settlement of unknown countries. With the help of his friends, two ships were sent out in quest of gold-mines to that part of North America of which a section still retains the name Virginia, conferred by Queen Elizabeth; but Raleigh himself was not with these vessels. The commodities brought home by them produced so good a return that the owners were induced to fit out, for the next year, another fleet of seven ships, under the command of Raleigh's cousin, Sir Richard Grenville. The attempt made to colonise America proved an utter failure; and after a second trial in 1587 the enterprise was given up. The second expedition is said to have been the means of introducing tobacco into England, and also of making known the potato, which was first cultivated on Raleigh's land in Ireland. On these expeditions he spent £40,000, but acquired a right to be regarded as the first Englishman who seriously aimed at creating a Greater England over-seas, the father of British colonial enterprise.

When visiting his Irish estates Raleigh formed or renewed with Spenser an acquaintance which ripened into intimate friendship. He introduced the poet to Elizabeth, and otherwise benefited him by his patronage and encouragement; for which favour Spenser acknowledged his obligation in

Clout's Come Home Again, where Raleigh
brated under the title of the 'Shepherd of
:ean;' and also in a letter to him, prefixed
Faerie Queene, explaining the plan and de-
that poem. Raleigh's famous tract on the
about the Isles of the Azores, which inspired
son's noblest war lyric, appeared in 1591.
2 he prepared a new expedition to seize the
h treasure-ships, but his doting mistress
e him to sail with the fleet. Now he fell
disgrace,
eth having
ered his in-
with one
maids of
ır, Bessy
gmorton
he after-
married);
Elizabeth
th culprits
e Tower,
Raleigh
confined
months.
ly as 1593
h had con-
ted a voy-
o Guiana,
1 1595 he
ook, at his
xpense, an
tion to this
concern-
he riches
ich many
rful tales
then cur-
He took
possession
e country
e queen's
and after
g back to
id, he published, in 1596, a *Discovery*
Large, Rich, and Beautiful Empire of
a—a work Hume, following the sneering
ents of Raleigh's worst enemies, character-
s 'full of the grossest and most palpable
it were ever attempted to be imposed on the
ty of mankind.' Subsequent explorers of
iela (part of Raleigh's 'Guiana') have proved
bstantial accuracy. In the same year we
im holding a command in the expedition
t Cadiz, under the Earl of Essex and Lord
iam. In the successful attack on that town,
avery, as well as prudence, was very con-
is. In 1597 he was rear-admiral in the
tion which sailed under Essex to intercept
anish West-India fleet, and by capturing
one of the Azores, before the arrival of
mmander-in-chief, gave great offence to the
o

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.
From the Portrait by Zucharo in the National Portrait Gallery.

Earl, who considered himself robbed of the glory of the action. A temporary reconciliation was effected; but Raleigh afterwards heartily joined with Cecil in promoting the downfall of Essex, and was a spectator of his execution from a window in the Armoury. On the accession of James I. in March 1603, Raleigh's prosperity was at an end. Cecil naturally promoted his own supporters, Raleigh's friends fell from power, and he himself was deprived of his offices. He may have done and said indiscreet things at a dangerous time. He was accused of conspiring to dethrone the king and place the crown on the head of Arabella Stuart; as also to bring in popery and put England in the power of Spain. After his arrest, he attempted suicide in the Tower. Tried for treason before a commission comprising Cecil, the Earls of Suffolk and Devon, the Chief-Justice, and others, he was condemned to a traitor's death on very inadequate evidence, mainly that of Lord Cobham, himself already convicted of treason. Sir Edward Coke ('Coke-upon-Littleton'), who was then attorney-general, abused Raleigh during the trial in violent and disgraceful terms, bestowing upon him such epithets as viper, damnable atheist, the most vile and execrable traitor that ever lived, monster, and spider of hell! Raleigh defended himself with such temper, acuteness, and eloquence that some even of his enemies were convinced of his innocence, and all parties were ashamed of the judgment pronounced. He was reprieved on the scaffold, his sentence being commuted to perpetual imprisonment; and for six of the twelve and a half years during which he was confined in the Tower his wife was permitted to bear him company. During his imprisonment he wrote his *History of the World*, encouraged by the sympathy and friendship of Prince Henry (1594–1612).

In 1616 he was liberated through his having projected a second expedition to Guiana, from which the king hoped to derive some profit. His purpose was to colonise the country and work gold-mines; and in 1617 a fleet of twelve armed vessels sailed under his command. He made formal — but obviously impracticable — promises not to molest the dominions of the King of Spain, for the gold-mine he proposed to work was certainly on Spanish territory. Storms, disease, desertion, deaths in encountering Spanish hostility (Raleigh's elder son, Walter, being one of the slain), miserably thwarted the expedition. Returning to England, Raleigh landed at Plymouth, and on his way to London was betrayed by his cousin, Sir Lewis Stukeley, and arrested in the king's name. At this time the projected match between Prince Charles and the Infanta of Spain occupied James's attention, and, to propitiate the Spanish Government, he determined that Raleigh should be sacrificed. He damaged his defence before Bacon and a commission by equivocations and contradictory statements; he had many enemies who denounced him as proud, covetous, unscrupulous; it was decided to proceed upon the old sentence of 1603, and Raleigh was accordingly beheaded at Whitehall on the 29th of October 1618. On the scaffold his behaviour was firm and calm; after addressing the people in justification of his character and conduct, he took up the axe, and touching the edge, said with a smile, 'This gives me no fear. It is a sharp and fair medicine to cure me of all my diseases.' Having tried how the block fitted his head, he told the executioner that he would give the signal by lifting up his hand; 'and then, fear not, but strike home!' He laid himself down, but being requested to alter the position of his head, said, 'What matter how the head lie, so the heart be right?' On the signal being given, the executioner failed to act promptly, and Raleigh asked, 'Why dost thou not strike? Strike, man!' By two strokes received without shrinking, the head of that great Englishman was severed from his body.

Strange that the two most conspicuous and many-sided Englishmen of their time should both have fallen from fortune so calamitously as Raleigh and Bacon; and in both cases the fall was partly due to inherent faults of temper and character. Raleigh was, as Mr Stebbing has said, 'poet, statesman, courtier, schemer, patriot, soldier, sailor, freebooter, discoverer, colonist, castle-builder, historian, philosopher, chemist, prisoner, and visionary.' He was wonderfully gifted, gallant, fearless, enterprising; but he was also in his lifetime the best-hated man in England; and though political rancour and envy at his glory grossly exaggerated his defects of character, he was aggressively self-confident, overweeningly ambitious, self-seeking and grasping, regardless of others, and at times unscrupulous. The revulsion of feeling in his favour that followed on his death was partly due to increasing dislike of the king and dynasty, whose victim he was believed to have been. In his poems and books his best characteristics rather than his worse are reflected —his learning, his originality, his energy, his dignity, his masterly command of the mother-tongue as of all his tools. He seems to have really written these lines with the snuff of a candle the night before he died:

> Cowards may fear to die; but courage stout,
> Rather than live in snuff, will be put out.

His works lend no countenance to the tradition that he was an atheist; their devout tone makes it even difficult to believe that he was a sceptic at heart. 'Atheist' was long a term of reproach for all freethinkers; but universal rumour makes it certain that his house was a meeting-place for men who at least treated religious questions with a freedom then regarded as eminently suspicious. Marlowe (see pages 326, 350) may have been a member of this coterie, which Parsons the jesuit called a 'school of Atheism.'

The following verses, like several other short poems, are said to have been composed the night before his execution; it seems certain that they were 'found in his Bible in the Gate-house at Westminster, 1618':

> Even such is Time, that takes on trust
> Our youth, our joys, our all we have,
> And pays us but with earth and dust;
> Who in the dark and silent grave,
> When we have wandered all our ways,
> Shuts up the story of our days:
> But from this earth, this grave, this dust,
> My God shall raise me up, I trust. W. R.

While in prison in expectation of death, either on this or the former occasion, he wrote also a tender and affectionate valedictory letter to his wife, of which the following is a portion:

> You shall receive, my dear wife, my last words in these my last lines; my love I send you, that you may keep when I am dead, and my counsel, that you may remember it when I am no more. I would not with my will present you sorrows, dear Bess; let them go to the grave with me, and be buried in the dust. And seeing that it is not the will of God that I shall see you any more, bear my destruction patiently, and with a heart like yourself.
>
> First, I send you all the thanks which my heart can conceive, or my words express, for your many travails and cares for me, which, though they have not taken effect as you wished, yet my debt to you is not the less; but pay it I never shall in this world.
>
> Secondly, I beseech you, for the love you bear me living, that you do not hide yourself many days, but by your travails seek to help my miserable fortunes, and the right of your poor child; your mourning cannot avail me, that am but dust. . . .
>
> Remember your poor child for his father's sake, who loved you in his happiest estate. I sued for my life, but, God knows, it was for you and yours that I desired it; for know it, my dear wife, your child is the child of a

e man, who, in his own respect, despiseth death, and
mis-shapen and ugly forms. I cannot write much—
od knows how hardly I steal this time when all sleep
and it is also time for me to separate my thoughts
om the world. Beg my dead body, which living was
enied you, and either lay it in Sherborne or Exeter
hurch, by my father and mother.[1] I can say no more;
ime and death calleth me away. The everlasting God,
owerful, infinite, and inscrutable God Almighty, who is
oodness itself, the true light and life, keep you and yours,
nd have mercy upon me, and forgive my persecutors
nd false accusers, and send us to meet in His glorious
ingdom. My dear wife, farewell; bless my boy, pray
or me, and let my true God hold you both in His arms.

[1] [He was buried in the chancel of St Margaret's, Westminster; but his wife preserved his head in a red leather bag till her death in 1647.]

Raleigh's short poems are excellent. He was more a man of action, of roving and adventurous spirit, than of poetic contemplation; but he had a daring and brilliant imagination, with a Shakespearian energy of thought and condensed felicity of expression. His long imprisonment turned his mind inward on itself, and tamed the wild fire of erratic hopes and ambitions. Spenser's allusions to his friend's poetical genius are well known, and Raleigh repaid the compliment by his beautiful sonnet on the *Faerie Queene*. One lost poem of Raleigh's, *Cynthia*, in praise of Queen Elizabeth, was only known through Spenser's mention of it, till part of it was published by Dr Hannah in 1885. There is no doubt that the following beautiful verses are by Raleigh; but some have been claimed for various contemporary writers:

On Passions.

Passions are likened best to floods and streams;
The shallow murmur, but the deep are dumb;
So when affections yield discourse, it seems
The bottom is but shallow whence they come.
They that are rich in words, in words discover
That they are poor in that which makes a lover.

Wrong not, sweet empress of my heart,
The merit of true passion,
With thinking that he feels no smart
That sues for no compassion;

Since if my plaints serve not to approve
The conquest of thy beauty,
It comes not from excess of love,
But from excess of duty:

For knowing that I sue to serve
A saint of such perfection,
As all desire, but none deserve,
A place in her affection,

I rather choose to want relief,
Than venture the revealing;
Where glory recommends the grief,
Despair distrusts the healing.

Thus those desires that aim too high
For any mortal lover,
When reason cannot make them die,
Discretion doth them cover.

Yet when discretion doth bereave
The plaints that they should utter,
Then thy discretion may perceive
That silence is a suitor.

Silence in love bewrays more woe
Than words though ne'er so witty;
A beggar that is dumb, you know,
May challenge double pity.

Then wrong not, dearest to my heart!
My true though secret passion;
He smarteth most that hides his smart,
And sues for no compassion.

A Vision upon this Conceit of the 'Faerie Queene.'

Methought I saw the grave where Laura lay,
Within that temple where the vestal flame
Was wont to burn; and passing by that way,
To see that buried dust of living fame,
Whose tomb fair Love and fairer Virtue kept,
All suddenly I saw the Fairy Queen,
At whose approach the soul of Petrarch wept;
And from thenceforth those graces were not seen,
For they this Queen attended: in whose stead
Oblivion laid him down on Laura's hearse:
Hereat the hardest stones were seen to bleed,
And groans of buried ghosts the heavens did pierce,
Where Homer's sprite did tremble all for grief,
And cursed the access of that celestial thief.

Lines prefixed to Gorges' 'Lucan,' 1614.

Had Lucan hid the truth to please the time,
He had been too unworthy of thy pen,
Who never sought nor ever cared to climb
By flattery or seeking worthless men.
For this thou hast been bruised; but yet those scars
Do beautify no less than those wounds do,
Received in just and in religious wars;
Though thou hast bled by both, and bear'st them too.
Change not! to change thy fortune 'tis too late;
Who with a manly faith resolves to die
May promise to himself a lasting state,
Though not so great, yet free from infamy,
Such was thy Lucan, whom so to translate,
Nature thy muse like Lucan's did create.

The Pilgrimage.

Give me my scallop-shell of quiet,
My staff of faith to walk upon;
My scrip of joy, immortal diet;
My bottle of salvation;
My gown of glory, hope's true gage,
And thus I 'll take my pilgrimage!
Blood must be my body's balmer,
No other balm will there be given;
Whilst my soul, like quiet palmer,
Travelleth towards the land of Heaven;
Over the silver mountains
Where spring the nectar fountains:
There will I kiss
The bowl of bliss,
And drink mine everlasting fill
Upon every milken hill.
My soul will be a-dry before;
But after, it will thirst no more.

Then by that happy blissful day,
More peaceful pilgrims I shall see,
That have cast off their rags of clay,
And walk apparelled fresh like me.
I 'll take them first
To quench their thirst,
And taste of nectar suckets
At those clear wells
Where sweetness dwells
Drawn up by saints in crystal buckets.
And when our bottles and all we
Are filled with immortality,
Then the blest paths we 'll travel,
Strewed with rubies thick as gravel—
Ceilings of diamonds, sapphire floors,
High walls of coral and pearly bowers.
From thence to heaven's bribeless hall,
Where no corrupted voices brawl;
No conscience molten into gold,
No forged accuser bought or sold,
No cause deferred, no vain-spent journey,
For there Christ is the King's Attorney;
Who pleads for all without degrees,
And He hath angels, but no fees;
And when the grand twelve-million jury
Of our sins, with direful fury,
'Gainst our souls black verdicts give,
Christ pleads His death, and then we live.
Be thou my speaker, taintless pleader,
Unblotted lawyer, true proceeder!
Thou giv'st salvation even for alms;
Not with a bribed lawyer's palms.
And this is mine eternal plea
To Him that made heaven, earth and sea,
That since my flesh must die so soon,
And want a head to dine next noon,
Just at the stroke when my veins start and spread,
Set on my soul an everlasting head!
Then am I ready, like a palmer fit,
To tread those blest paths which before I writ.
Of death and judgment, heaven and hell,
Who oft doth think, must needs die well.

The *Pilgrimage* is supposed to have been written by Raleigh in 1603, in the interval between his condemnation and his respite. One of the finest of Raleigh's poems is an epitaph on Sir Philip Sidney, appended to Spenser's *Astrophel*, and published without signature, but quoted as Raleigh's, in 1591. We give the first three of the fifteen verses. The versification even more than the elegiac tone suggests a comparison with Tennyson's *In Memoriam:*

On Sir Philip Sidney.

To praise thy life, or wail thy worthy death,
And want thy wit—thy wit high, pure, divine—
Is far beyond the power of mortal line,
Nor any one hath worth that draweth breath.

Yet rich in zeal (though poor in learning's lore),
And friendly care obscured in secret breast,
And love that envy in thy life suppressed—
Thy dear life done—and death hath doubled more.

And I, that in thy time and living state,
Did only praise thy virtues in my thought,
As one that seeld the rising sun hath sought, seldom
With words and tears now wail thy timeless fate.

The 'bold and spirited poem' of *The L* traced in manuscript to 1593, but first appear print in the second edition (1608) of *Dav. Poetical Rhapsody*. It has been assigne various authors, but on Raleigh's side the good evidence besides the internal testin Two answers to it, written in Raleigh's life ascribe it to him; and two manuscript c of the period of Elizabeth bear the title of *Walter Wrawly his Lye:*

The Lie.

Go, soul, the body's guest,
Upon a thankless arrant;
Fear not to touch the best,
The truth shall be thy warrant:
Go, since I needs must die,
And give the world the lie.

Say to the court it glows,
And shines like rotten wood;
Say to the church it shews
What 's good, and doth no good.
If church and court reply,
Then give them both the lie.

Tell potentates, they live
Acting by others' action,
Not loved unless they give,
Not strong but by a faction.
If potentates reply,
Give potentates the lie.

Tell men of high condition
That manage the estate,
Their purpose is ambition,
Their practice only hate.
And if they once reply,
Then give them all the lie.

Tell them that brave it most,
They beg for more by spending,
Who, in their greatest cost,
Seek nothing but commending.
And if they make reply,
Then give them all the lie.

Tell zeal it wants devotion,
Tell love it is but lust,
Tell time it is but motion,
Tell flesh it is but dust;
And wish them not reply,
For thou must give the lie.

Tell age it daily wasteth;
Tell honour how it alters;
Tell beauty how she blasteth;
Tell favour how it falters:
And as they shall reply,
Give every one the lie.

Tell wit how much it wrangles
In tickle points of niceness;
Tell wisdom she entangles
Herself in over-wiseness.
And when they do reply,
Straight give them both the lie.

Tell physic of her boldness,
Tell skill it is pretension,
Tell charity of coldness,
Tell law it is contention.
And as they do reply,
So give them still the lie.

Tell fortune of her blindness,
Tell nature of decay,
Tell friendship of unkindness,
Tell justice of delay.
And if they will reply,
Then give them all the lie.

Tell arts they have no soundness,
But vary by esteeming;
Tell schools they want profoundness,
And stand too much on seeming.
If arts and schools reply,
Give arts and schools the lie.

Tell faith it 's fled the city;
Tell how the country erreth;
Tell manhood shakes off pity;
Tell virtue least preferreth:
And if they do reply,
Spare not to give the lie.

So when thou hast, as I
Commanded thee, done blabbing;
Although to give the lie
Deserves no less than stabbing;
Yet stab at thee who will,
No stab the soul can kill.

Raleigh's *Nymph's Reply* to Marlowe's *Passionate Shepherd* will be found in the section Marlowe, page 353.

Where glory recommends the grief
Despair disdains the healing—

a well-known quotation from his *Silent Lover*.

During the twelve years of his imprisonment, Walter Raleigh wrote the chief portion of his ks, especially the *History of the World*, of ch only a part was finished, the six books comhending the period from the Creation to the nfall of the Macedonian empire, about 170 B.C. s was published in 1614. The acquirements of eigh—who, in the words of Hume, 'being edud amidst naval and military enterprises, had assed, in the pursuits of literature, even those he most recluse and sedentary lives'—justly ted much admiration; but, it is to be remem-d, the historian was aided by the contributions is learned friends. Ben Jonson told Drummond Raleigh 'esteemed more fame than conscience. best wits in England were employed in making history.' Ben himself had 'written a piece to of the Punic war, which he altered, and set in book.' According to another contemporary, a more important helper was Dr Robert Burrel rhill or Burghill], rector of Northwold, in the nty of Norfolk, who was a great favourite of Walter Raleigh, and had been his chaplain. , or the greatest part of the drudgery of Sir Walter's *History*, for criticisms, chronology, and reading Greek and Hebrew authors, was performed by him;' but the design and composition of the work were Raleigh's own. The historical lore is now antiquated and useless; the method is wholly that of a compiler, not of a scientific historian; large sections of the history are uninspired and tedious to a degree. But a thousand asides and excursuses illustrate Raleigh's genius and powerful personality; and his profound and varied knowledge of men and experience of the world, with a wealth of apt and witty illustrations, give a perennial charm to this most extraordinary product of prison life.

Both in manner and in matter, the *History* is vastly superior to all the English historical productions which had as yet appeared. Its style, though frequently clumsy and awkward, and abounding in immensely long and lumbering sentences, is freer than that of any contemporary writer from euphuisms or fantastic conceits, and is usually dignified and often majestic. The preface announces very forcibly the responsibility of rulers, and expressly attacks Henry VIII.; and the history everywhere deals severely with the tyranny and injustice of kings. James naturally thought it 'too saucy in censuring the acts of kings,' and the book was suppressed for a time. Raleigh's ideal was the benevolent despotism of an oligarchy; he was essentially aristocratic in his attitude towards 'the rabble.' Other writings of Raleigh's captivity were *The Prerogative of Parliaments; The Cabinet Council*, published by Milton in 1658; and *Three Discourses*, that on war being one of his most perfect pieces of writing. The *Advice to his Son* contains much admirable counsel, sometimes tinctured, indeed, with that worldliness and suspicion which the writer's hard experience had strengthened in a mind naturally disposed to self-interest. Points on which he advises his son are the choice of friends and of a wife, flattery, quarrels, preservation of estate, choice of servants, the eschewing of evil ways of seeking riches, drunkenness, and the service of God. Our first prose extracts are from the *History*.

The Uncertainty of Human Happiness.

If we truly examine the difference of both conditions; to wit, of the rich and mighty, whom we call fortunate; and of the poor and oppressed, whom we account wretched; we shall find the happiness of the one and the miserable estate of the other so tied by God to the very instant, and both so subject to interchange (witness the sudden downfall of the greatest princes, and the speedy uprising of the meanest persons), as the one hath nothing so certain, whereof to boast; nor the other so uncertain, whereof to bewail itself. For there is no man so assured of his honour, of his riches, health, or life, but that he may be deprived of either or all the very next hour or day to come. *Quid vesper vehat, incertum est:* 'What the evening will bring with it, it is uncertain.' 'And yet ye cannot tell' (saith S. James) 'what shall be to-morrow. To-day he is set up, and to-morrow he

shall not be found; for he is turned into dust, and his purpose perisheth.' And although the air which compasseth adversity be very obscure, yet therein we better discern God than in that shining light which environeth worldly glory; through which, for the clearness thereof, there is no vanity which escapeth our sight. And let adversity seem what it will; to happy men, ridiculous, who make themselves merry at other men's misfortunes; and to those under the cross, grievous: yet this is true, that for all that is past, to the very instant, the portions remaining are equal to either. For be it that we have lived many years, 'and' (according to Salomon) 'in them all we have rejoiced;' or be it that we have measured the same length of days, and therein have evermore sorrowed: yet, looking back from our present being, we find both the one and the other, to wit the joy and the woe, sailed out of sight; and death, which doth pursue us and hold us in chace from our infancy, hath gathered it. *Quicquid ætatis retro est mors tenet:* 'Whatsoever of our age is past, death holds it.' So as whosoever he be to whom Fortune hath been a servant and the Time a friend; let him but take the account of his memory (for we have no other keeper of our pleasures past), and truly examine what it hath reserved, either of Beauty and Youth, or foregone delights; what it hath saved, that it might last, of his dearest affections, or of whatever else the amorous Spring-time gave his thoughts of contentment, then unvaluable; and he shall find that all the Art which his elder years have, can draw no other vapour out of these dissolutions, than heavy, secret, and sad sighs. He shall find nothing remaining but those sorrows which grow up after our fast springing youth; overtake it when it is at a stand; and overtop it utterly when it begins to wither: insomuch as looking back from the very instant time and from our now being, the poor, diseased, and captive creature hath as little sense of all his former miseries and pains, as he that is most blessed in common Opinion hath of his forepast pleasures and delights. For whatsoever is cast behind us is just nothing; and what is to come, deceitful hope hath it. *Omnia quæ ventura sunt in incerto jacent.* Only those few black Swans I must except, who, having had the grace to value worldly vanities at no more than their own price, do, by retaining the comfortable memory of a well-acted life, behold death without dread, and the grave without fear; and embrace both, as necessary guides to endless glory.

(From the Preface to the *History*.)

The Battle of Thermopylæ.

After such time as Xerxes had transported his army over the Hellespont, and landed in Thrace (leaving the description of his passage along that Coast, and how the River of Lissus was drunk dry by his multitudes, and the Lake near to Pissyrus by his cattel, with other accidents in his marches towards Greece), I will speak of the encounters he had, and the shameful and incredible overthrows which he received. As first at Thermopylæ, a narrow passage of half an acre of ground lying between the mountains which divide Thessaly from Greece, where sometime the Phocians had raised a wall with gates, which was then for the most part ruined. At this entrance Leonidas, one of the kings of Sparta, with three hundred Lacedæmonians, assisted with one thousand Tegeatæ and Mantineans, one thousand Arcadians, and other Peloponnesians, to the number of three thousand one hundred in the whole, besides one thousand Phocians, four hundred Thebans, seven hundred Thespians, and all the forces (such as they were) of the bordering Locrians defended the passage two whole days together against that huge Army of the Persians. The valour of the Greeks appeared so excellent in this defence, that in the first dayes fight Xerxes is said to have three times leaped out of his Throne, fearing the destruction of his Army by one handful of those men, whom not long before he had utterly despised; and when the second day's attempt upon the Greeks had proved vain, he was altogether ignorant how to proceed further; and so might have continued, had not a runagate Grecian taught him a secret way, by which part of his Army might ascend the ledge of mountains, and set upon the backs of those who kept the Straits. But when the most valiant of the Persian Army had almost enclosed the small forces of the Greeks, then did Leonidas, King of the Lacedæmonians, with his three hundred and seven hundred Thespians, which were all that abode by him, refuse to quit the place which they had undertaken to make good, and with admirable courage not only resist that world of men which charged them on all sides; but issuing out of their strength, made so great a slaughter of their enemies, that they might well be called vanquishers, though all of them were slain upon the place. Xerxes, having lost in this last fight, together with twenty thousand other Soldiers and Captains, two of his own brethren, began to doubt what inconvenience might befall him by the virtue of such as had not been present at these battles, with whom he knew that he shortly was to deal. Especially of the Spartans he stood in great fear, whose manhood had appeared singular in this trial, which caused him very carefully to inquire what numbers they could bring into the field. It is reported of Dieneces the Spartan, that when one thought to have terrified him by saying that the flight of the Persian Arrows was so thick as would hide the Sun, he answered thus: 'It is very good news, for then shall we fight in the cool shade.' (Book iii. chap. 6.)

English Valour and English Cross-bows.

All that have read of Cressi and Agincourt will bear me witness, that I do not alledge the Battel of Poictiers for lack of other as good examples of the English Vertue; the proof whereof hath left many a hundred better marks in all quarters of France, than ever did the valour of the Romans. If any man impute these Victories of ours to the long-bow, as carrying farther, piercing more strongly, and quicker of discharge than the French Cross-bow; my answer is ready: that in all these respects, it is also (being drawn with a strong arm) superiour to the Musket; yet is the Musket a weapon of more use. The Gun and the Cross-bow are of like force when discharged by a Boy or Woman, as when by a strong man; Weakness, or sickness, or a sore finger, makes the long Bow unserviceable. More particularly, I say, that it was the custome of our ancestors to shoot for the most part pointblank, and so shall he perceive that will note the circumstances of almost any one Battel. This takes away all objection; for when two Armies are within the distance of a Butts length, one flight of Arrows, or two at the most, can be delivered before they close. Neither is it in general true, that the long Bow reacheth farther, or that it pierceth more strongly than the Cross-bow. But this is the rare effect of an extraordinary arm; whereupon can be grounded no common rule. If any man shall ask, how then came

it to pass that the English wan so many great battels, having no advantage to help him? I may, with best commendation of modesty, refer him to the French Historian; who, relating the victory of our men at Crevant, where they passed a Bridge in face of the Enemy, useth these words: 'The English comes with a conquering bravery, as he that was accustomed to gain every where, without any stay; he forceth our guard placed upon the Bridge to keep the passage' [John de Serres]. Or I may cite another place of the same Author, where he tells how the Britons, being invaded by Charles the Eighth, king of France, thought it good policy to apparel a Thousand and five Hundred of their own men in English Cassocks, hoping that the very sight of the English red cross would be enough to terrifie the French. But I will not stand to borrow of the French Historians (all which, excepting De Serres and Paulus Æmilius, report wonders of our Nation) the proposition which first I undertook to maintain, That the military virtue of the English, prevailing against all manner of difficulties, ought to be preferred before that of the Romans, which was assisted with all advantages that could be desired. If it be demanded, Why then did not our Kings finish the conquest, as Cæsar had done? my answer may be (I hope without offence), that our kings were like to the Race of Æacidæ, of whom the old Poet Ennius gave this note: *Bellipotentes sunt magę quam sapientipotentes:* 'They were more warlike than politic.' Who so notes their proceedings may find that none of them went to work like a Conquerour, save only King Henry the Fifth, the course of whose victories it pleased God to interrupt by his death.

(Book v. chap. 1.)

On Ambition and Death.

By this which we have already set down is seen the beginning and end of the three first Monarchies of the World, whereof the Founders and Erecters thought that they could never have ended. That of Rome, which made the fourth, was also at this time almost at the highest. We have left it flourishing in the middle of the Field, having rooted up or cut down all that kept it from the eyes and admiration of the World. But after some continuance, it shall begin to lose the beauty it had; the storms of ambition shall beat her great boughs and branches one against another, her Leaves shall fall off, her Limbs wither, and a rabble of barbarous Nations enter the field, and cut her down. . . .

For the rest, if we seek a reason of the succession and continuance of this boundless ambition in mortal men, we may add to that which hath been already said, that the Kings and Princes of the world have always laid before them the actions, but not the ends, of those great Ones which preceded them. They are always transported with the glory of the one, but they never mind the misery of the other, till they find the experience in themselves. They neglect the advice of God, while they enjoy life, or hope it; but they follow the counsel of Death upon his first approach. It is he that puts into man all the wisdom of the world, without speaking a word, which God, with all the words of his law, promises, or threats, doth not infuse. Death, which hateth and destroyeth man, is believed; God, which hath made him and loves him, is always deferred: 'I have considered,' saith Solomon, 'all the works that are under the sun, and, behold, all is vanity and vexation of spirit;' but who believes it, till Death tells it us? It was Death which opening the Conscience of Charles the Fifth made him enjoin his Son Philip to restore Navarre; and King Francis the First of France, to command that justice should be done upon the murderers of the Protestants in Merindol and Cabrieres, which till then he neglected. It is therefore Death alone that can suddenly make man to know himself. He tells the proud and insolent that they are but abjects, and humbles them at the instant, makes them cry, complain, and repent, yea even to hate their forepast happiness. He takes the account of the rich, and proves him a beggar, a naked beggar, which hath interest in nothing but in the gravel that fills his mouth. He holds a Glass before the eyes of the most beautiful, and makes them see therein their deformity and rottenness, and they acknowledge it.

O eloquent, just, and mighty Death! whom none could advise, thou hast perswaded; what none have dared, thou hast done; and whom all the world hath flattered, thou only hast cast out of the world and despised; thou hast drawn together all the far-stretched greatness, all the pride, cruelty, and ambition of man, and covered it all over with these two narrow words, *Hic jacet!*

(Conclusion of the *History*, Book v. chap 1.)

The last paragraph is usually accounted its author's most eloquent, just, and mighty utterance. Raleigh's contemporary 'report on the truth of the fight about the Iles of the Azores, this last sommer: betwixt the *Revenge*, one of Her Maiestie's Shippes, and an Armada of the King of Spaine,' has acquired new interest from Tennyson's magnificent verse rendering of the story:

After the *Revenge* was intangled with this *Philip*, foure other boorded her; two on her larboord, and two on her starboord. The fight thus beginning at three of the clocke in the after noone, continued verie terrible all that evening. But the great *San Philip* having receyved the lower tire of the *Revenge*, discharged with crossebar-shot, shifted hir selfe with all diligence from her sides, utterly misliking hir first entertainment. Some say that the shippe foundred, but wee cannot report it for truth, unlesse we were assured. The Spanish ships were filled with companies of souldiers, in some two hundred besides the Marriners; in some five, in others eight hundreth. In ours there were none at all, beside the Marriners, but the servants of the commanders and some fewe voluntarie Gentlemen only. After many enterchanged voleies of great ordinance and small shot, the Spaniards deliberated to enter the *Revenge*, and made divers attempts, hoping to force her by the multitudes of their armed souldiers and Musketiers, but were still repulsed againe and againe, and at all times beaten backe, into their owne shippes, or into the seas. In the beginning of the fight, the *George Noble* of London, having received some shot thorow her by the Armados, fell under the Lee of the *Revenge*, and asked Syr *Richard* what he would command him, being but one of the victulers and of small force: Syr *Richard* bid him save himselfe, and leave him to his fortune. After the fight had thus without intermission continued while the day lasted and some houres of the night, many of our men were slaine and hurt, and one of the great Gallions of the Armada and the Admirall of the Hulkes both sunke, and in many other of the Spanish ships great slaughter was made. Some write that Sir *Richard* was verie dangerously hurt almost in the beginning of the

fight, and laie speechlesse for a time ere he recovered. But two of the *Revenges* owne companie, brought home in a ship of Lime from the Ilandes, examined by some of the Lordes, and others, affirmed that he was never so wounded as that hee forsooke the upper decke, til an houre before midnight, and then being shot into the bodie with a Musket as hee was a dressing, was againe shot into the head, and withall his Chirurgion wounded to death. . . .

But to return to the fight: the Spanish ships which attempted to board the *Revenge*, as they were wounded and beaten of, so alwaies others came in their places, she having never lesse then two mightie Gallions by her sides, and aboard her. So that ere the morning from three of the clocke the day before, there had fifteene severall Armados assailed her; and all so ill approved their entertainment, as they were by the breake of day far more willing to harken to a composition then hastily to make any more assaults or entries. But as the day encreased, so our men decreased: and as the light grew more and more, by so much more grew our discomforts. For none appeared in fight but enemies, saving one small ship called the *Pilgrim*, commanded by *Iacob Whiddon*, who hovered all night to see the successe: but in the mornyng bearing with the *Revenge*, was hunted like a hare amongst many ravenous houndes, but escaped.

All the powder of the *Revenge* to the last barrell was now spent, all her pikes broken, fortie of her best men slaine, and the most part of the rest hurt. In the beginning of the fight she had but one hundreth free from sicknes, and fourescore and ten sicke, laid in hold upon the Ballast. A small troupe to man such a ship, and a weake Garrison to resist so mighty an Army. By those hundred all was sustained, the voleis, bourdings, and entrings of fifteene shippes of warre, besides those which beat her at large. On the contrarie, the Spanish were alwaies supplied with souldiers brought from everie squadron: all maner of Armes and pouder at will. Unto ours there remained no comfort at all, no hope, no supply either of ships, men, or weapons; the mastes all beaten over board, all her tackle cut asunder, her upper worke altogither rased, and in effect evened shee was with the water, but the verie foundation or bottom of a ship, nothing being left over head either for flight or defence. Syr *Richard* finding himselfe in this distresse, and unable anie longer to make resistance, having endured in this fifteene houres fight, the assault of fifteene severall Armadoes, all by tornes aboorde him, and by estimation eight hundred shot of great artillerie besides manie assaults and entries; and that himselfe and the shippe must needes be possessed by the enemie, who were now all cast in a ring round about him; the *Revenge* not able to move one way or other, but as she was moved with the waves and billow of the sea; commanded the maister Gunner, whom he knew to be a most resolute man, to split and sinke the shippe; that thereby nothing might remaine of glorie or victorie to the Spaniards: seeing in so manie houres fight, and with so great a Navie they were not able to take her, having had fifteene houres time, fifteene thousand men, and fiftie and three saile of men of warre to performe it withall. And perswaded the companie, or as manie as he could induce, to yeelde themselves unto God and to the mercie of none els; but as they had like valiant resolute men repulsed so manie enimies, they should not now shorten the honour of their nation, by prolonging their owne lives for a few houres or a few daies. The maister Gunner readilie condescended and divers others; but the Captaine and the Maister were of an other opinion, and besought Sir *Richard* to have care of them: alleaging that the Spaniard would be as readie to entertaine a composition, as they were willing to offer the same: and that there being diverse sufficient and valiant men yet living, and whose woundes were not mortall, they might doe their countrie and prince acceptable service hereafter. And (that where Sir *Richard* had alleaged that the Spaniards should never glorie to have taken one shippe of her Maiesties, seeing that they had so long and so notably defended them selves) they answered, that the shippe had sixe foote water in hold, three shot under water which were so weakly stopped, as with the first working of the sea, she must needes sinke, and was besides so crusht and brused, as she could never be removed out of the place.

And as the matter was thus in dispute, and Sir *Richard* refusing to hearken to any of those reasons: the maister of the *Revenge* (while the Captaine wan unto him the greater party) was convoyde aborde the Generall *Don Alfonso Bassan*. Who finding none over hastie to enter the *Revenge* againe, doubting least S. *Richard* would have blowne them up and himselfe, and perceiving by the report of the maister of the *Revenge* his daungerous disposition: yeelded that all their lives should be saved, the companie sent for England, and the better sorte to pay such reasonable ransome as their estate would beare, and in the meane season to be free from Gally or imprisonment. To this he so much the rather condescended as well as I have saide, for feare of further losse and mischiefe to them selves, as also for the desire hee had to recover Sir *Richard Grinvile*; whom for his notable valure he seemed greatly to honour and admire.

When this answer was returned, and that safetie of life was promised, the common sort being now at the end of their perill, the most drew backe from Sir *Richard* and the maister Gunner, being no hard matter to diswade men from death to life. The maister Gunner finding him selfe and Sir *Richard* thus prevented and maistered by the greater number, would have slaine himselfe with a sword, had he not beene by force withheld and locked into his Cabben. Then the Generall sent manie boates abord the *Revenge*, and diverse of our men fearing Sir *Richards* disposition, stole away aboord the Generall and other shippes. Sir *Richard* thus overmatched, was sent unto by *Alonso Bassan* to remove out of the *Revenge*, the shippe being marvellous unsaverie, filled with bloud and bodies of deade, and wounded men like a slaughter house. Sir *Richard* answered that he might do with his bodie what he list, for he esteemed it not, and as he was carried out of the shippe he swounded, and reviving againe desired the companie to pray for him. The Generall used Sir *Richard* with all humanitie, and left nothing unattempted that tended to his recoverie, highly commending his valour and worthines, and greatly bewailed the daunger wherein he was, beeing unto them a rare spectacle, and a resolution sildome approved, to see one ship turne toward so many enemies, to endure the charge and boording of so many huge Armados, and to resist and repell the assaults and entries of so many souldiers. . . .

Syr *Richard* died, as it is said, the second or third

day aboard the Generall, and was by them greatly bewailed. What became of his bodie, whether it were buried in the sea or on the lande wee know not: the comfort that remaineth to his friendes is that he hath ended his life honourably in respect of the reputation wonne to his nation and country, and of the same to his posteritie, and that being dead, he hath not outlived his owne honour.

It is not Raleigh that gives the dying sailor's speech, so admirably adapted by Tennyson, but the Dutch traveller Jan Huygen van Linschoten (1563-1611), who at the time of the battle was at Terceira (seventy miles from Flores), on his return voyage from India. He published in Dutch an account of his voyage to and from India immediately after his return, and an English translation appeared in 1598. Mr Arber has printed his account of the engagement along with Raleigh's and Gervase Markham's metrical rendering of it. One paragraph from Linschoten is as follows:

He was borne into the ship called the Saint *Paule*, wherein was the Admirall of the fleet, *Don Alonso de Barsan*: there his woundes were drest by the Spanish Surgeons, but *Don Alonso* himselfe would neither see him, nor speake with him: all the rest of the Captaines and Gentlemen went to visite hym, and to comfort him in his hard fortune, wondring at his courage and stout hart, for that he shewed not any signe of faintnes nor changing of colour. But feeling the hower of death to approch, hee spake these wordes in Spanish, and said: Here die I *Richard Greenfield*, with a joyfull and quiet mind, for that I have ended my life as a true soldier ought to do, that hath fought for his countrey, Queene, religion, and honor, whereby my soule most joyfull departeth out of this bodie, and shall alwaies leave behinde it an everlasting fame of a valiant and true soldier, that hath done his dutie, as he was bound to doe. When he had finished these or such other like words, hee gave up the Ghost with great and stout courage, and no man could perceive any true signe of heavinesse in him.

An edition of the *Works* was published at Oxford in 1829, with the Lives by Oldys (1736) and Birch (1751) prefixed. The story of the *Revenge* we have given substantially as in Mr Arber's reprint (1871); the extracts from the *History* are from the 1614 edition. Sir S. Brydges edited the poems in 1814, and Hannah in 1885; and there is a bibliography by Brushfield (1886). Recent research has proved that many of the poems and prose pieces once attributed to Raleigh are not his. There are Lives by Cayley (1805), Tytler (1833), Mrs Thomson (1830), Kingsley (*Miscellanies*, 1859), Edwards (1868), St John (1868), Mrs Creighton (1877), Gosse (1886), Stebbing (1892), and Hume (1898). For Raleigh's trial, see Howell's *State Trials*, or H. L. Stephen's selection therefrom (1899); and for the atheism attributed to Raleigh, Marlowe, and others, see the edition of Kyd's works by Mr Boas (1900).

John Lyly, author of *Euphues* and dramatist, was born in the Weald of Kent about 1554. He went to Magdalen College, Oxford, in 1569, and graduated M.A. in 1575, as at Cambridge in 1579. He petitioned Queen Elizabeth in vain that he might be appointed Master of the Revels; but Lord Burghley gave him a post in his household. In 1589 he took part in the Martin Marprelate controversy, and incurred the enmity of Gabriel Harvey, who described him in *Pierce's Supererogation* (1593) as 'a mad lad as ever twang'd, never troubled with any substance of witt or circumstance of honestie, sometime the fiddlesticke of Oxford, now the very bable of London.' He was returned for Hindon to parliament in 1589, for Aylesbury in 1593, for Appleby in 1597, and again for Aylesbury in October 1601. The precise date of his death is not known; but he was buried in London on the 30th of November 1606.

The first part of Lyly's famous romance, *Euphues, the Anatomy of Wit*, was published in the spring of 1579; the second, *Euphues and his England*, in 1580; and at court both were received with applause. The book went through five editions in six years, and became a sort of textbook for court ladies and people of fashion, who were fascinated by its curious ornate style, comparisons, and conceits, and got its peculiar phrases by heart. In the words of Edward Blount the publisher: 'Our Nation are in his debt for a new English which hee taught them. . . . All our Ladies were then his Schollers; And that Beautie in Court which could not Parley Euphueisme was as little regarded as shee which now there speakes not French.' The significance of the fact that Lyly wrote for the women of England has already been touched on at page 239. Lyly renounced the old sources of interest, in enchantments and startling adventures, and relied solely on his style, its alliterations and antitheses, its word-plays and conceits, which have to bear the burden of much moralising and many disquisitions, often quite trivial. Another feature of Lyly's 'new English' is the constant employment of similes, drawn from mediæval fables, from bestiaries and herbals, about animals, plants, and minerals. It is usual to trace the euphuistic style to the influence of Guevara. Lord Berners and North had translated works of Guevara (see pages 104 and 259), and other Englishmen also were affected by him. Euphuism was an exaggeration of the style introduced by Sidney from the Italian romancers; Gongorism (from the Spaniard Gongora) and Marinism (from the Italian Marini) were somewhat analogous later influences in poetry; and Ronsard, the Pleiad, and Du Bartas illustrate the same tendency. Mr Sidney Lee holds that Guevara's influence on euphuism has been exaggerated; that pedantic eccentricity was in the air, and might have grown out of Lyly's own natural impulses. Greene, Lodge, and others deliberately imitated *Euphues*, as will be seen from the specimen given at page 317 of Lodge's *Rosalynde;* but their affectations were seldom so pronounced as Lyly's, though Lyly is more sober and less tedious than many of his later imitators, the pedants of King James's court. Later the euphuistic style was held up to derision. Drayton, who praises Sidney for having put euphuism out of fashion, speaks scornfully of

> Lilly's writing then in use,
> Talking of stones, stars, plants, of fishes, flyes,
> Playing with words and idle similes.

Sidney and, later, Ben Jonson were amongst hostile critics; Shakespeare (*Love's Labour's Lost*) and Sir Walter Scott caricatured the style; Scott's Sir Piercie Shafton, meant for a euphuistic hero, is an extravaganza. Some of the influences of euphuism continued in the so-called 'metaphysical school' disturbed the standard of English style till the great writers of the seventeenth century, such as Milton, Clarendon, and Barrow, effectively revived dignified simplicity and vigour. But of late the excellences of Lyly have also been recognised; in spite of over-ornament, the iteration of antitheses, and consequent tediousness, there is, as Mr Gosse has pointed out, a new element of richness and harmony in Lyly's style, and *Euphues* is in England the earliest 'book prose which shows any desire to be splendid.' The matter is in many ways excellent; sound advice is offered on friendship, love, travel, education, morals, and religion; in his views on the conduct of life the anti-Puritan pamphleteer was, theoretically at least, a Puritan. In the first part of the romance the author places his hero, a young Athenian, in Naples; and in the second part brings him to England, 'his voyage and adventures being mixed with sundry pretty discourses of honest love, the description of the country, the court, and the manners of that isle.'

How the lyfe of a young man should be ledde.

There are three things which cause perfection in man, Nature, Reason, Use. Reason I call discipline, Use, Exercise, if anye one of these braunches want, certeinely the Tree of Vertue must needes wither. For Nature without Discipline is of small force, and Discipline without Nature more feeble: if exercise or studie be voyd of any of these it avayleth nothing. For as in tilling of the ground and husbandry there is first chosen a fertill soyle, then a cunning sower, then good seede, even so must we compare Nature to the fatte earth, the expert husbandman to the Schoolemaster, the faculties and sciences to the pure seedes. If this order had not bene in our predecessors, *Pithagoras*, *Socrates*, *Plato*, and who so ever was renowmed in *Greece*, for the glorie of wisedome, they had never bene eternished for wise men, neither canonised as it were for Saincts, among those that studie Sciences. It is therefore a most evident signe of Gods singular favour towards him that is endued with al these qualities without the least of the which man is most miserable. But if ther be any one that thinketh wit not necessary to the obteining of wisedome, after he hath gotten the waye to vertue by Industrie and Exercise, he is an Hereticke, in my opinion, touching the true fayth of learning; for if Nature play not hir part, in vaine is labour, and as I said before, if studie be not imployed, in vain is Nature. Sloth tourneth the edge of wit, Studie sharpeneth the minde, a thing be it never so easie is harde to the (idle), a thing be it never so hard is easie to the wit well employed. And most playnly we may see in many things the efficacie of industrie and labour.

The lyttle droppes of rayne pearceth hard Marble, yron with often handling is worne to nothing. Besides this, Industrie sheweth hir selfe in other things, the fertill soyle if it be never tilled, doth waxe barren, and that which is most noble by nature, is made most vyle by neglygence. What tree if it be not topped, beareth any fruite? What Vine if it be not proyned, bringeth foorth Grapes? Is not the strength of the bodye tourned to weakenesse with too much delycacie, were not *Milo* his armes brawne-fallen for want of wrastlyng? Moreover by labour the fierce Unicorne is tamed, the wildest Fawlchon is reclaimed, the greatest bulwarke is sacked. It was well aunswered of that man of *Thessalie*, who beeing demaunded, who among the *Thessalians* were reputed most vile; those sayde hee that lyve at quyet and ease, never giving themselves to martiall affaires: but what shoulde one use many words in a thing already proved? It is Custome, Use, and Exercise, that bring a young man to Vertue, and Vertue to his perfection. *Lycurgus* the lawgiver of the *Spartans* did nourish two Whelpes both of one sire and one damme, but after a sundry manner; for the one he framed to hunt, and the other to lye alwayes in the chimneyes ende at the porredge pot. Afterward calling the *Lacedemonians* into one assembly he saide: To the atteining of vertue, ye *Lacedemonians*, Education, Industrie, and Exercise, is the most noblest meanes, the truth of which I will make manifest unto you by tryal; then bringing forth the whelpes, and setting downe there a pot and a Hare, the one ran at the Hare, the other to the porredge pot. The *Lacedemonians* scarce understanding this mistery, he said: Both of these be of one sire and one damme, but you see how Education altereth Nature.

A Father's Grief.

Thou weepest for the death of thy daughter, and I laugh at the folly of the father, for greater vanitie is there in the minde of the mourner then bitternesse in the death of the deceased. But shee was amiable, but yet sinful, but she was young and might have lived, but she was mortall and must have dyed. I [Ay] but hir youth made thee often merry, I but thine age shold once make thee wise. I but hir greene yeares wer unfit for death, I but thy hoary haires should dispyse life. Knowest thou not, *Eubulus*, that life is the gift of God, death the due of Nature; as we receive the one as a benefite, so must we abide the other of necessitie. Wise men have found that by learning which old men should know by experience, that in life ther is nothing sweete, in death nothing sowre. The Philosophers accompted it the chiefest felicitie never to be borne, the second soone to dye. And what hath death in it so hard that we should take it so heavily? is it straunge to see that cut off, which by nature is made to be cut? or that melten, which is fit to be melted? or that burnt which is apt to be burnt, or man to passe that is borne to perish? But thou grauntest that she should have dyed, and yet art thou greeved that she is dead. Is the death the better if the life be longer? no truely. For as neither he that singeth most, or praieth longest, or ruleth the sterne oftenest, but he that doth it best deserveth greatest praise, so he, not that hath most yeares but many vertues, nor he that hath graiest haires but greatest goodnes, lyveth longest. The chiefe beauty of life consisteth not in the numbring of many dayes, but in the using of vertuous dooings. Amongst plants those be best estemed that in shortest time bring foorth much fruite. Be not the fairest flowers gathered when they be freshest? the youngest beasts killed for sacrifice bicause they be finest? The measure of life is not length, but honestie, neither do we enter into life to the ende we should set downe the day of

our death, but therfore do we live, that we may obey him that made us, and be willing to dye when he shal cal us. (From *Euphues, the Anatomy of Wit.*)

Continue not in Anger.

The sharpe Northeast winde (my good *Euphues*) doth never last three dayes, tempestes have but a short time, and the more violent the thunder is, the lesse permanent it is. In the like manner it falleth out with the jarres and crossings of friends which, begun in a minuit, are ended in a moment.

Necessary it is that among friends there should bee some overthwarting, but to continue in anger not convenient; the Camill first troubleth the water before he drinke, the Frankensence is burned before it smell; friendes are tryed before they are to be trusted, least shining like the Carbuncle as though they had fire, they be found being touched to be without fire.

Friendshippe should be like the wine which *Homer*, much commending, calleth *Maroneum*, whereof one pinte being mingled with five quartes of water, yet it keepeth his old strength and vertue, not to be qualified by any discurtesie. Where salt doth grow nothing els can breede, where friendship is built no offence can harbour. (From *Euphues and his England.*)

It should be remembered that, in spite of his mania for over-elaborateness and artificiality, Lyly could and did, even in *Euphues*, make effective use of the mother-tongue in its pithiest shape. Thus, recurring to the proverbial wisdom of the race, he speaks of standing as though one 'had a flea in his eare;' 'Ah! well I wot a new broome sweepeth cleane' shows no trace of Italianisation; nor do 'Always have an eye to the mayne,' 'A burnt childe dreadeth the fire,' 'Children and fooles speake true,' 'Cut thy coat according to thy cloth,' 'He that loseth his honestie hath nothing else to lose,' 'It is too late to shutte the stable doore when the steede is stolne,' 'Is it not a by-word, lyke will to lyke?' 'To run with the hare and holde with the hounde,' and 'Fayre words fat fewe.' This, also from *Euphues*, would come home even to the contemporary Philistine: 'An Englishman hath three qualityes; he can suffer no partner in his love, no stranger to be his equal, nor to be dared of any.'

Lyly's comedies (which were performed before the queen by boys' companies) are more readable than his romance. The earliest seems to have been *The Woman in the Moone*, produced perhaps before 1583 (though not printed till 1597), and was followed by *Campaspe* and *Sapho and Phao* (both published in 1584), *Endimion* (1591), *Gallathea* and *Midas* (1592), *Mother Bombie* (1594—named from the fortune-teller in the play), and *Love's Metamorphosis* (1601). Except the blank-verse *Woman in the Moone*, these comedies (on pastoral and mythological subjects) were written in prose, with occasional passages in verse. They display little dramatic power, but handle the old stories cleverly; and, in spite of its inevitable euphuism, the dialogue is frequently pointed and sparkling.

The following soliloquy by Phao, a poor ferryman, is the opening of *Sapho and Phao:*

Phao. Thou art a ferriman, *Phao*, yet a freeman; possessing for riches content, and for honours quiet. Thy thoughts are no higher than thy fortunes, nor thy desires greater than thy calling. Who climbeth, standeth on glasse, and falleth on thorne. Thy hearts thirst is satisfied with thy hands thrift, and thy gentle labours in the day turne to sweete slumbers in the night. As much doth it delight thee to rule thine oare in a calme streame, as it doth *Sapho* to sway the scepter in her brave court. Envi never casteth her eye low, ambition pointeth alwayes upward, and revenge barketh only at starres. Thou farest delicately, if thou have a fare to buy anything. Thine angle is readie, when thine oare is idle; and as sweet is the fish which thou gettest in the river as the foule which other buy in the market; thou needest not feare poyson in thy glasse, nor treason in thy gard. The wind is thy greatest enemy, whose might is withstood with pollicie. O sweet life, seldome found under a golden covert, often under a thatched cottage!

Hazlitt was a warm admirer of Lyly's *Endimion*. 'I know few things more perfect in characteristic painting,' he remarks, 'than the exclamation of the Phrygian shepherds, who, afraid of betraying the secret of Midas's ears, fancy that "the very reeds bow down as though they listened to their talk;" nor more affecting in sentiment than the apostrophe addressed by his friend Eumenides to Endimion, on waking from his long sleep: "Behold the twig to which thou laidest down thy head is now become a tree."' *The Maydes Metamorphosis*, an anonymous play, has on no good grounds been assigned to Lyly, except that its lyrics are not unworthy of Lyly—the fairies' song, for example:

By the moon we sport and play;
With the night begins our day:
As we dance the dew doth fall;
Trip it, little urchins all.
Lightly as the little bee,
Two by two, and three by three,
And about go we, and about go we.

It may have been by John Day; some ascribe it to Daniel.

The delightful songs were first printed in the collective edition of 1632; the best known is—

Cupid and Campaspe.

Cupid and my Campaspe playd,
At cardes for kisses, Cupid payd;
He stakes his quiver, bow, and arrowes,
His mother's doves, and teeme of sparows;
Loses them too; then downe he throwes
The corrall of his lippe, the rose
Growing on 's cheek (but none knows how);
With these, the cristall of his brow,
And then the dimple of his chinne:
All these did my Campaspe winne.
At last hee set her both his eyes;
Shee won, and Cupid blind did rise.
O Love! has shee done this to thee?
What shall (alas!) become of mee?

Song from 'Sapho and Phao.'

O cruell Love! on thee I lay
My curse, which shall strike blinde the day;
Never may sleepe with velvet hand
Charme thine eyes with sacred wand;
Thy jaylours shal be hopes and feares;
Thy prison-mates, grones, sighes, and teares;
Thy play to weare out weary times,
Phantasticke passions, vowes, and rimes;
Thy bread bee frownes; thy drinke bee gall;
Such as when you *Phao* call,
The bed thou lyest on by despaire;
Thy sleepe, fond dreames; thy dreames long care;
Hope (like thy foole) at thy beds head,
Mockes thee, till madnesse strike thee dead;
As *Phao*, thou dost mee, with thy proud eyes;
In thee poore *Sapho* lives, for thee shee dies.

The nightingale song, also from *Sapho and Phao*, is given in the section on Elizabethan song-writers (page 274), where Lyly's importance as a lyrist is recognised.

The Lyly of *Euphues* is such a very pointed contrast to the Anti-Martinist pamphleteer that (although we say with Harvey, his antagonist, 'Would God Lilly had always been Euphues and never Papp-Hatchett') we give a fragment from *Papp with a Hatchett*, Lyly's principal contribution to the Martin Marprelate controversy (see page 332)—for, though the authorship has been disputed, it seems to have been his:

If Martin will fight Citie fight, wee challenge him at all weapons, from the taylors bodkin to the watchmans browne bil. If a field may be pitcht we are readie: if they scratch, wee will bring cattes: if scolde, we will bring women: if multiplie words, we will bring fooles: if they floute, we will bring quippes: if dispute the matter, we will bring schollers: if they buffet, we will bring fists. *Deus bone*, what a number of we will brings be here! Nay, we will bring Bull to hang them. A good note and signe of good lucke, three times motion of Bull. Motion of Bull? Why, next olde Rosses motion of Bridewell, Buls motion fits them best. *Tria sequuntur tria*, in reckoning Bull thrise, methinkes it should presage hanging. O bad application; Bad? I doo not thinke there can be a better, than to applie a knaves necke to an halter. Martin cannot start, I am his shadowe, one parte of the day before him, another behinde him; I can chalke a knave on his backe thrice a weeke, Ile let him bloud in the combe.

Take heed, he will pistle thee. Pistle me? Then have I a pestle so to stampe his pistles, that Ile beate all his wit to powder. What will the powder of Martins wit be good for? Marie, blowe up a dram of it into the nostrels of a good Protestant, it will make him giddie; but if you minister it like Tobacco to a Puritane, it will make him as mad as a Martin.

Lyly's plays were edited by F. W. Fairholt in 1858 (2 vols.); *Euphues* is in Arber's *English Reprints* (1868), and was edited by Landmann (Heilbronn, 1887). See also the introduction to G. C. Baker's edition of the *Endymion* (1895), and C. G. Child, *John Lyly and Euphuism* (1894); and for a possible influence of Lyly on Shakespeare, W. L. Rushton's *Shakespeare's Euphuism* (1871).

Thomas Lodge (1558?–1625), poet, dramatist, and romance writer, was the son of a Lord Mayor of London, studied at Trinity, Oxford, and entered Lincoln's Inn, but took to literature and a wild and rollicking life. He published in 15[illegible] a *Defence of Stage Plays in Three Divisions*, in reply to Stephen Gosson. Gosson rejoined in *Plays Confuted in Five Actions;* and Lodge rejoined once more. Gosson, who was neither charitable nor careful about evidence, speaks of Lodge as 'hunted by the heavy hand of God, and become little better than a vagrant, looser than liberty;' and he is generally but not certainly identified with the Young Juvenal of Greene's *Groats-worth of Wit*. He tried the army, and joined in an expedition to the Canaries against the Spaniards about 1588, writing on the way his euphuistic romance, *Rosalynde: Euphues Golden Legacie*. Published in 1590, this culminating example of Elizabethan romance (see above at page 238) has very many points of resemblance to his friend Greene's *Menaphon* (of 1589). With Cavendish he sailed to South America in 1591. *Glaucus and Scilla*, or *Scilla's Metamorphosis* (1589), a volume of verse, seems to have given Shakespeare the plan of *Venus and Adonis*. *Euphues Shadow* (1592) was another imitation of Lyly. *Robin the Divell* and *William Longbeard* were historical romances. *Phillis* (1593), his chief volume of verse, contained forty sonnets and short pieces, and one narrative poem. *A Fig for Momus* (1589) consists of *Satyres, Eclogues, and Epistles*. He further wrote two second-rate plays, *The Wounds of Civill War* (1594) and *A Looking Glasse for London and England* (1594, in conjunction with Greene); and he also translated Josephus, Seneca, and part of Du Bartas. *A Margarite of America* (1596), another euphuistic romance, gives experiences from his second voyage; and was written, he says, 'in those straits christened by Magellan, in which place to the southward, many wondrous isles, many strange fishes, many monstrous Patagons, withdrew my senses.' From literature as a profession he turned about 1596 to physic, and became a Catholic. He studied medicine, Wood says, at Avignon, and practised in London, being much patronised by Roman Catholic families, till his death by the plague in 1625. Lodge was a very accomplished man. The prose of his romances is elaborate, and they are themselves mostly tedious; but some of his lyrics may fairly rank amongst the finest of the century. Of the exquisite verses in *Rosalynde* Mr Gosse says, 'Nothing so fluent, so opulent, and so melodious had up to that time been known in English verse.' It has been pointed out that many of the best closely follow French and Italian models, especially Ronsard and Desportes. The *Rosalynde* contains passages of fine description, with verses interspersed. From this romantic little tale Shakespeare took the incidents of his *As You Like It*, following Lodge with remarkable closeness. Most of the personages, except Jacques, Touchstone, and Audrey, are taken straight from Lodge, their names being usually changed. Shakespeare has been censured for anachronisms

›medy—such as introducing a lioness and
: into his Forest of Arden ; but he merely
.odge, who has the lion, the myrrh-tree,
he citron, and pomegranate—consistency
:bility not being features of romantic tales
nd. *Rosalynde* itself followed the *Tale of*
elyn, sometimes printed as Chaucer's in
erbury Tales.

salynde, in some editions called only
Golden Legacie, Lodge in his dedication
Hunsdon says: 'Having with Captaine
ıade a voyage to the Ilands of Terceras
Canaries, to beguile the time with labour
s Booke: rough and hatcht in the stormes
:ean and feathered in the surges of many
seas.' But the artistic convention is that
found the 'scrowle' signed by Euphues'
l; and thus the work begins:

lwelt adioyning to the Cittie of Bourdeaux, a
most honourable parentage whom Fortune had
th many favours, and nature honoured with
quisite qualities, so beautified with the excel-
›oth, as it was a question whether Fortune or
:re more prodigall in disciphering the riches of
ıties. Wise hee was, and holding in his head
conceite of pollicie, reaching with Nestor into
of all civill government: and to make his wise-
re gracious, he had that *salem ingenii*, and
eloquence that was so highly commended in
his valour was no lesse then his wit, nor the
his launce no lesse forcible then the sweetnes
gue was perswasive: for hee was for his courage
e principall of all the Knights of Malta. This
ight thus enricht with vertue and honour, sir-
John of Bourdeaux, having passed the prime of
in soundry battels against the Turks, at last (as
f time hath his course) grew aged: his haires
rhewed, and the map of his age was figured on
ad. Honour sate in the furrowes of his face,
· yeares were portrayd in his wrinckled linia-
ıt all men might perceive his glasse was runne,
nature of necessitie challenged her due. Sir
with the Phenix knew the terme of his life was
ed, and could with the Swanne discover his end
ıgs, having three sonnes by his wife Lineda, the
of his forepassed yeares, thought now, seeing
:onstraint would compell him to leave them, to
›on them such a Legacie as might bewray his
increase their insuing amitie. Calling therfore
g Gentlemen before him in the presence of all
Knights of Malta, hee resolved to leave them
all of all his fatherly care, in setting downe a
of their brotherly duties. Having therefore
is lookes to move them to pittie, and teares in
› paint out the depth of his passions, taking his
ne by the hand hee began.

sonnes, you see that Fate hath set a period of
, and Destinies have determined a finall end of
, the Holme tree wareth awaywarde, for he
n his height, and my plumes are full of sicke
ouched with age. I must to my grave that
h al cares, and leave you to the world that
many sorrowes. My silver haires containe
erience, and the number of my yeares have
ne the subtilties of fortune. Therfore as I leave
you some fading pelfe to countercheck povertie, so I will bequeath you infallible precepts that shall leade you unto vertue. First therefore unto thee Saladine the eldest, and therefore the chiefest pillar of my house, wherin should be ingraved as well the excellencie of thy father's qualities, as the essential forme of his proportion, to thee I give foureteene plough-lands, with al my Manour houses and richest plate. Next, unto Fernandine, I bequeath twelve plough-lands: But unto Rosader the yongest, I give my horse, my armor, and my launce, with sixteene plough-lands: for if the inward thoughts be discovered by outward shadowes, Rosader will exceede you all in bountie and honor. Thus (my sonnes) have I parted in your portions the substance of my wealth, wherin if you be as prodigall to spend, as I have beene careful to get, your friends will grieve to see you more wastfull then I was bountifull, and your foes smile that my fall did begin at your excesse. Let mine honour be the glasse of your actions, and the fame of my vertues the load-starre to direct the course of your pilgrimage. Time your deeds by my honorable indevors, and shew your selves siens [scions] worthy of so florishing a tree: least as the birds Halcyones which exceed in whitenes, I hatch yong ones that exceed in blacknesse.

Here we have the family skeleton reproduced in *As You Like It.* And, as in Shakespeare, the rascally elder brother deprives the two younger of their inheritance, forcing the second to become a mere bookworm, and the youngest to be his own foot-boy. Further, when the foot-boy becomes rebellious, the new head of the house suborns a 'champion' (Shakespeare's wrestler) to kill him in a pretended trial of skill. And so Rosader (i.e. Orlando) finds opportunity to distinguish himself in the eyes of Rosalynde (indifferently spelt also Rosalynd and Rosalind), the daughter (not of a banished duke, but) of a dispossessed king of France--the parallel being so far complete.

All but one of the following poems are from *Rosalynde.* The love-sick Rosader describes his 'sweetheart to the forester, pulling a paper forth of his bosome, wherein he read this':

Rosalind's Description.

Like to the cleare in highest sphere,
Where all imperiall glorie shines,
Of selfe-same colours is her haire,
Whether unfolded or in twines:
Heigh ho, faire Rosalind.

Her eyes are Saphires set in snow,
Refining heaven by every winke;
The gods doe feare when as they glow,
And I doe tremble when I thinke.
Heigh ho, would she were mine.

Her cheekes are like the blushing cloude
That beautifies Aurora's face;
Or like the silver crimson shroud
That Phœbus' smiling lookes doth grace.
Heigh ho, faire Rosalind.

Her lips are like to budded roses,
Whom ranks of lillies neighbour nigh;
Within which bounds she balme incloses,
Apt to entice a deitie.
Heigh ho, would she were mine.

Her necke is like a stately tower,
Where Love himself imprisoned lies,
To watch for glaunces every houre,
From her divine and sacred eies.
Heigh ho for Rosalind.

With orient pearle, with rubie red,
With marble white, with saphire blew,
Her bodie everyway is fed,
Yet soft in touch, and sweete in view.
Heigh ho, faire Rosalind.

Nature her selfe her shape admires;
The gods are wounded in her sight;
And Love forsakes his heavenly fires,
And at her eyes his brand doth light.
Heigh ho, were she but mine.

Then muse not, nymphs, though I bemone
The absence of faire Rosalind,
Since for her faire there is a fairer none,
Nor for her vertues so divine.
Heigh ho, faire Rosalind,
Heigh ho, my heart, would God that she were mine.

'Smiling to herselfe to thinke of her new entertained passion, and taking out her lute, she warbled out this ditty':

Rosalind's Madrigall.

Love in my bosome, like a bee,
Doth suck his sweete;
Now with his wings he plaies with me,
Now with his feete.
Within mine eyes he makes his nest,
His bed amidst my tender breast;
My kisses are his daily feast,
And yet he robs me of my rest:
Ah, wanton, will ye?

And if I sleepe, then pearcheth he
With prettie flight,
And makes his pillow of my knee,
The live-long night.
Strike I my lute, he tunes the string;
He musicke plaies if so I sing;
He lends me every loving thing,
Yet cruell he my heart doth sting:
Whist, wanton, still ye!

Else I with roses every day
Will whip you hence,
And bind you, when you long to play,
For your offence.
Ile shut mine eyes to keepe you in;
Ile make you fast it for your sinne;
Ile count your power not worth a pinne;
Alas! what hereby shall I winne
If he gainesay me?

What if I beate the wanton boy
With many a rod?
He will repay me with annoy,
Because a god.
Then sit thou safely on my knee,
And let thy bower my bosome be;
Lurke in mine eyes, I like of thee,
O Cupid! so thou pittie me,
Spare not, but play thee.

The next is:

Rosader's Second Sonetto.

Turn I my lookes unto the skies,
Love with his arrows wounds mine eies;
If so I looke upon the ground,
Love then in every flower is found;
Search I the shade to flie my paine,
He meetes me in the shade again;
Want I to walke in secret grove,
Even there I meete with sacred love;
If so I bathe me in the spring,
E'en on the brink I heare him sing;
If so I meditate alone,
He will be partner of my mone;
If so I mourne, he weepes with me;
And where I am, there will he be.
When as I talke of Rosalind
The god from coyness waxeth kind,
And seemes in selfe same love to frie,
Because he loves as well as I.
Sweete Rosalind, for pittie sue,
For why then, love, I am more true;
He if he speede will quickly flie,
But in thy love I live and die.

And Rosader, 'desirous to discover his w the woods, ingraved with his knife on the of a myrre tree, this pretie estimate of his n perfection'—a second 'sonetto' (of four quat of which this is the first):

Of all chaste birds the phenix doth excell,
Of all strong beasts the lion beares the bell,
Of all sweet flowers the rose doth sweetest sm
Of all faire maides my Rosalind is fairest.

This is from **Phillis**:

My Phillis hath the morning sunne
At first to looke uppon her.
And Phillis hath morne-waking birdes
Her risings for to honour.
My Phillis hath prime-feathered flowers
That smile when she treades on them;
And Phillis hath a gallant flocke
That leapes since she doth owne them.
But Phillis hath so hard a heart
(Ah-las that she should have it),
As yeeldes no mercie to desart
Nor grace to those that crave it:
Sweet sunne when thou lookest on
Pray her regard my moane.
Sweet birdes when you sing to her
To yeeld some pittie wooe her.
Sweet flowers when as she treades on
Tell her her beautie deades one.
And if in life her love she nill agree me,
Pray her before I die she will come see me.

Lodge's trenchant pamphleteering style w seen from a single paragraph of his re Gosson's *Schoole of Abuse:*

There came to my hands lately a litle (would a wittye) pamphelet, baring a fayre face as th were the schoole of abuse, but being by me ad wayed I fynd it the oftscome of imperfections, the fuller of wordes than judgement; the matter cer

s ridiculus as serious. Asuredly his mother witte rrought this wonder, the child to dispraye his father, he dogg to byte his mayster for his dainty morcell. But I see (with *Seneca*) that the wrong is to be suffered, since ne disprayseth who by costome hath left to speake well; bot I meane to be short: and teach the Maister what he knoweth not, partly that he may se his owne follie, and partly that I may discharge my promise; both binde me. Therefore I would wish the good scholmayster to over-looke his abuses againe with me, so shall he see an ocean of inormities which begin in his first prinsiple in the dispraye of poetry.

An edition of Lodge's works in five vols. 4to was published in 1884 for the Hunterian Club, with an introduction by Mr Gosse. *Rosalynde*, *A Fig for Momus*, and others of the pieces have been reprinted separately.

Thomas Kyd (1558–95?), the son of a scrivener, was baptised in a City church on 6th November 1558, and was educated at Merchant Taylors' School. Like so many of his contemporaries, he seems to have lived a life of hardship as a literary man. In 1590 he entered the service of a lord—possibly the Earl of Sussex. He was imprisoned in 1593 for sharing in the treasonable and atheistical views of Marlowe, but was apparently soon released. He translated *The Housholders Philosophie* (1588) from Tasso's *Padre di Famiglia;* he wrote pamphlet-broadsides describing sensational murders of the day; he seems to have written plays on a Senecan model, and he translated *Cornelia* (1594) from Garnier, chief of the French Senecans; he probably produced in 1594 a play on *Hamlet* no longer extant, and possibly was author of the first draft of *Titus Andronicus*, which we have as Shakespeare remodelled it (see below at Shakespeare, page 360). But his credit depends mainly on his *Spanish Tragedy*, licensed and performed with much success in 1592, though probably written before 1588. And, as some think, the success of the *Spanish Tragedy* moved him—alone or with others—to produce a *First Part of Jeronimo*, a sort of introductory play vastly inferior to the earlier; others are confident this first part, which might be called *The Wars of Portugal*, is by a wholly different person. The *Spanish Tragedy* was prodigiously popular—there were twelve editions, with alterations and additions, by 1633; and in Dutch and German translations it was as popular abroad. It has many merits; it combines the Senecan rhetoric, the style of the Italian renaissance, and the English tradition; it has been called the first living tragedy on a great scale in English, its highly complicated plot being managed with no little dramatic skill, though there are incredibilities, obvious makeshifts, and wooden characters enough. And it reeks with blood. Besides jealousy, malignity, false accusation, treachery, revenge, and madness, there are two hangings, six other murders or assassinations by stabbing or shooting, and three suicides (two of ladies) enacted on the stage. Horrors and atrocities were largely the staple of the renaissance drama of Italy; and in Kyd's masterpiece we have a typical representation of the horrible that was in Shakespeare's hands to be superseded by the terrible. The *Spanish Tragedy* has, indeed, some considerable similarity to *Titus Andronicus* even as we know it, and has several points of resemblance to Shakespeare's *Hamlet*, as in the rôle of the murdered man's ghost, and the play within a play that brings home their guilt to the guilty and gives opportunity for revenge. On Kyd's share in developing English drama see above at page 241. Webster and Tourneur, later exponents of the Tragedy of Blood, forsook in some respects the Shakespearian model to return to Kyd's.

The story is quite unhistorical, nor is it known to be based on any other play or tale. It tells of 'the love of Don Horatio for the Spanish princess Bellimperia; his murder by Bellimperia's brother, Don Lorenzo, and his own rival in love, the captive prince of Portugal, Don Balthazar; and the dreadful revenge of Horatio's father, Jeronimo, the Marshal of Spain, by means of a play where the murders supposed to be acted are carried out in reality.'

The play is in blank verse, interrupted by irregular rhythms, occasional rhymed verse, and passages of prose; and amid the horrors are brief spells of comedy, grim jokes, and bad puns. Ben Jonson was engaged to make additions to the *Spanish Tragedy*, though he speaks disrespectfully of Kyd's art, and of the popular taste that hankered after plays such as his (see below at page 406). When, playing on Kyd's name, he spoke of 'sporting Kyd and Marlowe's mighty line,' the facetiously inappropriate epithet was unkindly meant. Lamb thought the additions were 'the salt of the old play,' and must have been by 'a more potent spirit than Ben, perhaps Webster.' Coleridge thought the additions attributed (wrongly) to Ben were very like Shakespeare.

Thus the hero Jeronimo (or Hieronimo), 'run lunatic' for grief at the loss of his son, maintained method in his madness and mingled reason—and poetry—with his frenzy:

Hier. Where shall I runne to breath abroad my woes,
My woes whose weight hath wearied the earth?
Or mine exclaimes that have surcharg'd the Ayre
With ceaselesse Plaints for my deceased Sonne:
The blustring Winds, conspiring with my words,
At my lament have moov'd the leafelesse trees;
Disroab'd the Meadowes of their flowred greene,
Made Mountaines harsh with Spring-tide of my teares;
And broken through the Brazen gates of Hell.
Yet still tormented is my tortured Soule
With broken sighes and restelesse passions
That winged mount and hovering in the ayre;
But at the windowes of the brightest Heavens
Soliciting for justice and revenge:
But they are plac'd in their Imperiall heights
Where countermured with walles of Diamond
I find this place impregnable; and they
Resist my woes and give my words no way.

(Act III. sc. vii.)

The following is part of a passage Lamb, on internal evidence alone, thinks must have been by Webster, though there is no evidence that it is not Kyd's own. Schick, on the other hand, says of the whole passage to which it belongs: 'The original *Spanish Tragedy* has certainly many ridiculous passages, but here Kyd is outdone by the interpolator.' Hieronimo still raves:

Hier. My son! and what 's a son? . . . .
A lump bred up in darkness, and doth serve
To balance those light creatures we call women;
And at the nine months' end creeps forth to light.
What is there yet in a son,
To make a father dote, rave, or runne mad?
Being borne, it pouts, cries, and breeds teeth.
What is there yet in a Sonne? He must be fed,
Be taught to go, and speak. Ay or yet
Why might not a man love a Calfe as well?
Or melt in passion o'er a frisking Kid,
As for a sonne? Methinkes a young Bacon,
Or a fine little smooth Horse-colt,
Should moove a man as much as doth a Son;
For one of these in very little time
Will grow to some good use; whereas a sonne
The more he growes in stature and in yeares,
The more unsquar'd, unbevelled he appeares;
Reckons his Parents among the ranke of Fooles,
Strikes cares upon their heads with his mad Ryots,
Makes them looke old before they meet with age;
This is a Son; and what a losse were this,
Considered truely! Oh, but my *Horatio*
Grew out of reach of those Insatiate humours:
He loved his loving Parents:
He was my comfort, and his Mothers joy,
The very arm that did hold up our house—
Our hopes were stored up in him;
None but a damned Murderer could hate him.
He had not seene the backe of nineteen yeere,
When his strong arm unhorst the proud Prince Balthazar;
And his great minde, too full of honour, took
To mercy that valiant but ignoble Portingale.
Well, Heaven is Heaven still!
And there is *Nemesis*, and Furies,
And things called whippes,
And they sometimes do meet with Murderers:
They doe not alwayes scape—that 's some comfort.
Ay, ay, ay, and then time steales on,
And steales, and steales, till violence leapes forth,
Like thunder wrappèd in a Ball of fire,
And so doth bring confusion to them all.

(Act III. sc. xi.)

The closely succeeding passage, also spoken by Hieronimo, and no doubt Kyd's own, has been universally praised, and essays have been written on the allegory contained in it:

But if you be importunate to know
The way to him and where to finde him out,
Then list to me and Ile resolve your doubt:
There is a path upon your left hand side,
That leadeth from a guilty Conscience,
Unto a Forrest of distrust and feare,
A darkesome place, and dangerous to passe;
There shall you meet with melancholy thoughts
Whose palefull humours if you but behold
It will conduct you to dispaire and death;
Whose rockie cliffes when you have once behe
Within a hugie dale of lasting night,
That 's kindled with the world's iniquities,
Doth cast up filthy and detested fumes,
Not far from thence where murtherers have bui
An habitation for their cursed soules:
There is a brazen Caldron fixt by Jove
In his fell wrath, upon a sulphire flame,
Your selves shall find Lorenzo bathing him
In boyling Lead and blood of Innocents.

(Also from Act III. sc.

This dialogue is also set down by Schick as of a long interpolation:

Isabella. Deare Hieronimo, come in a-doores.
Oh seeke not meanes to increase thy sorrow.
Hier. Indeed, Isabella, wee doe nothing here.
I doe not crie; ask Pedro and Jaques:
Not I indeed; wee are very merry, very merry!
Isa. How? be merry here, be merry here?
Is not this the place, and this the very tree,
Where my Horatio died, where hee was murdered?
Hier. Was——. Do not say what: let her weep
This was the tree; I set it of a kirnell;
And when our hote Spaine could not let it grow,
But that the infant and the humane sappe
Began to wither, duely twice a morning
Would I be sprinkling it with fountaine water:
At last it grew and grew, and bore and bore:
Till at length it grew a gallows, and did bear our s
It bore thy fruit and mine. O wicked, wicked pla
See who knocks there. [*One knocks within at th*
Ped. It is a Painter, sir.
Hier. Bid him come in, and paint some comfort,
For surely ther 's none lives but painted comfort.
Let him come in; one knowes not what may chan
God 's will that I should set this tree! but even so
Masters ungrateful servants rear from nought,
And then they hate them that did bring them up.

(From Act III. sc.

This is part of another soliloquy of Hieroni

But in extreames advantage hath no time,
And therefore all times fit not for revenge,
Thus therefore will I rest me in unrest,
Dissembling quiet in unquietnesse:
Not seeming that I know their villanies,
That my simplicity may make them thinke
That ignorantly I will let it slip:
For Ignorance, I wot and well they know,
Remedium malorum iners est.
Nor ought availes it me to menace them,
Who as a wintry Storme upon a Plaine
Will beare me downe with their Nobility.
No, no, Hieronimo, thou must enjoyne
Thine eyes to observation and thy tongue
To milder speeches than thy spirits affoord,
Thy heart to patience and thy hands to rest,
Thy cap to curtesie and thy knee to bow,
Till to revenge thou know when, where and l

'Evil news fly faster still than good' is a verse rendering of the proverb; and 'The no laws that meditate revenge,' also from might itself be a proverb.

The first part of *Jeronimo*, the *Spanish Tragedy*, *Cornelia*, and *Solyman and Perseda* will be found in Hazlitt's *Dodsley*; here is a separate edition of the *Spanish Tragedy* by Professor Schick of Munich (1898); and in 1900 Kyd's works were edited for the Clarendon Press by Mr F. S. Boas, who in 'New Light on Marlowe and Kyd' in *Fortnightly*, February 1899, discussed Kyd's theological heresy—Unitarianism not Atheism. See also Symonds, *Shakespeare's Predecessors* (1884). Our quotations follow the quarto of 1633.

George Peele, dramatist, was born probably about 1558, went up to Oxford in 1571, and took his master's degree in 1579. By 1581 he had removed to London, where he sought court appointments in vain; for seventeen years lived a roistering Bohemian life as actor, poet, and playwright; and died a discreditable death about 1597-98. He was one of those warned to repentance by Greene in his *Groats-worth of Wit* (see page 326), but had little share in the bitter feuds of his friends and fellow-authors. His best work, *The Arraignment of Paris* (1584), is a dramatic pastoral or masque containing some exquisite verse (in a variety of metres, including blank verse more musical than any yet written) and ingenious flatteries of Elizabeth. The following passage, spoken by Diana in Act v., praises both Eliza and her 'Elyzium'—a hardly pardonable pun, yet less extravagant than the concluding compliment to Eliza (also called 'Zabeta'):

There wons within these pleasaunt shady woods,
Where neither storm nor sun's distemperature
Have power to hurt by cruel heat or cold,
Under the climate of the milder heaven;
Where seldom lights Jove's angry thunderbolt,
For favour of that sovereign earthly peer;
Where whistling winds make music 'mong the trees,—
Far from disturbance of our country gods,
Amid the cypress-springs, a gracious nymph,
That honours Dian for her chastity,
And likes the labours well of Phœbe's groves;
The place Elyzium hight, and of the place
Her name that governs there Eliza is;
A kingdom that may well compare with mine,
An auncient seat of kings, a second Troy,
Y-compass'd round with a commodious sea:
Her people are y-clepèd Angeli,
Or, if I miss, a letter is the most:
She giveth laws of justice and of peace;
And on her head, as fits her fortune best,
She wears a wreath of laurel, gold, and palm;
Her robes of purple and of scarlet dye;
Her veil of white, as best befits a maid:
Her auncestors live in the House of Fame:
She giveth arms of happy victory,
And flowers to deck her lions crown'd with gold.
This peerless nymph, whom heaven and earth beloves,
This paragon, this only, this is she,
In whom do meet so many gifts in one,
On whom our country gods so often gaze,
In honour of whose name the Muses sing;
In state Queen Juno's peer, for power in arms
And virtues of the mind Minerva's mate,
As fair and lovely as the Queen of Love,
As chaste as Dian in her chaste desires:
The same is she, if Phœbe do no wrong,
To whom this ball in merit doth belong.

Another pastoral play, *The Hunting of Cupid* (1591), is lost. His spirited *Farewell* to Sir John Norris on his expedition to Portugal (1589, eked out by *A Tale of Troy*), his *Eclogue Gratulatory* (1589) to the Earl of Essex, his *Polyhymnia* (1590) on the resignation of a Queen's champion, his *Speeches* for the reception of Queen Elizabeth (1591), and his *Honour of the Garter* (1593) for an installation of Knights are other occasional poems. The historical play of *Edward I.* (1593) is marred by its baseless slanders against Queen Eleanor, due to the then irrepressible English hatred of all that was Spanish. The following noble and eloquent outburst in praise of England is put in the mouth of the Queen-mother:

Illustrious England, ancient seat of kings,
Whose chivalry hath royalised thy fame,
That sounding bravely through terrestrial vale,
Proclaiming conquests, spoils, and victories,
Rings glorious echoes through the farthest world;
What warlike nation, trained in feats of arms,
What barbarous people, stubborn, or untamed,
What climate under the meridian signs,
Or frozen zone under his brumal plage, shore
Erst have not quaked and trembled at the name
Of Britain and her mighty conquerors?
Her neighbour realms, as Scotland, Denmark, France,
Awed with their deeds and jealous of her arms,
Have begged defensive and offensive leagues.
Thus Europe, rich and mighty in her kings,
Hath feared brave England, dreadful in her kings.
And now, t' eternise Albion's champions
Equivalent with Trojans' ancient fame,
Comes lovely Edward from Jerusalem,
Veering before the wind, ploughing the sea;
His stretchèd sails filled with the breath of men
That through the world admires his manliness.
And, lo, at last arrived in Dover-road,
Longshanks, your king, your glory, and our son,
With troops of conquering lords and warlike knights,
Like bloody-crested Mars, o'erlooks his host,
Higher than all his army by the head,
Marching along as bright as Phœbus' eyes!
And we, his mother, shall behold our son,
And England's peers shall see their sovereign.

The bombastic *Battle of Alcazar* (1594) was followed by another play now lost. His *Old Wives' Tale* (1595), a legendary story, part in prose and part in blank verse, afforded Milton a rude outline for his masque of *Comus;* it has been unkindly criticised by Mr Symonds and Professor Saintsbury, and defended by Mr Bullen, who thinks it the most attractive play after the *Arraignment*. Peele's Scripture drama, *The Love of David and Fair Bethsabe, with the Tragedy of Absalon*, was not printed till 1599. It presents a curious contrast to most contemporary Elizabethan work in virtue of its subject; and though later Milton evidently studied it with interest, the suggestion that Peele chose a Scripture theme to disarm Puritan prejudice would imply that the playwright wholly misunderstood the nature of that disapproval. For those who abhorred the stage as a frivolous and

irreligious pastime, the representation of sacred characters for the public entertainment could only be a heinous aggravation of the offence; and the exhibition of the Shepherd King, the Psalmist who typified Christ, as an unlawful lover was an audacious defiance of a religious prejudice not confined to the Puritans. Some have thought that the play even contains covert allusions, in allegory, to Mary Queen of Scots and the politics of Elizabeth's reign. A miracle-play in more modern form, it is rather a dramatised story than a perfect drama; but it lends itself admirably to quotation. It used to be highly praised. Campbell called it 'the earliest fountain of pathos and harmony that can be traced in our dramatic poetry;' Charles Lamb disrespectfully thought 'a surfeit' the inevitable consequence of reading much 'of the same stuff;' Mr Bullen condemns it as insipid and cloying; Professor Saintsbury, marvelling at Lamb's faint praise, thinks it 'crammed with beauties.' But as Peele's melodious blank verse lacks variety, so it may be said that his dramatic work, though not without eloquence, grace, and vivacity, lacks power and originality.

From 'David and Bethsabe.'

Of Israel's sweetest singer now I sing,
His holy style and happy victories;
Whose Muse was dipt in that inspiring dew
Archangels stil'ed from the breath of Jove,
Decking her temples with the glorious flowers
Heavens rained on tops of Sion and Mount Sinai.
Upon the bosom of his ivory lute
The cherubins and angels laid their breasts;
And, when his consecrated fingers struck
The golden wires of his ravishing harp,
He gave alarum to the host of heaven,
That, winged with lightning, brake the clouds, and cast
Their crystal armour at his conquering feet.
Of this sweet poet, Jove's musician,
And of his beauteous son, I prease to sing. press
Then help, divine Adonai, to conduct
Upon the wings of my well-tempered verse
The hearers' minds above the towers of heaven,
And guide them so in this thrice-haughty flight,
Their mounting feathers scorch not with the fire
That none can temper but thy holy hand:
To thee for succour flies my feeble Muse,
And at thy feet her iron pen doth use.

After this 'prologus,' Bethsabe and her maid in the bath are watched by David. Bethsabe soliloquises after singing:

Hot sun, cool fire, tempered with sweet air,
Black shade, fair nurse, shadow my white hair:
Shine, sun; burn, fire; breathe, air, and ease me;
Black shade, fair nurse, shroud me, and please me:
Shadow, my sweet nurse, keep me from burning,
Make not my glad cause cause of my mourning.
Let not my beauty's fire
Inflame unstaid desire,
Nor pierce any bright eye
That wandereth lightly.

Come, gentle Zephyr, tricked with those perfumes
That erst in Eden sweetened Adam's love,
And stroke my bosom with thy silken fan:
This shade, sun-proof, is yet no proof for thee;
Thy body, smoother than this waveless spring,
And purer than the substance of the same,
Can creep through that his lances cannot pierce
Thou and thy sister, soft and sacred Air,
Goddess of life, and governess of health,
Keeps every fountain fresh and arbour sweet;
No brazen gate her passage can repulse,
Nor bushy thicket bar thy subtle breath;
Then deck thee with thy loose delightsome robe
And on thy wings bring delicate perfumes,
To play the wantons with us through the leaves.

Then the king soliloquises:

What tunes, what words, what looks, what wonder
My soul, incensed with a sudden fire?
What tree, what shade, what spring, what para
Enjoys the beauty of so fair a dame?
Fair Eva, placed in perfect happiness,
Lending her praise notes to the liberal heavens,
Struck with the accents of archangels' tunes,
Wrought not more pleasure to her husband's th
Than this fair woman's words and notes to mine
May that sweet plain that bears her pleasant we
Be still enamelled with discoloured flowers; w
That precious fount bear sand of purest gold;
And, for the pebble, let the silver streams
That pierce earth's bowels to maintain the sour
Play upon rubies, sapphires, chrysolites;
The brims let be embraced with golden curls
Of moss that sleeps with sound the waters make
For joy to feed the fount with their recourse;
Let all the grass that beautifies her bower
Bear manna every morn instead of dew,
Or let the dew be sweeter far than that
That hangs, like chains of pearl, on Hermon hi
Or balm which trickled from old Aaron's beard

When Bethsabe is persuaded to come palace, David again says (to himself):

Now comes my lover tripping like the roe,
And brings my longings tangled in her hair.
To joy her love I'll build a kingly bower,
Seated in hearing of a hundred streams,
That, for their homage to her soverei;n joys,
Shall, as the serpents fold into their nests
In oblique turnings, wind the nimble waves
About the circles of her curious walks;
And with their murmur summon easeful sleep
To lay his golden sceptre on her brows.

Lamb and Peele's least enthusiastic a agree in praising the verse 'Seated in heari hundred streams,' and many other phrases tached passages. The following episode Peele dealing not unworthily, but in closer dence on the Scriptural record, with the ethi religious side of the story:

Nathan and David.

Nathan. Thus Nathan saith unto his lord the kin
There were two men both dwellers in one tow
The one was mighty, and exceeding rich
In oxen, sheep, and cattle of the field;
The other poor, having nor ox, nor calf,
Nor other cattle, save one little lamb

ıe had bought and nourished by the hand ;
;rew up, and fed with him and his,
and drank as he and his were wont,
his bosom slept, and was to him
his daughter or his dearest child.
ıme a stranger to this wealthy man ;
refused and spared to take his own,
s store to dress or make him meat,
: the poor man's sheep . . . [text here is corrupt]
ssed it for this stranger in his house.
ell me, shall be done to him for this?
ow, as the Lord doth live, this wicked man
d and shall become the child of death ;
l to the poor man shall he restore,
thout mercy took his lamb away.
ou art the man ; and thou hast judged thyself.
hus saith the Lord thy God by me :
anointed king in Israel,
ed thee from the tyranny of Saul ;
ster's house I gave thee to possess ;
es unto thy bosom did I give,
lah and Jerusalem withal ;
ght, thou know'st, if this had been too small,
iven thee more ;
ore, then, hast thou gone so far astray,
st done evil, and sinnèd in my sight?
ıou hast killèd with the sword ;
th the sword of the uncircumcised
ıst him slain : wherefore, from this day forth,
ord shall never go from thee and thine ;
u hast ta'en this Hethite's wife to thee :
ore, behold, I will,' saith Jacob's God,
ıe own house stir evil up to thee ;
efore thy face will take thy wives,
e them to thy neighbour to possess.'
ıll be done to David in the day,
rael openly may see thy shame.
han, I have, against the Lord I have,
O, sinnèd grievously! and, lo,
eaven's throne doth David throw himself,
ıan and grovel to the gates of hell.
vid, stand up : thus saith the Lord by me :
the king shall live.' For he hath seen
: repentant sorrow of thy heart ;
thou hast in this misdeed of thine
ıp the enemies of Israel
nph, and blaspheme the God of Hosts,
, he set a wicked man to reign
; lovèd people and his tribes,—
ld shall surely die, that erst was born,
her's sin, his kingly father's scorn.

ıg from 'The Arraignment of Paris.'

Fair and fair, and twice so fair,
As fair as any may be ;
The fairest shepherd on our green,
A love for any lady.

Fair and fair, and twice so fair,
As fair as any may be ;
Thy love is fair for thee alone,
And for no other lady.

My love is fair, my love is gay,
As fresh as bin the flowers in May,
And of my love my roundelay,
My merry merry merry roundelay,
Concludes with Cupid's curse,—
They that do change old love for new,
Pray gods they change for worse!

Both. Fair and fair, &c. (*repeated*).

Œn. My love can pipe, my love can sing,
My love can many a pretty thing,
And of his lovely praises ring
My merry merry roundelays,
Amen to Cupid's curse,—
They that do change old love for new,
Pray gods they change for worse!

Both. Fair and fair, &c. (*repeated*).

Mr Bullen believes the attribution to Peele of *Sir Clyomon and Sir Clamydes* to be unfounded (see above at page 240), and regards the *Merry Jests of George Peele* as not all fabulous, though they were, of course, not compiled by him, and are many of them from French originals. Other plays, such as *Jack Strawe* and Chapman's *Alphonsus*, have been without evidence credited to him.

Polyhymnia describes the ceremonies connected with the retirement from office of an aged Queen's champion, and ends admirably with what is called—

'A Sonnet.'

His golden locks Time hath to silver turned—
O Time too swift, O swiftness never ceasing!
His youth 'gainst time and age hath ever spurned,
But spurned in vain ; youth waneth by increasing!
Beauty, strength, youth, are flowers but fading seen ;
Duty, faith, love, are roots, and ever green.

His helmet now shall make an hive for bees,
And lovers' sonnets turned to holy psalms,
A man-at-arms must now serve on his knees,
And feed on prayers, which are Old Age his alms :
But, though from court to cottage he depart,
His saint is sure of his unspotted heart.

And when he saddest sits in homely cell,
He 'll teach his swains this carol for a song :—
'Blessed be the hearts that wish my sovereign well,
Cursèd be souls that think her any wrong!'
Goddess, allow this aged man his right,
To be your bedesman now that was your knight!

His works were first collected by Dyce (3 vols. 1829-39 ; reissue, with Greene, in 1861). The best edition is by A. H. Bullen (2 vols. 1888). See Symonds's *Shakspere's Predecessors* (1884).

Robert Greene, born at Norwich about 1560, took his B.A. from St John's College, Cambridge, in 1579. In his *Repentance of Robert Greene* (1592) he gives a sufficiently graphic sketch of an ill-regulated life, about the events of which we know very little : 'As there is no steele so stiffe but the stamp will pierce ; no flint so harde but the drops of raine will hollowe ; so there is no heart so voide of grace or given over to wilfull follie but the mercifull favour of God can modifie. An instance of the like chaunced to my selfe, being a man wholly addicted to all gracelesse indevors, given from my youth to wantonnes, brought up in riot, who as I grew in yeares so I waxed more ripe

in ungodlines that I was the mirrour of mischiefe and the very patterne of all prejudiciall actions. . . . As early pricks the tree that will prove a thorne; so even in my first yeares I began to followe the filthines of mine owne desires and neyther to listen to the wholesome advertisements of my parentes nor bee rulde by the carefull correction of my Master. For being at the Universitie of Cambridge, I lighted among wags as lewd as myselfe, with whome I consumed the flower of my youth, who drew mee to travell into Italy and Spaine, in which places I sawe and practized such villainie as is abhominable to declare. Thus by their counsaile I sought to furnish myselfe with coine, which I procured by cunning sleights from my Father and my friends, and my Mother pampered me so long, and secretly helped mee to the Oyle of Angels, that I grew thereby prone to all mischiefe; so that beeing then conversant with notable Braggarts, boon-companions, and ordinary spend-thrifts, that practized sundry superficiall studies, I became as a Sien [scion] grafted into the same stocke, whereby I did absolutely participate of their nature and qualities. At my return into England, I ruffeled out in my silks, in the habit of Malcontent, and seemed so discontent that no place would please me to abide in, nor no vocation cause mee to stay myselfe in: but after I had by degrees proceeded Maister of Arts, I left the Universitie, and away to London, where (after I had continued some short time, and driven myself out of credit with sundry of my freends) I became an Author of Playes and a penner of Love Pamphlets, so that I soone grew famous in that qualitie, that who for that trade growne so ordinary about London as Robin Greene? Yong yet in yeares, though olde in wickednes, I began to resolve that there was nothing bad that was profitable; whereupon I grew so rooted in all mischiefe, that I had as great a delight in wickednesse as sundrie hath in godlinesse, and as much felicitie I tooke in villainy as others had in honestie —i.e. thus was the libertie I got in my youth the cause of my licentious living in my age, and beeing the first steppe to hell, I find it now the first let from heaven.' There is some ground for hoping that this sad picture, like Gabriel Harvey's malignant amplifications, is somewhat overdrawn. But there is no doubt his life was exceptionally irregular and shameless. Thus, after squandering his wife's fortune, he finally deserted her immediately after their first child was born. But whatever his dissipations, he lost nothing of his literary facility; and it should be noted that his extant works are singularly free from grossness. The significance of Greene and his friends of the 'academic set' is indicated above at page 238. His first 'love-pamphlet,' *Mamillia or Looking Glasses for the Ladies of England*, appeared in 1583; and before his death, on 2nd September 1592, he had produced some forty plays, poems, and tales, which were highly popular with all classes. The most notable of his prose works are short tales and romances, interspersed with poetry—as ***Pandosto, the Triumph of Time, or the History of Dorastus and Fawnia*** (1588), remarkable as having furnished Shakespeare with the plot of his *Winter's Tale* (see below at Shakespeare); *The History of Arbasto, King of Denmark; A Pair of Turtle Doves, or the Tragical History of Bellora and Fidelio; Penelope's Web; Menaphon or Camilla's Alarum to Slumbering Euphues; Euphues his Censure to Philautus*, &c. Most of these were written under the influence of Lyly: in his own time Harvey called Greene 'the ape of Euphues.' *Menaphon* (1589), in other respects also one of his most notable works, contains several of Greene's most perfect poems. The group of works of which the *Farewell to Follie*, the *Mourning Garment*, and *Never too Late* are representative indicate a resolve to write no more mere love-pamphlets and to aim at edification; but Greene made no reform in his life, and he still carried on his dramatic labours, of which also in his final, more comprehensive, and probably sincere repentance on his deathbed he expressed his abhorrence. In another series of pamphlets he utilised his peculiar and extensive knowledge of all town vices and villainies—as *A Notable Discovery of Coosnage*, *Conny-catching*, *The Black Bookes Messenger*, &c. Greene's plays, all published posthumously, are *Orlando Furioso*, a tragedy; *Frier Bacon and Frier Bungay; The Scottish Historie of James the Fourth, slaine at Flodden, entermixed with a pleasant Comedie, presented by Oboram, King of Fayeries; Alphonsus, King of Aragon* (partly an imitation of Marlowe's *Tamburlaine*); *George-a-Greene, the Pinner of Wakefield;* and a sort of humorous satirical mystery-play, written in conjunction with Lodge, called *A Looking-Glass for London and England*, but taking its keynote from Jonah's mission to Nineveh. *The Tragical Reign of Selimus sometime Emperor of the Turks* was claimed for Greene by Dr Grosart in his monumental edition of the works, and republished separately in 1898. Amidst a good deal of bombast and extravagance, there is genuine poetry in these plays. The blank verse of Greene approaches that of Marlowe, though less energetic. His imagination was lively and discursive, fond of legendary lore, and filled with classical images and illustrations. In *Orlando* he thus apostrophises the evening star:

Faire queene of love, thou mistris of delight,
Thou gladsome lampe that waitst on Phœbes traine,
Spreading thy kindenes through the jarring Orbes,
That in their union prayse thy lasting powers;
Thou that hast staied the fierie Phlegons course,
And madest the Coachman of the glorious waine
To droope in view of Daphnes excellence;
Faire pride of morne, sweete beautie of the even,
Looke on Orlando languishing in love.
Sweete solitarie groves, whereas the Nymphes
With pleasance laugh to see the Satyrs play,
Witnes Orlandoes faith unto his love.

Tread she these lawnes, kinde Flora, boast thy pride,
Seeke she for shades, spread, cedars for her sake.
Faire Flora make her couch amidst thy flowers.
Sweet Christall springs,
Wash ye with roses when she longs to drinke.
Ah, thought, my heaven! ah, heaven, that knows my thought!
Smile, joy in her that my content hath wrought.

The comedies have a good deal of boisterous merriment and farcical humour. *George-a-Greene, the Pinner of Wakefield*, is founded on an old prose *History of George-a-Greene*, of the Robin Hood type; and there was also an old black-letter ballad, *The Jolly Pinder of Wakefield, with Robin Hood, Scarlet, and John*, beginning:

In Wakefield there lives a jolly pindèr,
In Wakefield all on a green.

George is a shrewd Yorkshireman, who meets with the kings of Scotland and England, Robin Hood, Maid Marian, &c., and who, after various tricks, receives the pardon of King Edward:

And George-a-Greene, give me thy hand:
There is none in England that shall do thee wrong.
Even from my court I came to see thy selfe,
And now I see that fame speakes nought but trueth.

The following specimen of the simple humour of the play is in a scene between George and his servant:

Jenkin. He spied Madge and I sit together; he leapt from his horse, laid his hand on his dagger, and began to sweare. Now seeing he had a dagger and I nothing but this twig in my hand, I gave him faire words, and said nothing. He comes to me, and takes me by the bosome: You whoreson slave, said he, hold my horse, and looke he take no colde in his feet. No, marie, shall he, sir, quoth I; Ile lay my cloake underneath him. I tooke my cloake, spread it all along, and [set] his horse on the midst of it.

George. Thou clowne, didst thou set his horse upon thy cloake?

Jenkin. Ay, but mark how I served him. Madge and he were no sooner gone downe into the ditch, but I plucked out my knife, cut foure holes in my cloak, and made his horse stand on the bare ground.

Frier Bacon and Frier Bungay is Greene's most entertaining comedy. His friars are magicians; but the Brazen Head is destroyed by a mysterious power as soon as it has attained to speech. Bacon forswears magic, and the piece concludes with Bacon's clownish man Miles being carried off to hell on the back of one of the devils heretofore wont to carry out Bacon's behests. The play was acted in 1591, but may have been produced a year or two earlier. *Alphonsus* is obviously modelled on Marlowe's *Tamburlaine*, and, though Greene had at first ridiculed the dramatic use of blank verse, very closely copies Marlowe's style. Here and elsewhere the style is vigorous but overloaded with imagery. In many respects Greene deserves the title of 'Shakespeare's predecessor,' though he is inferior to Marlowe in power and passion and majesty. Greene could and did combine the comic and the serious in a harmony unapproached by his predecessors; he greatly surpassed Marlowe in creating noble women-types. His sympathies are truly English, and he happily utilises various homely English characters.

If Harvey's story is true, Greene's death was in keeping rather with the unrepentant side of his life. He not merely sank into poverty, but was deserted by his friends. Having, at a supper where Nash was a guest, indulged to excess in pickled herrings and Rhenish wine, he contracted a mortal illness, under which he suffered for a month, supported by a poor charitable cordwainer; and he was buried the day after his death (September 1592) in the New Churchyard near Bedlam, the cost of his funeral being 6s. 4d.

On his deathbed Greene wrote a most melancholy tract called *A Groats-worth of Wit, bought with a Million of Repentaunce*, in which he deplores his fate more feelingly than Nash (page 330), earnestly warns his comrades, and gives a melancholy picture of Elizabethan literary Bohemianism. The plot of the story (not strictly autobiographical, one must hope) is of an usurer with two sons. The first, bred a scholar at the university, denounces usury with such high mightiness in the presence of his father's friends that the old money-lender then and there cuts of his first-born with the third of a shilling, bidding him buy a groat's worth of wit, and at his death leaves all his wealth to the younger son, a vain fool. Roberto forms the unholy scheme of conspiring with a courtesan to plunder his brother Lucanio; the courtesan does reduce Lucanio to beggary, but Roberto is befooled, has to live by his wits, and by-and-by is 'famozed' as an 'arch-plaimaking-poet':

His companie were lightly the lewdest persons in the land, apt for pilferie, perjurie, forgerie, or any villanie. Of these hee knew the casts to cog at Cards, coosin at Dice: by these he learned the legerdemaines of nips, foysters, conni-catchers, crosbyters, lifts, high Lawyers, and all the rabble of that uncleane generation of vipers: and pithily could he paint out their whole courses of craft: So cunning he was in all crafts, as nothing rested in him almost but craftinesse. How often the Gentlewoman his wife laboured vainely to recall him, is lamentable to note: but as one given over to all lewdnes, he communicated her sorrowful lines among his loose truls, that jested at her bootelesse laments. . . .

For now when the number of deceites caused *Roberto* bee hatefull almost to all men, his immeasurable drinking had made him the perfect Image of the dropsie, and the loathsome scourge of Lust, tyrannized in his loves: living in extreame poverty, and having nothing to pay but chalke, which now his Host accepted not for currant, this miserable man lay comfortlessely languishing, having but one groat left (the just proportion of his fathers Legacie), which looking on, he cried: O now it is too late, too late to buy witte with thee: and therefore will I see if I can sell to carelesse youth what I negligently forgot to buy.

Heere (Gentlemen) breake I off *Robertos* speech; whose life in most parts agreeing with mine, found one selfe punishment as I have doone. Heereafter suppose me the said *Roberto*, and I will goe on with that hee promised: *Greene* will send you now his groatsworth of wit, that never shewed a mitesworth in his life: and though no man now be by to doe me good, yet ere I die I will by my repentance indevor to doe all men good.

He adds ten moral rules for the guidance of his friends—to set God before their eyes, to oppress no man, to build no house to a neighbour's hurt; and then renews his appeal to these, in which he refers specifically to Marlowe (as atheist), to young Juvenal (Lodge, as is usually assumed, though Mr Bullen and Mr Sidney Lee think Nash has a better claim to the distinction), and to a third (presumably Peele). The 'brother' of atheism (doubtless for brocher or broacher) was formerly assumed to be Kett, burnt for heresy at Norwich in 1589. But as Kett was no atheist but a devout and mystical Unitarian, probably Machiavelli himself is meant. Greene then makes his famous assault on Shakespeare:

To those Gentlemen his Quondam acquaintance, that spend their wits in making Plaies, R. G. wisheth a better exercise and wisdome to prevent his extremities.

If wofull experience may moove you (Gentlemen) to beware, or unheard of wretchednes intreate you to take heed, I doubt not but you will looke backe with sorrow on your time past, and endevour with repentance to spend that which is to come. Wonder not (for with thee wil I first begin), thou famous gracer of Tragedians, that *Greene*, who hath said with thee like the foole in his heart, There is no God, should now give glorie unto his greatnesse: for penitrating is his power, his hand lies heavie upon me, he hath spoken unto me with a voice of thunder, and I have felt he is a God that can punish enimies. Why should thy excellent wit, his gift, be so blinded, that thou shouldst give no glory to the giver? Is it pestilent Machivilian pollicie that thou hast studied? O punish follie! What are his rules but meere confused mockeries, able to extirpate in small time the generation of mankinde. For if *Sic volo, sic jubeo*, hold in those that are able to command: and if it be lawfull *Fas & nefas* to doe anything that is beneficiall, onely Tyrants should possesse the earth, and they striving to exceede in tyranny, should each to other bee a slaughter man; till the mightiest outliving all, one stroke were left for Death, that in one age man's life should ende. The brother of this Diabolicall Atheisme is dead, and in his life had never the felicitie he aimed at: but as he began in craft, lived in feare and ended in despaire. *Quam inscrutabilia sunt Dei judicia?* This murderer of many brethren had his conscience seared like *Caine:* this betrayer of him that gave his life for him inherited the portion of *Judas:* this Apostata perished as ill as *Julian:* and wilt thou, my friend, be his Disciple? Looke unto me, by him perswaded to that libertie, and thou shalt finde it an infernall bondage. I knowe the least of my demerits merit this miserable death, but wilfull striving against knowne truth, exceedeth al the terrors of my soule. Defer not (with me) till this last point of extremitie; for little knowest thou how in the end thou shalt be visited.

With thee I joyne young *Juvenall*, that byting Satyrist, that lastlie with mee together writ a Comedie. Sweete boy, might I advise thee, be advised, and get not many enemies by bitter words: inveigh against vaine men, for thou canst do it, no man better, no man so wel: thou hast a libertie to reproove all, and none more; for one being spoken to, all are offended, none being blamed no man is injured. Stop shallow water still running, it will rage, tread on a worme and it will turne: then blame not schollers vexed with sharpe lines, if they reprove thy too much libertie of reproofe.

And thou no lesse deserving then the other two, in some things rarer, in nothing inferiour; driven (as my selfe) to extreame shifts, a little have I to say to thee: and were it not an idolatrous oth, I would sweare by sweet *S. George*, thou art unworthie better hap, sith thou dependest on so meane a stay. Base minded men al three of you, if by my miserie ye be not warned: for unto none of you (like me) sought those burres to cleave: those Puppits (I meane) that speake from our mouths, those Anticks garnisht in our colours. Is it not strange that I, to whom they al have beene beholding: is it not like that you, to whome they all have beene beholding, shall (were ye in that case that I am now) be both at once of them forsaken? Yes, trust them not: for there is an upstart Crow, beautified with our feathers, that with his *Tygers heart wrapt in a Players hide*, supposes he is as well able to bumbast out a blanke verse as the best of you: and being an absolute *Johannes factotum*, is in his owne conceit the onely Shake-scene in a countrie. O that I might intreate your rare wits to be imployed in more profitable courses: & let those Apes imitate your past excellence, and never more acquaint them with your admired inventions. I know the best husband of you all will never prove an Usurer, and the kindest of them all will never proove a kinde nurse: yet whilst you may, seeke your better Maisters; for it is pittie men of such rare wits should be subject to the pleasures of such rude groomes.

In this I might insert two more, that both have writ against these buckram Gentlemen: but let their owne works serve to witnesse against their owne wickednesse, if they persever to mainteine any more such peasants. For other new commers, I leave them to the mercie of these painted monsters, who (I doubt not) will drive the best minded to despise them: for the rest, it skils not though they make a jeast at them.

But now returne I againe to you three, knowing my miserie is to you no news: and let me heartily intreate you to bee warned by my harmes. Delight not (as I have done) in irreligious oaths; for from the blasphemers house a curse shall not depart. Despise drunkennes, which wasteth the wit, and maketh men all equal unto beasts. Flie lust, as the deathsman of the soule, and defile not the Temple of the holy ghost. Abhorre those Epicures, whose loose life hath made religion lothsome to your eares: and when they sooth you with tearmes of Mastership, remember *Robert Greene*, whome they have so often flattered, perishes now for want of comfort. Remember, gentlemen, your lives are like so many lighted Tapers, that are with care delivered to all of you to maintaine: these with wind-puft wrath may be extinguisht, which drunkennes put out, which negligence let fall: for mans time of itselfe is not so short, but it is more shortened by sin. The fire of my light is now at the last snuffe, and the want of wherwith to sustaine it,

is no substance left for life to feede on. Trust not (I beseech yee) to such weake staies: for they is changeable in minde as in many attires. Well, and is tired, and I am forst to leave where I would ı; for a whole booke cannot containe these wrongs, h I am forst to knit up in some few lines of words.

sirous that you should live, though himselfe be dying,
Robert Greene.

ıe punning allusion to Shakespeare is palpable; :xpressions 'tiger's heart,' &c., are a parody on ine in *Henry VI.*, Part Third:

O Tiger's heart wrapt in a woman's hide.

Winter's Tale is believed to be one of Shake-re's late dramas, not written till long after ne's death; consequently, if this be correct, nhappy man could not be meaning to denounce lagiarism of the plot from his tale of *Pandosto.* e forgotten play of Greene and his friend may been alluded to; perhaps the old dramas on h Shakespeare constructed his *Henry VI.*, for ıe of these also the line 'O tiger's heart,' &c., s. Shakespeare was certainly indebted to owe. The *Groats-worth of Wit* was pub-l after Greene's death by a brother-dramatist, y Chettle, who, in the preface to a subsequent his *Kind Hartes Dreame* (1593), apologised ctly for the allusion to Shakespeare, and justice to Shakespeare's character as man and and playwright. 'I am as sory,' he says, 'as : originall fault had beene my fault, because lfe have seene his demeanour no lesse civill he is exelent in the qualitie he professes; es divers of worship have reported his up-ıes of dealing, which argues his honesty, ıis facetious grace in writing, that aprooves rt.' Another posthumously published tract, *Repentance of Robert Greene, Master of Artes,* obably authentic though it was doubtless d;' and some have denied its genuineness ether.

ene's plays are important to students of lrama; the pamphlets are full of interest of ıs kinds; but his literary rank depends mainly e grace and tenderness of the poetry scattered gh his romances.

Content.

et are the thoughts that savour of content;
he quiet mind is richer than a crowne;
et are the nights in carelesse slumber spent;
he poor estate scorns Fortune's angrie frowne:
h sweet content, such mindes, such sleep, such blis
gers injoy, when princes oft do mis.

homely house that harbors quiet rest;
he cottage that affoords no pride nor care;
meane that 'grees with countrie musick best,
he sweet consort of mirth and musicks fare;
cured life sets downe a type of blis,
ıinde content both crowne and kingdome is.

(From *The Farewell to Folly.*)

Sephestia's Song to her Child.

Weepe not, my wanton, smile upon my knee;
When thou art olde, ther's grief enough for thee.
Mother's wagge, pretie boy,
Father's sorrow, father's joy;
When thy father first did see
Such a boy by him and mee,
He was glad, I was woe,
Fortune changed made him so;
When he left his prettie boy,
Last his sorowe, first his joy. . . .

The wanton smiled, father wept,
Mother cried, babie lept;
More he crowed, more we cried,
Nature could not sorowe hide:
He must goe, he must kisse
Child and mother, babie blisse.
For he left his pretty boy,
Father's sorowe, father's joy.
Weepe not, my wanton, smile upon my knee;
When thou art olde, ther's grief inough for thee.

(From *Menaphon.*)

The Shepherd and his Wife.

It was neere a thicky shade
That broad leaves of beech had made;
Joyning all their tops so nie
That scarce Phœbus in could prie . . .
Where sate the swaine and his wife
Sporting in that pleasing life
That Coridon commendeth so,
All other lives to over-go.
He and she did sit and keepe
Flocks of kids and fouldes of sheepe:
He upon his pipe did play,
She tun'd voice unto his lay,
And for you might her huswife knowe,
Voice did sing and fingers sew;
He was young, his coat was greene,
With welts of white, seam'd betweene,
Turnèd over with a flappe
That breast and bosom in did wrappe;
Skirts side and plighted free, pleated
Seemely hanging to his knee.
A whittle with a silver chape;
Cloak was russet and the cape
Servèd for a bonnet oft
To shrowd him from the wet aloft.
A leather scrip of colour red,
With a button on the head;
A bottle full of country whigge
By the shepherd's side did ligge:
And in a little bush hard by
There the shepheard's dog did lye,
Who while his master 'gan to sleepe,
Well could watch both kiddes and sheepe,
The shepheard was a frolicke swaine,
For though his parell was but plaine,
Yet doone the Authors soothly say
His colour was both fresh and gay;
And in their writtes plain discusse,
Fairer was not Tityrus,
Nor Menalcas, whom they call
The alderleefest swaine of all: dearest of all
'Seeming him was his wife,
Both in line and in life;
Fair she was as faire might be,
Like the roses on the tree;

Buxsame, blithe, and young, I weene,
Beautious, like a Summer's queen:
For her cheeks were ruddy hued
As if lilies were imbrued
With drops of bloud, to make the white
Please the eye with more delight;
Love did lye within her eyes
In ambush for some wanton prize:
A leefer lasse than this had beene
Corydon had never seen.
Nor was Phillis that faire May
Half so gawdy or so gay:
She wore a chaplet on her head;
Her cassocke was of scarlet red,
Long and large, as streight as bent;
Her middle was both small and gent.
A necke as white as Whales bone,
Compast with a lace of stone;
Fine she was, and faire she was,
Brighter than the brightest glasse;
Such a shepheard's wife as she
Was not more in Thessaly.

The above description, from *The Mourning Garment*, is followed by the continuation:

Philador, seeing this couple sitting thus lovingly, noted the concord of country amity, and began to conjecture with himself what a sweet kind of life those men use, who were by their birth too low for dignity, and by their fortunes too simple for envy; well, he thought to fall in prattle with them, had not the shepherd taken his pipe in hand, and begun to play, and his wife to sing out, this roundelay.

The Shepheard's Wife's Song.

Ah, what is love? It is a pretty thing,
As sweet unto a shepheard as a king,
And sweeter too:
For kings have cares that waite upon a crowne,
And cares can make the sweetest love to frowne:
Ah then, ah then,
If countrie loves such sweet desires do gaine,
What lady would not love a shepheard swaine?

His flocks are foulded, he comes home at night,
As merry as a king in his delight,
And merrier too:
For kings bethinke them what the State require,
Where shepheards carelesse carroll by the fire:
Ah then, ah then,
If country loves such sweet desires do gaine,
What lady would not love a shepheard swaine?

He kisseth first, then sits as blyth to eate
His creame and curds as doth the king his meate,
And blyther too:
For kings have often feares when they do sup,
Where shepheards dread no poyson in their cup:
Ah then, ah then,
If country loves such sweet desires do gaine,
What lady would not love a shepheard swaine? . . .

Upon his couch of straw he sleeps as sound
As doth the king upon his bed of downe,
More sounder too:
For cares cause kings full oft their sleepe to spill,
Where weary shepherds lie and snort their fill:
Ah then, ah then,
If country loves such sweet desires do gaine,
What lady would not love a shepheard swai

Thus with his wife he spends the yeare as bl
As doth the king at every tide or sithe,
And blyther too:
For kings have warres and broyles to take ir
When shepheards laugh and love upon the l
Ah then, ah then,
If countrie loves such sweet desires do gaine.
What lady would not love a shepheard swai

On the title-page of the later editions of *P.* we find the fine 'love-passion,' of which the first part, as given by Dyce:

Ah, were she pitiful as she is fair,
Or but as mild as she is seeming so,
Then were my hopes greater than my despai
Then all the world were heaven, nothing wo
Ah, were her heart relenting as her hand,
That seems to melt even with the mildest to
Then knew I where to seat me in a land
Under wide heavens, but yet [there is] not s
So as she shews, she seems the budding rose
Yet sweeter far than is an earthly flower;
Sovereign of beauty, like the spray she grow
Compass'd she is with thorns and canker'd b
Yet were she willing to be pluck'd and wor
She would be gathered though she grew on

Greene's plays and poems were edited by Alexander Dy 1831, new ed. with Peele in 1 vol. 1861); his comple with a Life translated from the Russian of Storojenko, ar in the Huth Library (15 vols. 1881–86) of Dr A. B. Gr also edited a selection from his works, *Green Pastur* There is an edition by Mr Churton Collins (2 vo Prof. A. W. Ward reprinted *Frier Bacon and Frier Bun Old English Drama* (1892). We have a (German) Life hardi (1874), and also a German dissertation on Greene *Selimus* by Hugo Gilbert (Kiel, 1899).

Thomas Nash (1567–1601), a keen and satirist, was a native of Lowestoft, in Suff was of St John's College, Cambridge. He t in France and Italy, picked up a livelih know not how, and died in distress and del a 'life spent in fantasticall satirisme in veines heretofore I misspent my spirit and gally conspired against good houres.' He known by his savage denunciation of P the Marprelate pamphleteers, and in esp Gabriel Harvey—work begun in the *Anat Absurdities* (1589), continued in several pa by 'Pasquill of England, Cavaliero,' and r from time to time till 1596, in *Have with Saffron-Walden. Pierce Pennilesse his S tion to the Devill* (1592) assails the tricks b men secure wealth. It is an odd olla-podr without blasphemy) in which opportunity i to denounce upstarts and politicians, n prodigals, learned vanity, the pride of me wives, of Spaniards, Italians, Frenchmen. There is an invective against the enemies of and praise of the poets and authors—of 'ir Sidney,' 'Silver-tongued Smith,' 'Merry Sir Moore'—a defence of plays, and various r less relevant 'wittie stories.' The versific

Nash is usually hard and monotonous, though sometimes his inspiration is happy. His masque or comedy of *Summers Last Will and Testament* (1600; Will Summers being a jester of Henry VIII.) is partly in prose, partly in blank verse; but there are some songs in the true Elizabethan manner. Thence comes the line:

Time from the brow doth wipe out every stain;

and thence too the song beginning with this often-quoted verse:

Spring, the sweete spring, is the yeres pleasant King,
Then bloomes eche thing, then maydes daunce in a ring,
Cold doeth not sting, the pretty birds doe sing
Cuckow, jugge, jugge, pu we, to witta woo.

In *Pierce Pennilesse*, Nash (often spelt Nashe) draws a harrowing picture of the despair of a poor scholar, in verses such as these:

Ah, worthlesse wit! to traine me to this woe:
Deceitfull artes that nourish discontent!
Ill thrive the follie that bewitcht me so!
Vaine thoughts, adieu! for now I will repent;
And yet my wants perswade me to proceede,
Since none take pitie of a scholler's neede.

Forgive me, God, although I curse my birth,
And ban the aire wherein I breathe a wretch,
Since misery hath daunted all my mirth,
And I am quite undone through promise-breach;
Oh frends! no frends that then ungently frowne
When changing fortune casts us headlong downe.

The *Astrologicall Prognostication* by Adam Foule-weather seems to have been levelled partly against Harvey's two brothers, who were interested in astrology, but makes game of astrology and astrological prognostications in general for their oracular but unmeaning truisms by iteration of such forecasts as that in consequence of an eclipse of the sun 'olde women that can live no longer shall dye for age; and yong men that have usurers to their father shall this yeer have great cause to laugh, for the Devill hath made a decree that after they are once in hell they shall never rise again to trouble their executors.' The eclipse also 'foresheweth that manye shall goe soberer into tavernes than they shall come out; and he which drinkes hard and lyes cold shall never dye of the sweat!' On an eclipse of the moon it is to be greatly feared that 'the Danes shall this yeere be greatly given to drinke! Since great floudes are like to ensue through this hiemall distemperature, that diverse men shall be drowned on drie hilles, and fish if they could not swimme were utterly like to perish! and eeles are like to be deare if there are none taken, and plentie of poutes to bee had in all places, especiallie in those coastes and countries where weomen have not their owne willes.' 'Shomakers shall prove so proud that they shall refuse the name of souters, and the tailer and the louse are like to fall at martial variance.' 'Diverse persons for want of wine or strong drinke shall go to bedde sober against their willes.' 'Sea-faring men shall have ill-lucke if either their shippes hit against rockes or sticke in the sandes.' But it should be added that Nash's ingenious series of jokes is in idea and method a mere pastiche, with extensions and variations, of Rabelais's *Certain, True, and Infallible Pantagruelian Prognostication for the Year that's to Come and Ever and Aye.*

Nash was an author by profession—careless, jovial, and dissipated—alternating between riotous excess and abject misery; but he was generally in want. In his *Pierce Pennilesse* he thus paints his situation in 1592:

Having spent manie yeres in studying how to live, and lived a long time without money; having tyred my youth with follie, and surfeited my minde with vanitie, I began at length to look backe to repentaunce, and addresse my endeavors to prosperitie. But all in vaine: I sate up late and rose early, contended with the colde and conversed with scarcitie; for all my labours turned to losse, my vulgar muse was despised and neglected, my paines not regarded, or slightly rewarded, and I myself (in prime of my best wit) laid open to povertie. . . .

Men of art must seek almes of cormorants, and those that deserve best, to be kept under by dunces, who count it a policie to keep them bare, because they should follow their books the better.

Yet, though he has a sufficiently high opinion of his worth, he is apparently willing to let himself out to one of these wealthy dunces:

Gentles, it is not your lay chronigraphers, that write of nothing but Mayors and sheriefs, and the Deare Yeere and the Great Frost, that can endowe your names with never-dated glory, for they want the wings of choice words to flie to heaven, which wee have; they cannot sweeten a discourse, or wrest admiration from mere reading, as we can, reporting the meanest accident. Poetry is the hunny of all flowers, the quintessence of all scyences, the marrowe of witte, and the very phrase of angels: how much better is it, then, to have an elegant lawyer to plead ones cause than a stutting townsman, who loseth himselfe in his tale, and dooth nothing but make legs; so much it is better for a nobleman or gentleman to have his honour's story related and his deedes emblazoned by a poet than a cittizen. . . . For my part, I do challenge no praise of learning to myselfe, yet have I worne a gowne in the university; but this I dare presume, that if any Mæcenas binde mee to him by his bounty, or extend some sound liberalitie to mee worth the speaking of, I will doe him as much honour as any poet of my beardlesse yeares shall in England. Not that I am so confident what I can doe, but that I attribute so much to my thankfull mind above others, which, I am perswaded, would enable me to work miracles. On the contrary side, if I be evill intreated, or sent away with a flea in mine eare, let him looke that I will rayle on him soundly; not for an houre or a day whiles the injury is fresh in my memory, but in some elaborate pollished poem, which I will leave to the world when I am dead, to be a living image to all ages of his beggerly parsimony and ignorant liberalitie: and let him not (whatsoever he be) treasure the weight of my words by this book, where I write *quicquid in buccam veniret*, as fast as my hand can trot; but I have tearmes (if I be vext) laid in steepe in aqua-fortis and

gunpowder, that shall rattle through the skyes, and make an earthquake in a pesant's eares.

His sarcastic temper and his bitter tongue made him quarrel with his friends and patrons, as well as with Puritans and opponents. He was a man of much culture, shows the influence of Aretino and Rabelais, and had a true enthusiasm for real poetic merit, as seen by what he says of Surrey, Spenser, and Sidney. He completed Marlowe's *Dido Queen of Carthage*, and saw it through the press. *Christes Teares over Jerusalem* (1593) seemed to imply repentance for his own shortcomings as well as those of his neighbours. *The Terror of the Night, or a Discourse of Apparitions*, is a hack piece of no importance. But *The Unfortunate Traveller, or the Life of Jack Wilton* (1594), is a great departure in realistic fiction, and is regarded as having 'inaugurated the novel of England.' In 1597 he was imprisoned for the too free satire of affairs of State in a play, never published, called *The Isle of Dogs* (1597), and was confined for some months.

M. Jusserand holds that *Jack Wilton* is the first notable English picaresque story, well worthy to be named as having anticipated Defoe. Jack Wilton, who had as page cozened many creditors at court, has followed Henry VIII.'s army to the Low Countries, and before Turney and Turwin (Tournay and Terouenne) leads a gay and dissolute life, seasoned with playful or malicious practical jokes. M. Jusserand thinks Shakespeare may have been moved by Jack Wilton to compound in Falstaff characteristics of the hare-brained page and the untidy, boastful, dishonest, chicken-livered camp-follower described in the following passage :

There was a Lord in the campe, let him be a Lord of misrule, if you wil, for he kept a plaine alehouse without welt or gard of anie Ivibush, and solde syder and cheese by pint and by pound to all that came (at that verie name of syder, I can but sigh, there is so much of it in renish wine now a dayes). Wel, *Tendit ad sydera virtus*, thers great vertue belongs (I can tell you) to a cup of syder, and verie good men have solde it, and at sea it is *Aqua calestis*, but thats neither heere nor there, if it had no other patrone but this peere of quart pots to authorize it, it were sufficient. This great Lord, this worthie Lord, this noble Lord, thought no scorne (Lord have mercy upon us) to have his great velvet breeches larded with the droppings of this daintie liquor, & yet he was an olde servitor, a cavelier of an ancient house, as it might appeare by the armes of his ancestrie, drawen very amiably in chalke, on the in side of his tent doore.

He and no other was the man I chose out to damne with a lewd monylesse device : for comming to him on a daie, as he was counting his barrels, & setting the price in chalke on the head of everie one of them, I did my dutie verie devoutly, and tolde his *alie* honor I had matters of some secrecie to impart unto him, if it pleased him to grant me private audience. With me, young Wilton, quoth he? marie and shalt. Bring us a pint of syder of a fresh tap into the three cups here, wash the pot. So into a back roome he lead mee, where after hee had spit on his finger, and pickt off two or three moats of his olde moth eaten velvet cap, and spunged and wrong all the rumatike drivell from his ill favoured Goates bearde, he badde me declare my minde, and there upon he dranke to me on the same. I up with a long circumstance, alias a cunning shift of the seventeens, & discourst unto him what entire affection I had borne him time out of mind, partly for the high descent and linage from whence he sprung, & partly for the tender care and provident respect he had of poore soldiers, that whereas the vastitie of that place (which afforded them no indifferent supplie of drinke or of victuals) might humble them to some extremity, and so weaken their hands, he vouchsafed in his own person to be a victualer to the campe (a rare example of magnificence & honorable curtesie) and diligently provided, that without farre travel, every man might for his money have syder and cheese his bellyfull; nor did he sell his cheese by the way onely, or his syder by the great, but abast himselfe with his own hands, to take a shoomakers knife (a homely instrument for such a high personage to touch) and cut it out equally like a true justiciarie, in little pennyworthes, that it woulde doo a man good for to looke upon. So likewise of his syder, the pore man might have his moderate draught of it (as there is a moderation in all things) as well for his doit or his dandiprat, as the rich man for his halfe souse or his denier. Not so much, quoth I, but this tapsters linnen apron, which you weare before you, to protect your apparell from the imperfections of the spigot, most amply bewrais your lowly minde. I speake it with teares, too fewe such humble spirited noble men have we, that will draw drinke in linen aprons. Why you are everie childs felow, any man that comes under the name of a souldier and a good fellowe, you will sitte and beare companie to the last pot, yea, and you take in as good part the homely phrase of mine host, Heeres to you, as if one saluted you by all the titles of your baronie. These considerations, I saie, which the world suffers to slippe by in the channell of carelesnes, have moved me in ardent zeale of your welfare to forewarne you of some dangers that have beset you & your barrels. At the name of dangers hee start up, and bounst with his fist on the boord so hard, that his Tapster overhearing him, cried : Anone anone sir, by and by, and came and made a low leg and askt him what he lackt. Hee was readie to have striken his Tapster for interrupting him in attention of this his so much desired relation, but for feare of displeasing me he moderated his furie, and onely sending him for the other fresh pint, wild him looke to the barre, and come when he is cald with a devilles name. Well, at his earnest importunitie, after I had moistned my lips, to make my lie runne glib to his journeies end, forward I went as followeth. It chaunced me the other night, amongst other pages, to attend where the king with his Lords and many chiefe leaders sate in council, there amongst sundrie serious matters that were debated, and intelligences from the enemy given up, it was privily informed (no villains to these privie informers) that you, even you that I now speak to, had (O would I had no tongue to tell the rest, by this drink it grieves me so I am not able to repeate it). Nowe was my dronken Lord redie to hang himself for the end of the ful point, and over my necke he throws himselfe verie lubberly, and intreated me as I was a proper young Gentleman, and ever lookt for pleasure at his hands, soone to rid him out of this hell of suspense, & resolve

him of the rest; then fell hee on his knees, wrong his handes, and I thinke, on my conscience, wept out all the syder that he had dronke in a weeke before, to move me to have pitie on him; he rose and put his rustie ring on my finger, gave me his greasie purse with that single money that was in it, promised to make mee his heire, & a thousand more favours, if I would expire the miserie of his unspeakable tormenting uncertaintie. I being by nature inclined to *Mercie* (for indeed I knew two or three good wenches of that name) bad him harden his eares, & not make his eyes abortive before their time, and he should have the inside of my brest turnd outward, heare such a tale as would tempt the utmost strength of life to attend it, and not die in the middest of it. Why (quoth I) my selfe, that am but a poore childish vrlwiller of yours, with the verie thought, that a man of your desert and state, by a number of pesants and varlets should be so iniuriously abused in hugger mugger, have [immoderately and lavishly wept]. . . . The wheele under our Citie bridge carries not so much water over the city, as my braine hath welled forth gushing streames of sorow. . . . My eies have bin dronk, outragiously dronke, with giving but ordinary entercourse through their sea-circled Islands to my distilling drearinent.

It is buzzed in the kings head that you are a secret friend to the enemy, & under pretence of getting a license to furnish the campe with syder and such like provant [provender], you have furnisht the enemy, and in emptie barrells sent letters of discoverie, and corne innumerable.

I might well have left here, for by this time his white liver had mixt it selfe with the white of his eie, & both were turned upwardes, as if they had offered themselves a fayre white for death to shoote at. The troth was, I was verie loth mine hoste and I should parte to heaven with dry lips, wherefore the best meanes that I could imagine to wake him out of his traunce, was to crie loude in his eare, Hough host, whats to pay, will no man looke to the reckning heere? and in plaine veritie, it tooke expected effect, for with the noise he started and bustled, like a man that had beene scared with fyre out of his sleepe, and ranne hastily to his Tapster, and all to belaboured him about the eares, for letting gentlemen call so long and not looke into them.

Oh, quoth he, I am bought and solde for doing my Country such good service as I have done. They are afraid of mee, because my good deedes have brought me into such estimation with the communalty, I see, I see it is not for the lambe to live with the wolfe. . . .

Answere me, quoth he, my wise young Wilton, is it true that I am thus underhand, dead, and buried by these bad tongues?

Nay, quoth I, you shall pardon me, for I have spoken too much alreadie, no definitive sentence of death shall march out of my wel meaning lips, they have but lately suckt milke, and shall they so sodainly change theyr food and seeke after bloud?

Oh but, quoth he, a mans friend is his friend. Fill the other pint Tapster. What sayd the king, did hee beleeve it when hee heard it? I pray thee say, I sweare to thee by my nobility, none in the worlde shall ever be made privie, that I received anie light of this matter from thee.

That firme affiance, quoth I, had I in you before, or else I would never have gone so farre over the shooes, to plucke you out of the mire. Not to make many wordes (since you will needs know) the king saies flatly, you are a miser & a snudge, and he never hopt better of you. Nay then (quoth he) questionlesse some planet that loves not syder hath conspired against me. Moreover, which is worse, the king hath vowed to give *Turwin* one hot breakfast, onely with the bungs that hee will plucke out of your barrells. I cannot staie at this time to reporte each circumstance that passed, but the only counsell that my long cherished kinde inclination can possibly contrive, is now in your olde daies to be liberall, such victuals or provisions as you have, presently distribute it frankly amongst poore souldiers; I would let them burst their bellies with syder, and bathe in it, before I would runne into my Princes ill opinion for a whole sea of it. The hunter pursuing the beaver for his stones, hee bites them off, and leaves them behinde for him to gather up, whereby he lives quiet. If greedie hunters and hungry tel-tales pursue you, it is for a little pelfe which you have; cast it behind you, neglect it, let them have it, lest it breed a further inconvenience. Credit my advice, you shall finde it propheticall, and thus I have discharged the parte of a poore friend. With some few like phrases of ceremonie, Your honors suppliant, & so forth, and Farewel my good youth, I thanke thee and will remember thee, we parted.

But the next daie I thinke we had a dole of syder, syder in boules, in scuppets, in helmets, & to conclude, if a man would have fild his bootes full, there hee might have had it, provant thrust it selfe into poore souldiers pockets whether they would or no. We made fine peals of shot into the towne together, of nothing but spiggots and faussets of discarded emptie barrels: everie underfoote soildiour had a distenanted tunne, as *Diogenes* had his tub to sleepe in; I my selfe got as many confiscated Tapsters aprons as made me a Tent, as bigge as any ordinarie commanders in the field. But in conclusion, my welbeloved Baron of double beere got him humbly on his marybones to the king, and complained hee was olde and striken in yeres, and had nere an heire to cast at a dogge, wherefore if it might please his majesty to take his lands into his hands, and allowe him some reasonable pension to live on, hee shoulde bee mervailous wel pleased: as for the warres, he was wearie of them, and yet as long as highnes shoulde venture his owne person, hee would not flinch a foot, but make his withered bodie a buckler, to beare off anie blow that should be advanced agaynst him.

The king mervailing at this strange alteration of his great marchant of syder (for so hee woulde often pleasantly tearme him), with a little further talke bolted out the whole complotment. Then was I pittifully whipt for my holy day lie, although they made themselves merrie with it many a faire winters evening after.

The page finds his way to France, where there is war with the Switzers; to Munster, where Jack of Leyden and the Anabaptists are annihilated; and to Italy, where he moves in an atmosphere of poison, arson, intrigue, assassination, torture, execution by roasting and breaking on the wheel, and all manner of crimes of violence, and leads a quite unedifying life. In search of a runaway mistress, he runs into a Jew's shop, by whom he is arrested, and—in accordance with Roman law, we are told—is sold to another Jew, a doctor, to be anatomised at leisure; and the destined victim of this Burke-and-Hare adventure describes at length

his sensations in the anticipation of a death from which he is rescued by the cunning of an amorous Roman lady of the papal court. The story is very loosely put together, and is not wholly a picaresque novel. The episode of the Earl of Surrey and the fair Geraldine is sheer euphuistic romance (see page 159); there are passages where this odd defender of the Church of England reviles Calvinists and Scots in the style of the anti-Puritan pamphlets. And there is an enthusiastic panegyric of Aretino, who is thus apostrophised: 'Aretino, as long as the world lives thou shalt live. Tully, Virgil, Ovid, Seneca were never such ornaments to Italy as thou hast beene!' Throughout, the victims of crime utter at the crisis of their fate elaborate, overstrained, incredible, and unrealistic speeches.

The story, so interesting in the history of English literature, was in its time so little of a success that Nash never tried this kind of fiction again. His last important piece was *Lenten Stuffe* (1599), in praise of red herrings and of Yarmouth, where he had been well received on a visit. He seems to have died in 1601.

See the introduction in Grosart's edition of Nash's works in the Huth Library (6 vols. 1883–85); Collier's introduction to *Pierce Pennilesse* (Shakespeare Soc. 1842); Gosse's introduction to *The Unfortunate Traveller* (1892); Jusserand, *The English Novel in the Time of Shakespeare* (trans. 1890); and D'Israeli's *Calamities of Authors*.

Gabriel Harvey (1545?–1630) was the son of a ropemaker at Saffron Walden—a fact dwelt on in a variety of offensive ways by Greene and Nash in a long and bitter controversy between them and Harvey. He studied at Cambridge, became a fellow of Pembroke Hall, and subsequently held various posts at Trinity Hall, his election to the Mastership being set aside by a royal mandate. From his undergraduate days a distinguished student, he became a fanatical and pedantic classicist, and sought to conform even English verse to Latin metre; he boasts himself to be the inventor of English hexameters. Spenser's intimate friend—addressed in *The Shepherd's Calendar* as 'Hobbinol'—he persuaded the author of the *Faerie Queene* for a time to forbear rhyme in his poetry. He was vain, arrogant, cross-grained, and censorious, and a large part of his life was occupied with his controversies, especially that named above. Greene resented Harvey's criticisms; Harvey replied, and after Greene's miserable death published to the world all the unpleasant gossip he could find; and this brought Greene's friend Nash into the feud, in which Nash's power of invective ultimately silenced Harvey, who spent his last years in his native town. He printed a number of Latin orations and treatises on rhetoric, letters, &c.; and his English works, including the letters to and from Spenser, Harvey's own (poor) sonnets, and his numerous pamphlets, fill three volumes (edited by Dr Grosart in 1884–85).

Martin Marprelate was the *nom de guerre* of a series of Puritan pamphleteers who bitterly attacked with trenchant historical argument and savage personal lampoons Episcopacy, and doctrines disapproved by Puritans official and non-official defenders of th Some of the replies were serious; but the self-constituted defenders of the Ch Martined Martin in Billingsgate, buffoo scurrility. From 1572 there had been troversy between the two parties in th of whom Cartwright and Whitgift were conspicuous early champions, and Hook *siastical Polity* was the chief reply on t the Church. But the form the contro in the Marprelate pamphlets—numberin twenty and thirty—must have vexed an all pious and reverent minds in every pa authorship of the several pamphlets, usua mous or pseudonymous, remains more c batable. The chief authors on the Pu were apparently John Udall (see page died in prison; Henry Barrow, a barr cuted); John Penny, a Welsh clergyman (and Job Throckmorton, a well-to-do coun man, in whose house many of the tracts we even if he did not himself write part Perhaps the most notable publication or was that called *Hay* [*Have ye*] *any Cooper?* named from a London street-c serious *Admonition* on behalf of the Chu in his own name by Cooper (Bishop then c afterwards of Winchester) in 1589 should accounted one of the series, though it f very midst of the controversy, at its 1588, 1589, and 1590. Amongst volunte Episcopal side were Lyly and Nash; anc of their handiwork may be seen from t at page 316 from Lyly's *Pap with a Hatc*

Richard Stanyhurst (1547–1618) Holinshed's collaborators, was by Gabri praised as his own aptest scholar, in vir rendering (1582) of the first four bool *Æneid* into English hexameters, on pedantic principles. But few save Ha thought Stanyhurst an improvement (see page 265): Nash and other cont critics had too ample reason for ridic parodying this preposterous achieveme is not merely awkward, uncouth, and l but prosaic, and here and there grotesq and adorned with many monstrous word vented for the occasion. He also transl of the Psalms into classical metres, w unsuccess. Yet Stanyhurst, who was Dublin and educated at Oxford, was learned man, who wrote much on Irisl produced a profound Latin comme Porphyry, the Neoplatonic mystic, and Latin dictional works. He was a devout and in 1580 settled on the Continent. holy orders and died a priest at Brussels.

A short specimen of Stanyhurst's *Æneis* (the beginning of Book ii.) will j most uncomplimentary critics:

itive listning eache wight was setled in harck-
g:
r Æneas chronicled from loftie bed hautie.
e, O Princesse, to scarrifie a festered old soare.
the Trojans wear prest by Grecian armie.
il miserie my sight hath witnesed heavie:
harp bickring my self, as partie, remained.
of Dolopans weare so cruel harted in harckning,
Myrmidones, what karne of canckred Ulysses,
of al weeping could eare so mortal an hazard?
ith moisture the night from welkin is hastning:
oo slumber dooe stur mens natural humours.
(Princely Regent) if that thy affection earnest
enflameth too learne our fatal aventures,
of Trojans, and last infortunat affray:
queazy stomack that bloodie recital abhorreth,
with trilling shall baine my phisnomie deepely:
ioat affected desire shall gain the rehersal.
ekish captains with wars and destinie mated,
om Pallas soom wise celestial engin,
steede of timber, steaming like mounten in
gnesse.
passadge they fainde and brute so reported.
lge ambry they ram'd a number of hardie
ights, thick farcing thee ribs with clustered
our.

first sight it may seem impossible, it will be found that
nce in misplacing accents makes the lines scan as
meters. And if readers have difficulty in following the
easiest interpretation will be got by looking up the
n! But it may be hinted that *ruter* is Dutch *ruiter, ritter*), a horse-soldier; *karne* is *kerne*, an (Irish) foot-
te, the French *baigner*, bathe; *engin* is ingenuity, con-
aming is apparently an odd misprint for *seeming*; *brute*
our; and that the doubling of the *e* in *thee* for *the*, and
o for *to*, &c., is to mark quantity.

1 **Barnabe Rich** (c.1540–c.1620), soldier
ance-writer, was of good Essex stock,
the Low Country wars, and from 1573
ost of his life in Ireland, latterly in
ment post. In his romances he was
by Lyly's *Euphues;* but one of them, *The
and Wonderfull Adventures of Don
s, a Gentilman Spaniard*, has claims to
the earliest of modern romances (see
age 238). From another Shakespeare
dly took the plot of *Twelfth Night*. He
o largely on the distressful condition of
ed country, denounced the rebellious spirit
sh, popery, tobacco-smoking, and feminine
ance. His verses are very poor; and the
ns from Herodotus ascribed to him is by
and.—**Reginald Scot** (c.1538–99), a Kentish
studied at Oxford, deserves remembrance
ld impeachment of the witchcraft super-
his *Discoverie of Witchcraft* (1584).
Whetstone (1544?–87?) produced in 1578
of *Promos and Cassandra*, on which
are founded his *Measure for Measure*.
d a while at court, served in the Low
s, engaged in Sir Humphrey Gilbert's un-
l expedition to Newfoundland (1578–79),
ht at the battle of Zutphen, where Sir
idney got his death-wound (1586). He
d for a kind of play intermediate between
the monotonous classical Senecan type and the absurd kind beloved of the vulgar, full of extravagances and impossibilities; see his criticism of the early Elizabethan dramatists above at page 240. His *Promos and Cassandra* was a translation, with pieces of poetry interspersed, of one of the *Hecatommithi* of the Italian, Giraldo Cinthio.

Another minor dramatist of this period is **Thomas Hughes**, who had the chief share in *The Misfortunes of Arthur* (1588). He was a Cheshire man, who passed from Cambridge to Gray's Inn.

Anthony Munday (1553–1633), the son of a London draper, was a pamphleteer, translator, chivalry romancer, playwright, balladmaker, and poet; as also actor, stationer, and spy on the English Catholics at Rome In the latter capacity he went abroad in 1578; in 1579, on his return, he was reproving sin in the *Mirrour of Mutabilitie*, partly in rhyme, partly in blank verse. He was concerned in eighteen plays, of which only four are extant. Francis Meres, in 1598, calls him the 'best plotter' among the writers for the stage; but he showed little originality, and his style is rather poor, both in prose and verse. *John a Kent* (1595) is based on an old humorous ballad. The best of his extant plays, *The Downfall of Robert Earle of Huntington, afterward called Robin Hood of Merrie Sherwodde* (1598), was reproduced, with additions by Chettle, in 1599. It was reprinted (modernised) both by Dodsley and by Collier. Robin thus addresses Much, the clown, and Marian:

> Wind once more, jolly huntsmen, all your horns,
> Whose shrill sound, with the echoing woods' assist,
> Shall ring a sad knell for the fearful deer,
> Before our feathered shafts, death's winged darts,
> Bring sudden summons for their fatal ends. . . .
> Give me thy hand: now God's curse on me light,
> If I forsake not grief in grief's despite.
> Much, make a cry, and yeomen, stand ye round:
> I charge ye, never more let woful sound
> Be heard among ye; but whatever fall,
> Laugh grief to scorn, and so make sorrow small. . . .
> Marian, thou seest, though courtly pleasures want,
> Yet country sport in Sherwood is not scant.
> For the soul-ravishing delicious sound
> Of instrumental music, we have found
> The winged quiristers, with divers notes,
> Sent from their quaint recording pretty throats,
> On every branch that compasseth our bower,
> Without command contenting us each hour.
> For arras hangings and rich tapestry,
> We have sweet nature's best embroidery.
> For thy steel glass, wherein thou wont'st to look,
> Thy crystal eyes gaze in a crystal brook.
> At court a flower or two did deck thy head,
> Now with whole garlands it is circled;
> For what in wealth we want, we have in flowers,
> And what we lose in halls, we find in bowers.

In the *Dictionary of National Biography* Munday is credited with the translation of nine romances (*Palladino of England, Amadis de Gaule*, &c.), the writing of seven pageants, and the production of twenty-four miscellaneous pieces—some of them edifying but tedious, as *The Defence of Povertie* and *The Paine of Pleasure*.

Henry Chettle (1565–1607) was a pamphleteer and dramatist who edited Greene's *Groats-worth of Wit* (1592; see above at page 327), wrote thirteen plays of considerable merit (one of which, *Hoffmann*, was reprinted in 1851), and was part-author (with Dekker, Ben Jonson, Day, Webster, and others) of thirty-five others, including *Robin Hood*, *Patient Grissill*, *The Blind Beggar of Bethnal Green*, and *Jane Shore*. *Patient Grissill*, apparently by Chettle, Dekker, and Haughton, is based on an English prose version of Boccaccio's story, and on a ballad founded on that; but there are marked alterations and great additions for dramatic effect. Many of the characters are Welsh, and speak the broken English we know from some of Shakespeare's plays. Besides the ordeal to which Grissill is subjected, there is a subordinate experiment (unsuccessful) by Sir Owen to subdue the spirit of Gwenthian. It has been argued (as by Hübsch in his edition of the play in the *Erlanger Beiträge*, xv., 1893) that both plots, as well as the phrase, 'To tame a shrew,' which occurs four times in this piece, may have influenced Shakespeare in his *Taming of the Shrew;* though, on the other hand, Shakespeare may have been first in the field — the dates of both plays are doubtful; and the too plentiful Welsh-English jargon in *Patient Grissill*, as well as single phrases like 'pribles and prables,' would, if we knew *Grissill* to be the earlier play, almost prove that it had helped to mould the talk of Sir Hugh Evans in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*.

The marquis-lover thus describes the perfections of Grissill, the poor basketmaker's daughter:

> See where my Grissill and her father is;
> Me thinkes her beautie, shining through those weedes,
> Seemes like a bright starre in the sullen night.
> How lovely povertie dwels on her backe!
> Did but the proud world note her as I doe,
> She would cast off rich robes, forsweare rich state,
> To clothe them in such poore abiliments.

And later he complacently records the result of his experiments thus:

> I tried my Grissills patience when twas greene,
> Like a young osier, and I moulded it
> Like waxe to all impressions. Married men
> That long to tame their wives must curbe them in,
> Before they need a bridle; then they 'll proove
> All Grissills, full of patience, full of love.

His picaresque novel, *Pierce Plainnes Seaven Yeres Prentishib* (1595), came but a year after Nash's *Jack Wilton*.

Anonymous Plays.—From the diary of Philip Henslowe (d. 1616) it appears that between 1591 and 1597 upwards of a hundred different plays were performed by *four* of the *ten* or *eleven* theatrical companies which then existed. Henslowe, successively a dyer, money-lender, pawnbroker (who advanced money and dresses to the players), and owner of house property, had much to do with the building and management of theatres. Chapman, Drayton, Dekker, and other well-known dramatists had works of theirs produced under his management, but not Shakespeare, who was mainly connected with other managements. Most of the plays named by him are lost; but several good dramas of this golden age have descended to us, the authors of which are unknown or only guessed at. Several there were without authority, attributed to Shakespeare; a few possess merit enough to have by serious critics been considered first sketches by Shakespeare. Most of them were republished in Dodsley's *Old Plays*. Among the most notable are *The Merry Devil of Edmonton*, *The London Prodigal*, *The Yorkshire Tragedy*, *Lord Cromwell*, *The Birth of Merlin*, *The Widow of Watling-Street*, *Mucedorus*, *Locrine*, *Arden of Feversham*, *The Misfortunes of Arthur*, *Edward III.*, *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, &c. The latter two have scenes in which versification and dialogue are wonderfully Shakespearian: in the *Noble Kinsmen* Mr Lee thinks there are frequent and unmistakable signs of Shakespearian work. Of the comedies the *Merry Devil of Edmonton* is the best (edited by Warnke and Proescholdt, Halle, 1884, and by Walker for Dent, 1897). Hazlitt thought it was 'assuredly not unworthy of Shakespeare' (though the 'Merry Devil,' a magician called Fabell, has no real share in the plot); and Charles Lamb thought it 'written to make the reader happy.' The *Birth of Merlin* is probably an old play worked up by Rowley, possibly with help from Middleton; the *Misfortunes of Arthur* seems to be mainly by Thomas Hughes (page 333).

Arden of Feversham (printed 1592), the most important of a series of what Mr Bullen calls murder-plays, is founded on the story, told at length by Holinshed, of a murder which took place in 1551. Alice, the unfaithful wife of Arden, a Kentish gentleman, joined with her paramour Mosbie and two assassins in murdering her husband. Alice was a step-daughter of Sir Edward North, father of the translator; Mosbie, a tailor by trade, was a servant of Lord North. In 1770 a local Faversham editor of the plays argued strongly that it was Shakespeare's. Tieck translated it into German as a genuine production of Shakespeare. Mr Swinburne inclines to the belief that it may have been the work of Shakespeare's youth; and Mr Bullen (who edited *Arden* in 1887) thinks Shakespeare may have revised and improved an older version into this shape (adding single lines and longer passages in the extract given below), though there is no evidence that he did. Mr Symonds, who values the piece almost as highly as does Mr Swinburne, thought it safer meanwhile to be content to rank it amongst anonymous works. We subjoin one touching scene between Alice and her paramour—a scene of mutual recrimination, guilt, and tenderness:

> *Mosbie.* How now, Alice? What, sad and passionat?
> Make me partaker of thy pensivenes:
> Fyre divided burnes with lesser force.

ut I will damme that fire within my brest,
force thereof my part consume,
!
ch deep pathaires like to a Cannons burst,
against a ruinated wall,
relenting heart in thousand pieces.
ılice, thy sorrow is my sore,
'st it wel, and tis thy pollicie
stressfull lookes to wound a brest
a heart that dies when thou art sad.
ve, that loves to anger love.
not love, that loves to murther love.
ow meane you that?
u knowest how dearely Arden loved me.
d then?
then—conceale the rest, for tis too bad,
ıy words be carried with the wind,
ht in the world to both our shames.
, Mosbie, let our Spring-time wither,
t else will yeeld but lothsome weedes.
ay thee what hath past betwixt us,
blushe, and tremble at the thoughts.
hat, are you chang'd?
to my former happy life againe:
of an odious strumpets name,
Ardens wife, not Ardens honest wife.
ie, tis thou hast rifled me of that,
me slaunderous to all my kin:
r forehead is thy name ingraven,
rtificer, that low-borne name.
tched, woe worth the haples howre,
: causes that inchanted me.
y, if thou ban, let me breathe curses forth,
stand so nicely at your fame,
ent the credit I have lost.
ected matters of import,
I have stated me above thy state:
advantages, and spurn'd at time.
's right hand Mosbie hath forsooke,
wanton giglote by the left.
ıariage of an honest maid,
ery would have weyed down all thy wealth,
uty and demeanor farre exceeded thee.
ı good I lost for changing bad,
my credit in thy company.
tcht, that is no theame of thine,
ınhallowed hast enchaunted me:
breake thy spells and exorcismes,
ıother sight upon these eyes,
ed my hart a raven for a dove.
ot faire, I view'd thee not till now,
ot kinde, till now I knew thee not.
he raine hath beaten off thy gilt,
es copper showes thee counterfet.
ne not to see how foull thou art,
s me that I ever thought thee faire.
: gone, a copsemate for thy hyndes, companion
ood to be thy favourite.
now I see, and too soone find it trew,
n hath beene tould me by my freends,
ie loves me not, but for my wealth,
incredulous, I nere beleeved.
me speake, Mosbie, a word or two,
y tongue if it speake bitterly:
ne, Mosbie, or I'le kill myselfe,
all hide me from thy stormy looke:
If thou cry warre, there is no peace for me,
I will do penance for offending thee,
And burne this prayer booke, which I here use,
The holy word that had converted me.
See, Mosbie, I will teare away the leaves,
And all the leaves, and in this golden cover,
Shall thy sweete phrases and thy letters dwell,
And thereon will I chiefly meditate,
And hould no other sect but such devotion.
Wilt not thou looke? is all thy love o'erwhelm'd?
Wilt thou not heare? what malice stops thine ears?
Why speaks thou not? what silence ties thy tongue?
Thou hast bene sighted as the eagle is,
And hearde as quickly as the fearefull hare,
And spoke as smoothly as an orator,
When I have bid thee heare, or see, or speak—
And art thou sensible in none of these?
Waigh all my good turns, with this little fault,
And I deserve not Mosbie's muddy lookes.
A fence of trouble is not thickned still;
Be cleare again, I'le nere more trouble thee.
Mos. O no, I am a base artificer,
My winges are feathered for a lowly flight.
Mosbie, fye no, not for a thousand pound.
Make love to you, why 'tis unpardonable,
We beggers must not breathe where gentiles are.
Al. Swete Mosbie is as gentle as a king,
And I too blinde to judge him otherwise.
Flowres do some times spring in fallow lands,
And Weedes in gardens, Roses grow on thornes.
So what so ere my Mosbie's father was,
Himself is valued gentle by his worth.
Mos. Ah, how you women can insinuate,
And cleare a trespasse with your sweete set tongue!
I will forget this quarrel, gentle Ales,
Provided I'le be tempted so no more.

The word 'pathaires' is a crux. Some assume it to be a form of *fetarre* or *fetard*; others get a better sense by taking 'deep pathaires' as a misprint for 'deep-fet aires,' deep-fetched breaths or sighs, like Shakespeare's 'deep-fet groans.'

The **Yorkshire Tragedy**, another domestic tragedy or murder-play, coarser and cruder, was—impudently—printed with Shakespeare's name in 1608, and included in the 1664 folio. Schlegel, Dyce, and Collier thought they recognised passages which only Shakespeare could have written. Mr Bullen thinks it stands apart from the other murder-plays and has nothing in common with them: 'A storm of frenzy sweeps over the stage, and we see a maniac raging furiously, and shudder as the victims fall before his violence. The ravings of Bedlam are mellow music to the murderer's curses in the *Yorkshire Tragedy*.' The play, based on Stow, turns on the actual murder of his two children and the attempted murder of his wife by Walter Calverley, a Yorkshire squire, who was pressed to death for the crime in 1605. This despairing utterance by the unhappy wife gives a powerful picture of a luckless, reckless gambler:

What will become of us? All will away:
My husband never ceases in expense,
Both to consume his credit and his house;
And 'tis set down by Heaven's just decree,

That Riot's child must needs be Beggary.
Are these the virtues that his youth did promise?
Dice and voluptuous meetings, midnight revels,
Taking his bed with surfeits, ill beseeming
The ancient honour of his house and name?
And this not all, but that which kills me most—
When he recounts his losses and false fortunes,
The weakness of his state so much dejected,
Not as a man repentant, but half mad
His fortunes cannot answer his expense,
He sits and sullenly locks up his arms;
Forgetting Heaven, looks downward, which makes him
Appear so dreadful, that he frights my heart:
Walks heavily, as if his soul were earth;
Not penitent for those his sins are past,
But vexed his money cannot make them last.
A fearful melancholy, ungodly sorrow!

On *Arden of Feversham* and the *Yorkshire Tragedy*, see the chapter on 'Domestic Tragedy' in Mr J. A. Symonds's *Shakespeare's Predecessors* (1884), and Mr A. H. Bullen's introduction to his edition of *Arden* (1887). The first is given from the old text, the latter from the modernised version, edited by Collier, with the punctuation altered.

William Warner, born apparently in Yorkshire about 1558, studied at Oxford and became an attorney of the Common Pleas, but from 1585 was known as an author, and died in 1609. He published a series of prose tales called *Pan his Syrinx* in 1585; he translated from Plautus; and in 1586 came before the public with his famous *Albion's England*, a kind of rhyming history with interludes and disquisitions; but the history is not exactly history, and the poetry very seldom what it nevertheless seems to have been taken for, though here and there are pithy lines and phrases and episodes well thought out. The work, written in long couplets of fourteen-syllable lines, is managed with some dexterity, but on the whole is shambling, tedious, and monotonous. Yet, though prohibited at first—on the ground of the indelicacy of certain passages, it is said—it was wonderfully well received; quite surprisingly so, since by the time it appeared Sir Philip Sidney's work was done (though not published), the *Faerie Queene* was being written, and Shakespeare was at work in London. Meres, one of the most often quoted of contemporary critics, expressly says Spenser and Warner 'be our chief heroical makers,' and tells us the best wits of Oxford and Cambridge call Warner our 'English Homer,' and compare him with Euripides! Nash felt confident that Warner had 'in no whit disparaged' English poetry. Before 1612 there had been six editions of *Albion's England*, every new issue having additions bringing the work down to date, or introducing foreign matters; so that, whereas the first edition had but four books, the sixth had sixteen. The dedication explains the name of the work and its scope: 'This our whole Iland, anciently called *Brutaine*, but more anciently *Albion*, presently containing two Kingdomes, *England* and *Scotland*, is cause (right Honourable) that to distinguish the former, whose onely occurrents I abridge from our Historie, I entitle this my book Albion's England.' It begins, nevertheless, with the divisi[on] of the world after the Flood, takes in some classic[al] mythology, and so reaches the fabulous history [of] Geoffrey of Monmouth and Brute (whence th[e] spelling Brutaine), the grandson of Æneas an[d] founder of the British monarchy. Arbitrary an[d] elliptical selections from actual history appe[ar] from the fifth book on, with curious episodes. Thus Curan, a Dansk prince, falls in love with Argentile, a princess of Northumberland, dispossessed by a cruel uncle; turns 'kitchin drudge' that he may woo her, but is rejected; loses sight of her when she flees from court, and, becoming a shepherd, makes love to her (successfully) under the impression that he is making suit to a 'countrie wench.' The story, given as part of the history of Northumbria, occupies five out of the twenty pages devoted to the whole history of the Heptarchy and of the Anglo-Saxon kings of England. It seems impossible to believe that Warner is not here giving a *rechauffé* of some version of the old English poem *Havelok the Dane* (see page 44). The cruel uncle, the Danish prince who becomes a kitchen drudge, and other elements—even the parallel between *Argentile* and *Goldburgh*, though *Curan* rather suggests *Horn*—seem to put out of court Mr Sidney Lee's belief that the coincidence is accidental. This episode has been specially praised and reprinted or imitated. William Webster plagiarised it in 1617; it was used for the plot of a play attributed to John Webster and Rowley, and for another by William Mason; it was made into a ballad; and it was included by Percy in his *Reliques*, as was also the episode of 'the Patient Countess.' In Warner's account of the reign of Henry VII., the unfortunate daughter of the Earl of Huntly who was married to Perkin Warbeck is permitted to tell, to the length of six pages, the sad tale how a Scottish knight became distraught through his wife's disloyalty, and to record the distraught conversation of the poor man. Hereon follow the loves, jealousies, and feuds of the Owl, the Cuckoo, the Swallow, and the Bat, with arguments between them and adventures that to them befell. This again is so foreign to Warner's native turn of mind that it seems he was working up relics of some old allegorical poem of the *Owl and Nightingale* type. There is a good deal about the King of Spain and the Pope, the Inquisition, and the Civil Wars in France; the adventures of Sir John Mandeville fill a long series of chapters; and the first part of the work winds up with a disquisition against atheists, and a summary of physics, ethics, and natural theology. The *Continuance* of 1606 wandered away from England to the Picts and Scots, Macbeth and Fleance, and to the history of Wales, but returns to contemporary English history in the Gunpowder Plot. Occasional 'merrie jestes' are of unconventional broadness. Warner sometimes introduces a story in the words of a northerner, and wields the Yorkshire dialect with good effect. The story of the execution of Mary

Scots (in the first part) has interest as
:tically a contemporary account. Thomas
called this extraordinary pot-pourri 'an
ballad.' Of its critics Charles Lamb
st generous; he read *Albion* 'with great
largely for the skill shown in overcoming
lties of alliteration and versification.'
lowing is from Curan's love-suit:

nans labour hath no end and he a Churle
'oue, [unto Loue.
'man hath more worke in hand than fitted
e a Shepheard: with the Sun he doth his
: vnfold, [hold:
e day on Hill or plaine he merrie chat can
he Sun doth folde againe: then jogging home
:, [ryme;
a Crab, or tunes a round, or ſings ſome merrie
he gleeful tales, whilſt round the nut-brown
oth trot:
ſinging care away, till he to bed be got.
ɔs he ſoundly all the night, forgetting Morrow
[wares,
he blaſting of his corne nor vttering of his
by ſeas, or ſtirres of land, or cracke of credite
[the coſt.
ing franklier then his Flocke ſhall ſtill defray
I, ſooth they ſay that ſay more quiet nights
ıies [doth graze.
:ard ſleeps and wakes then he whoſe Cattel he
:, Laſſe, a king is but a man, and ſo am I:
worth a Monarchie, and miſchiefes hit the hie.

Execution of Mary Queen of Scots.

: frended Lady (had ſhe bin as wife as wittie,
ıe Maſſacres in *Franːe* had learnt to leaue of
[blame)
e too apt for bloody acts, the Pope for it to
ıer death, too much deſeru'd, her ſelfe did
·ly frame. [eſchew
:ommend her to her ſonne, and will him to
:s and policies, for thence her ſorowes grew:
iſh, *Scottiſh*, and true *French*, tell all my
ls I die. [replie,
uin (vnto whom ſhe ſpake) did, weeping, thus
t Meſſage, Madame, this that euer me befell,
my Queene and Miſtreſſe death I ſhall the
s tell,
g him, ſayes, Pray for me, and bids him ſo
:ll. [craue,
debt was due from her ſhe did the payment
ıer ſeruants might enioy thoſe legacies ſhe gaue,
end her at her death ſome of her owne to haue.
the Earles commiſſioned did yeeld vnto, and ſo
: black-clad Scaffold, there to take her death,
. [or twiſe,
y Stewards Troubles ſhall haue ending once
nd not to mone for her did giue to Hers aduiſe,
the Writ in reading was no more regarded it,
had ſecured or concerned her no whit.
ıer Girdle hung, at end of them a Medall, and
Dei bout her necke, a croſt-Chriſt in her hand.
'ed her to ſet a-part thoſe popiſh Toyes,
ay
Chriſt, in only whom her whole ſaluation lay,
And, offring then to pray with her, that Offer ſhe with-
ſtood,
Alleaging that our prayers can doe Catholique no good.
So doth the Popes falſe Calendar of ſaints of ſenſe bereaue
Our Traytors, who dye Papiſts that therein it them
receaue.
Was neuer yet Religion heard ſo peſtilent as this,
Their murdring vs, for Lawfull, of their Creed a portion is:
So had they ſchooled her, and that her bloodie Miſchiefs
paſt
Were meritorious, which the Pope would honor ſo at laſt.
That euen then, the Goſpels Light illuminate her heart
Was prayd of Ours, whilſt ſhe with hers prayd, as pleaſde
her, a-part.
Then to her wofull ſeruants did ſhe paſſe a kinde a-dew:
And kiſſing of her Crucifix, vnto the block her drew,
And feareles, as if glad to dye, did dye to Papiſme trew.
Which, and her other Errors (who in much did euer erre),
Vnto the Iudge of Mercie and of Iuſtice we referre.
If euer ſuch Conſpirator, of it impenitent,
If euer ſoule Pope-ſchooled ſo that ſea to Heauen ſent,
If euer one ill-liu'd did dye a Papiſt God-wards bent,
Then happie ſhe. But ſo or not, it happie is for vs
That of ſo dangerous a Foe we are deliuer'd thus.

Robert Southwell, Jesuit martyr and poet, was born at Horsham St Faith's, near Norwich, about 1561, his father's family being still represented by Lord Southwell, while his maternal grandmother was a Shelley of the house whence the poet sprang. He was educated at Douay, at Paris, at Tournay, and at Rome, being received into the Society of Jesus as one of the 'children' in 1578, and took the vows of a scholastic in 1580. He distinguished himself so highly in philosophy and theology as to be appointed prefect of the English College. He was ordained priest in 1584, and two years later, arriving in England with Garnet, was sheltered by Lord Vaux, and became chaplain to the Countess of Arundel, whose husband was an imprisoned Catholic. The savage laws of 1584 declared it treason for any native-born subject of the queen who had been ordained a Roman Catholic priest since her accession to reside in England forty days, the penalty being death and disembowelment. For six years he ministered secretly but zealously to the scattered adherents of his creed; meanwhile he wrote his *Consolation for Catholics* and most of his poems. In 1592 he was betrayed, and imprisoned at Westminster and in the Tower. After three years' captivity, and after having been agonisingly tortured no less than thirteen times without betraying any of his fellow-labourers, he was put on trial; the inevitable sentence followed, and on 22nd February 1595 he suffered bravely at Tyburn, frankly declaring himself, as he had done throughout, 'a priest of the Catholic and Roman Church, and of the Society of Jesus.' His longest poem is *St Peter's Complaint;* his most famous, *The Burning Babe*, a singular piece of spiritualised fancy, of which Ben Jonson said to Drummond of Hawthornden, that 'if he had written that piece, he would have been content to burn many of his

own poems.' *St Peter's Complaint*, *Mæonia*, and a third volume of verse all appeared after Southwell's death, and were repeatedly reprinted, but spite of Ben Jonson's praise fell into almost complete oblivion. Waldron, a Catholic actor, reprinted a few of Southwell's poems; Walter edited the poems in 1816, and Turnbull in 1856; but the most complete edition is Grosart's. Opinion is divided as to his merits: Mr Sewell, the harshest of his critics, said *St Peter's Complaint* was a 'drawl' of thirty pages of 'maudlin repentance in which the distinctions between the north and north-east sides of a sentimentality are worthy of Duns Scotus.' But Archbishop Trench and Dr George Macdonald have given him high praise; though everybody must admit that many of his conceits are extravagant, his hunt after alliteration and antithesis strained. His wording is often odd and at times grotesque—'Day full of dumps' sounds far from solemn. But many of his images are striking, and many of his lines terse and impressive; while, in spite of oversentimentality, the devotional feeling is sincere and the utterance genuinely poetic. His prose papers, some six in number, are of less interest. As a poet he expressly designed to show that virtue and piety were as suitable subjects for poetry as worldly ambitions and sensual joys. He was at pains to write, in contrast to Dyer's 'Fancy' dealing with the torments of love, a more edifying *Dyer's Phancy turned to a Sinner's Complainte.*

The Image of Death.

Before my face the picture hangs,
That daily should put me in mind
Of those cold names and bitter pangs
That shortly I am like to find;
But yet, alas! full little I
Do thinke hereon, that I must die.

I often looke upon a face
Most vgly, grisly, bare, and thinne;
I often view the hollow place
Where eyes and nose had sometime bin;
I see the bones acrosse that lie,
Yet little think that I must die.

I read the labell vnderneath,
That telleth me whereto I must;
I see the sentence eake that saith,
'Remember, man, that thou art dust.'
But yet, alas! but seldome I
Doe thinke indeede that I must die.

Continually at my bed's head
A hearse doth hang, which doth me tel
That I ere morning may be dead,
Though now I feele my selfe ful well;
But yet, alas! for all this, I
Haue little minde that I must die.

The gowne which I do vse to weare,
The knife wherewith I cut my meate;
And eke that old and ancient chair,
Which is my onely vsuall seat:
All these do tel me I must die,
And yet my life amend not I.

My ancestors are turnd to clay,
And many of my mates are gone;
My youngers daily drop away,
And can I thinke to 'scape alone?
No, no; I know that I must die,
And yet my life amend not I. . . .

If none can 'scape Death's dreadfull dart;
If rich and poore his becke obey;
If strong, if wise, if all do smart,
Then I to 'scape shall haue no way:
Then grant me grace, O God! that I
My life may mend, sith I must die.

The Burning Babe.

As I in hoary Winter's night
Stood shiveringe in the snowe,
Surpris'd I was with sodayne heat,
Which made my hart to glow;
And liftinge upp a fearefull eye
To vewe what fire was nere,
A prety Babe all burninge bright,
Did in the ayre appeare;
Who, scorched with excessive heate,
Such floodes of teares did shedd,
As though His floodes should quench His fla
Which with His teares were fedd.
'Alas!' quoth He, 'but newly borne,
In fiery heates I frye,
Yet none approch to warm their hartes
Or feele my fire, but I;
My faultles brest the fornace is,
The fuell, woundinge thornes;
Love is the fire, and sighes the smoke,
The ashes, shames and scornes;
The fuell Justice layeth on,
And Mercy blowes the coales,
The metall in this fornace wrought
Are men's defiled soules;
For which, as nowe on fire I am,
To worke them to their good,
So will I melt into a bath,
To washe them in my bloode.'
With this He vanisht out of sight,
And swiftly shroncke awaye,
And straight I called unto mynde
That it was Christmas-daye.

Tymes goe by Turnes.

The lopped tree in tyme may grow againe,
Most naked plants renewe both frute and flou
The soriest wight may finde release of payne,
The dryest soile sucke in some moystning sho
Tymes go by turnes, and chaunces change by cc
From foule to fayre, from better happ to worse.

The sea of Fortune doth not ever floe,
She drawes her favours to the lowest ebb;
Her tide hath equall tymes to come and goe,
Her loome doth weave the fine and coarsest w
No joy so great but runneth to an ende,
No happ so harde but may in fine amende.

Not allwayes fall of leaf, nor ever springe,
No endlesse night, yet not eternall daye:
The saddest birdes a season finde to singe,
The roughest storme a calme may soone alaye
Thus with succeding turnes God tempereth all,
That man may hope to rise, yet fear to fall.

chaunce may wynne that by mischance was lost;
The nett that houldes no greate, takes little fishe;
some thinges all, in all thinges none are croste;
Fewe all they neede, but none have all they wishe.
nmingled joyes here to no man befall;
ho least, hath some; who most, hath never all.

he following is a stanza on Sleepe from *Peter's Complaint:*

leepe, Death's allye, oblivion of teares,
Silence of passion, balme of angry sore,
uspence of loues, securitie of feares,
Wrath's lenitiue, heart's ease, storme's calmest shore,
ense's and soule's repriual from all cumbers,
lenumning sense of ill with quiet slumbers.

nother poem, *Life is but Losse*, begins thus:

By force I liue, in will I wish to dye;
In playnte I passe the length of lingring dayes;
Free would my soule from mortall body flye
And tredd the track of death's desyred waies;
Life is but losse where death is deemed gaine,
And loathed pleasures breed displeasinge payne.

e best edition of Southwell's poems is that by Grosart in the ller Worthies Library' (1872).

amuel Daniel, son of a music-master, was n in 1562 near Taunton, in Somerset, and ns to have been educated under the patronage he Pembroke family. In 1579 he was entered mmoner of Magdalen Hall, Oxford, where he ted himself to poetry and history; at the end hree years he quitted the university without g a degree. Before 1590 he visited Italy, soon after became tutor at Wilton to William bert (later Shakespeare's friend), son of the of Pembroke and Sir Philip Sidney's sister. r he was tutor to Anne Clifford, daughter he Earl of Cumberland. After the death of ser, Daniel became 'voluntary laureate' to the t, but was superseded by Ben Jonson. In reign of James he was appointed to 'allow' ct as censor of new plays, for a time had ge of a company of young players at Bristol, in 1607 was preferred to be gentleman-ordinary and groom of the queen's chamber. lived in a garden-house in Old Street, St e's, where, according to Fuller, he would 'lie for some months together, the more retiredly njoy the company of the Muses, and then ld appear in public to converse with his friends.' iel is said to have enjoyed the friendship of kespeare, Marlowe, and Chapman. His char-r was irreproachable, and his society appears ave been much courted. Towards the close of life he retired to a farm he rented at Becking-in Somerset, where he died 14th October 9.

he works of Daniel include sonnets, epistles, sques, and dramas; but his principal produc-n is a *History of the Civil Wars between York l Lancaster*, a poem in eight books, published 1604. *Musophilus, containing a General De-ce of Learning*, is an elaborate and thoughtful rk by Daniel; *The Defence of Rhyme* (1602), against Campion, is admirable prose. His tragedy of *Cleopatra* (1593), dedicated to his patroness, Lady Pembroke, was modelled on Seneca, and is not one of his most successful efforts; nor was his second tragedy, *Philotas*, on the story in Plutarch's Life of Alexander the Great, which provoked suspicion at court that Daniel was satirising the tyranny of princes. Both plays are Senecan rather than Elizabethan, and are influenced by French models. *The Queen's Arcadia* and *Hymen's Triumph* are 'pastoral tragi-comedies.' Daniel was extolled by his contemporaries, as Spenser, Lodge, Carew, Drummond of Hawthornden; although Ben Jonson described him as 'a good honest man . . . but no poet,' and Drayton quotes the opinion of some wise men that he was 'too much historian in verse,' besides saying for himself that 'his manner better fitted prose.' Of modern critics, Coleridge, Lamb, and Hazlitt unite in praising him. As a sonneteer Daniel is altogether admirable; some of the 'Delia' series rank near the best examples of this form in English. Daniel is an elegant if not a great poet. His writings are pervaded by tenderness and dignity, by thoughtfulness and purity of taste remarkable indeed, but lacking vital energy of movement and memorableness of expression. His tragedies and masques fail in dramatic interest. Southey called Daniel 'the tenderest of the tender poets.'

'The well-languaged Daniel' (it was William Browne who gave the epithet, now a *vox signata*) is strangely modern in style; Coleridge said: 'The style and language are just such as any very pure and manly writer of the present day—Wordsworth, for example—would use; it seems quite modern in comparison with the style of Shakespeare.' For this reason it is the more desirable that we should adhere throughout to his own spelling also (though the merely typographical archaisms of long ſ, v for u, and i for j are disregarded). The whole epistle from which our first extract is made Wordsworth pronounced very beautiful. Daniel's thoughtful, equable verse flows on unintermittingly, and with a wealth of sound and dignified reflection, and never offends; but it becomes tedious and uninteresting from its sameness and the absence of salient points—the *Civil Wars* is especially fatiguing to read. Yet in a letter to Lamb, Coleridge notes that 'Daniel caught and recommunicated the spirit of the great Countess of Pembroke, the glory of the north; he formed her mind, and her mind inspirited him. Gravely sober on all ordinary affairs, and not easily excited by any, yet there is one on which his blood boils—whenever he speaks of English valour exerted against a foreign enemy.'

From the Epistle to the Countess of Cumberland.

He that of such a height hath built his minde,
And reared the dwelling of his thoughts so strong,
As neither feare nor hope can shake the frame
Of his resolved pow'rs: nor all the winde

Of vanitie or malice pierce to wrong
His settled peace, or to disturbe the same:
What a fair seate hath he, from whence he may
The boundlesse wastes and wildes of man survey!

And with how free an eye doth he looke downe
Upon these lower regions of turmoyle
Where all the stormes of passions mainly beat
On flesh and bloud! where honour, pow'r, renowne,
Are only gay afflictions, golden toyle;
Where greatnesse stands upon as feeble feet
As frailty doth; and onely great doth seeme
To little minds who doe it so esteeme.

He lookes upon the mightiest Monarch's warres
But only as on stately robberies;
Where evermore the fortune that prevails
Must be the right: the ill-succeeding marres
The fairest and the best-fac't enterprize.
Great pirat Pompey lesser pirats quailes:
Justice, he sees, as if seduced, still
Conspires with pow'r, whose cause must not be ill.

He sees the face of right t' appeare as manifolde
As are the passions of uncertaine man;
Who puts it in all colours, all attires,
To serve his ends, and make his courses holde.
He sees that, let Deceit worke what it can,
Plot and contrive base wayes to high desires;
That the all-guiding Providence doth yet
All disappoint and mocks this smoake of wit.

Nor is he mov'd with all the thunder-cracks
Of Tyrants threats, or with the surly brow
Of power, that proudly sits on others crimes;
Charg'd with more crying sinnes than those he checks.
The stormes of sad confusion, that may grow
Up in the present for the comming times,
Appe'll not him, that hath no side at all,
But of himselfe, and knows the worst can fall.

The next extract was specially praised by Coleridge, who, speaking of the first of the quoted stanzas, said: 'What is there in description superior even in Shakespeare? Only that Shakespeare would have given one of his glows to the first line, and flattened the mountain-top with his sovran eye, instead of this poor "A mervailous advantage of his yeares."'

The Death of Talbot—from Book Sixth of the 'Civil Wars.'

Whil'st Talbot (whose fresh ardor having got
A mervailous advantage of his yeares)
Carries his unfelt age as if forgot,
Whirling about where any need appeares:
His hand, his eye, his wits all present, wrought
The function of the glorious Part he beares:
Now urging here, now cheering there, he flyes,
Unlockes the thickest troups, where most force lyes.

In midst of wrath, of wounds, of blood, and death,
There is he most, where as he may do best:
And there the closest ranks he severeth,
Drives back the stoutest powres, that forward prest:
There makes his sword his way: there laboreth
Th'infatigable hand that never ceast;
Scorning unto his mortall wounds to yeeld;
Till Death became best maister of the Field.

Then like a sturdy Oke, that having long
Against the warres of fiercest windes made head
When (with some forc't tempestuous rage, more
His down-borne top comes over-maistered,
All the neere bordering Trees hee stood among
Crusht with his waightie fall, lie ruined:
So lay his spoyles, all round about him slaine,
T'adorne his death, that could not die in vaine.

On th'other part, his most all-daring sonne
(Although the inexperience of his yeares
Made him lesse skil'd in what was to be done;
And yet did carrie him beyond all feares)
Into the maine Battalion, thrusting on
Neere to the King, amidst the chiefest Peeres,
With thousand wounds became at length oppres
As if he scorn'd to die but with the best.

Who thus both, having gained a glorious end,
Soone ended that great day; that set so red
As all the purple Plaines that wide extend,
A sad tempestuous season witnessed.
So much adoe had toyling Fraunce to rend
From us the right so long inherited:
And so hard went we from what we possest;
As with it went the blood we loved best.

Which blood, not lost, but fast lay'd up with l
In everlasting fame, is there held deere,
To seale the memorie of this dayes deede;
Th'eternall evidence of what we were:
To which our Fathers, wee, and who succeed,
Doe owe a sigh, for that it toucht us neere:
Nor must we sinne so much as to neglect
The holy thought of such a deare respect.

On Early Love—from 'Hymen's Triumph'

Ah, I remember well (and how can I
But ever more remember well) when first
Our flame began, when scarce we knew what wa
The flame we felt; when as we sate and sighed
And look'd upon each other, and conceiv'd
Not what we ayled, yet something we did ayle,
And yet were well, and yet we were not well,
And what was our disease we could not tell.
Then would we kisse, then sigh, then looke: an
In that first garden of our simplenesse
We spent our child-hood. But when yeeres beg
To reape the fruite of knowledge: ah, how then
Would she with graver looks, with sweet, stern
Check my presumption and my forwardnes.
Yet still would give me flowers, still would me
What she would have me, yet not have me knov

Sonnet to Delia.

I must not grieve my love, whose eies would rea
Lines of delight, whereon her youth might smile
Flowers have time before they come to seede,
And she is yong, and now must sport the while.
And sport, sweet Maide, in season of these year
And learne to gather flowers before they wither
And where the sweetest blossomes first appeare
Let love and youth conduct thy pleasures thithe
Lighten foorth smiles to cleere the clouded aire,
And calme the tempest which my sighs doo rais
Pitty and smiles doe best become the fair;
Pitty and smiles must onely yeeld thee praise.
Make me to say, when all my griefes are gone,
Happy the heart that sighed for such a one.

Sonnet to Delia.

Care-charmer Sleepe, sonne of the sable Night,
Brother to Death, in silent darknes borne,
Relieve my languish, and restore the light,
With darke forgetting of my care, returne.
And let the day be time enough to mourne
The shipwracke of my ill-adventured youth;
Let waking eyes suffice to waile their scorne,
Without the torments of the night's untruth.
Cease, dreames, the images of day desires,
To model forth the passions of to-morrow;
Never let rising Sunne approve you liers.
To add more grief to aggravate my sorrow.
Still let me sleepe, imbracing clouds in vaine,
And never wake to feele the dayes disdaine.

Ulisses and the Syren.

Syren. Come, worthy Greeke, Ulisses, come,
Possesse these shores with me;
The windes and Seas are troublesome,
And heere we may be free.
Here may we sit and view their toile
That travaile in the deepe,
And joy the day in mirth the while,
And spend the night in sleepe.

Ulisses. Fair Nimph, if fame or honor were
To be atteynd with ease,
Then would I come and rest with thee,
And leave such toyles as these:
But here it dwels, and here must I
With danger seeke it forth;
To spend the time luxuriously
Becomes not men of worth.

Syren. Ulisses, oh, be not deceiv'd
With that unreall name:
This honour is a thing conceiv'd,
And rests on others fame.
Begotten onely to molest
Our peace, and to beguile
(The best thing of our life) our rest,
And give us up to toil!

Ulisses. Delicious Nimph, suppose there were
No honour, or report,
Yet manlines would scorne to weare
The time in idle sport:
For toyle doth give a better touche
To make us feele our joy;
And ease finds tediousnesse as much
As labour yeelds annoy.

Syren. Then pleasure likewise seemes the shore,
Whereto tends all your toyle;
Which you forgo to make it more,
And perish oft the while.
Who may disporte them diversly,
Finde never tedious day;
And ease may have varietie,
As well as action may.

Ulisses. But natures of the noblest frame
These toyles and dangers please;
And they take comfort in the same,
As much as you in ease:
And with the thoughts of actions past
Are recreated still:
When pleasure leaves a touch at last
To show that it was ill.

Syren. That doth opinion onely cause,
That 's out of custome bred;
Which makes us many other lawes
Than ever nature did.
No widdowes waile for our delights,
Our sportes are without bloud;
The world we see by warlike wights
Receives more hurt than good.

Ulisses. But yet the state of things require
These motions of unrest,
And these great spirits of high desire
Seem borne to turne them best:
To purge the mischiefes that increase
And all good order mar:
For oft we see a wicked peace,
To be well chang'd for war.

Syren. Well, well, Ulisses, then I see
I shall not have thee heare;
And therefore I will come to thee,
And take my fortunes there.
I must be wonne that cannot win,
Yet lost were I not wonne:
For beauty hath created bin,
T' undoo or be undonne.

See Dr Grosart's edition of Daniel's works in the Huth Library (3 vols. 1885–87), and H. C. Beeching's *Selections from the Poetry of S. Daniel and M. Drayton* (1899).

Michael Drayton, born in 1563 at Hartshill, near Atherstone in Warwickshire, at the age of ten was made page to a person of quality—possibly Sir Henry Goodere, to whom he says he owed the most of his education. There is nothing to prove whether he went to a university. His first work, *The Harmonie of the Church* (1591), was a metrical translation of parts of the Scriptures, but gave offence to the authorities and was destroyed. In 1593 Drayton published a collection of his pastorals or 'eglogs;' in 1594, a collection of sonnets or 'quatorzains' (which helped to fix the specific English form of the sonnet); and in 1596, the first form of what, much altered, appeared as *The Barons' Wars*, originally in a seven-line stanza, finally in 'ottava rima.' It has fine passages, but is not everywhere interesting. *England's Heroicall Epistles* (1597), on the model of Ovid's *Heroides*, is polished but unequal. On the accession of James I. in 1603, Drayton acted as esquire to Sir Walter Aston at his investiture as Knight of the Bath. The poet expected patronage from the new sovereign, but was disappointed. The *Poems Lyric and Heroic* (1606) contain the famous martial lyric, *The Ballad of Agincourt.* He published the first part of his most elaborate work, the *Polyolbion*, in 1612, and the second in 1622, the whole forming a poetical 'chorographicall' description of England, in thirty songs or books. The *Polyolbion*, unlike any other work in English poetry, is full of topographical and antiquarian details, allusions to remarkable events and persons, local sports and customs; yet the inevitable prolixity and monotony of such a scheme is atoned for by the

beauty of Drayton's descriptions, the skill of his treatment, the brightness of his fancy, and the delightfulness of his melody, as well as by the multifariousness of his information—information in general so accurate that the poem is quoted as an authority by Wood and Hearne.

In 1619 Drayton collected all his poems (but *Polyolbion*) that he wanted preserved, and in 1627 published a new volume containing the whimsical and delightful *Nymphidia*, *The Quest of Cynthia*, and *The Battaile of Agincourt* (distinct from the *Ballad*). In conjunction with Chettle, Dekker, Munday, Webster, and others he had a share in many plays, notably *Sir John Oldcastle*. His last work, *The Muses Elizium* (1630), deals with Noah's flood, the birth of Moses, David and Goliath; and the great sonnet, 'Since there's no help,' first

MICHAEL DRAYTON.
From the Portrait in the National Portrait Gallery.

published in the 1619 folio, was pronounced by Rossetti as 'almost the best in the language, if not quite.' On his death in 1631, Drayton was buried in Westminster Abbey.

From 'Polyolbion.'

Morning in Warwickshire—a Stag-hunt.

My native country then, which so brave spirits hast bred,
If there be vertue yet remaining in thy earth,
Or any good of thine then breathd'st into my birth,
Accept it as thine owne whilst now I sing of thee
Of all thy later brood th' unworthiest though I bee.
Muse, first of Arden tell, whose foot-steps yet are found
In her rough wood-lands more than any other ground
That mighty Arden held even in her height of pride,
Her one hand touching Trent, the other Severn's side.

When Phœbus lifts his head out of the winters wave,
No sooner doth the earth her flowerie bosome brave,
At such time as the Yeere brings on the pleasant Spring,
But Hunts-up to the morne the feathered sylvans sing:
And in the lower Grove, as on the rising Knoll,
Upon the highest spray of every mounting pole,
Those quiristers are pearcht, with many a speckled breast,
Then from her burnisht gate the goodly glitt'ring east
Gilds every lofty top, which late the humorous Night
Bespangled had with pearle, to please the morning's sight; [throats,
On which the mirthful Quires, with their clere open
Unto the joyful Morne so straine their warbling notes,
That Hills and Valleys ring, and even the echoing Ayre
Seems all composed of sounds about them every where.
The Throstle, with shrill sharps; as purposely he sung
T' awake the listless Sunne; or chyding, that so long
He was in comming forth, that should the thickets thrill;
The Woosell neere at hand, that hath a golden bill,
As Nature him had markt of purpose, t' let us see
That from all other Birds his tunes should different bee;
For, with their vocall sounds, they sing to pleasant May;
Upon his dulcet pype the Merle doth onely play.
When in the lower Brake, the Nightingale hard by,
In such lamenting straines the joyful howres doth ply,
As though the other birds shee to her tunes would draw.
And but that nature, by her all-constraining law,
Each bird to her owne kind this season doth invite,
They else, alone to heare that Charmer of the Night,
The more to use their ears their voyces sure would spare,
That moduleth her tunes so admirably rare,
As man to set in Parts at first had learned of her.
To Philomell the next, the Linnet we prefer;
And by that warbling bird the Wood-larke place we then,
The Red-sparrow, the Nope, the Redbreast, and the Wren. [tree,
The Yellow pate; which though shee hurt the blooming
Yet scarce hath any bird a finer pype than she.
And of these chaunting fowles, the Goldfinch not behind,
That hath so many sorts descending from her kind.
The Tydie for her notes as delicate as they,
The laughing Hecco, then the counterfeiting Jay.
The softer with the shrill—some hid among the leaves,
Some in the taller trees, some in the lower greaves—
Thus sing away the Morne, until the mounting Sunne
Through thick exhaled fogs his golden head hath runne,
And through the twisted tops of our close covert creeps
To kisse the gentle shade, this while that sweetly sleeps.
And near to these our Thicks the wild and frightful Heards,
Not hearing other noyse but this of chattering Birds,
Feed fairly on the Launds; both sorts of seasoned Deere:
Here walk the stately Red, the freckled Fallow there:
The Bucks and lusty Stags, amongst the rascalls strewed,
As sometime gallant spirits amongst the multitude.
Of all the beasts which we for our veneriall name,
The Hart among the rest, the Hunters noblest game:
Of which most princely chase sith none did e'er report,
Or by description touch t' express that wondrous sport
(Yet might have well beseemed the ancients' nobler songs)
To our old Arden heere most fitly it belongs:
Yet shall shee not invoke the muses to her ayde,
But thee, Diana bright, a goddesse and a mayd,
In many a huge-growne Wood and many a shady Grove,
Which oft hast borne thy Bowe, great huntresse, used to rove
At many a cruell beast, and with thy darts to pierce
The lion, panther, ounce, the bear, and tiger fierce;

nd following thy fleet game, chaste mighty Forrests queen,
ith thy disheveld nymphs attyred in youthful greene,
bout the Launds hast scowred, and wastes both farre and neere,
ave huntress; but no beast shall prove thy quarries heere
ave those the best of chase, the tall and lusty Red,
he Stag for goodly shape, and statelinesse of head,
s fitt'st to hunt at force. For whom when with his hounds
he laboring hunter tufts the thick unbarbed grounds,
here harbor'd is the Hart; there often from his feed
he dogs of him doe find; or thorough skilfull heed,
he Huntsman by his slot, or breaking earth, perceaves,
r entring of the thicke by pressing of the greaves,
here he had gone to lodge. Now when the Hart doth hear
he often-bellowing hounds to vent his secret lair,
e rouzing rusheth out, and through the brakes doth drive,
s though up by the roots the bushes he would rive.
nd through the combrous thicks as fearefully he makes,
e with his branched head the tender saplings shakes,
hat sprinkling their moyst pearle doe seeme for him to weepe;
hen after goes the Cry, with yellings lowd and deepe,
hat all the forrest rings and every neighbouring place:
nd there is not a hound but falleth to the chase.
echating with his horne, which then the hunter cheeres,
hilst still the lustie Stag his high-palmed head upbeares,
is body shewing state, with unbent knees upright,
xpressing (from all beasts) his courage in his flight,
ut when th' approaching foes still following he perceives,
hat hee his speed must trust, his usuall walke he leaves,
nd o'er the Champaine flies; which when th' assembly find,
ach followes, as his horse were footed with the wind.
ut beeing then imbost, the noble stately Deere,
hen he hath gotten ground (the kennel cast arere)
oth beat the brooks and ponds for sweet refreshing soyle;
hat serving not, then proves if he his scent can foyle,
nd makes amongst the heards and flocks of shag-wool'd sheep,
hem frighting from the guard of those who had their keepe.
ut when as all his shifts his safety still denies,
ut quite out of his walke, the wayes and fallowes tries;
hom when the Plowman meets, his teame he letteth stand,
' assaile him with his goad: so with his hooke in hand,
he Shepheard him pursues, and to his dog doth halow:
hen, with tempestuous speed, the hounds and huntsmen follow;
ntil the noble Deere, through toil bereaved of strength,
is long and sinewy legs then fayling him at length,
he Villages attempts, enraged, not giving way
o anything hee meets now at his sad decay.
he cruell ravenous hounds and bloody hunters near,
his noblest beast of chase, that vainly doth but feare,
me banke or quick-set finds; to which his hanch oppos'd,
e turnes upon his foes, that soone have him inclos'd.
he churlish-throated hounds then holding him at bay,
nd as their cruell fangs on his harsh skin they lay,
With his sharp-poynted head he dealeth deadly wounds.
The Hunter, comming in to help his wearied hounds,
He desperatly assayles; untill opprest by force,
He who the Mourner is to his owne dying corse,
Upon the ruthlesse earth his precious teares let fall.

(From the Thirteenth Song.)

The *woosell* is the ouzel; the *tydie*, a golden-crested wren or a titmouse; *nope*, the bullfinch; *hecco* is a name for a woodpecker that assumes some thirty forms as various as *hickwall*, *ickle*, *yuckel*, *hee-haw*, and *heigh-ho*; *greave* is an old form of grove; *emboss* or *imboss*, said of a hunted animal, is to take shelter in a thicket; *rechating* is a particular measure on the horn.

Coleridge notes as admirable a passage on the cutting down of the old English forests:

Our trees so hacked above the ground,
That where their lofty tops the neighbouring countries crowned,
Their trunks, like aged folks, now bare and naked stand,
As for revenge to Heaven each held a withered hand.

Ballad of Agincourt.

Faire stood the wind for France,
When we our Sayles advance,
Nor now to prove our chance
Longer will tarry;
But putting to the Mayne
At Kaux, the mouth of Seine,
With all his martial trayne,
Landed King Harry.

And taking many a fort,
Furnish'd in warlike sort,
Marcheth tow'rds Agincourt
In happy howre;
Skirmishing day by day
With those that stop'd his way,
Where the French gen'rall lay
With all his power.

Which in his hight of pride,
King Henry to deride,
His ransome to provide
To the King sending.
Which he neglects the while,
As from a Nation vile,
Yet with an angry smile,
Their fall portending.

And turning to his men,
Quoth our brave Henry then,
Though they to one be ten,
Be not amazed.
Yet have we well begun,
Battels so bravely wonne
Have ever to the sunne
By Fame beene raysed.

And for myselfe (quoth he),
This my full rest shall be,
England ne'r mourne for Me,
Nor more esteeme me.
Victor I will remaine,
Or on this earth lie slaine,
Never shall shee sustaine
Losse to redeeme me.

Poitiers and Cressy tell,
When most their pride did swell,
Under our swords they fell;
No less our skill is,
Than when our grandsire great,
Clayming the regall seate,
By many a warlike feate,
Lop'd the French lillies.

The Duke of Yorke so dread,
The eager vaward led;
With the maine Henry sped,
Amongst his hench-men.
Excester had the rere,
A braver man not there,
O Lord, how hot they were
On the false French men!

They now to fight are gone,
Armour on armour shone,
Drumme now to drumme did groan,
To heare was wonder;
That with cryes they make,
The very earth did shake,
Trumpet to trumpet spake,
Thunder to thunder.

Well it thine age became,
O noble Erpingham,
Which did the signall ayme
To our hid forces;
When from a medow by,
Like a storme suddenly,
The English archery
Stuck the French horses.

With Spanish Ewgh so strong, Yew
Arrowes a cloth-yard long,
That like to serpents stung,
Piercing the weather;
None from his fellow starts,
But playing manly parts,
And like true English hearts,
Stuck close together.

When downe their bowes they threw,
And forth their bilbowes drew,
And on the French they flew;
Not one was tardie;
Armes were from shoulders sent,
Scalpes to the teeth were rent,
Down the French pesants went,
Our men were hardie.

This while our noble King,
His broad sword brandishing,
Down the French host did ding,
As to o'r whelme it;
And many a deepe wound lent,
His armes with bloud besprent,
And many a cruell dent
Bruised his helmet.

Gloster, that duke so good,
Next of the royall blood,
For famous England stood,
With his brave brother;
Clarence, in steel so bright,
Though but a maiden knight,
Yet in that furious fight
Scarce such another.

Warwick in bloud did wade,
Oxford the foe invade,
And cruell slaughter made,
Still as they ran up;
Suffolk his axe did ply,
Beaumont and Willoughby
Bare them right doughtily,
Ferrers and Fanhope.

Upon Saint Crispin's day
Fought was this noble fray,
Which fame did not delay,
To England to carry;
O, when shall Englishmen
With such acts fill a pen,
Or England breede againe
Such a King Harry!

From the 'Virginian Voyage.'

You brave heroique minds,
Worthy your countries name,
That honour still pursue,
Go, and subdue,
Whilst loyt'ring hinds
Lurke here at home with shame.

Britons, you stay too long,
Quickly aboord bestow you,
And with a merry gale
Swell your stretch'd sail,
With vowes as strong
As the winds that blow you.

Your course securely steere,
West and by south forth keepe,
Rocks, lee-shores, nor sholes,
When Eolus scowles,
You need not feare,
So absolute the deepe.

And cheerfully at sea,
Success you still intice,
To get the pearle and gold,
And ours to hold,
Virginia,
Earth's only paradise.

. . . . .

When as the luscious smell
Of that delicious land,
Above the seas that flowes,
The cleare wind throwes,
Your hearts to swell
Approching the deare strand;

In kenning of the shore
(Thanks to God first given),
O you the happy'st men,
Be frolique then,
Let cannons roare,
Frighting the wide heaven.

And in regions far
Such heroes bring yee forth,
As those from whom we came,
And plant our name
Under that starre
Not knowne unto our North.

The canzonet, 'To his Coy Love,' that beg

I pray thee, leave: love me no more,
Call home the hart you gave me;
I but in vaine that Saint adore
That can but will not save me.
These poore halfe kisses kill me quite;
Was ever man thus served?
Amidst an ocean of delight
For pleasure to be sterved—

ains the ingenious conceit:

O Tantalus! thy paines ne'er tell,
By mee thou art prevented;
Tis nothing to be plagued in Hell,
But thus in Heaven tormented!

ends:

Come nice thing, let thy heart alone,
I cannot live without thee.

ost famous of Drayton's short poems is the

Valediction.

e ther's no helpe, come let us kiss and part!
, I have done; You get no more of Me;
I am glad, yea glad with all my heart,
thus so cleanly I my selfe can free.
e hands for ever; Cancell all our Vowes,
when we meet at any time againe,
not seen in either of our browes
we one jot of former Love reteyne.
at the last gaspe of Loves latest Breath,
n, his Pulse fayling, Passion speechlesse lies,
n Faith is kneeling by his bed of Death,
Innocence is closing up his Eyes,
if thou wouldst, when all have given him over,
Death to Life thou might'st him yet recover.

following (modernised in spelling) describes ting out of Mab, Queen of the Fairies, to gwiggin, 'a fairy knight':

From the 'Nymphidia.'

Her chariot ready straight is made;
Each thing therein is fitting laid,
That she by nothing might be stay'd,
For nought must be her letting;
Four nimble gnats the horses were,
Their harnesses of gossamere,
Fly Cranion, her charioteer,
Upon the coach-box getting.

Her chariot of a snail's fine shell,
Which for the colours did excell;
The fair Queen Mab becoming well,
So lively was the limning;
The seat the soft wool of the bee,
The cover (gallantly to see)
The wing of a pied butterflie;
I trow 'twas simple trimming.

The wheels composed of crickets' bones,
And daintily made for the nones; nonce
For fear of rattling on the stones
With thistle-down they shod it;
For all her maidens much did fear
If Oberon had chanced to hear
That Mab his queen should have been there,
He would not have abode it.

She mounts her chariot with a trice,
Nor would she stay for no advice
Until her maids, that were so nice,
To wait on her were fitted;
But ran herself away alone;
Which when they heard, there was not one
But hasted after to be gone,
As she had been diswitted.

Hop and Mop, and Drab so clear,
Pip and Trip, and Skip, that were
To Mab their sovereign dear,
Her special maids of honour;
Fib and Tib, and Pink and Pin,
Tick and Quick, and Jill and Jin,
Tit and Nit, and Wap and Win,
The train that wait upon her.

Upon a grasshopper they got,
And, what with amble and with trot,
For hedge nor ditch they spared not,
But after her they hie them:
A cobweb over them they throw,
To shield the wind if it should blow;
Themselves they wisely could bestow
Lest any should espy them.

There is a memoir by Payne Collier in his volume of poems by Drayton for the Roxburghe Club (1856); in 1876 the Rev. R. Hooper edited the *Polyolbion*; A. H. Bullen published *Selections* from the poems in 1883; the Rev. C. Beeching, *Selections from Daniel and Drayton* in 1899; and since 1885 the Spenser Society has issued the *Polyolbion* in 3 vols. folio, and also four quarto volumes of his poems.

Josua Sylvester (1563–1618), translator of Du Bartas, was the son of a Kentish clothier, was put to trade against his will, wrote numberless poems and dedications, was groom of the chamber to Prince Henry, and in 1613 became secretary to the English merchants at Middelburg in Holland, where he died. He is now only remembered in a shadowy way as the translator of the *Divine Weeks and Works* of the French poet Du Bartas. The translation — or rather paraphrase — was highly popular, and earned for him among his contemporaries the epithet of 'silver-tongued Sylvester.' Drayton, Drummond, Bishop Hall, Izaak Walton, and others praise the work, and Milton has been credited with copying some of its expressions. Charles Dunster even said (in 1800) that Sylvester's Du Bartas contains the *prima stamina* of *Paradise Lost*; but this is much too unqualified a statement, though no doubt Milton read Sylvester's poem in his youth, and may have got suggestions therein. Dryden in youth preferred Sylvester to Spenser, but by-and-by came to look on his verse as 'abominable fustian.'

Satan's Temptation of Eve.

As a false Lover that thick snares hath laid
T' intrap the honour of a fair young Maid,
When she (though little) listning ear affords
To his sweet, courting, deep-affected words,
Feels some asswaging of his freezing flame,
And sooths himselfe with hope to gain his game;
And, rapt with joy, upon this point persists,
That parley'ng Citie never long resists:

Ev'n so the Serpent, that doth counterfeit
All guilefull Call t' allure us to his net;
Perceiving *Eve* his flattering gloze digest,
He prosecutes, and, jocund, doth not rest
Till he have try'd foot, hand, and head, and all,
Upon the breach of his new-battered wall.
No, fair (quoth he) beleeve not that the care
God hathe, Mankinde from spoyling death to spare,
Makes him forbid you (on so strict condition)
This purest, fairest, rarest Fruit's fruition:
A double fear, an envie, and a hate,
His jealous heart for ever cruciate;
Sith the suspected vertue of this Tree
Shall soon disperse the cloud of Idiocy
Which dims your eyes; and further, makes you seem
(Excelling us) even *equall* Gods to him.
O World's rare glory! reach thy happy hand,
Reach, reach, I say: why dost thou stop or stand?
Begin thy Blisse, and do not fear the threat
Of an uncertain God-head, onely great
Through self-aw'd zeal: Put on the glistring Pall
Of immortality: doe not fore-stall
(As envious Stepdame) thy posterity
The soverain honour of *Divinity*.

The compound epithets of Sylvester are sometimes happy and picturesque. Campbell cited with high commendation these lines on morning:

Arise betimes, while th' *Opal*-colour'd Morn,
In golden pomp doth *May-daye's* door adorn.

On the other hand, some of his images are in ludicrously bad taste. Dryden says when he was a boy he was rapt into ecstasy—afterwards repented of—with this notable passage (from the 'First Day of the II. Weeke'):

But, when the Winter's keener breath began
To crystallize the *Baltike* Ocean,
To glaze the Lakes, and bridle-up the Flouds,
And perriwig with wool the balde-pate Woods.

Two happier specimens may be added:

The Sun.

All-hail pure Lamp, bright, sacred and excelling;
Sorrow and Care, Darknes, and Dread repelling:
Thou World's great Taper, Wicked men's just Terror,
Mother of Truth, true Beautie's only Mirror,
God's eldest daughter: O! how thou art full
Of grace and goodnes! O! how beautifull!

Plurality of Worlds.

I'l ne'r beleeve that the Arch-Architect,
With all these Fires the Heav'nly Arches deckt
Onely for Shew, and with these glistring shields
T' amaze poor Shepheards watching in the fields.
I'l ne'r beleeve that the least Flowr that pranks
Our Garden borders, or the Common banks,
And the least stone that in her warming Lap
Our kind Nurse Earth doth covetously wrap,
Hath some peculiar vertue of its own;
And that the glorious Stars of Heav'n have none.

Of the parallels between Sylvester and Milton that have been pointed out, we quote two.

Milton in his version of Psalm cxxxvi. has:

The *ruddy* waves he *cleft* in twain
Of the *Erythræan* main.

Now, Sylvester had in his Du Bartas given:

His dreadful voice to save his ancient sheep
Did *cleave* the bottom of the *Erythræan* deep;

and in *Bethulia's Rescue*:

Where th' *Erythræan ruddy* billows roar.

Milton, again, in the same psalm wrote:

But full soon this did devour
The tawny king with all his power;

echoing Sylvester's—

But contrary the Red Sea did devour
The barbarous tyrant with his mighty power.

This certainly does seem to argue Milton's familiarity with Sylvester's works, and the fact that Sylvester's words had impressed themselves on Milton's memory. But the parallels, of which these are perhaps as observable as any, mainly affect mere incidental expression. And, unlike the one-legged William Lauder (1680?–1771), who tried by parallels real and garbled to prove Milton a deliberate copier of other men's ideas and phrases and lines, Dunster expressly says: 'Nothing can be further from my intention than to insinuate that Milton was a plagiarist or servile imitator; but I conceive that, having read these sacred poems of very high merit, at the immediate age when his own mind was beginning to teem with poetry, he retained numberless thoughts, passages, and expressions therein so deeply in his mind that they hung inherently in his imagination, and became as it were naturalised there.'

Sylvester's translation of Du Bartas began to appear in 1592, but was not completed till 1611. Some of his original pieces have quaint titles such as were then affected by many authors; for example: *Lachrymæ Lachrymarum, or the Spirit of Teares distilled for the untymely Death of the incomparable Prince Panaretus* (Henry, son of King James I.), 1612; *Tobacco Battered and the Pipes Shattered about their Eares, that idlely Idolize so base and barbarous a Weed, or at least-wise over-love so loathsome Vanitie, by a Volley of Holy Shot thundered from Mount Helicon* (1615). Dunster's book was called *Considerations on Milton's Early Reading* (1800.) Grosart reprinted Sylvester's works (2 vols. 4to, 'Chertsey Worthies' series) in 1880.

Christopher Marlowe was by far the greatest of Shakespeare's precursors in the drama—a fiery spirit, who gave character and energy to the stage (see above at page 241), and was the first English writer who had perfect command of sonorous and varied blank verse. Born at Canterbury, and baptised on the 26th of February 1564, he was the son of a shoemaker, but through the aid of a local patron he was admitted into the King's School of his native town. Thence he proceeded in 1581 to Benet or Corpus College, Cambridge, where he graduated B.A. in 1583, and M.A. in 1587. How he occupied himself after taking his bachelor's degree is not known; he may have served as a soldier in the Low Countries. *Tamburlaine the Great* was successfully brought out on the stage in 1587, was printed in 1590, and long continued a favourite. Shakespeare makes ancient Pistol quote jestingly the awkward line:

Holla, ye pampered jades of Asia!

ut amidst the rant and fustian of *Tamburlaine* ere are passages of great beauty and grandeur, nd the versification justifies Ben Jonson's compliment to 'Marlowe's mighty line.' Marlowe and is hero had in them something of the audacity, the overreaching ambition and self-confidence, of the Renaissance, illustrated in the lofty lines (leading up, however, to an anti-climax!):

> Our souls whose faculties can comprehend
> The wondrous architecture of the world
> And measure every wandering planet's course,
> Still climbing after knowledge infinite
> And always moving as the restless spheres,
> Will us to wear ourselves and never rest
> Until we reach the ripest fruit of all—
> That perfect bliss and sole felicity,
> The sweet fruition of an earthly crown.

It was Marlowe who revolutionised the diction of the popular drama, adopting in place of rhymed couplets the blank verse heretofore associated with classical dramas of the Senecan type. And of blank verse, till now conventional and monotonous, he fashioned a new and powerful instrument of dramatic expression, not merely by shifting the accent freely, but by substituting trochees, dactyls, tribrachs, and spondees for the inevitable iambi of his predecessors; yet Nash and Greene both affected to think slightingly of blank verse as managed by him. The following specimen of Marlowe's sonorous exaggeration is a description of *Tamburlaine*, who, at first spoken of at the royal court as a 'sturdy Scythian thief' and 'a paltry Scythian with his Tartarian rout,' is to be easily taken captive, but looms larger and larger on the historic canvas:

> Of stature tall, and straightly fashioned,
> Like his desire lift upwards and divine; lifted
> So large of limbs, his joints so strongly knit,
> Such breadth of shoulders, as might mainly bear
> Old Atlas' burthen. 'Twixt his manly pitch
> A pearl more worth than all the world is placed:
> Wherein by curious sovereignty of art
> Are fixed his piercing instruments of sight,
> Whose fiery circles bear encompassed
> A heaven of heavenly bodies in their spheres,
> That guides his steps and actions to the throne
> Where Honour sits invested royally.
> Pale of complexion, wrought in him with passion,
> Thirsting with sovereignty and love of arms;
> His lofty brows in folds do figure death;
> And in their smoothness amity and life.
> About them hangs a knot of amber hair,
> Wrapped in curls, as fierce Achilles' was,
> On which the breath of heaven delights to play,
> Making it dance with wanton majesty.
> His arms and fingers, long and sinewy,
> Betokening valour and excess of strength;
> In every part proportioned like the man
> Should make the world subdued to Tamburlaine. . . .

Tamburlaine at the close of the first part thus addresses his queen:

> Then sit thou down, divine Zenocratè:
> And here we crown thee Queen of Persia,
> And all the kingdoms and dominions
> That late the power of Tamburlaine subdued.
> As Juno, when the giants were suppressed,
> That darted mountains at her brother Jove,
> So looks my love, shadowing in her brows
> Triumphs and trophies for my victories;
> Or, as Latona's daughters, bent to arms,
> Adding more courage to my conquering mind.

His second play, *The Tragical History of Dr Faustus* (1604; 2nd ed. 1616), based on the familiar folk-tale, exhibits a far wider range of dramatic power than his first. The hero studies necromancy, and makes a solemn disposal of his soul to Lucifer, on condition of having a familiar spirit at his command and unlimited enjoyment for twenty-four years; during which period Faustus visits different countries, 'calls up spirits from the vasty deep,' and revels in luxury and splendour. At length the time expires, the bond becomes due, and evil spirits enter, amidst thunder and lightning, to claim his forfeit life. From this plot Marlowe constructed a powerful though irregular play. Passages of terrific grandeur and thrilling agony are intermixed with low humour and preternatural machinery, sometimes grotesque or ludicrous. The play is, indeed, rather a series of detached scenes than a complete drama; and some of the scenes (especially the comic parts in the second edition) are obviously not Marlowe's. The ambition of Faustus is a sensual, not a lofty ambition. A feeling of curiosity and wonder is excited by his necromancy and his compact with Lucifer; but we do not fairly sympathise with him till all his disguises are stripped off and his meretricious splendour is succeeded by horror and despair. Then when he stands on the brink of everlasting ruin, waiting for the fatal moment, imploring yet distrusting repentance, a scene of entrancing interest, fervid passion, and overwhelming pathos carries captive the sternest heart and proclaims the triumph of the tragic poet. Mr Bullen holds that the greater part of the matter added in the 1616 edition (that used by Charles Lamb, for example) is certainly not Marlowe's workmanship, and that only an insane critic would maintain that the comic scenes even of the 1604 edition are from his pen. Marlowe knew he had not the gift of humour, and probably, Mr Bullen thinks, never attempted to write a comic scene. We follow the text of 1604 as given by Bullen. The first extract is a part of Faustus's soliloquy and conversation with Valdes and Cornelius. 'German Valdes' is doubtless a slip or misprint for Juan de Valdes (1500–44), a Spanish heretic, often confused with his twin-brother Alfonso, who died at Vienna Latin secretary to Charles V. Juan's 'Dialogue between Mercury and Charon' roused the Inquisition, so that he had to flee to Italy; he was an influential mystic, probably anti-Trinitarian, not a magician. Cornelius Agrippa (1486–1535), a great German occult philosopher, had also the repute of being a magician.

Faustus. How am I glutted with conceit of this!
Shall I make spirits fetch me what I please,
Resolve me of all ambiguities,
Perform what desperate enterprise I will?
I 'll have them fly to India for gold,
Ransack the ocean for orient pearl,
And search all corners of the new-found world
For pleasant fruits and princely delicates;
I 'll have them read me strange philosophy
And tell the secrets of all foreign kings;
I 'll have them wall all Germany with brass,
And make swift Rhine circle fair Wertenberg, Wittenberg.
I 'll have them fill the public schools with silk,
Wherewith the students shall be bravely clad;
I 'll levy soldiers with the coin they bring,
And chase the Prince of Parma from our land,
And reign sole king of all the provinces;
Yea, stranger engines for the brunt of war
Than was the fiery keel at Antwerp's bridge[1]
I 'll make my servile spirits to invent.

Enter VALDES *and* CORNELIUS.

Come, German Valdes and Cornelius,
And make me blest with your sage conference.
Valdes, sweet Valdes, and Cornelius,
Know that your words have won me at the last
To practise magic and concealed arts:
Yet not your words only, but mine own fantasy
That will receive no object, for my head
But ruminates on necromantic skill.
Philosophy is odious and obscure,
Both law and physic are for petty wits;
Divinity is basest of the three,
Unpleasant, harsh, contemptible, and vile:
'Tis magic, magic that hath ravished me.
Then, gentle friends, aid me in this attempt;
And I that have with concise syllogisms
Gravelled the pastors of the German church,
And made the flowering pride of Wertenberg
Swarm to my problems, as the infernal spirits
On sweet Musæus[2] when he came to hell,
Will be as cunning as Agrippa was,
Whose shadow made all Europe honour him.

(From Scene i.)

[1] At the siege of Antwerp by Parma in 1585, a fire-ship laden with explosives blew up the bridge. [2] Musæus in Hades (*Æneid*, Book vi.).

Faustus's questions to Mephistophilis and the answer of the evil genius flash lurid light:

Faust. And what are you that live with Lucifer?
Meph. Unhappy spirits that fell with Lucifer,
Conspired against our God with Lucifer,
And are for ever damned with Lucifer.
Faust. Where are you damned?
Meph. In hell.
Faust. How comes it then that thou art out of hell?
Meph. Why this is hell, nor am I out of it:
Think'st thou that I who saw the face of God,
And tasted the eternal joys of Heaven,
Am not tormented with ten thousand hells,
In being deprived of everlasting bliss?

(From Scene iii.)

The conversation of the Master with his scholars in the last (sixteenth) scene—there is no division into acts—when Faustus's time has come, is much shorter and better in the 1604 edition:

Faust. Ah, gentlemen!
1st Scholar. What ails Faustus?
Faust. Ah, my sweet chamber-fellow, had I li
thee, then had I lived still, but now I die e
Look, comes he not, comes he not?
1st Sch. Oh my dear Faustus, what imports thi
2nd Scholar. Is all our pleasure turned to mela
3rd Scholar. He is not well with being over-s
2nd Sch. If it be so, we will have physici
Faustus shall be cured.
1st Sch. 'Tis but a surfeit, sir; fear nothing.
Faust. A surfeit of deadly sin that hath dam
body and soul.
2nd Sch. Yet, Faustus, look up to Heaven; r
God's mercies are infinite.
Faust. But Faustus's offences can never be p
the serpent that tempted Eve may be saved,
Faustus. O gentlemen, hear me with patie
tremble not at my speeches. Though my heart
quivers to remember that I have been a stu
these thirty years, oh, would I had ne'er seen
berg, never read book! and what wonders hav
all Germany can witness, yea, all the world:
Faustus hath lost both Germany and the wo
Heaven itself, Heaven the seat of God, the thr
blessed, the kingdom of joy—and must remai
for ever, Hell, ah Hell, for ever! Sweet frie
shall become of Faustus being in Hell for ever
2nd Sch. Yet, Faustus, call on God.
Faust. On God, whom Faustus hath abj
God, whom Faustus hath blasphemed! Ah
I would weep, but the devil draws in my tea
forth blood instead of tears. Yea, life and so
he stays my tongue: I would lift up my hands
they hold them, they hold them!
Scholars. Who, Faustus?
Faust. Lucifer and Mephistophilis. Ah ger
gave them my soul for cunning!
Scholars. God forbid!
Faust. God forbade it indeed, but Faustus
it: for the vain pleasure of four-and-twenty
Faustus lost eternal joy and felicity. I writ th
with mine own blood; the date is expired: t
come, and he will fetch me.
1st Sch. Why did not Faustus tell of this b
divines might have prayed for thee?
Faust. Oft have I thought to have done so
devil threatened to tear me in pieces if I nam
to fetch me body and soul if I once gave ear t
and now 'tis too late. Gentlemen, away! lest
with me.
2nd Sch. Oh, what shall we do to save Faust
Faust. Talk not of me, but save yourselves, a
3rd Sch. God will strengthen me; I will
Faustus.
1st Sch. Tempt not God, sweet friend, but
the next room and there pray for him.
Faust. Ay, pray for me, pray for me; and
soever you hear, come not unto me, for no
rescue me.
2nd Sch. Pray thou, and we will pray, that
have mercy upon thee.
Faust. Gentlemen, farewell; if I live till mo
visit you: if not—Faustus is gone to hell.
Scholars. Faustus, farewell.

[*Exeunt* Scholars.—*The clock str*

Faust. Ah Faustus,
Now hast thou but one bare hour to live,
And then thou must be damned perpetually.
Stand still, you ever-moving spheres of Heaven,
That time may cease and midnight never come.
Fair Nature's eye, rise, rise again, and make
Perpetual day! or let this hour be but
A year, a month, a week, a natural day,
That Faustus may repent and save his soul.
O lente lente currite, noctis equi.[1]
The stars move still, time runs, the clock will strike,
The Devil will come, and Faustus must be damned.
Oh, I will leap up to my God! Who pulls me down?
See where Christ's blood streams in the firmament:
One drop would save my soul—half a drop: ah my Christ!
Ah, rend not my heart for naming of my Christ!
Yet will I call on him: O spare me, Lucifer!—
Where is it now? 'tis gone! And see where God
Stretcheth out his arm and bends his ireful brow.
Mountains and hills, come, come and fall on me,
And hide me from the heavy wrath of God.
No! no!
Then I will headlong run into the earth:
Earth, gape! O no, it will not harbour me!
You stars that reigned at my nativity,
Whose influence have allotted Death and Hell,
Now draw up Faustus like a foggy mist
Into the entrails of yon labouring cloud;
That when you vomit forth into the air,
My limbs may issue from your smoky mouths,
So that my soul may but ascend to heaven.
[*The clock strikes the half-hour.*
Oh, the half-hour is past!
'Twill all be past anon, O God!
If thou wilt not have mercy on my soul.
Yet for Christ's sake whose blood hath ransomed me
Impose some end to my incessant pain.
Let Faustus live in Hell a thousand years,
A hundred thousand, and—at last—be saved!
O, no end is limited to damned souls.
Why wert thou not a creature wanting soul?
Or why is this immortal that thou hast?
Pythagoras' Metempsychosis, were that true,
This soul should fly from me, and I be changed
Unto some brutish beast.
All beasts are happy, for when they die,
Their souls are soon dissolved in elements;
But mine must live still to be plagued in Hell.
Curst be the parents that engendered me!
No, Faustus: curse thyself: curse Lucifer,
That hath deprived thee of the joys of Heaven.
[*The clock strikes twelve.*
It strikes, it strikes; now, body, turn to air,
Or Lucifer will bear thee quick to Hell.
[*Thunder and lightning.*
O soul, be changed into little water-drops,
And fall into the ocean: ne'er be found.
Enter Devils.
My God! my God! look not so fierce on me.
Adders and serpents, let me breathe a while:
Ugly Hell, gape not! come not, Lucifer!
I'll burn my books: Ah Mephistophilis!
[*Exeunt* Devils *with* FAUSTUS.

[1] Words whispered in Corinna's arms; from Ovid's *Amores*.

Enter CHORUS.

Cho. Cut is the branch that might have grown full straight,
And burned is Apollo's laurel bough
That sometimes grew within this learned man:
Faustus is gone; regard his hellish fall,
Whose fiendish fortune may exhort the wise
Only to wonder at unlawful things;
Whose deepness doth entice such forward wits
To practise more than heavenly power permits.

There is a fine apostrophe to Helen of Greece, whom Mephistophilis conjures up 'between two Cupids,' to gratify the sensual gaze of Faustus:

Was this the face that launched a thousand ships
And burned the topless towers of Ilium?
Sweet Helen, make me immortal with a kiss!
Her lips suck forth my soul—see where it flies.
Come, Helen, come, give me my soul again:
Here will I dwell, for heaven is in these lips,
And all is dross that is not Helena.
I will be Paris, and for love of thee,
Instead of Troy shall Wertenberg be sacked;
And I will combat with weak Menelaus,
And wear thy colours on my plumed crest:
Yea, I will wound Achilles in the heel,
And then return to Helen for a kiss.
Oh, thou art fairer than the evening air,
Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars!
Brighter art thou than flaming Jupiter
When he appeared to hapless Semele;
More lovely than the monarch of the sky
In wanton Arethusa's azure arms;
And none but thou shalt be my paramour.
(From Scene xiv.)

Faustus long held the stage, and was revived at the Restoration. Faust is first heard of in Germany in 1507; the folk-tale on his life had appeared in various shapes in Germany from 1587 down. Marlowe's play, in a German version, was acted in Germany by English players in 1608 and 1626; and the play was not without influence on the *Faust* of Goethe, who greatly admired Marlowe's.

Before 1593 Marlowe produced three other dramas, *The Jew of Malta*, *The Massacre at Paris*, and *Edward II.* The more malignant passions of the human breast have rarely been represented with greater power than in the *Jew of Malta*, in some respects the prototype of the *Merchant of Venice* (see below at Shakespeare), though, as Charles Lamb pointed out, whereas Shylock at the worst was a man, Barabas is a mere monster, who 'kills in sport, poisons whole nunneries, invents infernal machines.' Yet in the earlier scenes he behaves like a very human man, and there is some fine poetry put in his mouth. After he has been stripped of house and wealth by the Church authorities his friends try vainly to comfort him:

1st Jew. Yet, brother Barabas, remember Job.
Bar. What tell you me of Job? I wot his wealth
Was written thus: he had seven thousand sheep,
Three thousand camels, and two hundred yoke
Of labouring oxen, and five hundred
She asses: but for every one of those,

Had they been valued at indifferent rate,
I had at home, and in mine argosy,
And other ships that came from Egypt last,
As much as would have bought his beasts and him,
And yet have kept enough to live upon:
So that not he, but I may curse the day,
Thy fatal birth-day, forlorn Barabas;
And henceforth wish for an eternal night,
That clouds of darkness may inclose my flesh,
And hide these extreme sorrows from mine eyes:
For only I have toiled to inherit here
The months of vanity and loss of time,
And painful nights have been appointed me.
2nd Jew. Good Barabas, be patient.
Bar. Ay, I pray, leave me in my patience. You,
Were ne'er possessed of wealth, are pleased with want;
But give him liberty at least to mourn,
That in a field amidst his enemies
Doth see his soldiers slain, himself disarmed,
And knows no means of his recovery:
Ay, let me sorrow for this sudden chance;
'Tis in the trouble of my spirit I speak;
Great injuries are not so soon forgot.
1st Jew. Come, let us leave him; in his ireful mood
Our words will but increase his ecstasy.

His house has been straightway turned into a nunnery, and he sends his daughter Abigail, ostensibly to become a novice, really to steal back some gold and jewels he had hid beneath a movable plank. While waiting outside he thus soliloquises:

Thus, like the sad presaging raven, that tolls
The sick man's passport in her hollow beak,
And in the shadow of the silent night
Doth shake contagion from her sable wings;
Vexed and tormented runs poor Barabas
With fatal curses towards these Christians.
The uncertain pleasures of swift-footed time
Have ta'en their flight, and left me in despair;
And of my former riches rests no more
But bare remembrance, like a soldier's scar,
That has no further comfort for his maim.
O thou, that with a fiery pillar led'st
The sons of Israel through the dismal shades,
Light Abraham's offspring; and direct the hand
Of Abigail this night; or let the day
Turn to eternal darkness after this!
No sleep can fasten on my watchful eyes,
Nor quiet enter my distempered thoughts,
Till I have answer of my Abigail.

And when Abigail throws down the bags from the window he hugs them, and in words almost anticipating Shakespeare's, 'My daughter! O my ducats! O my daughter!' gasps:

O girl! O gold! O beauty! O my bliss!

Edward II. is, as a play, greatly superior to the two named with it: though it has not the majestic poetry of *Faustus* and the first two acts of the *Jew of Malta*, it is a noble drama, with ably-drawn characters and splendid scenes. Another tragedy, *Lust's Dominion*, was published long after Marlowe's death, with his name as author on the title-page. Collier showed that this play, as printed, was a much later production, and was probably written by Dekker and others; but it contains passages and characters characteristic of Marlowe's style, and he may have written the original outline. The old play of *Taming of a Shrew*, printed in 1594 (a precursor of Shakespeare's), contains numerous passages manifestly borrowed from Marlowe's acknowledged works, and hence it has been quite unreasonably argued that he was its author. Great uncertainty hangs over many of the old dramas, from the common practice of managers of theatres employing different authors, at subsequent periods, to furnish additional matter for established plays. Even *Faustus* was dressed up in this manner. In 1597—four years after Marlowe's death—Dekker was paid 20s. for making additions to this tragedy; and in other five years Birde and Rowley were paid £4 for further additions to it. Another source of uncertainty as to the paternity of old plays was the unscrupulous manner in which booksellers appropriated any popular name of the day and affixed it to their publications. Marlowe joined with Nash in writing *Dido, Queen of Carthage*, a tragedy of small value, though it contains some true poetry; and there is little doubt that he had a hand in the three parts of Shakespeare's *Henry VI.*, probably also in *Titus Andronicus*. His translation of the *Elegies* of Ovid was burnt as licentious by order of the Archbishop of Canterbury, yet it was often reprinted in defiance of the ecclesiastical interdict.

His influence on Shakespeare is marked, especially in the early plays (see the article on Shakespeare). Marlowe never tried comedy—fortunately; for he seems to have had no humour. He had no conception of true love or of a noble woman's character. And the sweetness, light, sympathy, and morality (not in a precisian but yet very indefeasible sense) of his great successor, Shakespeare, were foreign to Marlowe's usual mood.

Marlowe lived a wild life, and came to an early and unhappy end; at twenty-nine he was stabbed in an affray in a tavern at Deptford on the 1st of June 1593. Marlowe had raised his poniard against his antagonist—according to Meres and Anthony Wood, 'a baudy serving-man, a rival of his lewd love'—when the other seized him by the wrist and turned the dagger, so that it entered Marlowe's own head, 'in such sort that, notwithstanding all the means of surgery that could be brought, he shortly after died of his wound.' His freethinking ways were notorious: Greene, writing the *Groats-worth of Wit* in the preceding autumn, charged him with utter atheism (see above at page 326). Whether his unbelief was dogmatic atheism or not, it was sufficiently pronounced to attract the notice of the authorities, who were taking proceedings against him and others at the time of his death, and had issued a warrant for his arrest. The last words of Greene's address to him are ominous: 'Defer not with me till this last point of extremitie: for little knowest thou how in the end thou shalt

be visited.' A noble compliment was paid to the genius of this unfortunate poet by his fellow-dramatist, Michael Drayton :

> Next Marlowe, bathed in the Thespian springs,
> Had in him those brave translunary things
> That the first poets had : his raptures were
> All air and fire, which made his verses clear ;
> For that fine madness still he did retain,
> Which rightly should possess a poet's brain.

Mr Sidney Lee thinks Marlowe was probably associated with Shakespeare in bringing the second and third parts of *Henry VI.* into final shape, and that he may have had a share in writing the anonymous *Edward III* (see below at Shakespeare). Originality, first attribute of genius, belongs in an eminent degree to the ill-fated Marlowe. Mr Swinburne thinks there is greater discrimination of character, and figures more life-like, in Marlowe's *Edward II.* than in Shakespeare's *Richard II.* Gaveston, reading a letter, is thus introduced :

> *Gav.* 'My father is deceased ! Come, Gaveston,
> And share the kingdom with thy dearest friend.'
> Ah ! words that make me surfeit with delight !
> What greater bliss can hap to Gaveston
> Than live and be the favourite of a king !
> Sweet prince, I come ; these, these thy amorous lines
> Might have enforced me to have swum from France,
> And, like Leander, gasped upon the sand,
> So thou would'st smile, and take me in thine arms.
> The sight of London to my exiled eyes
> Is as Elysium to a new-come soul ;
> Not that I love the city, or the men,
> But that it harbours him I hold so dear—
> The king, upon whose bosom let me lie,
> And with the world be still at enmity.
> What need the arctic people love starlight,
> To whom the sun shines both by day and night ?
> Farewell base stooping to the lordly peers !
> My knee shall bow to none but to the king.
> As for the multitude, that are but sparks,
> Raked up in embers of their poverty ;—
> *Tanti ;* I 'll fawn first on the wind
> That glanceth at my lips, and flieth away.
> But how now, what are these ?

In Charles Lamb's judgment, the death-scene of Edward II., at Berkeley Castle, when the king is left alone with Lightborn, the murderer, 'moves pity and terror beyond any scene, ancient or modern,' and may indeed challenge comparison with Shakespeare's death of Richard II. :

> *Edward.* Who 's there ? what light is that ? wherefore com'st thou ?
> *Lightborn.* To comfort you, and bring you joyful news.
> *Edw.* Small comfort finds poor Edward in thy looks !
> Villain, I know thou com'st to murder me.
> *Light.* To murder you, my most gracious lord !
> Far is it from my heart to do you harm.
> The queen sent me to see how you were used,
> For she relents at this your misery :
> And what eyes can refrain from shedding tears,
> To see a king in this most piteous state.
> *Edw.* Weep'st thou already ? list a while to me,
> And then thy heart, were it as Gurney's[1] is,
> Or as Matrevis',[1] hewn from the Caucasus,
> Yet will it melt, ere I have done my tale.
> This dungeon where they keep me is a sink
> Wherein the filth of all the castle falls.
> *Light.* O villains !
> *Edw.* And there, in mire and puddle, have I stood
> This ten days' space ; and lest that I should sleep,
> One plays continually upon a drum.
> They give me bread and water, being a king ;
> So that, for want of sleep and sustenance,
> My mind 's distempered, and my body 's numbed,
> And whether I have limbs or no, I know not.
> O would my blood drop out from every vein,
> As doth this water from my tattered robes !
> Tell Isabel, the queen, I looked not thus,
> When for her sake I ran at tilt in France,
> And there unhorsed the Duke of Cleremont.
> *Light.* O speak no more, my lord ! this breaks my heart.
> Lie on this bed, and rest yourself a while.
> *Edw.* These looks of thine can harbour nought but death :
> I see my tragedy written in thy brows.
> Yet stay a while, forbear thy bloody hand,
> And let me see the stroke before it comes,
> That even then, when I shall lose my life,
> My mind may be more steadfast on my God.
> *Light.* What means your highness to mistrust me thus ?
> *Edw.* What mean'st thou to dissemble with me thus ?
> *Light.* These hands were never stained with innocent blood,
> Nor shall they now be tainted with a king's.
> *Edw.* Forgive my thought, for having such a thought.
> One jewel have I left, receive thou this.
> Still fear I, and I know not what 's the cause,
> But every joint shakes as I give it thee.
> Oh, if thou harbour'st murder in thy heart,
> Let the gift change thy mind, and save thy soul.
> Know that I am a king : Oh, at that name
> I feel a hell of grief. Where is my crown ?
> Gone, gone ; and do I still remain alive ?
> *Light.* You 're overwatched, my lord ; lie down and rest.
> *Edw.* But that grief keeps me waken, I should sleep ;
> For not these ten days have these eyelids closed.
> Now as I speak they fall, and yet with fear
> Open again. O wherefore sitt'st thou here ?
> *Light.* If thou mistrust me, I 'll be gone, my lord.
> *Edw.* No, no ; for if thou mean'st to murder me,
> Thou wilt return again ; and therefore stay.
> *Light.* He sleeps.
> *Edw.* O let me not die ; yet stay, O stay a while.
> *Light.* How now, my lord ?
> *Edw.* Something still buzzeth in mine ears,
> And tells me if I sleep, I never wake ;
> This fear is that which makes me tremble thus.
> And therefore tell me wherefore art thou come ?
> *Light.* To rid thee of thy life. Matrevis, come.
> *Edw.* I am too weak and feeble to resist :
> Assist me, sweet God, and receive my soul.

[1] Gurney and Matrevis were Edward's keepers.

The following scene, in which the nobles remonstrate with Edward II., has also something of the Shakespearian manner :

> *Edward.* How now ? What noise is this ?
> Who have we here ? Is 't you ?

Young Mortimer. Nay, stay my lord: I come to bring you news:
Mine uncle 's taken prisoner by the Scots.
Edw. Then ransom him.
Lancaster. 'Twas in *your* wars; you should ransom him.
Y. Mor. And you *shall* ransom him, or else——
Kent. What! Mortimer, you will not threaten him?
Edw. Quiet yourself; you shall have the broad seal
To gather for him throughout the realm.
Lanc. Your minion, Gaveston, hath taught you this.
Y. Mor. My lord, the family of the Mortimers
Are not so poor but would they sell their land,
'Twould levy men enough to anger you.
We never beg, but use such prayers as these.
Edw. Shall I still be haunted thus?
Y. Mor. Nay, now you're here alone, I 'll speak my mind.
Lanc. And so will I, and then, my lord, farewell.
Y. Mor. The idle triumphs, masques, lascivious shows,
And prodigal gifts bestowed on Gaveston,
Have drawn thy treasury dry, and made thee weak:
The murmuring commons, overstretched, break.
Lanc. Look for rebellion, look to be deposed;
Thy garrisons are beaten out of France,
And, lame and poor, lie groaning at the gates.
The wild Oneyl, with swarms of Irish kernes,
Lives uncontrolled within the English pale.
Unto the walls of York the Scots make road,
And unresisted draw away rich spoils.
Y. Mor. The haughty Dane commands the narrow seas,
While in the harbour ride thy ships unrigged.
Lanc. What foreign prince sends thee ambassadors?
Y. Mor. Who loves thee but a sort of flatterers?
Lanc. Thy gentle queen, sole sister to Valois,
Complains that thou hast left her all forlorn.
Y. Mor. Thy court is naked, being bereft of those
That make a king seem glorious to the world—
I mean the Peers, whom thou shouldst dearly love:
Libels are cast against thee in the street,
Ballads and rhymes made of thy overthrow.
Lanc. The northern borderers seeing their houses burned,
Their wives and children slain, run up and down
Cursing the name of thee and Gaveston.
Y. Mor. When wert thou in the field with banner spread,
But once? and then thy soldiers marched like players
With garish robes, not armour; and thyself
Bedaubed with gold, rode laughing at the rest,
Nodding and shaking of thy spangled crest,
Where women's favours hung like labels down.
Lanc. And therefore came it that the fleering Scots
To England's high disgrace have made this jig:
'Maids of England, sore may you mourn
For your lemans you have lost at Bannocksbourn,
With a heave and a ho.
What weeneth the King of England
So soon to have won Scotland?
With a rombelow.'

The concluding ditty is that quoted by Fabyan as having been sung by the Scots after Bannockburn (see above at page 171).

Detached lines and passages in *Edward II.* possess much poetical beauty or imaginative power. Thus, in answer to Leicester, the king says:

Leicester, if gentle words might comfort me,
Thy speeches long ago had eased my sorrows;
For kind and loving hast thou always been.
The griefs of private men are soon allayed,
But not of kings. The forest deer being struck,
Runs to an herb that closeth up the wounds:
But when the imperial lion's flesh is gored,
He rends and tears it with his wrathful paw,
And highly scorning that the lowly earth
Should drink his blood, mounts up to the air.

Young Mortimer's device for the royal pageant was:

A lofty cedar tree fair flourishing,
On whose top branches kingly eagles perch,
And by the bark a canker creeps me up,
And gets into the highest bough of all.

For the story Marlowe follows not so much Fabyan as the chronicles of Stow, Holinshed, and Baker.

Marlowe's unfinished poem of *Hero and Leander*, founded on the classic story of the sixth-century Musæus, was first published in 1598. Marlowe completed the first and second *Sestiads* of his paraphrase, and they were reprinted with a completion (four sestiads) by Chapman in 1600. A few lines will show his command of the heroic couplet:

It lies not in our power to love or hate,
For will in us is overruled by fate.
When two are stripped, long ere the race begin,
We wish that one should lose, the other win.
And one especially do we affect
Of two gold ingots, like in each respect.
The reason no man knows: let it suffice
What we behold is censured by our eyes:
Where both deliberate, the love is slight:
Who ever loved, that loved not at first sight?

The last memorable line was quoted from the 'Dead Shepherd' by Shakespeare in *As You Like It.* 'Blood is the god of war's rich livery,' 'Above our life we love an absent friend,' 'More childish valorous than worldly wise,' are pregnant single lines; 'Things past recovery are hardly cured with exclamations' has a modern ring.

Of the following pieces which first appeared in the *Passionate Pilgrim* (see page 257), the first is in *England's Helicon* given as by Marlowe, and the second by 'Ignoto.' But in one copy the initials of Sir Walter Raleigh are attached; and we have the explicit statement of Izaak Walton that the pieces were really by Marlowe and Raleigh respectively—an attribution now generally accepted. Posterity also agrees with Walton that Marlowe's poem is 'choicely good.'

The Passionate Shepherd to his Love.

Come live with me and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That hills and vallies, dales and fields,
Woods or steepy mountain yields.

And we will sit upon the rocks,
Seeing the shepherds feed their flocks,
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

And I will make thee beds of roses,
And a thousand fragrant posies;
A cap of flowers and a kirtle
Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle;

A gown made of the finest wooll,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
Fair lined slippers for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold;

A belt of straw and ivy buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs:
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me, and be my love.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing,
For thy delight, each May-morning:
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me, and be my love.

The Nymph's Reply.

(By Sir Walter Raleigh.)

If all the world and love were young,
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me move
To live with thee, and be thy love.

But Time drives flocks from field to fold,
When rivers rage and rocks grow cold;
And Philomel becometh dumb,
The rest complains of cares to come.

The flowers do fade, and wanton fields
To wayward winter reckoning yields;
A honey tongue, a heart of gall,
Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall.

Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,
Thy cup, thy kirtle, and thy posies,
Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten,
In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

Thy belt of straw and ivy buds,
Thy coral clasps and amber studs;
All these in me no means can move
To come to thee, and be thy love.

But could youth last, and love still breed,
Had joys no date, nor age no need,
Then those delights my mind might move
To live with thee, and be thy love.

the editions of Marlowe by Dyce (1850 and 1858), Cunning-1872), and Bullen (3 vols. 1888); 'New Light on Kyd and we.' by Mr Boas in the *Fortnightly* for February 1899; Ir Boas's edition of Kyd (1900). Marlowe's best plays are ed in the 'Mermaid' series (ed. Havelock Ellis, 1887). *tastus* was elaborately edited by Professor A. W. Ward, and *erlaine* by A. Wagner (Heilb. 1885). See also Mr Swin-'s essay, Symonds's *Shakespeare's Predecessors*, and Mr m Collins's *Essays and Studies* (1895).

chard Carew (1555–1620), of Antony House ast Cornwall, was bred at Christ Church, rd, but spent most of his life as an active and red country gentleman on his own estate. He the first to essay an English rendering of o; but of his translation—*Godfrey of Bulloigne ie Recoverie of Hierusalem*—only five cantos ared (1594). Carew kept much closer to his nal than Fairfax did, was often correct where Fairfax blundered, and was sometimes (though seldom) as rhythmical. The apostrophe in the first book will serve for comparison with Fairfax's version (given below at page 445):

O Muse! thou that thy head not compassest
With fading bayes which Helicon doth beare;
But bove in skyes, amids the Quyers blest,
Dost golden crowne of starres immortal weare,
Celestiall flames breath thou into my brest,
Enlighten thou my song; and pardon where
I fainings weave with truth, and verse with art
Of pleasings deckt, wherein thou hast no part.

His entertaining *Survey of Cornwall* (1602) describes the manners and customs of the people, and gives a pretty full account, with specimens, of the Cornish language, then still spoken. He does not omit the 'common byword—By Tre, Pol, and Pen, you shall know the Cornishmen;' and then goes on to record a sad fact:

But the principall love and knowledge of this language lived in Doctor Kennall the civilian, and with him lyeth buryed: for the English speach doth still encroche upon it, and hath driven the same into the uttermost skirts of the shire. Most of the inhabitants can no word of Cornish; but very few are ignorant of the English: and yet some so affect their owne as to a stranger they will not speake it: for if meeting them by chance you enquire the way or any such matter, your answere shal be, *Meea navidva cowzasawzneck*, 'I can speake no Saxonage.' The English which they speake is good and pure as receyving it from the best hands of their owne gentry and the easterne marchants: but they disgrace it in part with a broad and rude accent, and eclipsing (somewhat like the Somersetshire men) specially in pronouncing names.

His Epistle concerning the Excellencies of the English Tongue (1605) is slight but interesting. He argues that in the four main points—significance, easiness, copiousness, and sweetness—'English is comparable if not preferable to any other in use at this day.' The ground language 'appertaineth to the old Saxon;' and our having borrowed 'from the Dutch, the Britaine, the Roman, the Dane, the French, the Italian, the Spaniard,' so far from 'making Littletons hotch-potch of our tongue or a Babelish confusion,' is amply warranted by the results, especially by the copiousness secured. (*Littleton's Tenures*, reproduced in 'Coke-upon-Littleton,' was long the standard authority on the branch of English law called Hotchpot.) The conclusion is:

Moreover, the Copiousnesse of our Language appeareth in the diversitie of our Dialects; for we have Court and we have Countrie English, we have Northerne and Southerne, grosse and ordinarie, which differ each from the other not onely in the Terminations, but also in many words, termes, and phrases, and expresse the same thinges in divers sorts, yet all right English alike. Neither can any Tongue, as I am perswaded, deliver a Matter with more Variety than ours, both plainly, and by Proverbes and Metaphors: for example, when we would be rid of one, we use to say, *Be going, trudge, packe; Bee faring*

hence; Away; Shift; and by Circumlocution, *Rather your Roome than your Companie; Lets see your backe; Come againe when I bid you, when you are called, sent for, intreated, willed, desired, invited; Spare us your place; Another in your stead; A ship of salt for you; Save your credite; You are next the doore; The doore is open for you; There is no body holdeth you; No body teares your sleeve,* &c. . . . And in a word, to close up these proofs of our Copiousnesse, look into our imitations of all sorts of Verses affoorded by any other Language, and you shall finde that Sir Philip Sidney, M. Puttenham, M. Stanihurst, and divers more have made use how farre we are within compasse of a fore-imagined possibilitie in that behalfe.

I come now to the last and sweetest point, of the sweetnesse of our Tongue, which shall appeare the more plainely if we match it with our Neighboures. The Italian is pleasante, but without Sinews, as a still fleeting Water; the French delicate, but even nice as a Woman, scarce daring to open her Lippes, for feare of marring her Countenance; the Spanish Majestical, but fulsome, running too much on the *o*, and terrible like the Devill in a Play; the Dutch manlike, but withall very harsh, as one ready at every word to picke a quarrel. Now we, in borrowing from them, give the Strength of Consonants to the Italian, the full Sound of Words to the French, the Varietie of Terminations to the Spanish, and the mollifying of more Vowels to the Dutch; and so, like Bees, gather the Honey of their good Properties, and leave the Dregs to themselves. And thus when substantialnesse combineth with delightfullnesse, fullnesse with finenesse, seemlinesse with portlinesse, and currantnesse with staidnesse, how can the Language which consisteth of all these sound other than most full of Sweetnesse?

Againe, the long wordes that we borrow being intermingled with the short of our owne store, make up a perfect Harmonie, by culling from out which Mixture (with judgment) you may frame your Speech according to the Matter you must worke on, majesticall, pleasant, delicate, or manly, more or lesse, in what sort you please. Adde hereunto, that whatsoever Grace any other Language carrieth in Verse or Prose, in Tropes or Metaphors, in Eccho's and Agnominations, they may all be lively and exactly represented in ours. Will you have *Plato's* Veine? read Sir Thomas Smith; the *Ionicke?* Sir Thomas Moore; *Cicero's?* Ascham; *Varro?* Chaucer; *Demosthenes?* Sir John Cheeke; who hath comprised all the Figures of Rhetoricke. Will you read *Virgil?* take the Earle of Surry; *Catullus?* Shakspeare, and Barlowes Fragment; *Ovid?* Daniel; *Lucan?* Spencer; *Martial?* Sir John Davies, and others. Will you have all in all for Prose and Verse? take the Miracle of our Age, Sir Philip Sidney.

And thus, if mine owne Eies bee not blinded by Affection, I have made yours to see, that the most renowned of all other Nations have laid up as in a Treasure and entrusted the *divisos orbe Britannos* with the rarest Jewels of the Lips Perfections; whether you respect the Understanding for Significancie, or the Memorie for Easinesse, or the Conceit for Plentifullnesse, or the Eare for Pleasantnesse: wherein if enough be delivered, to add more than enough were superfluous; if too little, I leave it to be supplied by better stored Capacities; if ought amisse, I submit the same to the Discipline of everie able and impartial Censurer.

Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke (1554–1628), born at Beauchamp Court, Warwickshire; from Shrewsbury passed to Jesus College, Cambridge; with his school friend Philip Sidney visited Heidelberg (1577); sat in parliament and held various offices under Elizabeth and James I.; in 1603 was made a Knight of the Bath, and in 1620 Lord Brooke. He was stabbed by an old servant who had found he was not mentioned in his master's will; the man, struck with remorse, then slew himself. Greville's tomb may still be seen in St Mary's Church at Warwick, with the emphatic epitaph written by himself: 'Fulke Grevill, servant to Queene Elizabeth, conceller to King James, frend to Sir Philip Sidney.' He was a thoughtful, sententious author both in prose and verse, though nearly all his productions were unpublished till after his death. His poems consist of *Treatises on Monarchy, Religion, and Humane Learning*, two tragedies, 109 sonnets, &c. He also wrote a *Life of Sir Philip Sidney* (1652), whom, he said, he had lived with and known from a child, 'yet never knew him other than a man.' The whole works of Lord Brooke have been collected and edited by Dr A. B. Grosart (4 vols. 1870), who has also published *The Friend of Sir Philip Sidney* (1895). A few stanzas from the *Treatise on Monarchy* describing the prehistoric age will show the dignified style of Fulke Greville's verse:

There was a time before the times of Story
When Nature raign'd instead of Laws or Arts,
And mortal gods, with men made up the glory
Of one Republick by united hearts.
Earth was the common seat, their conversation
In saving love, and our's in adoration.

For in those golden days, with Nature's chains
Both King and People seem'd conjoyn'd in one;
Both nurst alike, with mutual feeding veins,
Transcendency of either side unknown;
Princes with men using no other arts
But by good dealing to obtain good hearts.

Power then maintaind it self even by those arts
By which it grew: as Justice, Labor, Love;
Reservèd sweetness did it self impart
Even unto slaves, yet kept it self above,
And by a meek descending to the least,
Enviless sway'd and govern'd all the rest.

Order there equal was; Time courts ordain'd
To hear, to judge, to execute, and make
Few and good rules, for all griefs that complain'd:
Such care did princes of their people take
Before this art of Power allay'd the Truth:
So glorious of Man's greatness is the youth.

What wonder was it then if those thrones found
Thanks as exorbitant as was their merit?
Wit to give highest tributes, being bound
And wound up by a princely ruling spirit
To worship them for their gods after death
Who in their life exceeded humane faith?

William Shakespeare.*

Shakespeare, the greatest poet and dramatist not merely of the Elizabethan and Jacobean eras, but of any age or country, was born nearly six years after the accession of Queen Elizabeth. His life extended over fifty-two years, and when he died James I. had occupied the throne of England for thirteen years. Of his elder literary contemporaries, Sir Walter Raleigh was his senior by twelve years; John Lyly and Richard Hooker each by ten years; Robert Greene by four; Francis Bacon by three; and Christopher Marlowe, his tutor in tragedy, by only two months. Of his younger contemporaries, Ben Jonson was his junior by nine years, John Fletcher by eleven, Massinger by nineteen, and Francis Beaumont by twenty. Milton, who, from both chronological and critical points of view, was next Shakespeare the greatest English poet, was born when Shakespeare was forty-four years old, and was only contemporary with him for the first eight years of life.

I. The obscurity with which Shakespeare's biography has been long credited is greatly exaggerated.[1] The mere biographical information accessible is far more definite and more abundant than that concerning any other dramatist of the day. Shakespeare's father, John Shakespeare, was a dealer in agricultural produce at Stratford-on-Avon, a prosperous country town in the heart of England. John Shakespeare was himself son of a small farmer residing in the neighbouring village of Snitterfield. The family was of good yeoman stock. Shakespeare's mother, Mary Arden, was also daughter of a local farmer who enjoyed somewhat greater wealth and social standing than the poet's father and his kindred. William Shakespeare, the eldest child that survived infancy, was baptised in the parish church of Stratford-on-Avon on 26th April 1564.

The poet was educated with a younger brother, Gilbert, at the public grammar-school of Stratford—an institution re-established by Edward VI. on a mediæval foundation. The course of study was mainly confined to the Latin classics, and Shakespeare proved his familiarity with the Latin school-books in use at Elizabethan grammar-schools by quoting many phrases from them in his earliest play, *Love's Labour's Lost*. Until Shakespeare was thirteen years old his father's fortunes prospered. Within that period John Shakespeare took a prominent part in the municipal affairs of Stratford. After holding many inferior offices, he was elected an alderman in 1565, and in 1568 he became bailiff or mayor. But about 1577 his business declined, and he was involved for many years afterwards in a series of pecuniary difficulties. As a consequence his eldest son was removed from school at the early age of thirteen or thereabouts, and was brought into the paternal business to buy and sell agricultural produce. But he was not destined to render his family much assistance in that capacity. In 1582, when eighteen years old, he increased his father's anxieties by marrying. His wife Anne was daughter of Richard Hathaway, a farmer residing in the adjoining hamlet of Shottery. She was no less than eight years her lover's senior. There is good reason to believe that Shakespeare was a reluctant party to the marriage, to which he was driven by the lady's friends in order to protect her reputation. The ceremony took place in November 1582, and a daughter, Susanna, was born in the following May. A year later twins were born, a son and daughter, named respectively Hamnet and Judith. Shakespeare had no more children, and it is probable that in 1585 he left his family at Stratford to seek a livelihood elsewhere, and for some twelve years saw little or nothing of his wife and children.

A credible tradition assigns the immediate cause of Shakespeare's abandonment of his country home to a poaching adventure in Sir Thomas Lucy's park at Charlecote, which is situated within five miles of Stratford. It is related that he was caught there in the act of stealing deer and rabbits, and was ordered to be whipped and imprisoned by the owner, Sir Thomas Lucy. Shakespeare is reported to have penned bitter verses (which have not survived) on his prosecutor, and Lucy's threat of further punishment is said to have finally driven Shakespeare from Stratford. He subsequently avenged himself on Sir Thomas Lucy by caricaturing him as Justice Shallow in the *Second Part of Henry IV.* and *The Merry Wives of Windsor*.

There is a further tradition that Shakespeare on leaving Stratford served as schoolmaster in an adjacent village. But there is little doubt that at an early date in 1586, when twenty-two years old, he travelled on foot to London, passing through Oxford on the way. It was with the capital city of the country that the flower of his literary life was to be identified. London was chiefly his home during the twenty-three years that elapsed between 1586 and 1609, between the twenty-third and forty-sixth years of his age.

Probably only one resident in London was already known to him on his arrival—Richard Field, who some seven years before had left Stratford to be bound apprentice to the London printer Vautrollier. Field subsequently printed for Shakespeare the earliest work that he sent to press. On his settlement in the metropolis Shakespeare sought a living at the theatre. It is said that at first he tended visitors' horses outside a playhouse. In a very short time he was employed inside the playhouse, probably as call-boy; but opportunity of trying his skill as an actor was given him, and he stood

[1] The outline of Shakespeare's career here supplied is based by the present writer on his *Life of William Shakespeare*, first published in 1898, to which the reader is referred for an exhaustive account of the facts, together with the original sources of information. The illustrated library edition of the work published in 1899 contains the latest corrections and a few additions. A cheaper popular edition, somewhat abbreviated for the use of students and general readers, appeared in 1900.

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the test sufficiently well to gain speedy admission to one of the chief acting companies of the day. The acting company to which Shakespeare was admitted may with safety be identified with that under the patronage of Queen Elizabeth's favourite, the Earl of Leicester; on Leicester's death in 1588 the patronage of the company, which implied a merely nominal relationship, passed in succession to Lord Strange, afterwards Earl of Derby (d. 1594); to Lord Hunsdon, Lord Chamberlain (d. 1596); to Lord Hunsdon's son, also Lord Chamberlain; and finally, on Queen Elizabeth's death in 1603, to the new king, James I. Thus Shakespeare's company, which at the time he joined it was known as Lord Leicester's players, afterwards bore the successive titles of Lord Strange's company (1588–92), the Lord Chamberlain's company (1592–96), Lord Hunsdon's company (1596–97), again the Lord Chamberlain's company (1597–1603), and finally of the King's company from the accession of James I. in 1603. When he joined the company it was doubtless performing at The Theatre, the earliest playhouse built in England; it was erected in Shoreditch in 1576 by James Burbage, father of the great actor, Richard Burbage. While the company was under Lord Strange's patronage it found new quarters in the Rose, a theatre built in 1592 on the Bankside, Southwark. This was the earliest scene of Shakespeare's conspicuous successes alike as actor and dramatist. During 1594 Shakespeare frequented for a short time the stage of another new theatre at Newington Butts, and between 1595 and 1599 the stages of the oldest playhouses in the kingdom—the Curtain and The Theatre in Shoreditch. In 1599 yet another new theatre was built on the Bankside, Southwark; this was the famous Globe Theatre, an octagonal wooden structure. With that theatre Shakespeare's professional career was almost exclusively identified for the rest of his life, and in its profits he acquired an important share. At the close of 1609, when his theatrical career was nearing its end, Shakespeare's company occupied a second stage in addition to that of the Globe—the stage of the Blackfriars Theatre.

Acting companies in Shakespeare's day seldom remained in London during the summer or early autumn. They toured in the provinces, and it is reasonable to suppose that Shakespeare visited many English towns in his capacity of a travelling actor. There is small foundation for the conjecture that he extended his journeys to Scotland, and practically none for the view that he visited the Continent, although several companies of English actors are known to have performed at foreign courts.

Little information survives of the exact rôles which Shakespeare undertook. Few extant documents refer directly to performances by him. But at Christmas 1594, it is important to note, he joined William Kemp, the chief comedian of the day, and Richard Burbage, the greatest tragic actor, in 'two several comedies or interludes' which were played on St Stephen's Day and on Innocents' Day (December 27 and 28) at Greenwich Palace before the queen. Shakespeare's appearance at court for the first time on this occasion in 1594 sufficiently indicates his growing fame in the worlds alike of fashion and the theatre. Subsequently his name heads the list of original performers in Ben Jonson's *Every Man in his Humour* (1598), and he was one of the original performers in Jonson's *Sejanus* (1603). The dramatist's early biographer, Nicholas Rowe, recorded the performance by Shakespeare of 'the Ghost in his own *Hamlet*,' and John Davies of Hereford noted that 'he played some kingly parts in sport.' One of Shakespeare's younger brothers, presumably Gilbert, recalled at a long subsequent date his brother's performance of Adam in *As You Like It*. In the 1623 folio edition of Shakespeare's 'Works,' his own name headed the prefatory list of 'the principall actors in these playes.'

II. But it is not his histrionic activity that lends real interest to Shakespeare's name or history; it is his unmatchable achievement in dramatic poetry. His earliest experience as a dramatic writer was gained in the way of revising plays by other writers who had sold their works to the manager of his company. Much that thus came from his pen in his early days has possibly remained concealed in plays attributed to other authors. In a few cases, however, his labours as reviser were publicly acknowledged or have been detected by critics; they have usually proved to be so thorough that the revised compositions are entitled to rank among original efforts. It is difficult to fix precisely the date at which his dramatic writing, whether as reviser or independent author, began. It is probable that the whole of it was done between 1591 and 1611. During that time he apparently produced on the average two new or adapted plays each year.

The exact order in which Shakespeare's **Plays** were written cannot be given with any certainty. Only sixteen of the thirty-seven plays commonly assigned to him were published in his lifetime, and the date of publication rarely indicates the date of composition: a piece was often published many years after it was written. But the subject-matter and metre both afford rough clues to the period in the dramatist's lifetime to which the play may be referred. Although Shakespeare's songs and poems prove him a master of lyric verse of varied metres, all but a small fragment of his dramatic work is in blank-verse, and Shakespeare's blank-verse underwent much change in construction in the course of his career. In his earlier years he strictly adhered to formal rules of pause and stress; the lines are clearly marked off from one another by an inevitable rest after the fifth accented syllable. At the same time rhyming couplets are frequent. Fan-

conceits and puns or plays upon words antly recur. In Shakespeare's matured work of these features find a place. The poet es the artificial restrictions imposed by the of prosody. He varies the pauses of his -verse lines indefinitely, in order that they respond to every call of human feeling. nphatic syllables often end the lines, and r stress there impossible. The flexibility or y is increased by the introduction of extra- cal syllables at the end of lines or occasion- n the middle. In later plays rhyme almost ly disappears.

e following passages illustrate the main differ- in the character of Shakespeare's early and lank-verse. The first extract is from *Love's r's Lost* (Act II. sc. i. ll. 9–19):

et. Be now as prodigal of all dear grace,
ture was in making graces dear,
she did starve the general world beside,
rodigally gave them all to you.
incess. Good Lord Boyet, my beauty, though but mean,
not the painted flourish of your praise:
y is bought by judgement of the eye,
ttered by base sale of chapmen's tongues:
ess proud to hear you tell my worth
you much willing to be counted wise
nding your wit in the praise of mine.

next extract is from one of the very latest *The Tempest* (Act. v. sc. i. ll. 153–171):

spero. I perceive, these lords
s encounter do so much admire,
hey devour their reason, and scarce think
eyes do offices of truth, their words
atural breath: but, howsoe'er you have
justled from your senses, know for certain
I am Prospero, and that very duke
was thrust forth of Milan; who most strangely
this shore, where you were wreck'd, was landed,
the lord on 't. No more yet of this;
s a chronicle of day by day,
relation for a breakfast, nor
ng this first meeting. Welcome, sir;
ell's my court: here have I few attendants,
ubjects none abroad: pray you, look in.
ukedom since you have given me again,
requite you with as good a thing;
st bring forth a wonder, to content ye,
ch as me my dukedom.

the same time it is noticeable that nearly a of Shakespeare's dramatic work is in **prose**, , commonly lucid and pointed and free from eness or ornament, shows no radical change aracter at any period of his career. A study akespeare's prose does not materially help tudent in determining the chronology of the

The only fact about his use of prose that much importance in this connection is that figures to a larger extent in the work of e life than in that of his early or late years. not always easy to determine the principles which governed Shakespeare's employment of prose in place of metre, but in the writings of his middle life he almost invariably placed it in the mouths of the humorous or 'low-comedy' characters (e.g. Falstaff), of the spokesmen of mobs, of clowns, fools, and of ladies when they are speaking confidentially to one another; letters and quoted documents are usually in prose. How admirably terse and direct could be Shakespeare's epistolary style may be judged from Macbeth's letter to his wife (*Macbeth*, Act I. sc. v. l. 1):

They met me in the day of success; and I have learned by the perfectest report, they have more in them than mortal knowledge. When I burned in desire to question them further, they made themselves air, into which they vanished. Whiles I stood rapt in the wonder of it, came missives from the king, who all-hailed me 'Thane of Cawdor;' by which title, before, these weird sisters saluted me, and referred me to the coming on of time, with 'Hail, king that shalt be!' This have I thought good to deliver thee, my dearest partner of greatness, that thou mightst not lose the dues of rejoicing, by being ignorant of what greatness is promised thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell.

As in his treatment of metre, so in his choice and handling of subject-matter, differences are discernible in Shakespeare's plays which clearly suggest the gradual but steady development of dramatic power and temper, and separate with some definiteness early from late work. The comedies of Shakespeare's younger days often trench upon the domains of farce; those of his middle and later life approach the domain of tragedy. Tragedy in his hands markedly grew, as his years advanced, in subtlety and intensity. His tragic themes became more and more complex, and betrayed deeper and deeper knowledge of the workings of human passion. In one respect only was Shakespeare's method unchangeable. From first to last it was his habit to borrow his plots, though he freely altered and adapted them to suit his growing sense of artistic fitness. The range of literature which he studied in his search for tales whereon to build his dramas was extraordinarily wide. He consulted not merely chronicles of English history (Ralph Holinshed's, for example), on which he based his English historical plays, but he was widely read in the romances of Italy (mainly in French or English translations), in the biographies of Plutarch, and in the plays and romances of English contemporaries. His Roman plays of *Julius Cæsar*, *Antony and Cleopatra*, and *Coriolanus* closely follow the narratives of the Greek biographer. A romance by his contemporary, Thomas Lodge, suggested the fable of *As You Like It*. Novels by Bandello are the ultimate sources of the stories of *Romeo and Juliet*, *Much Ado about Nothing*, and *Twelfth Night*. *All's Well that Ends Well* and *Cymbeline* largely rest on foundations laid by Boccaccio; the tales of *Othello* and *Measure for Measure* are traceable to Giraldi Cinthio. Belleforest's *Histoires Tragiques*,

a collection of French versions of the Italian romances of Bandello, was often in Shakespeare's hands. But although Shakespeare's borrowings were large and open-handed, his debt was greater in appearance than reality. His power of assimilation was exceptionally strong, and the books that he read can only be likened to base ore on which he brought to bear the magic of his genius, with the result that he transmuted it into gold.

Love's Labour's Lost, to which may be assigned priority in point of time of all Shakespeare's dramatic productions, may, from internal evidence, be allotted to 1591. It contains 1028 five-measure rhyming lines out of a total of 2789, and puns are very numerous. The names of the chief characters are drawn from the leaders in the civil war in France, which was in progress between 1589 and 1594, and many matters that were then occupying the minds of those who moved in fashionable and political circles are touched upon. The piece is conceived in an airy vein of good-humoured satire, but genuine poetic feeling breaks forth in the speeches of the hero, Biron (cf. Act IV. sc. iii. ll. 289–365). The play was revised in 1597, probably for a performance at court, and was first published in the following year. Shakespeare's name there first appeared on a title-page as that of author of a play.

The Two Gentlemen of Verona, a comedy of love and friendship, belongs to the same period. The story resembles one in the Spanish pastoral romance of *Diana*, by George de Montemayor. There is much fascinating poetry in the serious portions of the play, but the note is often lyric rather than dramatic—a sure sign of youthful composition. There is a lyrical irrelevancy, for example, in much of Julia's ingenuous plea in favour of letting her love for Proteus have full play (Act II. sc. vii. ll. 24–38):

> The more thou damm'st it up, the more it burns.
> The current that with gentle murmur glides,
> Thou know'st, being stopp'd, impatiently doth rage;
> But when his fair course is not hindered,
> He makes sweet music with the enamell'd stones,
> Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge
> He overtaketh in his pilgrimage;
> And so by many winding nooks he strays,
> With willing sport, to the wild ocean.
> Then let me go, and hinder not my course:
> I'll be as patient as a gentle stream,
> And make a pastime of each weary step,
> Till the last step have brought me to my love;
> And there I'll rest, as after much turmoil
> A blessed soul doth in Elysium.

The *Two Gentlemen* was first published in the first folio edition of the works in 1623.

Shakespeare's next play, *The Comedy of Errors*, also first published in 1623, was for the most part a boisterous farce, resembling in subject-matter the *Menæchmi* of Plautus. But the impressive dénouement (Act V. sc. i.) in which the shrewish wife Adriana confesses her sins against her husband, and is solemnly rebuked by the Abbe in the finest spirit of sober and restrained com The speech of the Abbess is especially notewc (Act V. sc. i. ll. 68–86):

> *Abbess.* The venom clamours of a jealous woma
> Poisons more deadly than a mad dog's tooth.
> It seems his sleeps were hinder'd by thy railing:
> And thereof comes it that his head is light.
> Thou say'st his meat was sauced with thy upbraidi
> Unquiet meals make ill digestions;
> Thereof the raging fire of fever bred;
> And what 's a fever but a fit of madness?
> Thou say'st his sports were hinder'd by thy brawls
> Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth ensue
> But moody [moping] and dull melancholy,
> Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair;
> And at her heels a huge infectious troop
> Of pale distemperatures and foes to life?
> In food, in sport, in life-preserving rest
> To be disturb'd, would mad or man or beast:
> The consequence is, then, thy jealous fits
> Have scared thy husband from the use of wits.

It was after the production of these plays, w show great but not unparalleled ability, that Sh speare produced his first tragedy, *Romeo and Ji* The work gave conclusive evidence of a poetic dramatic instinct of unprecedented quality. tragic poem on the theme of love it has no in any literature. It was based upon a t romance of Italian origin, which was alr popular in English versions (see pages 262, The date of composition may, perhaps, be gath from the Nurse's speech, ''Tis since the e quake now eleven years.' No earthquake been experienced in England in the sixte century after 1580, and a few parallelisms Daniel's *Complainte of Rosamond*, publishe 1591, seem to point to its completion in that An anonymous and surreptitious quarto ed was published in 1597 and an authentic qu appeared in 1599. The speech of Romeo at tomb of Juliet before he drinks the poison trates the intensity of Shakespeare's dramatic ing and insight at this early stage in his c (Act V. sc. iii. ll. 91–120):

> O my love! my wife!
> Death, that hath suck'd the honey of thy breath,
> Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty:
> Thou art not conquer'd; beauty's ensign yet
> Is crimson in thy lips and in thy cheeks,
> And death's pale flag is not advanced there.
> Tybalt, liest thou there in thy bloody sheet?
> O, what more favour can I do to thee
> Than with that hand that cut thy youth in twain
> To sunder his that was thine enemy?
> Forgive me, cousin! Ah, dear Juliet,
> Why art thou yet so fair? shall I believe
> That unsubstantial death is amorous,
> And that the lean abhorred monster keeps
> Thee here in dark to be his paramour?
> For fear of that, I still will stay with thee,
> And never from this palace of dim night
> Depart again: here, here will I remain

›rms that are thy chambermaids; O, here
et up my everlasting rest,
ıke the yoke of inauspicious stars
ıis world-wearied flesh. Eyes, look your last!
ake your last embrace! and, lips, O you
›rs of breath, seal with a righteous kiss
ess bargain to engrossing death!
›itter conduct, come, unsavoury guide!
esperate pilot, now at once run on
hing rocks thy sea-sick weary bark.
o my love! [*Drinks.*] O true apothecary!
ıgs are quick. Thus with a kiss I die.

haracteristic versatility Shakespeare soon is attention to a very different species of work—the dramatisation of episodes in history. The first efforts in this kind ich his name can be associated—the ts of *Henry VI.*—were versions of other rks which he had revised. They mainly he civil wars in progress during the reign politically weak and superstitious king, I. On March 3, 1592; *Henry VI.*, the bsequently known as *The First Part of I.*, was acted at the Rose Theatre by Lord company of actors. A second piece in ion of the theme quickly followed, and treating of the concluding incidents of VI.'s reign, was played in the early The first of the three plays, which inally published in the collected edition espeare's works, shows sparse marks of are's workmanship. It was probably a ision by Marlowe and Shakespeare of and clumsy piece of independent origin. are's genuine thought and expression are such a brilliant passage as (1 *Henry VI.*, ii. ll. 133–5):

›ry is like a circle in the water,
ıich never ceaseth to enlarge itself
l by broad spreading it disperse to nought.

few scenes bear the impress of his style; including the barbarous handling of the Joan of Arc, are from a far inferior pen. ›nd and third parts of *Henry VI.*, which t connected with Shakespeare's name on ›lication in the First Folio, had been ›reviously under other titles, and in forms erent from that which they subsequently in the First Folio. The second part of are's *Henry VI.* was first published in h the title *The first part of the con-etwixt the two famous houses of Yorke aster;* and the third part was printed in *The true tragedie of Richard, Duke of* There seems little doubt that *The first the contention* and *The True Tragedie* Marlowe aided by Shakespeare, but themselves original compositions, being constructed out of older pieces now lost. ›nd and third parts of *Henry VI.*, as e in the First Folio, were doubtless the of a further revision of the *Contention* and *True Tragedie*, for which Shakespeare may he held to have been mainly responsible. One of the most notable amplifications of the *True Tragedie* is the touching soliloquy, while the battle of Towton is raging, of Henry VI., who there pathetically contrasts the happiness of a shepherd's life with that of a king (3 *Henry VI.*, Act II. sc. v. ll. 21–54):

O God! methinks it were a happy life,
To be no better than a homely swain:
To sit upon a hill, as I do now,
To carve out dials quaintly, point by point,
Thereby to see the minutes how they run,
How many make the hour full complete;
How many hours bring about the day;
How many days will finish up the year;
How many years a mortal man may live.
When this is known, then to divide the times:
So many hours must I tend my flock;
So many hours must I take my rest;
So many hours must I contemplate;
So many hours must I sport myself;
So many days my ewes have been with young;
So many weeks ere the poor fools will ean;
So many years ere I shall shear the fleece:
So minutes, hours, days, months, and years,
Pass'd over to the end they were created,
Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave.
Ah, what a life were this! how sweet! how lovely!
Gives not the hawthorn-bush a sweeter shade
To shepherds looking on their silly sheep,
Than doth a rich embroider'd canopy
To kings that fear their subjects' treachery?
O, yes, it doth; a thousand-fold it doth.
And to conclude, the shepherd's homely curds,
His cold thin drink out of his leather bottle,
His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's shade,
All which secure and sweetly he enjoys,
Is far beyond a prince's delicates,
His viands sparkling in a golden cup,
His body couched in a curious bed,
When care, mistrust, and treason wait on him.

Shakespeare's final revision of the trilogy of plays dealing with the reign of Henry VI. met with a triumphant reception on the stage. But older dramatists grew jealous, and in the autumn of 1592 one of them, Robert Greene, denounced the younger dramatist in *A Groats-worth of Wit* as 'an upstart crow beautified with our feathers, that with his *Tygers heart wrapt in a players hide* supposes he is as well able to bumbast out a blanke verse as the best of you, and being an absolute Johannes factotum is, in his own conceit, the only Shake-scene in a countrie.' The italicised words parody a line in 3 *Henry VI.* (Act I. sc. iv. l. 137), 'Oh Tiger's heart wrapped in a woman's hide.' The publisher of Greene's ill-natured attack on Shakespeare, Henry Chettle, at the end of the year apologised to the young writer for the rancour of Greene's pen, in the preface to a tract called *Kind Hartes Dreame.* Chettle frankly acknowledged Shakespeare's civility of demeanour, excellence in his quality of actor,

uprightness of dealing, and 'facetious grace in writing.'

Shakespeare pursued the path which he first essayed in the plays of *Henry VI.* in the two tragedies that succeeded them—*Richard III.* and *Richard II.* In *Richard III.* Shakespeare plainly shows a conscious resolve to follow in Marlowe's footsteps. The tragedy takes up the history near the point at which the third part of *Henry VI.* left it. The hero's hypocrisy is pictured with much irony. The study of vicious ambition is rarely relieved by poetic passages, but a peculiarly Shakespearian outburst of poetic sentiment characterises the description by Tyrrel of the murder of the princes in the Tower (Act IV. sc. iii. ll. 4–22):

Dighton and Forrest, whom I did suborn
To do this ruthless piece of butchery,
Although they were flesh'd villains, bloody dogs,
Melting with tenderness and kind compassion
Wept like two children in their deaths' sad stories.
'Lo, thus,' quoth Dighton, 'lay those tender babes:'
'Thus, thus,' quoth Forrest, 'girdling one another
Within their innocent alabaster arms:
Their lips were four red roses on a stalk,
Which in their summer beauty kiss'd each other.
A book of prayers on their pillow lay;
Which once,' quoth Forrest, 'almost changed my mind;
But O! the devil'—there the villain stopp'd;
Whilst Dighton thus told on: 'We smothered
The most replenished sweet work of nature
That from the prime creation e'er she framed.'
Thus both are gone with conscience and remorse;
They could not speak; and so I left them both,
To bring this tidings to the bloody king.

Richard II. seems to have followed *Richard III.* without delay, and here again the influence of Marlowe is strongly marked. Marlowe's *Edward II.* clearly inspired *Richard II.* The sober note of patriotism and of reverence for the best traditions of the country, which was characteristic of all Shakespeare's historical plays, was sounded with exceptional effect in John of Gaunt's dying speech (Act II. sc. i. ll. 31–68):

Methinks I am a prophet new inspired
And thus expiring do foretell of him:
His rash fierce blaze of riot cannot last,
For violent fires soon burn out themselves;
Small showers last long, but sudden storms are short;
He tires betimes that spurs too fast betimes;
With eager feeding food doth choke the feeder:
Light vanity, insatiate cormorant,
Consuming means, soon preys upon itself.
This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-paradise,
This fortress built by Nature for herself
Against infection and the hand of war;
This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall,
Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier lands;
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England,
This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,
Fear'd by their breed and famous by their birth,
Renowned for their deeds as far from home,
For Christian service and true chivalry,
As is the sepulchre in stubborn Jewry
Of the world's ransom, blessed Mary's Son;
This land of such dear souls, this dear dear land,
Dear for her reputation through the world,
Is now leased out—I die pronouncing it—
Like to a tenement or pelting farm:
England, bound in with the triumphant sea,
Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege
Of watery Neptune, is now bound in with shame,
With inky blots and rotten parchment bonds:
That England, that was wont to conquer others,
Hath made a shameful conquest of itself.
Ah, would the scandal vanish with my life,
How happy then were my ensuing death!

Both *Richard III.* and *Richard II.* were published anonymously in 1597. Between February 1593 and the end of the year the London theatres were closed owing to the plague; but Shakespeare's pen was busily employed, and 1594 probably proved more prolific than any other year of his life. To it may be assigned the greater part of three plays—*Titus Andronicus*, *The Merchant of Venice*, and *King John*.

Titus Andronicus, a sanguinary and revolting picture of the decadence of imperial Rome, was probably only in part Shakespeare's work. It was suggested by a piece called *Titus and Vespasian*, which was acted by Lord Strange's men in 1592, and is now only extant in a German version published in 1620. *Titus Andronicus* was acted by the Earl of Sussex's men on January 23, 1593–4, as a 'new' piece. It was subsequently performed by Shakespeare's company. Internal evidence suggests that Kyd wrote much of it. But there are many powerful passages for which Shakespeare alone could have been responsible. The heart-rending speech in which the hero laments the ruin that overtakes his children contains such lines as these (Act III. sc. i. ll. 93–97):

For now I stand as one upon a rock,
Environ'd with a wilderness of sea;
Who marks the waxing tide grow wave by wave,
Expecting ever when some envious surge
Will in his brinish bowels swallow him.

Then, turning to his tongueless daughter, he adds (*Ibid.*, ll. 111–113):

When I did name her brothers, then fresh tears
Stood on her cheeks, as doth the honey-dew
Upon a gather'd lily almost wither'd.

In *The Merchant of Venice* Shakespeare showed to splendid advantage his power of investing ancient legends with genuinely dramatic point and poetry. Ser Giovanni's *Il Pecorone*, a fourteenth-century collection of Italian novels, supplied him with the main plot of the pound of flesh.

Gosson, in his *Schoole of Abuse* (1579), a lost play called *The Jew*, in which ly the tales of the pound of flesh and :ets were combined. Robert Wilson's ay of the *Three Ladies of London* roughly :d some of Shakespeare's scenes between ish creditor Shylock and his debtor

Shakespeare's Jew is a far subtler study h character than Marlowe achieved in *f Malta*, and the delicate comedy which he serious interest attaching to Shylock's wholly out of Marlowe's reach. But :are, in the *Merchant of Venice*, betrayed lefinable traces of his discipleship to Mar- :arlowe's *Jew of Malta* was the forerunner ck, although the topic was doubtless ely suggested to Shakespeare by the excitement aroused in London by the :ecution of the queen's Jewish physician, Lopez. Passages notable for high poetic nd for eloquent ratiocination abound in *chant of Venice*. Shylock's claim to be as a man, Portia's plea for mercy, s speech on the power of music, and 's exposure of the deceitfulness of appear- ustrate the play's wealth of thought and f language. One of the most beautiful is the speech in which Portia accepts of her lover Bassanio (Act III. sc. ii. 75):

see me, Lord Bassanio, where I stand,
as I am: though for myself alone
uld not be ambitious in my wish,
ish myself much better; yet, for you
uld be trebled twenty times myself;
usand times more fair, ten thousand times
rich;
only to stand high in your account,
ht in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,
d account; but the full sum of me
n of something, which, to term in gross,
unlesson'd girl, unschool'd, unpractised;
y in this, she is not yet so old
he may learn; happier than this,
s not bred so dull but she can learn;
iest of all is that her gentle spirit
nits itself to yours to be directed,
m her lord, her governor, her king.
lf and what is mine to you and yours
w converted: but now I was the lord
is fair mansion, master of my servants,
n o'er myself; and even now, but now,
house, these servants, and this same myself
ours, my lord: I give them with this ring;
h when you part from, lose, or give away,
t presage the ruin of your love,
be my vantage to exclaim on you.

chant of Venice may have been first pro- nder the name of the *Venesyon Comedy* ist 25, 1594. It was revised later, and published until 1600, when two editions l, each printed from a different stage

Turning once again to English history, Shakespeare, also in 1594, adapted his drama of *King John* from a worthless play called *The Troublesome Raigne of King John* (1591). This old piece was fraudulently reissued in 1611 as 'written by W. Sh.,' and in 1622 as by 'W. Shakespeare.' The three chief characters in Shakespeare's *King John*—the mean and cruel king, the desperately wronged and passionate Constance, and the soldierly humorist Falconbridge—are in all essentials Shakespeare's own invention. In Arthur boyish emotion is portrayed with a freshness and truthfulness that are scarcely known elsewhere in dramatic literature. As in other of Shakespeare's historical plays, the general effect of the tragic history of King John is to instil a reasonable and honourable patriotism, to which the Bastard's concluding lines give very eloquent expression (Act V. sc. vii. l. 112–end):

This England never did, nor ever shall,
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,
But when it first did help to wound itself.
Now these her princes are come home again,
Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them. Nought shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true.

III. At the same epoch in his career (1591–4) as saw these remarkable efforts in the drama, Shakespeare also wrote and published two **Narrative Poems**, both of which paraphrased with melodious fluency Ovidian themes of somewhat lascivious tendency. In May 1593 Richard Field, Shakespeare's fellow-townsman, published the first poem, *Venus and Adonis*. The character of the verse may be illustrated by Venus's lament over the body of the dead Adonis (ll. 1075–1080):

Alas, poor world, what treasure hast thou lost!
What face remains alive that's worth the viewing?
Whose tongue is music now? what canst thou boast
Of things long since, or any thing ensuing?
The flowers are sweet, their colours fresh and trim;
But true-sweet beauty lived and died with him.

No name appeared on the title-page, but there was a fully-signed dedication addressed to a brilliant young nobleman, Henry Wriothesley, third Earl of Southampton. A year later Shakespeare's poem of *Lucrece* appeared, and it too was dedicated to the Earl of Southampton. A more serious note is often sounded here than in the earlier poem, and there are many reflections on human affairs which embody convictions cherished by Shakespeare through life; for example (ll. 1240–1246):

For men have marble, women waxen, minds,
And therefore are they form'd as marble will;
The weak oppress'd, the impression of strange kinds
Is formed in them by force, by fraud, or skill:
Then call them not the authors of their ill,
No more than wax shall be accounted evil
Wherein is stamp'd the semblance of a devil.

These two volumes constituted Shakespeare's first appeal to the reading public, and they were welcomed with unqualified enthusiasm. Spenser and other contemporary men of letters panegyrised the genius which the poems betrayed. The general reader showed himself no less appreciative. No fewer than seven editions of *Venus* appeared between 1594 and 1602, and an eighth followed in 1607. *Lucrece* achieved a fifth edition in the year of Shakespeare's death.

In other directions Shakespeare was strengthening his position and reputation. He was gaining personal esteem in influential quarters outside the circles of actors and men of letters. The Earl of Southampton, as the dedicatory addresses before his narrative poems show, had become his acknowledged patron. His 'civil demeanour' recommended him to the habitués of the court, and his summons to act before Queen Elizabeth at Christmas 1594 indicated the courtiers' personal interest in him. Thenceforth his plays were frequently performed before the queen by himself and his fellow-actors at her palaces of Whitehall, Richmond, and Greenwich, and his recognition as the greatest poet and dramatist of the day steadily grew.

The bulk of Shakespeare's **Sonnets** were, doubtless, written in 1594, soon after he had sought and won the patronage of the Earl of Southampton. At that date the sonnet enjoyed a popularity among poets in England that has never been equalled. Shakespeare characteristically tried his hand on the popular poetic instrument when its vogue was at its height. The metrical form of his sonnets is that peculiar to the English sonneteers (three decasyllabic quatrains, each rhyming alternately, and a concluding rhyming couplet). In literary value the extant collection is notably unequal, but the best examples reach levels of lyric melody and meditative energy that are not matched elsewhere in poetry. Among the finest of Shakespeare's sonnets are these:

XXX.

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
  I summon up remembrance of things past,
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
  And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste:
Then can I drown an eye, unused to flow,
  For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,
And weep afresh love's long since cancelled woe,
  And moan the expense of many a vanish'd sight:
Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,
  And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
The sad account of fore-bemoaned moan,
  Which I new pay as if not paid before.
But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,
All losses are restored and sorrows end.

XXXIII.

Full many a glorious morning have I seen
  Flatter the mountain tops with sovereign eye,
Kissing with golden face the meadows green,
  Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy;
Anon permit the basest clouds to ride
  With ugly rack on his celestial face,
And from the forlorn world his visage hide,
  Stealing unseen to west with this disgrace:
Even so my sun one early morn did shine
  With all triumphant splendour on my brow;
But, out, alack! he was but one hour mine,
  The region cloud hath mask'd him from me no
Yet him for this my love no whit disdaineth;
Suns of the world may stain when heaven's sun sta

LIII.

What is your substance, whereof are you made,
  That millions of strange shadows on you tend
Since every one hath, every one, one shade,
  And you, but one, can every shadow lend.
Describe Adonis, and the counterfeit
  Is poorly imitated after you;
On Helen's cheek all art of beauty set,
  And you in Grecian tires are painted new:
Speak of the spring and foison of the year,
  The one doth shadow of your beauty show,
The other as your bounty doth appear;
  And you in every blessed shape we know.
In all external grace you have some part,
But you like none, none you, for constant heart.

CXVI.

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
  Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
  Or bends with the remover to remove:
O, no! it is an ever-fixed mark,
  That looks on tempests and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wandering bark,
  Whose worth's unknown, although his height be
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and che
  Within his bending sickle's compass come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
  But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
If this be error and upon me proved,
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

On the other hand, some of Shakespeare's sc sink almost into inanity beneath the burd quibbles and conceits. Take, for example:

XLVI.

Mine eye and heart are at a mortal war,
  How to divide the conquest of thy sight;
Mine eye my heart thy picture's sight would bar
  My heart mine eye the freedom of that right.
My heart doth plead, that thou in him dost lie,
  A closet never pierced with crystal eyes,
But the defendant doth that plea deny,
  And says in him thy fair appearance lies.
To 'cide this title is impanneled
  A quest of thoughts, all tenants to the heart;
And by their verdict is determined
  The clear eye's moiety and the dear heart's pa
As thus; mine eye's due is thine outward part,
And my heart's right thine inward love of heart

There is no evidence that the order in the sonnets were first printed followed the in which they were written. The same tr thought is at times pursued continuously th

two or more sonnets, and thus the collection resembles a series of independent poems, some in a varying number of fourteen-line stanzas. But, beyond the fact that the vein throughout is more or less amorous, there is no close logical continuity in the arrangement of the whole. The majority of the sonnets, numbered i. to cxxvi., are addressed to a young man, and most of the remaining twenty-six poems are addressed to a woman, but both groups include meditative soliloquies in the sonnet-form which are addressed to no person at all.

The sonnets of Shakespeare's contemporaries were for the most part literary exercises, reflecting the influence of French and Italian sonneteers. Genuine emotion or the writer's personal experience very rarely inspired them. At a first glance a far larger proportion of Shakespeare's sonnets give the reader the illusion of personal confessions than those of any contemporary, but when allowance has been made for the current conventions of Elizabethan sonneteering, as well as for Shakespeare's unapproached affluence in dramatic instinct and invention—which enabled him to identify himself with every phase of human emotion—the autobiographic element in his sonnets, although it may not be dismissed altogether, is seen to shrink to comparatively slender proportions. He borrows very many contemporary sonneteers' words and thoughts, although he so fused them with his fancy as often to transfigure them. A personal note may have escaped him in the sonnets in which he gives voice to a sense of melancholy and self-remorse, but his dramatic instinct never slept, and there is no positive proof that he is doing more, even in those sonnets, than to produce dramatically the illusion of a personal confession. For example, in the numerous sonnets in which Shakespeare boasted that his verse was so certain of immortality that it was capable of immortalising the person to whom it was addressed, he gave voice to no involuntary exaltation of his own spirit or spontaneous ebullition of his own feeling. He was merely handling a theme that Ronsard and Desportes, emulating Pindar, Horace, Ovid, and other classical poets, had lately made a commonplace of the poetry of Europe, and a formal topic among all English sonneteers. The imitative element is hardly less conspicuous in most of the sonnets that Shakespeare distinctly addresses to a woman.

Only in one group, composed of six sonnets scattered through the collection, is there traceable a strand of wholly original sentiment, boldly projecting from the web into which it is wrought. This series of six sonnets deals with a love-adventure of no normal type. Sonnet cxliv. opens with the lines :

> Two loves I have of comfort and despair,
> Which like two spirits do suggest [i.e. prompt] me still :
> The better angel is a man right fair,
> The worser spirit a woman colour'd ill.

The woman, the sonneteer continues, has corrupted the man and drawn him from his side. Five other sonnets treat the same theme. In three addressed to the man (xl., xli., and xlii.) the poet mildly reproaches his youthful friend for having sought and won favours of a woman whom he himself loved 'dearly,' but the trespass is forgiven on account of the friend's youth and beauty. In the two remaining sonnets (cxxxiii. and cxxxiv.) the poet addresses the woman, and rebukes her for having enslaved not himself but 'his next self'—his friend. It is conceivable that these six sonnets rest on a genuine experience of the poet, although a half-jesting reference to the amorous adventure, which would deprive it of very serious import, was possibly made to it at the time by a literary comrade. A poem that was licensed for publication on September 3, 1594, was published immediately under the title of *Willobie his Avisa, or the True Picture of a Modest Maid and of a Chaste and Constant Wife.* There, a character, described as 'the old player W. S.,' doubtless Shakespeare himself, mocks a rejected lover because, he explains at length, he has just recovered his own equanimity after much suffering from feminine caprice.

But if few of Shakespeare's sonnets can safely be regarded as autobiographical revelations of sentiment, many of them offer evidence of the relations in which he stood to a patron, and of the position that he sought to fill in the circle of that patron's literary clients. There is no difficulty in detecting the lineaments of the Earl of Southampton in those of the man who is distinctively greeted in the sonnets as the poet's sole patron. That the Earl of Southampton was Shakespeare's only patron is not merely suggested by the terms in which the poet dedicated to him each of his two narrative poems, *Venus and Adonis* and *Lucrece*, but by the tradition handed down by Sir William D'Avenant that the earl treated Shakespeare with exceptional munificence, and 'once gave him a thousand pounds to enable him to go through with a purchase which he heard he had a mind to.' Twenty sonnets are couched in the phraseology habitual at the time to authors when penning dedications of their works to patrons. Three of these (xxvi., xxxii., and xxxvi.) merely translate into the language of poetry the expressions of devotion which had already done duty in the prose dedicatory epistle to the Earl of Southampton that prefaces *Lucrece.* That epistle to Southampton runs :

> The love I dedicate to your lordship is without end : whereof this pamphlet, without beginning, is but a superfluous moiety. The warrant I have of your honourable disposition, not the worth of my untutored lines, makes it assured of acceptance. What I have done is yours, what I have to do is yours, being part in all I have, devoted yours. Were my worth greater, my duty would show greater ; meanwhile, as it is, it is bound to

your lordship, to whom I wish long life, still lengthened with all happiness.—Your lordship's in all duty,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

Sonnet xxvi. is a gorgeous rendering of these sentences:

Lord of my love, to whom in vassalage
Thy merit hath my duty strongly knit,
To thee I send this written ambassage,
To witness duty, not to show my wit:
Duty so great, which wit so poor as mine
May make seem bare, in wanting words to show it,
But that I hope some good conceit of thine
In thy soul's thought, all naked, will bestow it;
Till whatsoever star that guides my moving,
Points on me graciously with fair aspect,
And puts apparel on my tatter'd loving,
To show me worthy of thy sweet respect:
Then may I dare to boast how I do love thee;
Till then not show my head where thou mayst prove me.

In several sonnets the poet confesses to a sense of jealousy of one or more rival poets who, by dint of 'richly compiled' 'comments' of his patron's 'praise,' threaten to divert to themselves his patron's favours. The rival poets with their 'precious praise by all the muses filed' (lxxxv. 4) must be sought among the writers who eulogised Southampton and are known to have shared his patronage. Such writers were very numerous, but the poet whom Shakespeare depicts as his chief rival is with much probability identified with the young poet and scholar Barnabe Barnes, a poetic panegyrist of Southampton and a prolific sonneteer, whose promise, widely acknowledged at the time that Shakespeare was writing his sonnets, was not destined for conspicuous fulfilment in the future.

Besides the twenty 'dedicatory' sonnets, which specifically address a young man as the poet's patron, many avow wholly disinterested 'love,' in the Elizabethan sense of friendship, for a handsome youth of wealth and rank. There is good ground for the conclusion that the sonnets of disinterested friendship also have Southampton for their subject. The sincerity of the poet's sentiment is often open to doubt in these poems, but they seem inspired by a genuine intimacy subsisting between Shakespeare and a young Mæcenas. Extravagant compliment—'gross painting' Shakespeare calls it—was more conspicuous in the intercourse of patron and client during the last years of Elizabeth's reign than in any other epoch. There is nothing in the vocabulary of affection which Shakespeare employed in his sonnets of 'love' or friendship to conflict with the theory that they were inscribed to his literary patron Southampton, with whom he was at the moment on the terms of close intimacy that normally subsisted between the literary clients and their patrons. Every compliment, in fact, paid by Shakespeare to the youth applies to Southampton. In real life, beauty, birth, wealth, and wit sat 'crowned' in the earl, whom poets acclaimed the handsomest of Elizabethan courtiers, as plainly as in the hero of the poet's verse. Southampton has left in his correspondence ample proofs of his literary learning and cultured taste, and, like the hero of the sonnets, was 'as fair in knowledge as in hue.' The opening sequence of seventeen sonnets, in which a youth of rank and wealth is admonished to marry and beget a son so that 'his fair house' may not fall into decay, can only have been addressed to a young peer like Southampton, who was as yet unmarried, had vast possessions, and was the sole male representative of his family. To no other peer of the day are the poet's words so exactly applicable. Striking evidence of the identity of the youth of the sonnets of 'friendship' with Southampton is found in the likeness of feature and complexion which characterises the poet's description of the youth's 'fair' outward appearance and the extant pictures of Southampton as a young man which are now at Welbeck. External evidence thus agrees with internal evidence in identifying the lauded patron of the sonnets with the Earl of Southampton, and they suggest that Shakespeare when his fame was in the making stood to the earl in much the same relation as Ariosto to the Duke Alfonso d'Este, or Ronsard to Margaret, Duchess of Savoy.

Shakespeare's sonnets were first circulated in manuscript. A line from one of them--

Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds--

was quoted in the play of *Edward III.*, which was probably written before 1595. Meres, writing in 1598, enthusiastically commends Shakespeare's 'sugred sonnets among his private friends,' and mentions them in close conjunction with his two narrative poems. William Jaggard piratically inserted in 1599 two of the most mature of the series (Nos. cxxxviii. and cxliv.) in his *Passionate Pilgrim*. In 1609 Shakespeare's sonnets were surreptitiously published by a publisher of small reputation, Thomas Thorpe.

Thorpe dedicated the volume to 'Mr W. H.' in these terms:

TO. THE. ONLIE. BEGETTER. OF.
THESE. INSVING. SONNETS.
MR. W. H. ALL. HAPPINESSE.
AND. THAT. ETERNITIE.
PROMISED.
BY.
OUR. EVER LIVING. POET.
WISHETH.
THE. WELL-WISHING.
ADVENTVRER. IN.
SETTING.
FORTH.

T. T.

The dedication, although, according to Thorpe's habitual style of writing, bombastic in expression and wilfully intricate in the arrangement of the words, follows a common dedicatory formula: in numerous books of the day the dedicator 'wisheth' his patron 'all happiness and eternitie.' In this instance '*the well-wishing adventurer in setting*

forth'—i.e. the publisher, Thomas Thorpe—'*wisheth*,' in the conventional language of contemporary dedications, '*all happinesse and tha. eternitie promised by our ever-living poet*'—i.e. such eternity as Shakespeare in the text of his sonnets foretold for his own verse—'*to Mr W. H. the onlie begetter of these ensuing sonnets*'—i.e. to the man who had, by his sole efforts, gotten or procured ('beget' in Elizabethan English was frequently used in the sense of 'get' or 'procure') a copy of the manuscript of Shakespeare's sonnets, and had thereby given Thorpe his opportunity of printing and publishing them. In 1600 Thorpe had under similar circumstances dedicated a hitherto unpublished work by Marlowe—*The First Book of Lucan*—to Edward Blount, a friend in the trade. 'Mr W. H.,' whom Thorpe made the patron of the original edition of Shakespeare's sonnets in 1609, was probably William Hall, a publisher's assistant, who for some years occupied himself in procuring unprinted manuscripts for disposal among stationers in the position of Thorpe.

The common practice of publishers of the day of the type of Thorpe in choosing uninfluential patrons for the publication of manuscripts that fell surreptitiously into their hands renders impossible the popular identification of 'Mr W. H.' with the influential young man to whom many of the sonnets were anonymously addressed by Shakespeare. By an irresponsible guess, which is vitiated by an obvious error, the initials of Thorpe's patron have been identified with those of William Herbert, third Earl of Pembroke. The Earl of Pembroke succeeded to his title in 1601, and it was contrary to law and custom for a dependent in the position of a publisher to employ any other than the formal designation in addressing a noble patron. The letters 'W. H.,' moreover, at no time in the Earl of Pembroke's life represented the initials of his name. From his birth until his succession to his father's title he was known solely as Lord Herbert. No evidence exists to show that Shakespeare was in personal relations with the Earl of Pembroke at any period. After Shakespeare's death the First Folio (1623) was dedicated to Pembroke and his brother, the Earl of Montgomery, by Shakespeare's friends and theatrical colleagues. It was the fashion of the moment for authors and publishers to dedicate to these patrons jointly publications of importance. Pembroke, too, was in 1623 Lord Chamberlain and *ex officio* controller of the stage. The words and tone in which Shakespeare's posthumous editors addressed the brothers plainly show that the poet was in his lifetime solely known to the brother-earls—was solely the object of their favour—in his capacity of popular dramatist and of 'servant' of the king—i.e. of member of the king's company of players.

IV. Shakespeare's endeavours to maintain his position in the favour of a wealthy patron, to which his sonnets bear testimony, never interrupted the literary labours to which the best years of his life were consecrated. His industry never drooped. To the winter season of 1595 probably belonged *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, which may well have been written to celebrate a marriage in the circles of the court. Hints for the plot and characters have been traced to many sources, but the final scheme of the beautiful and delicate fairy comedy is of Shakespeare's freshest invention. Titania's directions when bidding the fairies attend on the 'translated' Bottom are instinct with the finest conceivable play of fancy (Act III. sc. i. ll. 150–160):

> Be kind and courteous to this gentleman;
> Hop in his walks and gambol in his eyes;
> Feed him with apricocks and dewberries,
> With purple grapes, green figs, and mulberries;
> The honey-bags steal from the humble-bees,
> And for night-tapers crop their waxen thighs,
> And light them at the fiery glow-worm's eyes,
> To have my love to bed and to arise;
> And pluck the wings from painted butterflies,
> To fan the moonbeams from his sleeping eyes:
> Nod to him, elves, and do him courtesies.

All's Well that Ends Well belongs to the same period. Its plot is a sombre and somewhat offensive story traceable to Boccaccio. Shakespeare's treatment of it is mainly remarkable for his development of the character of the heroine, Helena, who, despite the immodesty of her actions, ranks with the greatest of Shakespeare's female creations. Her secret attachment for the worthless Bertram, whose rank places him beyond her reach, is touchingly expressed in her soliloquy (Act I. sc. i. ll. 76–92):

> My imagination
> Carries no favour in 't but Bertram's.
> I am undone: there is no living, none,
> If Bertram be away. 'Twere all one
> That I should love a bright particular star
> And think to wed it, he is so above me:
> In his bright radiance and collateral light
> Must I be comforted, not in his sphere:
> The ambition in my love thus plagues itself:
> The hind that would be mated by the lion
> Must die for love. 'Twas pretty, though a plague,
> To see him every hour; to sit and draw
> His arched brows, his hawking eye, his curls,
> In our heart's table; heart too capable
> Of every line and trick of his sweet favour:
> But now he's gone, and my idolatrous fancy
> Must sanctify his reliques.

The Taming of the Shrew, which is mainly of farcical character, was based on an old farcical comedy, *The Taming of a Shrew*, first published in 1574. The underplot of Bianca and her lovers was probably due to a coadjutor. In Shakespeare's Induction, of which the drunken tinker Christopher Sly is the hero, Shakespeare introduces many literal references to Stratford and his native county. Similar references figure in the *Second Part of Henry IV.* and in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*,

which followed the *Taming of the Shrew* at no long interval. Such allusions are probably attributable to Shakespeare's resumption of relations with his native place at the time of the composition.

In 1597, turning again to English history, he produced the two parts of *Henry IV.* Although in the First Part the character of Hotspur is drawn with great vividness, and in both parts Prince Hal is depicted with unflagging spirit, the two pieces owe the enthusiastic affection in which they have been held since their first production on the stage to Shakespeare's creation of the deathless character of Falstaff. In Falstaff, Shakespeare's purely comic power culminated. Every syllable of his utterances should be studied. Probably his richness of temperament may be gauged, as well as anywhere, by the shrewdly comic speech which he mockingly addresses to Prince Hal in his assumed character of the king, Prince Hal's father (Act II. sc. iv. ll. 387–418). His assumption of the kingly rôle justly evokes from Mistress Quickly the characteristic compliment, 'O Jesu! he doth it as like one of those harlotry players as ever I see':

Fal. Harry, I do not only marvel where thou spendest thy time, but also how thou art accompanied: for though the camomile, the more it is trodden on the faster it grows, yet youth, the more it is wasted the sooner it wears. That thou art my son, I have partly thy mother's word, partly my own opinion, but chiefly a villanous trick of thine eye, and a foolish hanging of thy nether lip, that doth warrant me. If then thou be son to me, here lies the point; why, being son to me, art thou so pointed at? Shall the blessed sun of heaven prove a micher and eat blackberries? a question not to be asked. Shall the son of England prove a thief and take purses? a question to be asked. There is a thing, Harry, which thou hast often heard of, and it is known to many in our land by the name of pitch: this pitch, as ancient writers do report, doth defile; so doth the company thou keepest: for, Harry, now I do not speak to thee in drink but in tears, not in pleasure but in passion, not in words only, but in woes also: and yet there is a virtuous man whom I have often noted in thy company, but I know not his name.

Prince. What manner of man, an it like your majesty?

Fal. A goodly portly man, i' faith, and a corpulent; of a cheerful look, a pleasing eye, and a most noble carriage; and, as I think, his age some fifty, or, by'r lady, inclining to three score; and now I remember me, his name is Falstaff: if that man should be lewdly given, he deceiveth me; for, Harry, I see virtue in his looks. If then the tree may be known by the fruit, as the fruit by the tree, then, peremptorily I speak it, there is virtue in that Falstaff: him keep with, the rest banish. And tell me now, thou naughty varlet, tell me, where hast thou been this month?

Henry IV. was followed by *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, which, according to early traditions, was designed to satisfy Queen Elizabeth's curiosity to learn how Falstaff would bear himself when in love. The result was a farcical comedy reflecting the bluff temper of contemporary middle-class society. At the same time, the spirited character of Prince Hal was specially congenial to Shakespeare, and after devoting one play to Falstaff, he devoted another to the later career of the prince who succeeded to the throne as Henry V. Shakespeare's chronicle-play of *Henry V.* was produced in 1599, probably at the newly-built Globe Theatre. It abounds in patriotic sentiment. Most of the speeches of the hero are familiar in anthologies. The soliloquy of the king on the emptiness of the ceremonial homage that is paid to royalty, the orations in which he condemns the conspirators Cambridge, Grey, and Scroop, or reproves his cousin Westmoreland for regretting the smallness of the English force on the eve of Agincourt, are masterly specimens of spirited eloquence. The choruses before the acts, too—notably the first—are splendidly phrased, and there is abundant variety in the comic element, although it lacks the great presence of Falstaff. When Pistol announces to his companions:

> For Falstaff he is dead,
> And we must yearn therefore,

the disreputable Bardolph remarks, with a wonderful touch of pathos, 'Would I were with him wheresome'er he is, either in heaven or in hell.' The hostess opens her description of the hero's last hours thus (Act II. sc. iii. l. 9):

Nay, sure, he's not in hell: he's in Arthur's bosom, if ever man went to Arthur's bosom. A' made a finer end and went away an it had been any christom child; a' parted even just between twelve and one, even at the turning o' the tide: for after I saw him fumble with the sheets, and play with flowers, and smile upon his fingers' ends, I knew there was but one way; for his nose was as sharp as a pen, and a' babbled of green fields.

Henry V. completed the series of *Shakespeare's Histories*, which may be likened to detached books of an English Iliad. They form collectively a kind of national epic. The late play of *Henry VIII.*, which is only partially by Shakespeare, must be considered apart.

Some reflections of the public affairs in which Shakespeare had personal interest appear in *Henry V.* In the chorus before the last act of the play Shakespeare makes friendly allusion to the expected return from Ireland of the Earl of Essex, the close friend of his patron, the Earl of Southampton. Subsequently, in 1601, Essex and Southampton were leaders in a rebellion against the queen's authority in London, with the result that Essex was executed and Southampton received a sentence of imprisonment for life. Shakespeare thus lost a generous patron, but by the end of the sixteenth century his career was in the full tide of its triumphant progress. In literary and theatrical society his influence was then supreme. He was in a position to befriend younger men of genius like Ben Jonson, and was a prominent figure in the meetings of Jonson and his literary associates at the Mermaid Tavern in Bread Street. In 1598 Francis Meres, a learned graduate of

Cambridge, writing of contemporary literature in his *Palladis Tamina*, eulogised Shakespeare as the greatest man of letters of the day: 'The Muses would speak Shakespeare's fine filed phrase if they could speak English.' Unprincipled publishers placed Shakespeare's name on the title-pages of books by other pens in order to attract purchasers. Between 1595 and 1608 six plays in which he had no hand—*Locrine*, *Thomas Lord Cromwell*, *The Puritan*, *Oldcastle*, *The London Prodigal*, and *The Yorkshire Tragedy*—came forth with Shakespeare's name or initials on the title-pages. The pirate publisher, William Jaggard, produced in 1599 a poetic anthology, entitled *The Passionate Pilgrim*, 'by W. Shakespeare,' although only five out of the twenty pieces were from the poet's pen. Obscure mystical verses, on the *Phœnix and the Turtle*, which may be genuine work of Shakespeare's, were printed above his full signature in 1601, with poems by other writers of note, in Robert Chester's *Love's Martyr*.

V. Meanwhile Shakespeare had resumed relations with Stratford. He was doubtless there on August 11, 1596, when his only son Hamnet was buried in the parish church. Thenceforth he devoted much of his energies to endeavours to restore the fame and fortune of his family in his native place, and though he continued to spend the greater part of many subsequent years in London, he thenceforth paid more than one visit annually to Stratford. His father's debts had grown in his long absence, and his wife had also borrowed money for her support. But his return finally relieved his kindred of all pecuniary anxiety. By his advice his father, at the end of 1596, applied to the College of Heralds in London for a grant of arms. The negotiations were protracted through three years, but in 1599 the authorities acceded to the request of the poet and his father, assigning to the family a 'gold shield with a bend sable bearing a golden spear, with a crest of a falcon with wings displayed (silver), supporting a spear (gold).' The motto ran, '*Non sans droict*.' These arms were thenceforth used by the poet and his children. By way of corroborating his position, he purchased on May 4, 1597, the largest house in Stratford, called New Place.

In 1598 three letters, written by Shakespeare's fellow-townsmen, and still extant at Stratford, give evidence of his local reputation as a man of wealth and influence. One letter, dated October 25, 1598, is an appeal addressed to Shakespeare by Richard Quiney for a loan of £30. The financial prosperity which is indicated in the correspondence is readily traceable to Shakespeare's professional earnings, although his wealthy patron, Southampton, is said to have supplemented them in his early years by generous gifts. Before 1599 he wrote nineteen plays, besides revising dramatic work by other pens. After 1599 he wrote eighteen plays. Such extensive literary work probably brought him on the average at least £35 a year, equivalent to some £300 in modern currency. But Shakespeare was also an actor, and actors' salaries were high; from that source Shakespeare must, according to the current rates of remuneration, have derived an average income of £130, exceeding £1000 in modern currency. Subsequently a third source of income was added. When, in the winter of 1598, the Globe Theatre was built, the proprietors presented Shakespeare with a substantial share in the profits, which were always large and always increasing. Towards the close of his life he was also allotted a share in the receipts of the Blackfriars Theatre, but it was from the Globe that he, as part-owner, actor, and dramatist, clearly derived, when at the zenith of his career, an ample and substantial income. In the later years of his life he could not have earned less than £600 a year. It was reported at the time that 'he spent at the rate of £1000.' Part of his professional revenues he invested in real property at Stratford. In 1602 he purchased for £320 one hundred and seven acres of arable land near the town, as well as a cottage and garden adjoining New Place. In 1610 he acquired twenty acres of pasture. Meanwhile, in 1605, he bought for £440 an unexpired term of a lease of a moiety of the Stratford tithes. This negotiation involved him in some legal embarrassments, but, as is common among men of wealth, Shakespeare stood rigorously by his rights in all his business relations, and often appeared as plaintiff in the local courts.

The calls of business never, however, impeded Shakespeare's literary activity. Despite the somewhat complicated financial transactions in which he was engaged at the time at Stratford, it was in 1599 that he composed his three most finished and most characteristic comedies, *Much Ado about Nothing*, *As You Like It*, and *Twelfth Night*. In each there are almost as much serious episode and earnest reflection as humorous jest, badinage, and comic dialogue. The sad central story of Hero and Claudio in *Much Ado* is of Italian origin, but the brilliant comedy of Benedick and Beatrice and the quaint humour of the watchman Dogberry and Verges are wholly original. *As You Like It*, a pastoral comedy with exceptionally varied *dramatis personæ*, was adapted from Lodge's romance of *Rosalind*. The smaller characters are as well worthy of study as the greater. The lips of the shepherdess Phebe—a very subordinate character—for example, echo with rare fidelity the accents of the perennial village coquette; her reminiscence of her interview with Ganymede is as finely pointed as any speech in the play (Act III. sc. v. ll. 108–138):

> *Phebe.* Think not I love him, though I ask for him;
> 'Tis but a peevish boy; yet he talks well;
> But what care I for words? yet words do well
> When he that speaks them pleases those that hear.
> It is a pretty youth: not very pretty:
> But, sure, he's proud, and yet his pride becomes him:
> He'll make a proper man: the best thing in him

Is his complexion; and faster than his tongue
Did make offence his eye did heal it up.
He is not very tall; yet for his years he's tall:
His leg is but so so; and yet 'tis well:
There was a pretty redness in his lip,
A little riper and more lusty red
Than that mix'd in his cheek; 'twas just the difference
Betwixt the constant red, and mingled damask.
There be some women, Silvius, had they mark'd him
In parcels as I did, would have gone near
To fall in love with him: but, for my part,
I love him not nor hate him not; and yet
I have more cause to hate him than to love him:
For what had he to do to chide at me?
He said mine eyes were black and my hair black;
And, now I am remember'd, scorn'd at me:
I marvel why I answer'd not again:
But that's all one; omittance is no quittance.
I'll write to him a very taunting letter,
And thou shalt bear it: wilt thou, Silvius?
Silvius. Phebe, with all my heart.
Phebe. I'll write it straight;
The matter 's in my head and in my heart:
I will be bitter with him and passing short.
Go with me, Silvius.

Twelfth Night, like *Much Ado*, is indebted to an Italian story. Though probably written about 1600, the earliest reference to it was made by Henry Manningham, a barrister of the Middle Temple, who described a performance of the piece at the hall of his Inn on February 2, 1602. The leading themes of Viola's passion for the Duke Orsino, and the Duke's passion for Olivia, belong to serious romance, and a pathetic note infects the humorous characterisation of Malvolio, whose vanity almost issues in a tragic dénouement; but Sir Toby Belch, Sir Andrew Aguecheek, and Maria are conceived wholly in the comic vein. In *Twelfth Night*, as in *Much Ado* and *As You Like It*, Shakespeare's lyric genius showed itself in perfection. The songs with which the three plays are interspersed include the verses (*Twelfth Night*, Act II. sc. iii. l. 38):

O mistress mine, where are you roaming?
O, stay and hear; your true love 's coming,
That can sing both high and low:
Trip no further, pretty sweeting;
Journeys end in lovers meeting,
Every wise man's son doth know

What is love? 'tis not hereafter;
Present mirth hath present laughter;
What's to come is still unsure:
In delay there lies no plenty;
Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty,
Youth's a stuff will not endure.

In 1601 Shakespeare made a new departure by dramatising an incident in Roman history—the death of Julius Cæsar—which he read in North's noble translation of *Plutarch's Lives*. The play of *Julius Cæsar* is a penetrating study of political life and character. The *dramatis personæ* are balanced and contrasted with minutest care. Hardly a better example of the Shakesperian power of making a speaker reveal, as it were, unconsciously and unpremeditatedly his true quality could be quoted than the speech in which Cæsar hints to Antonius his suspicious fear of Cassius, and thereby betrays his own degeneracy (Act I. sc. ii. ll. 192–214):

Cæsar. Let me have men about me that are fat,
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights:
Yond Cassius has a lean and hungry look;
He thinks too much: such men are dangerous.
Antonius. Fear him not, Cæsar; he's not dangerous;
He is a noble Roman, and well given.
Cæsar. Would he were fatter! but I fear him not:
Yet if my name were liable to fear,
I do not know the man I should avoid
So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much;
He is a great observer, and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men: he loves no plays,
As thou dost, Antony; he hears no music:
Seldom he smiles, and smiles in such a sort
As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit
That could be moved to smile at any thing.
Such men as he be never at heart's ease
Whiles they behold a greater than themselves,
And therefore are they very dangerous.
I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd
Than what I fear; for always I am Cæsar.
Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,
And tell me truly what thou think'st of him.

Soon after the production of *Julius Cæsar*, Shakespeare's theatrical prospects, like those of others engaged in theatrical enterprise in London, were for a time somewhat seriously imperilled. In 1600 the Puritans of the city of London, who were always hostile to the theatres, sought to induce the Privy Council to forbid the continuance of more than two playhouses in Middlesex and Surrey, but though the Council issued a prohibition in accordance with the Puritan citizens' wish, it was suffered to remain inoperative. More threatening was the sudden popularity which companies of boy actors in London suddenly acquired in the sight of playgoers in the winter of 1600. In the following year Shakespeare described in his new play of *Hamlet* how the boys' performances absorbed the favour of the playgoers of London, and how the theatres which were in the hands of the men actors were for the time deserted. Shakespeare's perverse-tempered friend, Ben Jonson, further complicated the situation by throwing in his lot with the boys, for whom he wrote plays that were rapturously received by the public. But the vogue of the boys, with which Shakespeare was naturally out of sympathy, declined as rapidly as it had risen. Its fall may partly be attributed to the triumphant success with which Shakespeare's great tragedy of *Hamlet* was first produced by the men players in 1602. An old play on the same subject is lost, but from it Shakespeare probably derived useful hints. The story belongs to Danish history, and had been adapted by Bandello, whose version was accessible to Shake-

speare in the French rendering by Belleforest. The piece, which is mainly a psychological study, is the longest of Shakespeare's plays, but the intensity of interest with which Shakespeare invested the subtle character of the hero rendered the tragedy the most popular of all his productions.

In numerous familiar soliloquies Hamlet reveals the course of the struggle proceeding within his brain between his irresistible tendency to introspective meditation and his consciousness of the pressing need for action, which the working of his mind deprived him of the power of taking. The internal conflict is nowhere so forcibly depicted as when the young prince meets a detachment of the army of Fortinbras, and a captain tells him that they are on their way to fight the Poles (Act. IV. sc. iv. ll. 18–19),

> To gain a little patch of ground
> That hath in it no profit but the name.

The callous admission of so unsubstantial an incitement to action stirs in Hamlet this torturing reflection on his own habit of inaction (Act IV. sc. iv. ll. 32–66):

> How all occasions do inform against me,
> And spur my dull revenge! What is a man,
> If his chief good and market of his time
> Be but to sleep and feed? a beast, no more.
> Sure, he that made us with such large discourse,
> Looking before and after, gave us not
> That capability and god-like reason
> To fust in us unused. Now, whether it be
> Bestial oblivion, or some craven scruple
> Of thinking too precisely on the event,—
> A thought which, quartered, hath but one part wisdom
> And ever three parts coward,—I do not know
> Why yet I live to say 'This thing's to do,'
> Sith I have cause, and will, and strength, and means
> To do't. Examples gross as earth exhort me:
> Witness this army, of such mass and charge,
> Led by a delicate and tender prince,
> Whose spirit with divine ambition puff'd
> Makes mouths at the invisible event,
> Exposing what is mortal and unsure
> To all that fortune, death, and danger dare,
> Even for an egg-shell. Rightly to be great
> Is not to stir without great argument,
> But greatly to find quarrel in a straw
> When honour 's at the stake. How stand I then,
> That have a father kill'd, a mother stain'd,
> Excitements of my reason and my blood,
> And let all sleep, while to my shame I see
> The imminent death of twenty thousand men,
> That for a fantasy and trick of fame
> Go to their graves like beds, fight for a plot
> Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause,
> Which is not tomb enough and continent
> To hide the slain! O, from this time forth,
> My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth!

Troilus and Cressida, although published for the first time in 1609, belongs to the same period as *Hamlet*. It is based on a mediæval story of the Trojan war, and is little influenced by the classical spirit. The heroine, Cressida, contrary to literary tradition, is represented by Shakespeare as a heartless coquette. The speeches of the Greek generals abound in pithily expressed philosophy of universal application. Especially notable are the eloquent meditations of Ulysses. Nowhere else has the doctrine of the inevitableness of rank in the physical, political, and social worlds, or the need of a due observance of it, been set forth with greater nobility of language than in the speech which Ulysses addresses to his colleagues in the Grecian camp before Agamemnon's tent (Act I. sc. iii. ll. 75–137):

> *Ulysses.* Troy, yet upon his basis, had been down
> And the great Hector's sword had lack'd a master,
> But for these instances.
> The specialty of rule hath been neglected:
> And, look, how many Grecian tents do stand
> Hollow upon this plain, so many hollow factions.
> When that the general is not like the hive
> To whom the foragers shall all repair,
> What honey is expected? Degree being vizarded,
> The unworthiest shows as fairly in the mask.
> The heavens themselves, the planets and this centre,
> Observe degree, priority and place,
> Insisture, course, proportion, season, form,
> Office and custom, in all line of order:
> And therefore is the glorious planet Sol
> In noble eminence enthroned and sphered
> Amidst the other; whose medicinable eye
> Corrects the ill aspects of planets evil,
> And posts like the commandment of a king,
> Sans check to good and bad: but when the planets
> In evil mixture to disorder wander,
> What plagues and what portents, what mutiny,
> What raging of the sea, shaking of earth,
> Commotion in the winds, frights, changes, horrors,
> Divert and crack, rend and deracinate
> The unity and married calm of states
> Quite from their fixture! O, when degree is shaked,
> Which is the ladder to all high designs,
> The enterprise is sick! How could communities,
> Degrees in schools and brotherhoods in cities,
> Peaceful commerce from dividable shores,
> The primogenitive and due of birth,
> Prerogative of age, crowns, sceptres, laurels,
> But by degree, stand in authentic place?
> Take but degree away, untune that string,
> And, hark, what discord follows! each thing meets
> In mere oppugnancy: the bounded waters
> Should lift their bosoms higher than the shores,
> And make a sop of all this solid globe:
> Strength should be lord of imbecility,
> And the rude son should strike his father dead:
> Force should be right; or rather, right and wrong,
> Between whose endless jar justice resides,
> Should lose their names, and so should justice too.
> Then every thing includes itself in power,
> Power into will, will into appetite;
> And appetite, an universal wolf,
> So doubly seconded with will and power,
> Must make perforce an universal prey,
> And last eat up himself. Great Agamemnon,
> This chaos, when degree is suffocate,
> Follows the choking.
> And this neglection of degree it is

That by a pace goes backward, with a purpose
It hath to climb. The general's disdain'd
By him one step below; he by the next;
That next by him beneath: so every step,
Exampled by the first pace that is sick
Of his superior, grows to an envious fever
Of pale and bloodless emulation:
And 'tis this fever that keeps Troy on foot,
Not her own sinews. To end a tale of length,
Troy in our weakness stands, not in her strength.

Hardly less penetrating are the same speaker's reflections on the tendency of human nature to value what is new to the neglect of the good that is old, when he reminds Achilles that his early fame cannot resist the advance of Ajax's newer-born reputation (Act III. sc. iii. ll. 145–153):

Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back
Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,
A great-sized monster of ingratitudes:
Those scraps are good deeds past, which are devour'd
As fast as they are made, forgot as soon
As done: perseverance, dear my lord,
Keeps honour bright: to have done, is to hang
Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail
In monumental mockery.

VI. On March 24, 1603, Queen Elizabeth died. Although she had proved an appreciative patron of Shakespeare, her successor, James I., showed him and his associates far more pronounced favour. Very soon after his accession James bestowed on the company of actors to which Shakespeare belonged the title of the King's Servants, and gave them the rank of grooms of the royal chamber. Thenceforth Shakespeare and his colleagues took part in all great court festivities, while Shakespeare's plays were repeatedly performed in the royal presence.

During the first six years of the new reign Shakespeare was engaged on his greatest achievements in tragedy. *Othello* seems to have been the first new piece by Shakespeare that was acted before James, and it was quickly followed by *Measure for Measure*. The stories of both come originally from an Italian collection of romances, the *Hecatommithi* of Cinthio. Cinthio's story of *Measure for Measure* was accessible in both French and English, but *Othello* is not known to have been translated out of the Italian before Shakespeare treated it. With masterly genius Shakespeare reconstructed leading episodes in both romances. *Othello* displayed his fully-matured powers to splendid advantage. An unfaltering equilibrium is maintained in the treatment of plot and character alike. Almost every sentence in Othello's dying speech has become proverbial (Act V. sc. ii. ll. 341–359):

Soft you; a word or two before you go.
I have done the state some service, and they know't.
No more of that. I pray you, in your letters,
When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,
Speak of me as I am; nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice: then must you speak
Of one that loved not wisely but too well;
Of one not easily jealous, but, being wrought,
Perplex'd in the extreme; of one whose hand,
Like the base Indian, threw a pearl away
Richer than all his tribe; of one whose subdued
Albeit unused to the melting mood,
Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees
Their medicinal gum. Set you down this;
And say besides, that in Aleppo once,
Where a malignant and a turban'd Turk
Beat a Venetian and traduced the state,
I took him by the throat, the circumcised dog,
And smote him, thus. [*Stabs hi*

Measure for Measure, which deals mainly the virtue of chastity, contains one of the scenes (between Angelo and Isabella, A sc. ii. l. 43 *seq.*) and one of the greatest spe (Claudio on the fear of death, Act III. ll. 119-133) in the range of Shakespearean d Claudio's speech, very human if very cow runs:

Ay, but to die, and go we know not where:
To lie in cold obstruction and to rot;
This sensible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod; and the delighted spirit
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
In thrilling region of thick-ribbed ice;
To be imprison'd in the viewless winds,
And blown with restless violence round about
The pendent world; or to be worse than worst
Of those that lawless and incertain thought
Imagine howling:—'tis too horrible!
The weariest and most loathed worldly life
That age, ache, penury, and imprisonment
Can lay on nature is a paradise
To what we fear of death.

Macbeth is on the same lofty level of tragi as *Othello*. The subject, drawn from Sc history, especially appealed to King James an court. It is the shortest of all Shakespe tragedies, and the most rapid in action. sure and very subtle is the revelation of char offered by Shakespeare's portraits of Ma and his wife. In the hero there is a pec mingling of covetous ambition and rec physical courage, with a highly developed i native faculty which lends his utterance i catastrophe of his career a weird splendo phrase at the same time that it invests it strange aloofness of feeling. He receives crushing news of the death of his wife, on w strength of will and practical temperamen action in former seasons of crisis wholly depe thus (Act V. sc. v. ll. 15–28):

Macbeth. Wherefore was that cry?
Seyton. The queen, my lord, is dead.
Macbeth. She should have died hereafter;
There would have been a time for such a word.
To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools

The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage
And then is heard no more: it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.

King Lear, the most heart-rending of all Shakespeare's tragedies, was acted at court on December 26, 1606. It was based on a legend of British history, but Shakespeare so re-created the story that all the pity and terror of which tragedy is capable reached their climax in his treatment of it. There is awful beauty in the speeches of the demented king in the concluding scenes. The words which lead up to his recognition of his daughter Cordelia are unsurpassable in their pathos (Act IV. sc. vii. ll. 59–70):

Pray do not mock me:
I am a very foolish fond old man,
Fourscore and upward, not an hour more nor less;
And, to deal plainly,
I fear I am not perfect in my mind.
Methinks I should know you and know this man;
Yet I am doubtful; for I am mainly ignorant
What place this is, and all the skill I have
Remembers not these garments, nor I know not
Where I did lodge last night. Do not laugh at me;
For, as I am a man, I think this lady
To be my child Cordelia.

Timon of Athens, although the hero was cast in the mould of Lear, falls far short of its three predecessors. Shakespeare was not responsible for the whole. Nearly all Acts iii. and v. came from an inferior pen. The coadjutor may possibly have been George Wilkins, who may safely be credited with aiding Shakespeare in the romantic play of *Pericles* at the same date (1607–1608). Only Acts iii. and v. and part of Act iv. of *Pericles* can confidently be assigned to the great dramatist, but these scenes form a self-contained whole, and are characterised by a matured felicity of expression. Witness the simple lament of Marina, the desolate heroine, while scattering flowers on her nurse's grave (Act IV. sc. i. ll. 13–20):

No, I will rob Tellus of her weed,
To strew thy green with flowers: the yellows, blues,
The purple violets, and marigolds,
Shall, as a carpet, hang upon thy grave,
While summer days do last. Ay me! poor maid,
Born in a tempest, when my mother died,
This world to me is like a lasting storm,
Whirring me from my friends.

Of like calibre are the words of Pericles when his daughter Marina, whom he thinks to be dead, presents herself to him (Act V. sc. i. ll. 106–112):

My dearest wife was like this maid, and such a one
My daughter might have been: my queen's square brows;
Her stature to an inch; as wand-like straight,
As silver-voic'd; her eyes as jewel-like
And cas'd as richly; in pace another Juno,
Who starves the ears she feeds, and makes them hungry,
The more she gives them speech.

Pericles was published in 1608. On the same day that license for its publication was obtained, a more impressive piece of literature, *Antony and Cleopatra*, was announced to be also ready for the press, although its publication was delayed for fifteen years. For the plot of *Antony and Cleopatra* Shakespeare had recourse again to North's translation of *Plutarch*. To the theme he brought all his vitalising power, and the tragedy marks the zenith of his achievement. The irresistible spell that it exerts on readers justifies the application to it of the familiar words in which Enobarbus describes the heroine (Act II. sc. ii. ll. 239–242):

Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety: other women cloy
The appetites they feed, but she makes hungry
Where most she satisfies.

Antony and Cleopatra was most worthily followed at no long interval by *Coriolanus*, which also owes its birth to Shakespeare's study of North's translation of *Plutarch*. Despite the austere temper of the play, the dramatic interest is in *Coriolanus* sustained as unflaggingly as in *Othello*.

Coriolanus was Shakespeare's last excursion into the true realms of tragedy. The three latest plays that came from his unaided pen, *Cymbeline*, *Winter's Tale*, and *The Tempest*, belong to a category of their own, apart alike from comedy and tragedy. Though many of the episodes are poignantly pathetic, all end happily, and their tone is throughout placid and tranquil, in marked contrast with the tempestuous temper of the great series of plays immediately preceding them. The first of the concluding trinity, *Cymbeline*, is especially notable for the fascination of the heroine, Imogen, the crown and flower of Shakespeare's female characters. The story is freely adapted from Holinshed's *Chronicle of British History*, interwoven with a story from Boccaccio. The play contains the splendid dirge, 'Fear no more the heat o' the sun,' which clothes the most solemn sentiment in a lyric garb of exceptional verbal and metrical simplicity (Act IV. sc. ii. ll. 259–282):

Guiderius. Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages:
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Arviragus. Fear no more the frown o' the great;
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
Care no more to clothe and eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak:
The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow this and come to dust.

Gui. Fear no more the lightning-flash,
Arv. Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone;
Gui. Fear not slander, censure rash;
Arv. Thou hast finish'd joy and moan:

Both. All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee, and come to dust.

Gui. No exorciser harm thee!
Arv. Nor no witchcraft charm thee!
Gui. Ghost unlaid forbear thee!
Arv. Nothing ill come near thee!
Both. Quiet consummation have;
And renowned be thy grave!

The Winter's Tale was witnessed at the Globe Theatre on May 15, 1611, by a playgoer, Dr Simon Forman, who placed the fact on record, but the piece was doubtless produced in the preceding winter. The story was drawn from a popular romance of *Pandosto* by Shakespeare's early foe, Robert Greene, but Shakespeare introduced many changes. The thievish peddler, Autolycus, is his own invention, and into his roguish mouth are placed some of the most spirited of Shakespeare's lyrics (cf. Act IV. sc. ii. ll. 1–12). At the same time the pastoral incident throughout the *Winter's Tale* is the freshest of all Shakespeare's presentations of country life; witness Perdita's beautiful speeches at the sheep-shearing feast (Act IV. sc. iii. l. 70 *seq.*), which include lines (118–128) like these:

Daffodils,
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty; violets dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes
Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses,
That die unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright Phœbus in his strength, a malady
Most incident to maids; bold oxlips and
The crown imperial; lilies of all kinds,
The flower-de-luce being one! O, these I lack,
To make you garlands of, and my sweet friend,
To strew him o'er and o'er!

The Tempest, probably written in 1611, was suggested by the shipwreck off the hitherto unknown Bermuda Islands in the summer of 1609 of a fleet bound for the Indies. The islands were currently reported by the surviving mariners to be the home of mysterious sounds and devils. It is clear that Shakespeare studied many recent pamphlets which reported the wreck of the fleet, but at the same time he incorporated in the *Tempest* the result of study of other books of travel in the New World. Nowhere did Shakespeare give rein to his imagination with more imposing effect than in the *Tempest*. The tone is marked at all points by great solemnity of thought, and endeavours have been made to represent it as a conscious effort in metaphysics rather than a work of poetic fancy. There is little ground to justify a metaphysical interpretation. Shakespeare was merely developing with the increased seriousness of middle life some dramatic themes and characters with which he had already dealt less perfectly in earlier ventures. Miranda is of the school of Marina of *Pericles* and of Perdita of the *Winter's Tale*. Ariel belongs to the world of Puck in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, although the later delineation is in the severer colours that were habitual to Shakespeare's maturity. Caliban is an imaginary portrait, conceived with matchless vigour and vividness, of the aboriginal savage of the New World, of whom Shakespeare had read in travellers' tales or heard from their lips. Prospero, the guiding providence of the romance, has been fancifully identified with Shakespeare himself, who probably bade farewell in the *Tempest* to the enchanted work of his life. There is no just ground for the identification. The conditions of the story and of Prospero's character fully account for his magnanimous renunciation of his magical faculty as soon as by its exercise he had restored his shattered fortunes. Prospero's words of renunciation run (Act V. sc. i. ll. 33–57):

Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and groves;
And ye that on the sands with printless foot
Do chase the ebbing Neptune, and do fly him
When he comes back; you demi-puppets that
By moonshine do the green sour ringlets make,
Whereof the ewe not bites, and you whose pastime
Is to make midnight mushrooms, that rejoice
To hear the solemn curfew; by whose aid—
Weak masters though ye be—I have bedimm'd
The noontide sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,
And 'twixt the green sea and the azured vault
Set roaring war: to the dread rattling thunder
Have I given fire, and rifted Jove's stout oak
With his own bolt; the strong-based promontory
Have I made shake, and by the spurs pluck'd up
The pine and cedar: graves at my command
Have waked their sleepers, oped, and let 'em forth
By my so potent art. But this rough magic
I here abjure; and, when I have required
Some heavenly music—which even now I do—
To work mine end upon their senses, that
This airy charm is for, I'll break my staff,
Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,
And deeper than did ever plummet sound
I'll drown my book.

VII. Although Shakespeare abandoned dramatic composition in 1611, or thereabouts, he left with the manager of his company unfinished drafts of more than one play, which at a later date other dramatists were commissioned to complete. Shakespeare's place at the head of the acting dramatists of the day was taken by John Fletcher, and it was he, with occasional aid from another distinguished writer, Philip Massinger, who put the finishing touches to Shakespeare's uncompleted work. One of the plays which is known to have been due to this copartnership is lost. It was called *Cardenio*, and was based on a story in Cervantes' novel of *Don Quixote*, the first part of which was originally published in an English translation in 1612. Two other pieces, *The Two Noble Kinsmen* and *Henry VIII.*, in which the hands of both Fletcher and Shakespeare are traceable still survive. The *Two Noble Kinsmen*, when first printed in 1634, was stated to be the joint production of 'the memorable worthies of

time, Mr John Fletcher and Mr William espeare, gentlemen.' The main plot is based haucer's *Knight's Tale*, and in the scenes oping that story Shakespeare's hand is ly visible. The opening song, sung by nian nymphs who are strewing flowers at the ling of Theseus and Hippolyta, has the true espearean ring (*Two Noble Kinsmen*, Act I. —Beaumont and Fletcher):

Roses their sharp spines being gone,
Not royal in their smells alone,
But in their hue;
Maiden pinks, of odour faint,
Daisies smell-less, yet most quaint,
And sweet thyme true;

Primrose, first-born child of Ver,
Merry spring-time's harbinger,
With her bells dim;
Oxlips in their cradles growing,
Marigolds on death-beds blowing,
Lark-heels trim;

All, dear Nature's children sweet,
Lie 'fore bride and bridegroom's feet,
Blessing their sense! [*Strewing flowers.*
Not an angel of the air,
Bird melodious or bird fair,
Be absent hence!

The crow, the slanderous cuckoo, nor
The boding raven, nor chough hoar,
Nor chatt'ring pie
May on our bride house perch or sing,
Or with them any discord bring,
But from it fly!

nry VIII. was in course of performance at Globe Theatre on June 29, 1613, when the of some cannon on the stage set the play- e in flames. The house was burned down, was rebuilt next year. *Henry VIII.* is a ly constructed drama, and resembles a rical masque. It was first printed in First Folio edition of Shakespeare's works 623 as Shakespeare's sole production. But are at least thirteen scenes which on cal grounds are to be assigned to the pen letcher, possibly with occasional aid from inger. Wolsey's magnificent farewell to well (Act III. sc. ii. ll. 412–459), though in and language it often recalls the work letcher, is of a greatness far excelling ing positively known to proceed from her's pen:

Wolsey. Go, get thee from me, Cromwell;
n a poor fall'n man, unworthy now
be thy lord and master: seek the king;
t sun, I pray, may never set! I have told him
at and how true thou art: he will advance thee;
e little memory of me will stir him—
ow his noble nature—not to let
hopeful service perish too: good Cromwell,
glect him not; make use now, and provide
thine own future safety.

Cromwell. O my lord!
Must I, then, leave you? must I need forgo
So good, so noble, and so true a master?
Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron,
With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord.
The king shall have my service, but my prayers
For ever and for ever shall be yours.
Wol. Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries; but thou hast forc'd me,
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.
Let 's dry our eyes: and thus far hear me, Cromwell;
And, when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
Of me more must be heard of, say I taught thee;
Say, Wolsey, that once trod the ways of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour,
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in;
A sure and safe one, though thy master missed it.
Mark but my fall and that that ruin'd me.
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition:
By that sin fell the angels; how can man then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by it?
Love thyself last: cherish those hearts that hate thee;
Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not:
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's; then if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr! Serve the king;
And prithee, lead me in:
There take an inventory of all I have,
To the last penny; 'tis the king's: my robe,
And my integrity to heaven, is all
I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell!
Had I but served my God with half the zeal
I serv'd my king, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.
Crom. Good sir, have patience.
Wol. So I have. Farewell
The hopes of court! my hopes in heaven do dwell.

This may safely be assigned to Shakespeare, although in it Shakespeare seems to have given proof of his versatility by echoing in a glorified key the habitual strain of Fletcher.

With *Henry VIII.* Shakespeare's work was done. After his retirement from active connection with the theatre his plays were still performed at court and on the public stages, but the last five years of his life were mainly passed at Stratford. In 1613 he paid a short visit to London in order to make what proved his last investment in real estate. He purchased a house in the neighbourhood of the Blackfriars Theatre for £140, of which he left £60 on mortgage. The deed of conveyance bears the date March 10th, and is now in the Guildhall Library. A second deed dated next day and relating to the mortgage is now in the British Museum. Both documents bear Shakespeare's signature. The Blackfriars house was leased immediately to a resident in the neighbourhood. In July 1614 John Combe, a wealthy inhabitant of Stratford, died and left Shakespeare £5. At the end of the year Shakespeare was involved in a quarrel between the corporation of

Stratford and the son of his friend Combe, who made an attempt to enclose the common field, which belonged to the corporation. The municipal authorities made vain efforts to enlist Shakespeare's sympathy on their side, but Shakespeare appears to have supported the rapacious landlord. The corporation was successful in the struggle.

Shakespeare's health was failing at the beginning of 1616, and on 25th January he caused Francis Collins, a solicitor of Warwick, to draft his will, but the document was for the time left unsigned. According to a local tradition, a month or two later he entertained at his house two literary friends, Michael Drayton and Ben Jonson. They had, it was reported, 'a merry meeting,' but 'itt seems drank too hard, for Shakespeare died of a feavour there contracted.' Whether this record be correct or not, there is little doubt that his illness recurred in March, and that, after revising the will which had been drafted in January, he then duly completed its execution. He died on Tuesday, April 23, 1616, at the age of fifty-two. He was buried, two days later, inside Stratford Church, near the northern wall of the chancel. Over the poet's grave were inscribed the lines:

> Good friend, for Jesus' sake forbeare
> To dig the dust enclosed heare;
> Bleste be the man that spares these stones,
> And curst be he that moves my bones.

Before 1623 a monument by a London sculptor of Dutch birth, Gerard Johnson, was affixed to the wall overlooking the grave. It includes a half-length figure of the dramatist, whose hands are disposed as if in the act of writing. The inscription runs as follows:

> Judicio Pylium, genio Socratem, arte Maronem,
> Terra tegit, populus mæret, Olympus habet.
>
> Stay passenger, why goest thou by so fast?
> Read, if thou canst, whom envious death hath plast
> Within this monument; Shakespeare with whome
> Quick nature dide; whose name doth deck ys tombe
> Far more then cost; sith all yt he hath writt
> Leaves living art but page to serve his witt.
>
> Obiit ano. doi 1616. Aetatis 53. Die 23 Ap.

Shakespeare was survived by his wife and two daughters. The widow died on August 6, 1623, at the age of sixty-seven, and was buried near the poet two days later. Both his daughters married. The younger, Judith, had become the wife of a neighbour's son, Thomas Quiney, two months before the poet's death (February 10, 1616). She was the mother of three sons, all of whom died young. Surviving husband, sons, and sister, she died at Stratford on February 9, 1662, in her seventy-seventh year. The elder daughter, Susanna, had married, in 1608, John Hall, a physician at Stratford. She was buried in Stratford Church, July 11, 1649, aged fifty-six. The inscription on her tombstone attests that she was endowed, in the opinion of her neighbours, with something of her father's wit and wisdom. Mrs Hall's only child, Elizabeth, was the last surviving descendant of the poet. She married twice, her first husband being Thomas Nash of Stratford (1593–1647); her second husband was Sir John Barnard (or Bernard) of Abington, Northamptonshire. Lady Barnard died childless at her husband's house at Abington, and was buried in the church there on February 17, 1670.

Shakespeare's will was proved by John Hall, his son-in-law, and joint-executor with his daughter, Mrs Hall, in London on 22nd June following his death. It has been stated, on the strength of the religious exordium to the will, that Shakespeare died a Roman Catholic, but, in point of fact, the exordium was the conventional formula, and proves nothing respecting the testator's personal belief. Shakespeare's elder daughter, Susanna Hall, was made by the will mistress of New Place and practically of all the poet's property. To his wife, whose name did not appear in the original draft, Shakespeare left in the final draft only his second best bed and its furniture. There is some probability in the theory that his relations with her were not of a very cordial nature, but the slender bequest in the will cannot reasonably be taken as indicating a desire on the part of the poet to publish his indifference or dislike. It is likely that her age and ignorance of affairs unfitted her in the poet's eyes for the control of property, and she was accordingly committed to the care of his elder daughter. To his granddaughter, Elizabeth Hall, afterwards Lady Barnard, the poet bequeathed his plate, with the exception of a silver and gilt bowl, which went to his younger daughter Judith. The latter also received, with a tenement in Chapel Lane (in remainder to the elder daughter), £300. Among other legatees, each of the dramatist's fellow-actors, Heming, Burbage, and Condell, received a sum of 26s. 8d. wherewith to buy memorial rings.

VIII. Of the thirty-seven plays of which Shakespeare was the author, only sixteen were published (in quarto) before his death. No less than twenty-one remained in manuscript; but two of these, the second and third parts of *Henry VI.*, had been issued in imperfect drafts, under the titles respectively of the *Contention* and the *True Tragedy*. *Othello* was the first of the unpublished plays to be issued after the poet's death; it appeared in 1622.

In 1623 the first attempt was made to issue a complete edition of Shakespeare's plays. The two actor-friends of the dramatist, John Heming and Henry Condell, were mainly responsible for the venture, but the expenses were defrayed by a small syndicate of printers and publishers. Of these, the chief were the printers William Jaggard and his son Isaac. Their partners were the booksellers William Aspley, John Smethwick, and

Edward Blount. Edward Blount and Isaac Jaggard obtained on November 8, 1623, a license for the publication of sixteen of the twenty plays by Shakespeare that were not previously in print. The volume known as the First Folio seems to have been accessible to the public in the course of the same month. It included thirty-six plays; *Pericles*, though already in print, was omitted. On the title-page was engraved the crude portrait by Martin Droeshout, which Ben Jonson, in lines printed on the fly-leaf, declared to hit the poet to the life. Commendatory verses included a splended eulogy by Ben Jonson and poems by Hugh Holland, Leonard Digges, and I. M.—perhaps Jasper Mayne. The dedication was signed by Heming and Condell, and was addressed to the brothers, William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, the Lord Chamberlain, and Philip Herbert, Earl of Montgomery. In a succeeding address 'to the great variety of readers' the same writers declare that their object in undertaking the publication was solely 'to keep the memory of so worthy a friend and fellow alive as was our Shakespeare.' The work is carelessly printed, and abounds in typographical errors. The text, which in the case of twenty-one of the plays is not accessible elsewhere, was drawn from more or less edited playhouse copies, and it is doubtful if in any instance the exact form in which a play came from Shakespeare's pen was presented in the volume. In the case of the fifteen plays that had previously appeared in quarto the folio text discloses numerous differences. The editors declared that the folio text was alone authentic, but this claim cannot be accepted without qualification. The imperfect quarto versions of the *Merry Wives of Windsor* and *Henry V.* are replaced in the folio by satisfactory texts; but the quarto texts of *Love's Labour's Lost*, *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, and *Richard II.* are superior to those of the folio. Most of the great plays of which the sole version is preserved in the folio are defaced by corrupt passages. Such, notably, are *Coriolanus*, *All's Well that Ends Well*, and *Macbeth*. Nevertheless, the First Folio remains intrinsically the most valuable volume in English literature; perfect copies, which are rarely met with, fetch very high prices both in this country and America. The highest price paid at a public sale for a perfect copy is £1700; that sum was paid in London at Christie's salerooms, on July 11, 1899, by Mr B. B. Macgeorge of Glasgow.

The folio was reprinted in 1632, and a third edition appeared in 1663 without serious change; but the third issue reappeared in the following year with an appendix of seven plays 'never before printed in folio.' The new pieces included *Pericles*, which had been published separately in quarto in Shakespeare's lifetime, and six other plays by other hands, which had also been published separately in Shakespeare's lifetime, and had been unjustifiably attributed to his pen by unscrupulous publishers, although it was obvious he had no hand in them. The names of the spurious plays were *The London Prodigal*, *The History of Thomas Lord Cromwell*, *Sir John Oldcastle*, *Lord Cobham*, *The Puritan Widow*, *A Yorkshire Tragedy*, and *The Tragedy of Locrine*. A fourth edition of the folio appeared in 1685 with the spurious appendix.

The editors of the First Folio anticipated the final and universal verdict of the character of Shakespeare's achievements when they wrote, 'These plays have had their trial already and stood out all appeals.' The laws of the classical drama, which Shakespeare's plays defied, still commanded respect in Shakespeare's day, but even lovers of the ancient ways acknowledged that the force of his genius had revealed new methods of dramatic art hitherto unsurpassed and unsuspected. Ben Jonson, a champion of classical theories of art, in commendatory verses prefixed to the First Folio, claimed that Shakespeare had put to shame the poets of Greece and Rome. Through the three centuries that have elapsed since the great dramatist reached the maturity of his powers, his reputation has steadily grown in volume. In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries there were seasons of ebb or stagnation in the spread of his fame. After the Restoration public taste in England veered towards the French and classical dramatic models, and clumsy efforts were made to adapt Shakespeare's plays to the current vein of sentiment. Dryden, D'Avenant, Shadwell, Nathan Tate, and others boldly travestied Shakespeare's text in revised versions of his plays. But the eclipse of Shakespeare's vogue was partial and temporary, and the Restoration adaptations quickly sank into oblivion. On the continent of Europe a resolute endeavour was made in the eighteenth century to prove Shakespeare unworthy of the honour that was paid him by his fellow-countrymen. Voltaire, the great French writer, who long dominated the taste of Europe, made desperate efforts to prove Shakespeare a barbarian, and his work a mass of indecency and incoherence, which was only occasionally illumined by the true spirit of poetry. But Voltaire's conclusions were powerfully disputed by the German critic Lessing, and when in course of time Shakespeare's works appeared in competent translations in the various languages of Europe, Voltaire's views ceased to influence European opinion.

Throughout the nineteenth century Shakespeare's fame has steadily marched onwards as in triumphal progress, not only among his own countrymen, but among intelligent men and women of other countries. In Germany, Shakespeare's work is studied as closely and as enthusiastically as in England or America; and in France, Italy, and Russia reverence for it and him is increasing year by year. On the English stage the name of every actor and actress since Betterton, the great actor of the period of the Restoration, has been identified with Shakespearean parts, and for the last eighty years every actor or actress of ambition in

Germany, France, or Italy has been well content to base his or her claim to reputation on the histrionic interpretation of Shakespearean rôles. It may consequently be asserted that in every quarter of the globe to which civilised life has penetrated Shakespeare's power is now recognised. It is universally allowed that in knowledge of human character, in wealth of humour, in depth of passion, in fertility of fancy, in command of all the force and felicity of language, and in soundness of judgment, he has no rival in the literature of any nation or epoch. His unassailable supremacy ultimately springs from the versatile working of his insight and intellect by virtue of which his pen limned with unerring precision almost every gradation of thought and emotion that animates the living stage of the world. His genius enabled him to give being in his pages to all the shapes of humanity that present themselves on the highway of life. So mighty a faculty thus sets at naught the common limitations of nationality and is acclaimed by the whole civilised world.

SHAKESPEARE'S PORTRAITS.—According to Aubrey's account, Shakespeare was 'a handsome well-shaped man,' and it is to be regretted that no wholly satisfactory portrait of him exists. The rudely-carved bust on the monument in Stratford Church and the copperplate engraving on the title-page of the First Folio were honest endeavours to depict the poet's features, but are not remarkable as works of art. Both, moreover, were produced after the poet's death. Numerous paintings have from time to time during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries been claimed by owners or critics to be contemporary portraits of Shakespeare, but in no case has the claim been fully sustained. There is a likelihood, however, that the picture now in the Statford-on-Avon Memorial Gallery, and known as the 'Flower portrait' or the 'Droeshout painting,' may be the original painting on which Droeshout based his engraving in the First Folio. Of considerable interest, too, is the Chandos portrait in the National Portrait Gallery, London (named after a former owner, the Duke of Chandos); this picture was painted in the first half of the seventeenth century, and was at one time in the possession of Sir William D'Avenant. The tradition that it was from the brush of Shakespeare's friend and fellow-actor, Richard Burbage, cannot be corroborated; it was doubtless painted for an admirer of the dramatist some years after his death, from somewhat fanciful verbal descriptions of his personal appearance.

BIBLIOGRAPHY.—In the eighteenth century Shakespeare was edited critically for the first time, and numerous efforts were made by a long succession of editors to free the text from the incoherences which disfigured the folio version. The earliest of the critical editors of Shakespeare was Nicolas Rowe, whose edition appeared in 1709. The poet Pope brought out an edition in 1725, and this was followed in 1733 by the work of Lewis Theobald, who proved himself a masterly emendator. Sir Thomas Hanmer's edition was published in 1744. Bishop Warburton revised Pope's edition in 1747. Dr Johnson's edition appeared in 1765, and that of Edward Capell, the most industrious of all students of the text and contemporary literature, in 1768. The learned, although somewhat freakish, George Steevens greatly improved Dr Johnson's work in a reissue in 1773, which was often republished. In 1790 Edmund Malone completed an edition of high archæological value. In 1803 appeared the first variorum edition, in twenty-one volumes; this was prepared by Isaac Reed from notes made by George Steevens. The second variorum, mainly a reprint of the first, is dated in 1813; and the third and best, prepared by James Boswell the younger, the son of Dr Johnson's biographer, was published in 1821; it was largely based on material amassed by Malone. Of editions produced in the nineteenth century, the most valuable are those prepared by Alexander Dyce in 1857; by Nicolaus Delius, 1854–61; by Howard Staunton, 1868–70; and by the Cambridge editors, William George Clark and Dr Aldis Wright, 1863–66. The notes to the Cambridge edition deal, however, solely with textual variations. More recent complete annotated editions are *The Temple Shakespeare*, edited by Mr Israel Gollancz (40 vols. 12mo, 1894–96), and *The Eversley Shakespeare*, edited by Professor C. H. Herford, with good introductions (10 vols. 8vo, 1899).

Elaborate materials for a biography were collected by James Orchard Halliwell-Phillipps in his *Outlines of the Life of Shakespeare* (7th ed. 1887). Mr F. G. Fleay, in his *Shakespeare Manual* (1876), in his *Life of Shakespeare* (1886), in his *History of the Stage* (1890), and in his *Biographical Chronicle of the English Drama* (1891), added for the first time much useful information respecting the history of the contemporary stage and Shakespeare's relations with fellow-dramatists. The latest general life of Shakespeare and account of his works is by the writer of the present article (1st ed. November 1898; illus. ed. December 1899; Students' ed. 1900).

For notices of Stratford, R. B. Wheler's *History and Antiquities* (1806), John R. Wise's *Shakespeare, his Birthplace and its Neighbourhood* (1861), the present writer's *Stratford-on-Avon to the Death of Shakespeare* (1890), and Mrs C. C. Stopes's *Shakespeare's Warwickshire Contemporaries* (1897) may be consulted. Wise appends to his volume a tentative 'Glossary of Words still used in Warwickshire to be found in Shakespeare.' Nathan Drake's *Shakespeare and his Times* (1817) and G. W. Thornbury's *Shakespeare's England* (1856) collect much material respecting Shakespeare's social environment. Francis Douce's *Illustrations of Shakespeare* (1807; new ed. 1839), *Shakespeare's Library* (ed. J. P. Collier and W. C. Hazlitt, 1875), *Shakespeare's Plutarch* (ed. Skeat, 1875), and *Shakespeare's Holinshed* (ed. W. G. Boswell-Stone, 1896) are of service in tracing the sources of Shakespeare's plots. Alexander Schmidt's *Shakespeare Lexicon* (1874) and Dr E. A. Abbott's *Shakesperian Grammar* (1869; new ed. 1893) are valuable aids to a study of the text. Useful concordances to the Plays have been prepared by Mrs Cowden-Clarke (1845), to the Poems by Mrs H. H. Furness (Philadelphia, 1875), and to Plays and Poems, in one volume, with references to numbered lines, by John Bartlett (London and New York, 1895). The publications of the (Old) Shakespeare Society (1841–53), of the New Shakspere Society (1874–93), and of the Deutsche Shakespeare-Gesellschaft of Weimar (1865–1901) comprise many papers of value in the æsthetic, textual, historical, and biographical study of Shakespeare. The most important critical studies by Englishmen are Coleridge's *Notes and Lectures* (collected by T. Ashe, 1883), Hazlitt's *Characters of Shakspere's Plays* (1817), Professor Dowden's *Shakspere, his Mind and Art* (1875), Mr A. C. Swinburne's *A Study of Shakespeare* (1879). Reference may also be made with advantage to Thomas Spencer Baynes's *Shakespeare Studies* (1893), to Dr Ward's chapters on Shakespeare in his *English Dramatic Literature* (new ed. 1898), to Richard G. Moulton's *Shakespeare as a Dramatic Artist* (1885), and to Mr F. S. Boas's *Shakespeare and his Predecessors* (1895). The essays on Shakespeare's heroines, respectively by Mrs Jameson in 1832 and Lady Martin in 1885, are pleasant reading. Among numerous German criticisms of Shakespeare, most interesting are the fragmentary notices in Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister* and *Wahrheit und Dichtung*, Heine's *Studies of Shakespeare's Heroines* (Eng. trans. 1895), and Kreyssig's *Shakespeare-Fragen* (Leipzig, 1871). Ulrici's *Shakespeare's Dramatic Art* and Gervinus's *Commentaries*, both of which are well known in English translations, are of comparatively smaller value. *William Shakespeare*, an attractive if somewhat fanciful treatise by the Danish writer Dr Georg Brandes, was published in an English translation (1898, 2 vols.). Among recent French critics of Shakespeare the most memorable are Guizot's *Shakespeare et son Temps* (1852); a rhapsody by the poet Victor Hugo (1864); and Alfred Mézières's *Shakespeare, ses Œuvres et ses Critiques* (1860), which is a saner appreciation. The latest and one of the best works on Shakespeare in Italian is Signior Federico Garlanda's *Guglielmo Shakespeare: il Poeta e l'Uomo* (Rome, 1900). Extensive bibliographies of Shakespeare's works and Shakespeariana are given in Lowndes's *Library Manual* (ed. Bohn), in Franz Thimm's *Shakespeariana* (1864 and 1871), in the *Encyclopædia Britannica* (9th ed.; skilfully classified by Mr H. R. Tedder), in the *Dictionary of National Biography* (by the present writer), and in the *British Museum Catalogue* (the Shakespearean entries in which, comprising 3680 titles, were separately published in 1897).

SIDNEY LEE.

George Chapman, the translator of Homer, was born near Hitchin about 1559, is supposed to have studied at Oxford and at Cambridge, and died in 1634. Wood describes him as 'a person of most reverend aspect, religious and temperate, qualities rarely meeting in a poet.' He enjoyed the royal patronage of King James and Prince Henry, and the friendship of Spenser, Jonson, and Shakespeare. According to Oldys, he 'preserved in his conduct the true dignity of poetry, which he compared to the flower of the sun, that disdains to open its leaves to the eye of a smoking taper.' Chapman wrote early and copiously for the stage. His first play, *The Blind Beggar of Alexandria*, was produced in 1596. *All Fools*, a good comedy, probably belongs to 1599. In 1598 he completed Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*, but not with Marlowe's music. After some experiments on parts of the *Iliad*, the great and complete translation was produced in 1611 in fourteen-syllable rhyming couplets. Chapman's equivalents for the compound Homeric epithets, the *far-shooting* Phœbus, the *ever-living* gods, the *many-headed* hill, *silver-footed* Thetis, the *triple-feathered* helm, *high-walled* Thebes, the *strong-winged* lance, &c., were happily chosen: vigour, old-world majesty, and passion are not awanting; and though Pope's version put Chapman's out of fashion, though some of Chapman's merits are quite unhomeric, Charles Lamb, Coleridge, and Keats restored the older translation to favour, and spite of obscurities, conceits, harshnesses, and serious slips in Greek, the translation still ranks as a great achievement. The *Odyssey* (1616) followed in ten-syllable couplets (1616). The conclusion of Book xix. of the *Iliad* runs thus in Chapman:

The host set forth, and pour'd his steel waves far out of the fleet. [sleet
And as from air the frosty north wind blows a cold thick That dazzles eyes, flakes after flakes incessantly descending:
So thick helms, curets, ashen darts, and round shields, never ending,
Flow'd from the navy's hollow womb: their splendours gave heaven's eye [the sky.
His beams again; earth laugh'd to see her face so like
Arms shin'd so hot, and she such clouds made with the dust she cast, [so fast.
The thunder'd, feet of men and horse importun'd her
midst of all, divine Achilles his fair person arm'd,
His teeth gnash'd as he stood, his eyes, so full of fire, they warm'd,
Insuffer'd grief and anger at the Trojans so combin'd.
His greaves first us'd, his goodly curets on his bosom shin'd; [the moon:
His sword, his shield that cast a brightness from it like
And as from sea sailors discern a harmful fire, let run
herdsmen's faults, till all their stall flies up in wrastling flame, [none came
Which being on hills is seen far off; but being alone,
give it quench; at shore no neighbours, and at sea their friends
Driven off with tempests; such a fire from his bright shield extends
His ominous radiance; and in heaven impress'd his fervent blaze. [place
His crested helmet, grave and high, had next triumphant
On his curl'd head, and like a star it cast a spurry ray,
About which a bright thick'ned bush of golden-hair did play, [arm'd, he tried
Which Vulcan forg'd him for his plume. Thus compleete
How fit they were, and if his motion could with ease abide
Their brave instruction: and so far they were from hind'ring it,
That to it they were nimble wings, and made so light his spirit, [to air.
That from the earth the princely captain they took up
Then from his armoury he drew his lance, his father's spear, [alone
Huge, weighty, firm; that not a Greek but he himself
Knew how to shake; it grew upon the mountain Pelion,
From whose height Chiron hew'd it for his sire; and fatal 'twas [Pelias.
To great-soul'd men—of Peleus and Pelion, surnamed
Then from the stable their bright horse Automedon withdraws,
And Alcymus put poitrils on, and cast upon their jaws
Their bridles; hurling back the reins, and hung them on the seat. [doth get
The fair scourge then Automedon takes up, and up
To guide the horse: the fight's seat last Achilles took behind, [heaven had shin'd.
Who look'd so arm'd as if the sun there fall'n from
And terribly thus charg'd his steeds: Xanthus and Balius,
Seed of the harpy, in the charge ye undertake of us,
Discharge it not, as when Patroclus ye left dead in field.
But when with blood, for this day's fast observ'd, revenge shall yield
Our heart satiety, bring us off. Thus, since Achilles spake
As if his aw'd steeds understood, 'twas Juno's will to make
Vocal the palate of the one, who shaking his fair head,
(Which in his mane, let fall to earth, he almost buried,)
Thus Xanthus spake: Ablest Achilles, now (at least) our care
Shall bring thee off; but not far hence the fatal minutes are
Of thy grave ruin. Nor shall we be then to be reprov'd,
But mightiest fate, and the great God. Nor was thy best belov'd
Spoil'd so of arms by our slow pace, or courage's empaire;
The best of gods, Latona's son, that wears the golden hair,
Gave him his death's wound, though the grace he gave to Hector's hand.
We, like the spirit of the west, that all spirits can command [must go,
For pow'r of wing, could run him off: but thou thyself
So fate ordains, God and a man must give thee overthrow.
This said, the Furies stopp'd his voice. Achilles, far in rage, [presage
Thus answer'd him: It fits not thee thus proudly to
My overthrow; I know myself it is my fate to fall
Thus far from Phthia; yet that fate shall fail to vent her gall [horrid deeds;
Till mine vent thousands. These words us'd, he fell to
Gave dreadful signal, and forthright made fly his one-hoof'd steeds.

Curet or *curets*, an old form of *cuirass*; *spurry*, many-pointed; *poitrils*, harness for the breast; *empaire*, diminution.

But however spirited and stately as a translator, Chapman proved rather an undramatic dramatist. He continued to supply the theatre with tragedies

and comedies up to 1620, or later; yet of the dozen that have descended to us, not one possesses real vivifying dramatic power. In didactic observation and description he is sometimes happy, and hence he has been praised for possessing 'more thinking' than many of his contemporaries. His tendency to an epic method of narrative is frequently apparent and injurious to effect. But in many single passages he shows great poetic power and beauty, surpassing in this respect, in Professor Ward's judgment, all the Elizabethans but Shakespeare. *Eastward Hoe* was written in conjunction with Jonson and Marston, but is mainly Chapman's, according to Ward, who pronounces it 'one of the liveliest and healthiest, as it is one of the best-constructed comedies of the age.' As to the imprisonment of the authors for their political allusions, see below in the article on Jonson. *The Gentleman Usher* contains at least one fine scene (Act iv.). Its sequel, *Monsieur d'Olive*, is, Professor Ward thinks, 'one of our most diverting Elizabethan comedies.' *Bussy d'Ambois* and *The Revenge of Bussy d'Ambois* give a striking picture of the intrigues at the court of Henry III. of France, and illustrate Chapman's love of similes and metaphors, as well as the power and beauty of his versification; occasionally bombast is mixed with true poetry, though not so as to justify Dryden's denunciations. *The Conspiracie* and the *Tragedie of Charles Duke of Byron* are undramatic, but contain some fine things. In a sonnet prefixed to the comedy of *All Fools* (1605), Chapman says that he was 'marked with age for aims of greater weight.'

GEORGE CHAPMAN.
From a Print (Wm. Pass *fecit*) in the British Museum.

Other plays are *May Day* (1611), *The Widow's Tears* (1612), and *Cæsar and Pompey* (1631). The posthumous tragedies, *Alphonsus* and *Revenge for Honour*, bear his name with doubtful right. The former, on the candidature of Richard of Cornwall for the imperial throne, is appallingly bloody in its incidents, and exhibits greater horrors than Kyd's worst passages. A peculiarity is, that the dialogue is freely interspersed with German words and lines, printed in German black letter, but so monstrously misspelt as at times to be barely intelligible. *The Ball*, a comedy, and *The Tragedie of Chabot* were the joint work of Chapman and Shirley. The best of Chapman's dramatic works, *Eastward Hoe* and *Chabot*, were written in collaboration with others. Among Chapman's non-dramatic works are *Enthymiæ Raptus*, *Petrarch's Seven Penitentiall Psalmes*, *The Divine Poem of Musæus*, and *The Georgicks of Hesiod*. The first act of *All Fools* con some of Chapman's most characteristic wor opens thus with a conversation between the friends, Rinaldo, Fortunio, and Valerio:

Rinaldo. Can one self cause, in subjects so alik
As you two are, produce effect so unlike?
One like the Turtle all in mournful strains,
Wailing his fortunes; th' other like the Lark
Mounting the sky in shrill and cheerful notes,
Chanting his joys aspired: and both for love?
In one, love raiseth by his violent heat
Moist vapours from the heart into the eyes,
From whence they drown his breast in daily show
In th' other, his divided power infuseth
Only a temperate and most kindly warmth,
That gives life to those fruits of wit and virtue,
Which the unkind hand of an uncivil father
Had almost nipp'd in the delightsome blossom.

Fortunio. O, br
love rewards
services
With a most parti
injurious hand,
If you consider w
different fortun
Valerio loves, an
the dame he lo
I love, and neve
enjoy the sight
Of her I love;
from conquerin
In my desires' a
that I can com
To lay no battery
fort I seek,
All passages to
strongly kept,
By strait guard of her father.

Rin. I dare swear,
If just desert in love measured reward,
Your fortune should exceed Valerio's far;
For I am witness (being your bedfellow)
Both to the daily and the nightly service
You do unto the deity of love,
In vows, sighs, tears, and solitary watches.
He never serves him with such sacrifice,
Yet hath his bow and shafts at his command:
Love's service is much like our humorous lords,
Where minions carry more than servitors,
The bold and careless servant still obtains;
The modest and respective nothing gains;
You never see your love unless in dreams,
He—Hymen puts in whole possession.
What different stars reign'd when your loves were
He forced to wear the willow, you the horn?
But, brother, are you not ashamed to make
Yourself a slave to the base lord of love,
Begot of fancy, and of beauty born?
And what is beauty? a mere quintessence,
Whose life is not in being, but in seeming;
And therefore is not to all eyes the same,
But like a cozening picture, which one way
Shows like a crow, another like a swan;
And upon what ground is this beauty drawn?

an, a most brittle creature,
o God (for my part) that were all.
ell me, brother, did you never love?
know I did, and was beloved again,
uch a dame as all men deem'd
d made me happy in her favours:
ir she was not; and yet fair
ever studied to be fairer
made her; beauty cost her nothing,
ere so rare, they would have made
eautiful: at least so thought
ood aloof, and did observe her
us eyes; but what they were indeed
blaze, because I loved her once,
her such, as for her sake,
wars against their whole sex,
uttlecocks, loving fools and jesters,
lirt, and titles sooner won
st vile than the most virtuous;
o none: if one amongst whole hundreds
chaste, she is so proud withal,
d rude, that one of unchaste life
approved a worthier wife:
luttish, nasty to their husbands,
adorned, and painted to their lovers:
aseless uproar with their households,
ht their husbands have not pleased them;
most kind, being beaten and abused;
most cruel, being kindliest used.
thou profanest the deity of their sex.
her, I read that Egypt heretofore
s of the richest frame on earth;
is goodly edifice of women:
er pillars were those Temples
beautified, and so are women,
ly glazed, and so are women,
inted too, and so are women,
ndrous heavenly, so are women;
tranger view'd those fanes within,
ds and goddesses, he should find
wl, a fury, or a serpent;
estial inner parts have women.
inaldo, the poor fox that lost his tail,
hers also to lose theirs:
one perhaps that for desert
ct in thy attempts refused thee,
whole sex, beauty, love, and all.
ove is Nature's second sun;
ring of virtues where he shines,
out the sun, the world's great eye,
beauties, both of Art and Nature,
vain to men, so without love
bred in women are in vain;
orn in men lie buried,
rms them as the sun doth colours,
un, reflecting his warm beams
earth, begets all fruits and flowers;
shining in the inward man,
in him the honourable fruits
it, virtue, and haughty thoughts,
tion, and divine discourse:
Paradise, the heaven of earth;
ou know the comfort of two hearts,
ous harmony united,
e joy, and think both one thought,
e life, and therein double life;

To see their souls met at an interview
In their bright eyes, at parley in their lips,
Their language, kisses: and to observe the rest,
Touches, embraces, and each circumstance
Of all love's most unmatched ceremonies:
Thou wouldst abhor thy tongue for blasphemy.
Oh! who can comprehend how sweet love tastes
But he that hath been present at his feasts?

Rin. Are you in that vein too, Valerio?
'Twere fitter you should be about your charge,
How plough and cart goes forward; I have known
Your joys were all employ'd in husbandry,
Your study was how many loads of hay
A meadow of so many acres yielded;
How many oxen such a close would fat.
And is your rural service now converted
From Pan to Cupid? and from beasts to women?
Oh, if your father knew this, what a lecture
Of bitter castigation he would read you!

Val. My father? why, my father? does he think
To rob me of myself? I hope I know
I am a gentleman; though his covetous humour
And education hath transform'd me baily,
And made me overseer of his pastures,
I'll be myself in spite of husbandry. [*Enter* GRATIANA.
And see, bright heaven, here comes my husbandry.
Here shall my cattle graze, here Nectar drink,
Here will I hedge and ditch, here hide my treasure:
O poor Fortunio, how wouldst thou triumph,
If thou enjoy'd'st this happiness with my sister!

For. I were in heaven if once 'twere come to that.

Rin. And methinks 'tis my heaven that I am past it.

'Young men think old men are fools: but old men know young men are fools' is well put. 'Death and his brother sleep,' so often and so variously linked in contrast by the poets, are by Chapman thus conjoined:

> Since sleep and death are called the twins of nature.

We are reminded of Bunyan by:

> He that to nought aspires doth nothing need:
> Who breaks no law is subject to no king.

A homely simile is:

> Shoes ever overthrow that are too large,
> And hugest cannon burst with overcharge.

There are many ways of putting what Chapman words so: 'An Englishman, being flattered, is a lamb; threatened, a lion.' 'Man is a name of honour for a king' is a pithy single line or sentence; so are 'He that is one man's slave is free from none;' 'Flatterers look like friends as wolves like dogs;' 'Danger the spur of great minds;' 'A death for love's no death, but martyrdom.' What Keats felt when he 'heard Chapman speak out loud and bold' we know from Keats's most famous sonnet, 'On first looking into Chapman's Homer.'

A complete edition of Chapman's works was published in three volumes in 1873-75, with an essay by Mr Swinburne, also separately published (1875); the volume of the plays was edited by Mr R. H. Shepherd. Another three-volume edition of the plays (1873) retained the old spelling, including the preposterous German of *Alphonsus*. Dr Carl Elze edited *Alphonsus* in 1867. Hooper's is the standard edition of the Homer (5 vols. 1857).

Francis Bacon.

Lord Bacon is the name by which contemporaries and succeeding generations have agreed to speak of the aggressive intellectual reformer, the great English writer, the servile statesman, the corrupt Chancellor, who by etiquette and the rules of the peerage should rather be spoken of as Lord Verulam or Viscount St Albans; in his *Apophthegms* he spoke of himself as 'the Lord Bacon,' as well as 'the Lord St Albans.' Born at York House in the Strand on the 22nd of January 1561, Francis Bacon was the younger son by his second marriage of Sir Nicholas Bacon, Lord-Keeper of the Great Seal; his mother, Ann, daughter of Sir Anthony Cooke, was a lady of strong will and great accomplishments, and a zealous Calvinist. In childhood he displayed such vivacity of intellect and sedateness of behaviour that Queen Elizabeth used to call him her young Lord-Keeper; and at the age of twelve he was sent to Trinity College, Cambridge, where he early became disgusted with the Aristotelian philosophy, which still held unquestioned sway in the great English schools of learning. This dislike of the philosophy of Aristotle, as Bacon himself declared to his secretary, Dr Rawley, he fell into, 'not for the worthlessness of the author, to whom he would ever ascribe all high attributes, but for the unfruitfulness of the way, being a philosophy only strong for disputations and contentions, but barren of the production of works for the benefit of the life of man.' After spending two years at Cambridge, he began the study of law at Gray's Inn (1576); but that same year he went to France for about three years with Sir Amyas Paulet, the English ambassador. His observations on foreign affairs were afterwards published in a work entitled *Of the State of Europe*. By the sudden death of his father in 1579, he was compelled to return hastily to England and engage in some profession. After in vain soliciting his uncle, Lord Burghley, to procure for him such a provision from Government as might allow him to devote his time to literature and philosophy, he returned to the study of the law, was called to the Bar in 1582, and became a bencher of his inn in 1586. While engaged in practice as a barrister he did not forget philosophy; early in life he sketched his vast (but never completed) work, *The Instauration of the Sciences*. He became member of Parliament for Melcombe Regis in 1584, for Taunton in 1586, and for Middlesex in 1593. In 1584 he sought to attract the queen's attention by addressing to her a paper of advice in which, with a boldness unique in a barrister of three-and-twenty, he argued for more tolerance in the treatment of recusants; and in 1589 he wrote a pamphlet on the controversies in the Anglican Church, in which he pleaded for elasticity in matters of doctrine and discipline. As an orator he is highly extolled by Ben Jonson. In one of his speeches he distinguished himself by taking the popular side in a question respecting some large subsidies demanded by the court, and gave great offence to Her Majesty. To Lord Burghley and his son, Robert Cecil, Bacon continued to pay court in hope of advancement, but at length, finding himself disappointed in that quarter, he attached himself to Burghley's rival Essex, who, with all the ardour of a generous friendship, endeavoured in vain to procure for him in 1593 the office first of Attorney and then of Solicitor General, and in 1596 that of Master of the Rolls. Essex in some degree soothed Bacon's disappointment by presenting him with an estate at Twickenham, which he afterwards sold for £1800. Bacon recommended his patron to resort to petty flattery of the queen, misunderstanding his frank character; and advised him to undertake the suppression of Tyrone's rebellion (1598). When Essex was brought to trial after his return from Ireland in disgrace in 1599, the friend whom he had so greatly obliged was associated at his own request (in a subordinate capacity) with the prosecuting counsel, in the hope, as he said, of aiding his patron; but Essex was dismissed from all his offices. When Essex broke into open rebellion in 1601, Bacon voluntarily endeavoured to secure his conviction on the capital charge of treason. He complied, moreover, after the earl's execution, with the queen's request that he should write *A Declaration of the Practices and Treasons attempted and committed by Robert, Earl of Essex*, which was printed by authority; and in another paper he defended his own conduct on the ground that the claims of the State must override those of friendship. In Elizabeth's last years Bacon tried to mediate between Crown and Parliament, and himself advised tolerance in Ireland.

After the accession of James the fortunes of Bacon began to improve. He made extravagant professions of loyalty, planned schemes for the union of England and Scotland, and proved that the difficulties between king and commons could easily be arranged. He was knighted in July 1603, and in subsequent years obtained successively the offices of King's Counsel, Solicitor-General (1607), and Attorney-General (1613). In the execution of his duties he did not scruple to lend himself to the most arbitrary measures of the court, and in 1615 he even assisted in an attempt to extort a confession of treason, under torture, from an old clergyman of the name of Peacham. Torture was applied, not at Bacon's suggestion, but with his assent, and he examined the prisoner while on the rack, without result. Peacham was then tried in King's Bench, Bacon undertaking to confer with each judge so as to secure a conviction. Coke resisted Bacon's advice, and in consequence Bacon helped to get Coke dismissed.

Although his income had now been greatly enlarged by the emoluments of office and a marriage

e daughter of a wealthy alderman, his ex-
nce and that of his servants, which he
to have been too good-natured to check,
ed to keep him in difficulties. He cringed
king and his favourite, Buckingham; and
th, on the 7th of January 1618, he attained
nmit of his ambition, by being created
ligh Chancellor of England; and in July
raised to the peerage as Baron Verulam—
which gave place in January 1621 to that
ount St Albans. As Chancellor it cannot
uted that, both in his political and judicial
es, he grossly deserted his duty. Not
d he suffer Buckingham to interfere with
sions as a judge, but, by accepting numerous
s or bribes from suitors, he gave occasion,
, to a parliamentary inquiry, which ended
:ondemnation and disgrace. It has been
that he did not allow the presents he re-
to influence his decisions, or but rarely.
fully confessed to the twenty-three articles
ıption which were laid to his charge; and
:aited on by a committee of the House of
appointed to inquire whether the confession
ɔscribed by himself, he answered, 'It is my
hand, my heart: I beseech your lordships
nerciful to a broken reed.' It was decided
be fined £40,000, imprisoned during the
ɔleasure, and banished from Parliament and
He was soon released and pardoned, but not
to return to court, and retired to Gorham-
:ar St Albans. He had now ample leisure to
to his philosophical and literary pursuits;
ıile he was engaged in business these had
n neglected. In 1597 he published *Medita-
Sacræ*, a *Table of the Colours of Good and*
nd ten **Essays**. In 1612 he reprinted the
increased to thirty-eight; and finally, in
e again issued them, 'newly written,' and
:y-eight in number. These, as he himself
ome home to men's business and bosoms;
:e the late new halfpence, the pieces are
nd the silver is good.' The *Essays* imme-
acquired a popularity and credit they have
ned till now. Dugald Stewart says the
:as 'one of those where the superiority
genius appears to the greatest advantage,
velty and depth of his reflections often
g a strong relief from the triteness of his
It may be read from beginning to end in
ıpurs, and yet, after the twentieth perusal,
dom fails to remark in it something over-
before. This, indeed, is a characteristic of
ɔn's writings, and is only to be accounted
he inexhaustible aliment they furnish to our
ɔughts, and the sympathetic activity they
to our torpid faculties.' The *Essays*, by
Bacon is best known as an author, may
ɛ regarded as his most original work.
5 he published *Of the Proficience and
'ement of Learning, Divine and Human*,
afterwards published in a Latin expansion
with the title *De Augmentis Scientiarum*, consti-
tutes the first part of his great (but unfinished)
Instauratio Scientiarum, meant to be a review and
encyclopædia of all knowledge. The second part,
entitled **Novum Organum**, was that on which his
high reputation as a philosopher was mainly
grounded, and on the composition of which he
bestowed most labour. It was written in Latin,
and appeared in 1620. In the first part of the
Advancement of Learning, after considering the
excellence of knowledge and the means of dis-
seminating it, together with what had already been
done for its advancement, he divides learning into
the three branches of history, poetry, and philos-
ophy, having reference to 'the three parts of man's
understanding'—memory, imagination, and reason.
The first aphorism of the *Novum Organum* furnishes
a key to the author's leading doctrines: 'Man, being
the servant and interpreter of nature, can do and
understand so much, and so much only, as he has
observed in fact or in thought of the course of
nature.' His new method—*novum organum*—of
employing the understanding in adding to human
knowledge is expounded in this work, and more
or less fully in all his philosophical treatises. He
first abandons the deductive logic of Aristotle and
the schoolmen, in which preconceived theories
were constructed without reference to actual fact,
and were syllogistically arranged to lead to
elaborate conclusions never tested by observation
and experiment. Bacon relied on inductive
methods — on the accumulation and systematic
analysis of isolated facts to be obtained by obser-
vation and experiment. From this assemblage of
facts alone were any conclusions to be drawn. The
induction was to rest not on a simple enumeration
of phenomena, a method familiar to predecessors
of Bacon, but on their careful selection and ar-
rangement, with necessary rejections and elimina-
tions. 'Phantoms of the human mind'—'idols'
(*eidôla*) of the tribe, the cave, the market-place,
and the theatre, as Bacon called them—inherited
by man, or produced by his environment, were
exposed and swept aside. Nothing was to obscure
the 'dry light of reason.' Bacon took all know-
ledge for his province, and his inductive system
was to arrive at the causes not only of natural
but of all moral and political effects. While de-
veloping his new scientific method Bacon made
some shrewd scientific observations—he described
heat as a mode of motion, and light as requiring
time for transmission; but in many things he was
even behind the scientific knowledge of his time.
His system was never finished. He never reached
his examination of metaphysics—of final causes—
which was to succeed his treatment of physics.

Some other parts of the *Instauratio* were drafted
or nearly completed. The *Sylva Sylvarum* is de-
voted to the facts and phenomena of natural science,
including suggestions and original observations
made by Bacon himself. Other discussions concern
the winds, life and death, the dense and the rare.

Next in popularity to the *Essays* was the treatise *Of the Wisdom of the Ancients* (in Latin, 1609; trans. 1610), wherein Bacon attempts, generally with more ingenuity than success, to discover secret meanings in the mythological fables of antiquity. The *New Atlantis*, described below, was also one of the most popular of the works. The *History of King Henry VII.* is held by Spedding to have been the first to give any true picture of the king or of his reign, and to have given really valuable guidance to all who have since treated the period. He translated some of the Psalms into verse; drew up a confession of faith amidst his worst troubles; and composed three prayers, one of which Addison praised for its unexampled elevation of thought. There were also a number of minor treatises and unfinished works, including *Maxims of the Law* and other professional treatises, and a collection of *Apophthegms*, anecdotes and witticisms ancient and modern, many of them little above the level of Joe Miller.

FRANCIS BACON.
From the Picture by Paul van Somer in the National Portrait Gallery.

After retiring from public life, Bacon, though enjoying an annual income of £2500, continued to live in so ostentatious a style that at his death in 1626 his debts amounted to upwards of £22,000. His devotion to science appears to have been the immediate cause of his death. Travelling in his carriage when there was snow on the ground, he began to consider whether flesh might not be preserved by snow as well as by salt. In order to make the experiment he alighted at a cottage near Highgate, bought a hen, and stuffed it with snow. This so chilled him that he was unable to return home, but went to the Earl of Arundel's house in the neighbourhood, where his illness was so much increased by the dampness of a bed into which he was put that he died in a few days, 9th April 1626. He was buried in St Michael's Church at St Albans. In a letter to the earl, the last which he wrote, after comparing hims elder Pliny, 'who lost his life by trying a ment about the burning of Mount Ves does not forget to mention his own e which, says he, 'succeeded excellently.'

The overstatement by his admirers o claims to universal and unparalleled a as the greatest of modern philosophers ultimately an injustice, and his contrib science and scientific progress have jealous grudgin cised. epigram wisest, meanest kind,' is plimenta wisdom hard on acter; M praise a glorifica vituperat ill balan same wa absurd him as ventor c mental s as havin a perfect Where h expound fic facts gross he was abreast science day; h mentio vey's c of the b he persis jected the Copernican system. He wa philosophy proper, a scientific thinker at scientific importance depends on his on the facts that man is the servant a preter of nature, that truth is not deri authority, and that knowledge is the experience. The inductive method was before his time, but he was the first its vast importance and to recognise its justification; the impetus his methods future scientific investigation is indisputa turned the tide in favour of experimental and though he is not, as used to be father of English philosophy too, the of Locke and Hume, his empiricism ga to English philosophical speculation. character is strangely complex. He ha paralleled belief in himself, which warra

ignoring the ordinary laws of morality. He was ascious of possessing intellectual power sufficient revolutionise the relations of man and nature, d he was slow to recognise any moral obstacle at came in the way of his attaining the wealth d position needed for realising his vast intel- tual ambition. He found himself drawn to itics in order to obtain power; but he always arded himself as a stranger in the political here: he failed as a manager of men, and he de shipwreck of his life. But with calm con- ence he wrote in his will, 'For my name and mory, I leave it to men's charitable speeches d to foreign nations and the next ages.' His inence in the sphere of practical philosophy, a master of pregnant thoughts clothed in endid, nervous, dignified, and for his time gularly concise and trenchant English, is re- gnised by everybody.

The five following extracts are from the **Essays**:

Of Death.

Men fear death, as children fear to go in the dark: nd as that natural fear in children is increased with les, so is the other. Certainly the contemplation of eath as the wages of sin and passage to another orld is holy and religious; but the fear of it as a ribute due unto nature is weak. Yet in religious medi- tions there is sometimes mixture of vanity and of perstition. You shall read in some of the friars' books f mortification, that a man should think with himself hat the pain is if he have but his finger's end pressed r tortured; and thereby imagine what the pains of eath are, when the whole body is corrupted and dis- olved; when many times death passeth with less pain han the torture of a limb: for the most vital parts are ot the quickest of sense. And by him that spake only s a philosopher and natural man, it was well said, *Pompa mortis magis terret quam mors ipsa.* Groans, nd convulsions, and a discoloured face, and friends weeping, and blacks, and obsequies, and the like, shew death terrible. It is worthy the observing that there is no passion in the mind of man so weak but it mates and masters the fear of death: and therefore death is no such terrible enemy, when a man hath so many at- tendants about him, that can win the combat of him. Revenge triumphs over death; love slights it; honour aspireth to it; grief flyeth to it; fear pre-occupateth it; nay, we read, after Otho the emperor had slain himself, pity, which is the tenderest of affections, provoked many to die out of mere compassion to their sovereign, and as the truest sort of followers. Nay, Seneca adds, nice- ness and satiety: *cogita quamdiu eadem feceris; mori velle, non tantum fortis, aut miser, sed etiam fastidiosus potest.* A man would die, though he were neither valiant nor miserable, only upon a weariness to do the same thing so oft over and over. It is no less worthy to observe, how little alteration in good spirits the approaches of death make; for they appear to be the same men till the last instant. Augustus Cæsar died in a compliment: *Livia, conjugii nostri memor vive, et vale.* Tiberius in dissimulation; as Tacitus saith of him: *Jam Tiberium vires et corpus, non dissimu- latio, deserebant.* Vespasian in a jest . . . . . : *Ut puto, Deus fio.* Galba with a sentence: *Feri, si ex re sit populi Romani;* holding forth his neck. Septimius Severus in dispatch: *Adeste, si quid mihi restat agendum;* and the like. Certainly the Stoics bestowed too much cost upon death, and by their great preparations made it appear more fearful. Better saith he [Juvenal], *qui finem vitæ extremum inter munera ponit naturæ.* It is as natural to die, as to be born; and to a little infant perhaps the one is as painful as the other. He that dies in an earnest pursuit is like one that is wounded in hot blood; who for the time scarce feels the hurt; and therefore a mind fixt and bent upon somewhat that is good doth avert the dolors of death: but above all believe it, the sweetest canticle is *Nunc dimittis;* when a man hath obtained worthy ends and expectations. Death hath this also; that it openeth the gate to good fame, and extinguisheth envy —*extinctus amabitur idem.*

Of Studies.

Studies serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability. Their chief use for delight is in privateness and retiring; for ornament, is in discourse; and for ability, is in the judgment and disposition of business; for expert men can execute, and perhaps judge of particulars, one by one; but the general counsels and the plots and mar- shalling of affairs come best from those that are learned. To spend too much time in studies is sloth; to use them too much for ornament is affectation; to make judgment wholly by their rules is the humour of a scholar; they perfect nature and are perfected by expe- rience—for natural abilities are like natural plants, that need pruning by study; and studies themselves do give forth directions too much at large, except they be bounded in by experience. Crafty men contemn studies, simple men admire them, and wise men use them; for they teach not their own use; but that is a wisdom without them, and above them, won by observation. Read not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider. Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested: that is, some books are to be read only in parts; others to be read, but not curiously; and some few to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention. Some books also may be read by deputy, and extracts made of them by others; but that would be only in the less important arguments, and the meaner sort of books; else distilled books are, like common distilled waters, flashy things. Reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man: and, therefore, if a man write little, he had need have a great memory; if he confer little, he had need have a present wit; and if he read little, he had need have much cunning, to seem to know that he doth not.

Of Beauty.

Virtue is like a rich stone, best plain set; and surely virtue is best in a body that is comely, though not of delicate features, and that hath rather dignity of presence than beauty of aspect; neither is it almost seen, that very beautiful persons are otherwise of great virtue; as if nature were rather busy not to err, than in labour to produce excellency; and therefore they prove accomplished, but not of great spirit; and study rather behaviour than virtue. But this holds not always: for Augustus Cæsar, Titus Vespasianus, Philip le Bel of France, Edward IV. of England, Alcibiades of Athens, Ismael, the sophy of Persia, were all high and

great spirits, and yet the most beautiful men of their times. In beauty, that of favour is more than that of colour; and that of decent and gracious motion more than that of favour. That is the best part of beauty which a picture cannot express; no, nor the first sight of the life. There is no excellent beauty that hath not some strangeness in the proportion. A man cannot tell whether Apelles or Albert Durer were the more trifler; whereof the one would make a personage by geometrical proportions: the other, by taking the best parts out of divers faces to make one excellent. Such personages, I think, would please nobody but the painter that made them. Not but I think a painter may make a better face than ever was; but he must do it by a kind of felicity (as a musician that maketh an excellent air in music), and not by rule. A man shall see faces, that, if you examine them part by part, you shall find never a good: and yet altogether do well. If it be true that the principal part of beauty is in decent motion, certainly it is no marvel though persons in years seem many times more amiable; *pulchrorum autumnus pulcher;* for no youth can be comely but by pardon, and considering the youth as to make up the comeliness. Beauty is as summer fruits, which are easy to corrupt and cannot last; and, for the most part, it makes a dissolute youth, and an age a little out of countenance; but yet certainly again, if it light well, it maketh virtues shine, and vices blush.

Of Deformity.

Deformed persons are commonly even with nature; for as nature hath done ill by them, so do they by nature, being for the most part, as the Scripture saith, 'void of natural affection;' and so they have their revenge of nature. Certainly there is a consent between the body and the mind, and where nature erreth in the one, she ventureth in the other: *Ubi peccat in uno, periclitatur in altero:* but because there is in man an election touching the frame of his mind, and a necessity in the frame of his body, the stars of natural inclination are sometimes obscured by the sun of discipline and virtue; therefore it is good to consider of deformity, not as a sign which is more deceivable, but as a cause which seldom faileth of the effect. Whosoever hath any thing fixed in his person that doth induce contempt, hath also a perpetual spur in himself to rescue and deliver himself from scorn; therefore, all deformed persons are extreme bold; first, as in their own defence, as being exposed to scorn, but in process of time by a general habit. Also it stirreth in them industry, and especially of this kind, to watch and observe the weakness of others, that they may have somewhat to repay. Again, in their superiors, it quencheth jealousy towards them, as persons that they think they may at pleasure despise: and it layeth their competitors and emulators asleep, as never believing they should be in possibility of advancement till they see them in possession. So that upon the matter, in a great wit, deformity is an advantage to rising. Kings in ancient times, and at this present in some countries, were wont to put great trust in eunuchs, because they that are envious towards all are more obnoxious and officious towards one; but yet their trust towards them hath rather been as to good spials and good whisperers, than good magistrates and officers: and much like is the reason of deformed persons. Still the ground is, they will, if they be of spirit, seek to free themselves from scorn; which must be either by virtue or malice; and therefore let it not be marvelled if sometimes they prove excellent persons; as was Agesilaus, Zanger the son of Solyman, Æsop, Gasca, president of Peru; and Socrates may go likewise amongst them, with others.

Of Adversity.

The virtue of prosperity is temperance; the virtue of adversity is fortitude. Prosperity is the blessing of the Old Testament; adversity is the blessing of the New, which carrieth the greater benediction, and the clearer revelation of God's favour. Yet even in the Old Testament, if you listen to David's harp, you shall hear as many hearse-like airs as carols; and the pencil of the Holy Ghost hath laboured more in describing the afflictions of Job than the felicities of Solomon. Prosperity is not without many fears and distastes; and adversity is not without comforts and hopes. We see in needleworks and embroideries, it is more pleasing to have a lively work upon a sad and solemn ground, than to have a dark and melancholy work upon a lightsome ground: judge therefore of the pleasure of the heart by the pleasure of the eye. Certainly virtue is like precious odours, most fragrant where they are incensed or crushed; for prosperity doth best discover vice, but adversity doth best discover virtue.

Weighty words are scattered through all the essays, and many phrases or sentences have become proverbial. It is the essay 'Of Marriage and Single Life' that begins, 'He that hath wife and children hath given hostages to fortune; for they are impediments to great enterprises, either of virtue or mischief.' That 'Of Parents and Children' has: 'Children sweeten labours, but they make misfortunes more bitter; they increase the cares of life, but they mitigate the remembrance of death.' That 'Of Revenge' gives a famous definition: 'Revenge is a wild kind of justice, which the more man's nature runs to, the more ought law to weed it out. For as for the first wrong, it doth but offend the law; but the revenge of that wrong putteth the law out of office.' 'Of Gardens' he says: 'God Almighty first planted a garden; and indeed it is the purest of human pleasures. It is the greatest refreshment to the spirit of man; without which buildings and palaces are but gross handy-works: and a man shall ever see that when ages grow to civility and elegancy, men come to build stately sooner than to garden finely; as if gardening were the greater perfection.' 'Of Building' we have the pregnant remark: 'Houses are built to live in, and not to look on: therefore let use be preferred before uniformity except where both may be had. Leave the goodly fabrics of houses for beauty only to the enchanted palaces of the poets; who build them with small cost.' And another essay commences: 'Dissimulation is but a faint kind of policy or wisdom; for it asketh a strong wit and a strong heart to know when to tell truth and to do it. Therefore it is the weaker sort of politicians who are the greatest dissemblers.' From the same rich source are: 'A crowd is not company; and faces are but a

gallery of pictures ; and talk but a tinkling cymbal, where there is no love ;' 'Lookers on many times see more than the gamesters.' He seems to have coined new proverbs as easily as he quoted old ones—'The remedy worse than the disease,' &c. —and wittily moulded anew the wisdom of the ancients. Thus he takes the Scriptural proverb about riches making themselves wings, and adds a new thought: 'Riches have wings, and sometimes they fly away of themselves, sometimes they must be set flying to bring in more.' The idea 'Knowledge is power,' which Bacon repeatedly expresses, is to be found, it should be noted, in the *Meditationes Sacræ* of his mediæval namesake, Roger Bacon.

Bacon left the following fragment for the beginning of a **History of Henry VIII.**, in continuation of his *Henry VII.*—all that was ever written of it :

After the decease of that wise and fortunate king, Henry the seventh, who died in the height of his prosperity, there followed, as useth to do, when the sun setteth so exceeding clear, one of the fairest mornings of a kingdom that hath been known in this land, or any where else. A young king about eighteen years of age, for stature, strength, making, and beauty, one of the goodliest persons of his time. And though he were given to pleasure, yet he was likewise desirous of glory; so that there was a passage open in his mind by glory, for virtue. Neither was he unadorned with learning, though therein he came short of his brother Arthur. He had never any the least pique, difference, or jealousy with the king his father, which might give any occasion of altering court or council upon the change; but all things passed in a still. He was the first heir of the white and red rose; so that there was no discontented party now left in the kingdom, but all men's hearts turned towards him: and not only their hearts, but their eyes also; for he was the only son of the kingdom. He had no brother; which though it be a comfortable thing for kings to have, yet it draweth the subjects' eyes a little aside. And yet being a married man in those young years, it promised hope of speedy issue to succeed in the crown. Neither was there any queen mother, who might share any way in the government, or class with his counsellors for authority, while the king intended his pleasure. No such thing as any great and mighty subject, who might any way eclipse or overshade the imperial power. And for the people and state in general, they were in such lowness of obedience, as subjects were like to yield, who had lived almost four and twenty years under so politic a king as his father; being also one who came partly in by the sword; and had so high a courage in all points of regality; and was ever victorious in rebellions and seditions of the people. The crown extremely rich, and full of treasure, and the kingdom like to be so in a short time. For there was no war, no dearth, no stop of trade or commerce; it was only the crown which had sucked too hard, and now being full, and upon the head of a young king, was like to draw less. Lastly, he was inheritor of his father's reputation, which was great throughout the world. He had strait alliance with the two neighbour states, an ancient enemy in former times, and an ancient friend, Scotland and Burgundy. He had peace and amity with France, under the assurance, not only of treaty and league, but of necessity and inability in the French to do him hurt, in respect that the French king's designs were wholly bent upon Italy: so that it may be truly said, there had scarcely been seen or known in many ages such a rare concurrence of signs and promises of a happy and flourishing reign to ensue, as were now met in this young king, called after his father's name, Henry the eighth. . . . . .

The **New Atlantis** records the discovery of a magnificent island in the northern Pacific, whose eminently Christian, courteous, chaste, and cultured inhabitants protect themselves against the evil communications of a corrupt world by deliberately isolating themselves in their self-sufficing fatherland. Strangers are discouraged from landing save under special circumstances; and, needing nothing from abroad, the islanders carry on no traffic with foreign parts, though they send out carefully disguised, specially selected commissioners to report on all that is noteworthy in the way of science or learning, invention or discovery, amongst the outsiders. The 'New Atlantis' is so called in contrast with the other or great Atlantis, which is identified with the American continent; and the romance has points in common with More's *Utopia* (referred to by an islander, not altogether approvingly, as 'a book of one of your men, of a feigned commonwealth'), Voltaire's *Candide*, Johnson's *Rasselas*, and still more oddly with *The Book of Mormon*, for there is word of the prehistoric civilised races who preceded the North American Indians, and the favoured islanders—possibly descended from Nachoran, 'another son' of Abraham—receive a direct and immediate gift of the sacred Scriptures in book form, as also of the miraculous power to read them without difficulty. The *New Atlantis* is, as a romance, painfully didactic, but is in other respects curiously interesting, though it has only here and there the charm of Bacon's best style, and is obviously but a fragment of an undeveloped scheme. The voyage is thus described :

We sailed from Peru, where we had continued by the space of one whole year, for China and Japan, by the South Sea, taking with us victuals for twelve months; and had good winds from the east, though soft and weak, for five months' space and more. But then the wind came about, and settled in the west for many days, so as we could make little or no way, and were sometimes in purpose to turn back. But then, again, there arose strong and great winds from the south, with a point east, which carried us up, for all that we could do, towards the north: by which time our victuals failed us, though we had made good spare of them. So that, finding ourselves in the midst of the greatest wilderness of waters in the world, without victual, we gave ourselves for lost men, and prepared for death. Yet we did lift up our hearts and voices to God above, who sheweth *his wonders in the deep;* beseeching him of his mercy, that as in the beginning he discovered the face of the

deep, and brought forth dry land; so he would now discover land to us, that we might not perish. And it came to pass, that the next day, about evening, we saw within a kenning before us, towards the north, as it were thick clouds, which did put us in some hope of land; knowing how that part of the South Sea was utterly unknown, and might have islands or continents, that hitherto were not come to light. Wherefore we bent our course thither, where we saw the appearance of land all that night; and in the dawning of the next day, we might plainly discern that it was a land, flat to our sight, and full of boscage, which made it shew the more dark. And after an hour and a half's sailing, we entered into a good haven, being the port of a fair city; not great indeed, but well built, and that gave a pleasant view from the sea: and we thinking every minute long till we were on land, came close to the shore, and offered to land. But straightways we saw divers of the people with bastons in their hands, as it were, forbidding us to land; yet without any cries or fierceness, but only as warning us off by signs that they made. Whereupon, being not a little discomforted, we were advising with ourselves what we should do. During which time there made forth to us a small boat, with about eight persons in it; whereof one of them had in his hand a tipstaff of a yellow cane, tipped at both ends with blue, who came aboard our ship, without any shew of distrust at all. And when he saw one of our number present himself somewhat afore the rest, he drew forth a little scroll of parchment, somewhat yellower than our parchment, and shining like the leaves of writing-tables, but otherwise soft and flexible, and delivered it to our foremost man. In which scroll were written in ancient Hebrew, and in ancient Greek, and in good Latin of the school, and in Spanish, these words: 'Land ye not, none of you, and provide to be gone from this coast within sixteen days, except you have farther time given you: meanwhile if you want fresh water, or victual, or help for your sick, or that your ship needeth repair, write down your wants, and you shall have that which belongeth to mercy.'

Ultimately the voyagers were most kindly received in 'the Strangers' House,' hospitably entertained at the public expense, and their sick doctored, on condition only of their keeping within the bounds prescribed to them. When they naturally wished to know how their hosts had received Christianity, they were told a marvellous tale how 'about twenty years after the ascension of our Saviour,' out of a pillar of fire a cedar-wood ark came sailing shorewards in presence of all the inhabitants of the city of Renfusa, containing a letter from the apostle Bartholomew and a complete copy on parchment of the Old and New Testaments—including, Bacon notes, those 'books of the New Testament which were not at that time written;' though he evidently thought most of the books were extant in A.D. 53 or thereabouts. Then or later they also became possessed of the otherwise wholly lost encyclopædic work which Solomon 'wrote of all plants from the cedar of Libanus to the moss that groweth out of the wall.' And they were miraculously empowered to read these sacred books as if they had been written in their own language.

The following remarkable communication by the governor of the Strangers' House distinctly trenches on the province of *The Book of Mormon* and of Solomon Spaulding's romance:

'You shall understand, that which perhaps you will scarce think credible, that about three thousand years ago, or somewhat more, the navigation of the world, especially for remote voyages, was greater than at this day. Do not think with yourselves, that I know not how much it is increased with you within these six-score years: I know it well; and yet I say greater then than now: whether it was, that the example of the ark, that saved the remnant of men from the universal deluge, gave men confidence to adventure upon the waters, or what it was, but such is the truth. The Phœnicians, and especially the Tyrians, had great fleets. So had the Carthaginians their colony, which is yet farther west. Toward the east, the shipping of Egypt, and of Palestine, was likewise great. China also, and the great Atlantis, that you call America, which have now but junks and canoes, abounded then in tall ships. This island, as appeareth by faithful registers of those times, had then fifteen hundred strong ships, of great content. Of all this there is with you sparing memory, or none; but we have large knowledge thereof.

'At that time this land was known and frequented by the ships and vessels of all the nations before named. And, as it cometh to pass, they had many times men of other countries, that were no sailors, that came with them; as Persians, Chaldeans, Arabians, so as almost all nations of might and fame resorted hither; of whom we have some stirps and little tribes with us at this day. And for our own ships, they went sundry voyages, as well to your Straits, which you call the pillars of Hercules, as to other parts in the Atlantic and Mediterranean Seas; as to Peguin, which is the same with Cambaline, and Quinzy upon the Oriental Seas, as far as to the borders of the East Tartary. [There is some confusion here for which neither Marco Polo nor Sebastian Münster is responsible. Pegu has no connection with Cambaluc or Cambalu, i.e. Peking; nor that with Quinzy, Quinsay, Kinsai, or Khing-sai, i.e. Hang-chow-foo. And neither Peking nor Hang-chow is *on* the oriental sea.]

'At the same time, and an age after, or more, the inhabitants of the great Atlantis did flourish. For though the narration and description which is made by a great man with you, that the descendants of Neptune planted there; and of the magnificent temple, palace, city and hill; and the manifold streams of goodly navigable rivers, which, as so many chains, environed the same site and temple; and the several degrees of ascent, whereby men did climb up to the same, as if it had been a *scala cœli*, be all poetical and fabulous: yet so much is true, that the said country of Atlantis, as well that of Peru, then called Coya, as that of Mexico, then named Tyrambel, were mighty and proud kingdoms in arms, shipping, and riches: so mighty, as at one time, or at least within the space of ten years, they both made two great expeditions, they of Tyrambel, through the Atlantic to the Mediterranean Sea; and they of Coya, through the South Sea upon this our island: and for the former of these, which was into Europe, the same author amongst you, as it seemeth, had some relation from the Egyptian priest whom he citeth. For assuredly, such a thing there was, but whether it were the ancient Athenians that had the glory of the repulse and resistance of those

forces, I can say nothing; but certain it is, there never came back either ship, or man, from that voyage. Neither had the other voyage of those of Coya upon us had better fortune, if they had not met with enemies of greater clemency. For the king of this island, by name Altabin, a wise man, and a great warrior, knowing well both his own strength, and that of his enemies, handled the matter so, as he cut off their land-forces from their ships, and entoiled both their navy and their camp with a greater power than theirs, both by sea and land; and compelled them to render themselves without striking stroke: and after they were at his mercy, contenting himself only with their oath, that they should no more bear arms against him, dismissed them all in safety. But the divine revenge overtook not long after those proud enterprises. For within less than the space of one hundred years, the great Atlantis was utterly lost and destroyed; not by a great earthquake, as your man saith, for that whole tract is little subject to earthquakes, but by a particular deluge or inundation: those countries having, at this day, far greater rivers and far higher mountains, to pour down waters, than any part of the old world. But it is true that the same inundation was not deep; not past forty foot, in most places, from the ground: so that although it destroyed man and beast generally, yet some few wild inhabitants of the wood escaped. Birds also were saved, by flying to the high trees and woods. For as for men, although they had buildings in many places higher than the depth of the water; yet that inundation, though it were shallow, had a long continuance; whereby they of the vale, that were not drowned, perished for want of food, and other things necessary. So as marvel you not at the thin population of America, nor at the rudeness and ignorance of the people; for you must account your inhabitants of America as a young people; younger a thousand years, at the least, than the rest of the world; for that there was so much time between the universal flood and their particular inundation. For the poor remnant of human seed, which remained in their mountains, peopled the country again slowly, by little and little: and being simple and savage people, not like Noah and his sons, which was the chief family of the earth, they were not able to leave letters, arts, and civility to their posterity; and having likewise in their mountainous habitations been used, in respect of the extreme cold of those regions, to clothe themselves with the skins of tigers, bears, and great hairy goats, that they have in those parts: when after they came down into the valley, and found the intolerable heats which are there, and knew no means of lighter apparel, they were forced to begin the custom of going naked, which continueth at this day.'

The most characteristic institution of the island is Solomon's House, or the College of the Six Days' Works, and Bacon's chief interest in the whole affair was in the description of this 'model of a college for the interpreting of nature and the producing of great and marvellous works for the benefit of men.' Amongst the 'riches of Solomon's House,' the first to be named are low-level and high-level observatories and experimental stations. The 'low region' is in caves or shafts sunk six hundred fathoms, some of them under great hills and mountains. The high-level ones are thus described:

'We have high towers; the highest about half a mile in height; and some of them likewise set upon high mountains; so that the vantage of the hill with the tower, is in the highest of them three miles at least. And these places we call the upper region: accounting the air between the high places and the low, as a middle region. We use these towers, according to their several heights and situations, for insolation, refrigeration, conservation, and for the view of divers meteors; as winds, rain, snow, hail, and some of the fiery meteors also. And upon them, in some places, are dwellings of hermits, whom we visit sometimes, and instruct what to observe.'

Solomon's House gave no hesitating approval to systematic vivisection:

'We have also parks and inclosures of all sorts of beasts and birds, which we use not only for view or rareness, but likewise for dissections and trials; that thereby we may take light what may be wrought upon the body of man. Wherein we find many strange effects; as continuing life in them, though divers parts, which you account vital, be perished, and taken forth; resuscitating of some that seem dead in appearance, and the like. We try also all poisons and other medicines upon them, as well of chirurgery as physic. By art likewise, we make them greater or taller than their kind is; and contrariwise dwarf them, and stay their growth: we make them more fruitful and bearing than their kind is; and contrariwise barren, and not generative.'

How far Bacon was from the truth as it is in modern science may be seen from other departments of the college, which abet spontaneous generation: 'We have also means to make divers plants rise by mixtures of earths without seeds; and likewise to make divers new plants differing from the vulgar; and to make one tree or plant turn into another. . . . We make a number of kinds of serpents, worms, flies, fishes of putrefaction; whereof some are advanced in effect to be perfect creatures like beasts or birds, and have sexes and do propagate.' The *New Atlantis* ends abruptly, after describing at some length several of the various departments of the college.

Bacon's adhesion to various anti-scientific maxims is also conspicuous in his *Sylva Sylvarum or Natural History*, where there is a chapter 'Of the insecta bred of putrefaction,' for example. Here too he prescribes experiments for the 'version and transmutation of air into water,' and others for the making of gold from silver or copper (quicksilver is useless for the purpose). 'The world hath been much abused by the opinion of making gold: the work itself I judge to be possible; but the means hitherto propounded to effect it are in the practice full of error and imposture, and in the theory full of unsound imagination.'

Confidence in the importance of his work is expressed in the following characteristic sentences (quoted from the translation of the *Novum Organum* prepared for Stebbing's edition):

I have made a beginning of the work—a beginning, as I hope, not unimportant:—the fortune of the human race will give the issue;—such an issue, it may be, as in the

present condition of things and men's minds cannot easily be conceived or imagined. For the matter in hand is no mere felicity of speculation, but the real business and fortunes of the human race, and all power of operation. For man is but the servant and interpreter of nature: what he does and what he knows is only what he has observed of nature's order in fact or in thought; beyond this he knows nothing and can do nothing. For the chain of causes cannot by any force be loosed or broken, nor can nature be commanded except by being obeyed. And so those twin objects, human Knowledge and human Power, do really meet in one; and it is from ignorance of causes that operation fails.

And all depends on keeping the eye steadily fixed upon the facts of nature and so receiving their images simply as they are. For God forbid that we should give out a dream of our own imagination for a pattern of the world; rather may he graciously grant to us to write an apocalypse or true vision of the footsteps of the Creator imprinted on his creatures.

Bacon's verses have a somewhat exceptional interest in view of the Bacon-Shakespeare propaganda. Two poems have often been printed as his on very doubtful authority. That beginning—

> The man of life upright
> Whose guiltless heart is free
> From all dishonest deeds,
> Or thought of vanity,

is now known to be Campion's. The other, included by Mr Palgrave in the *Golden Treasury*, is a translation or paraphrase of a Greek epigram of uncertain authorship. The paraphrase was ascribed to Bacon as early as 1629, three years after his death, and was accepted by Spedding as his. It is suggestive and metrical, and well worthy of a 'metaphysical poet,' but is hardly a triumphant poetical achievement, as may be seen from the first verse:

> The world 's a bubble and the life of man
> Less than a span;
> In his conception wretched, from the womb
> So to the tomb:
> Curst from the cradle and brought up to years
> With cares and fears.
> Who then to frail mortality shall trust
> But limns the water or but writes in dust.

But Bacon certainly executed a metrical *Translation of Certain Psalms*, seven in number; for he published them in his own name (1624), with a grateful dedication to his friend George Herbert. They are the only verses we can confidently say were written by the Lord Chancellor, and they give no very high idea of what he could do when he assumed his singing robes. The First Psalm is versified in this fashion:

> Who never gave to wicked reed — counsel
> A yielding and attentive ear;
> Who never sinners' paths did tread,
> Nor sat him down in scorner's chair,
> But maketh it his whole delight
> On law of God to meditate;
> And therein spendeth day and night:
> That man is in a happy state.

The Hundred and Forty-ninth is even less worthy of the author of such majestic prose, and as poetry is clearly below the ordinary level of Sternhold and Hopkins. The first verse runs:

> O sing a new song to our God above,
> Avoid prophane ones, 'tis for holy quire:
> Let Israel sing songs of holy love
> To him that made them, with their hearts on fire:
> Let Sion's sons lift up their voice and sing
> Carols and anthems to their heav'nly King.

Attempts have sometimes been made to extend portentously Bacon's literary bequest to posterity. From Delia Bacon's time (1857) to the present day the voice of the paradoxist has from time to time been heard proclaiming to an incredulous world the faith that Bacon is the author or joint-author of some or most or all of Shakespeare's plays. Because Shakespeare was not a really great actor and was regardless of his fame, because he did not publish his own plays, because the player was illiterate while the plays were learned, because the plays must have been written by the greatest man of that or all time, because Bacon was great enough to have written them, because of coincidences between Bacon's thought and the playwright's, because of cryptograms worked into the texture of the plays (Donnelly), because the more important of the plays fit exactly into gaps left by Bacon in the system of his prose works (Bormann)—for these and other reasons we are asked to believe this eccentric theory. Delia Bacon wrote the *Philosophy of the Plays of Shakespeare Unfolded* in 1857; Wyman published in 1884 (at Chicago) a *Bibliography of the Shakespeare-Bacon Controversy*, containing two hundred and fifty-five entries (seventy-three for the Bacon view); Donnelly's *Great Cryptogram* (1888) tried to prove that Bacon's cryptogram was found throughout Shakespeare. The same argument may of course be extended—and has been extended—to claim what is best in Marlowe, Burton, and even Montaigne for Bacon! – surely with the effect of a *reductio ad absurdum*. C. Stopes issued a pamphlet on the *Shakespeare-Bacon Question* in 1888, and another in 1889. Two notable German contributions were J. Schipper, *Zur Kritik der Shakespeare-Bacon Frage* (against, Vienna, 1889), and Edwin Bormann, *Das Shakespeare Geheimniss* (1894; trans. *The Shakespeare Secret*, 1896). The first Life of Bacon was by his 'learned chaplain,' William Rawley (c. 1588–1667); it appeared in 1657, and went into a second edition in 1661. The standard edition of Bacon's works is that of Spedding, Ellis, and Heath (14 vols. 1857–74), seven volumes of which are occupied by the apologetic *Life and Letters* by Mr Spedding. See also Macaulay's brilliant attack, the article in the *Dictionary of National Biography* by Dr S. R. Gardiner and Dr Fowler, Dean Church's monograph in the 'Men of Letters' series (1884), and the short Life by Dr Abbott (1885), with the *Life and Philosophy* by Professor Nichol (1890); and for the philosophy Kuno Fischer's monograph (trans. 1857) and Fowler's edition of the *Novum Organum* (1878).

Lancelot Andrewes (1555–1626), successively bishop of Chichester, Ely, and Winchester, and a privy-councillor, had the singular good fortune to enjoy the favour of three sovereigns, and his death was mourned by the youthful muse of Milton. Born at Barking, and bred at Merchant Taylors' and Pembroke Hall, Cambridge, he was at thirty-four Master of the Hall and prebendary of St Paul's, and was reputed next to Ussher the most learned divine of the day. In patristic learning he stood alone. By his defence of James against Bellarmine—James having written an apology for the new oath of allegiance—he secured the special favour of the king. He attended the Hampton Court Conference, and went with the king to Scotland in 1617 to try to persuade the Scots that episcopacy was better than presbytery. Andrewes was a strong High Churchman, and, like his protégé and friend Laud, attached importance to a high ritual: the Puritan Prynne describes with

open disgust the 'Popish furniture' of his private chapels both at Ely and at Winchester. Yet personally he was, unlike Laud, tolerant towards those who thought differently, and was revered for his devoutness by many strict Puritans. He was master of fifteen languages, was of sufficient depth in philosophy to be consulted by Bacon, and was almost equally noted for his charity, his munificence, and his wit. Dr Neale, Bishop of Durham, and Andrewes were standing behind the king's chair at dinner, when James suddenly turned to them and said, 'My lords, cannot I take my subjects' money when I want it, without all this formality in Parliament?' Neale replied, 'God forbid, sir, but you should; you are the breath of our nostrils.' The king then addressed Andrewes: 'Well, my lord, and what say you?' 'Sir,' replied Andrewes, 'I have no skill to judge of parliamentary cases.' The king answered, 'No puts-off, my lord; answer me presently.' 'Then, sir,' said he, 'I think it lawful for you to take my brother Neale's money, for he offers it.' He was accounted the greatest preacher of his time, 'the star of preachers,' 'an angel in the pulpit;' but to a taste moulded on the later and more flowing style of Jeremy Taylor and Tillotson, the power and impressiveness of his sermons and their wealth of matter and illustration are obscured by the abruptness of the transitions, the tags of Latin and Greek, and the extraordinary verbal conceits or puns—'If it be not Immanu-*el* it will be Immanu-*hell*;' 'Immanu-*el* and Immanu-*all*.' The following extract is a fair specimen:

Of Angels and Men.

Of the parties compared; angels and men, these two we must first compare, that we may the more clearely see the greatnesse of the grace and benefit, this day vouchsafed us. No long processe will need to lay before you how farre inferiour our nature is to that of the angels: it is a comparison without comparison. It is too apparant, if we be laid together or weighed together, we shall be found *minus habentes*, farre too light. They are in expresse termes said (both in the Old and in the New Testament) to excell us in power: and as in power, so in all the rest. This one thing may suffice to shew the oddes: that our nature; that we, when we are at our very highest perfection, it is even thus expressed that we come neare, or are therein like to, or as an angell. Perfect beautie, in Saint Stephen: they saw his face, as the face of an angell. Perfect wisdome in David: my lord the king is wise, as an angel of God. Perfect eloquence in Saint Paul: though I spake with the tongues of men, nay of angels. All our excellencie, our highest and most perfect estate, is but to be as they: therefore, they above us farre.

But to come nearer: What are angels? Surely they are spirits, glorious spirits, heavenly spirits, immortal spirits. For their nature or substance, spirits; for their quality or property, glorious; for their place or abode, heavenly; for their durance or continuance, immortall.

And what is the seed of Abraham, but as Abraham himselfe is? And what is Abraham? Let him answer himselfe: I am dust and ashes. What is the seed of Abraham? Let one answer in the persons of all the rest; *dicens putredini*, &c, saying to rottennesse, thou art my mother, and to the wormes, yee are my brethren.

1. They are spirits; now what are we, what is the seed of Abraham? Flesh. And what is the very harvest of this seed of flesh? What but corruption, and rottenness, and worms. There is the substance of our bodies.

2. They glorious spirits; we vile bodies (beare with it, it is the Holy Ghost's owne terme, Who shall change our vile bodies). And not only base and vile, but filthy and uncleane: *ex immundo conceptum semine*, conceived of unclean seed: there is the metall. And the mould is no better, the wombe wherein we were conceived, vile, base, filthy, and uncleane. There is our qualitie.

3. They heavenly spirits, angels of heaven: that is, their place of abode is in heaven above, ours is here below in the dust; *inter pulices, et culices, tineas, araneas, et vermes;* our place is here among fleas and flies, moths, and spiders, and crawling wormes. There is our place of dwelling.

4. They are immortal spirits; that is their durance. Our time is proclaimed in the prophet: Flesh, all flesh is grasse, and the glory of it as the floure of the field (from April to June). The sithe commeth; nay, the wind but bloweth, and we are gone, withering sooner than the grasse, which is short: nay, fading sooner than the floure of the grasse, which is much shorter: nay, saith Job, rubbed in peeces more easily than any moth.

This we are to them if you lay us together; and if you weigh us upon the ballance, we are altogether lighter than vanity itself: there is our weight. And if you value us, man is but a thing of nought: there is our worth. *Hoc est omnis homo;* this is Abraham, and this is Abraham's seed: and who would stand to compare these with angels? Verily, there is no comparison; they are, incomparably, farre better than the best of us.

Now then: this is the rule of reason, the guide of all choice, evermore to take the better and leave the worse. Thus would man doe; *hæc est lex hominis.* Here then commeth the matter of admiration: notwithstanding these things stand thus, betweene the angels and Abraham's seed: (they, spirits, glorious, heavenly, immortall;) yet tooke He not them; yet, in no wise, tooke He them; but the seed of Abraham. The seed of Abraham, with their bodies, vile bodies, earthly bodies of clay, bodies of mortalitie, corruption, and death: these Hee tooke, these Hee tooke for all that. Angels, and not men; so, in reason, it should be: men, and not angels; so it is: and, that granted to us, that denied to them. Granted to us, so base; that denied them, so glorious. Denied, and strongly denied; Οὐ οὐδέπω; not, not in any wise, not at any hand, to them. They, every way, in every thing else, above, and before us; in this, beneath and behinde us. And we (unworthy, wretched men that we are,) above and before the angels, the Cherubim, the Seraphim, and all the principalities, and thrones, in this dignitie. This being beyond the rules and reach of all reason, is surely matter of astonishment: Τοῦτο, &c. (saith Saint Chrysostome,) this, it casteth me into an extasie, and maketh me to imagine, of our nature, some great matter, I cannot well expresse what. Thus it is: it is the Lord, let Him doe what seemeth good in His owne eyes.

In his lifetime Andrewes published nothing but the Latin controversial works in defence of the king's views. In 1628 ninety-six sermons were published from his MSS. by King Charles's command, Laud being one of the editors. Even more memorable were the *Manual of Private Devotions*, *Manual of Directions for the Sick*, and *Prayer for the Holy Communion*, translated by Drake

(1648) from Andrewes's Greek and Latin original. The *Devotions* is the most famous, though meant by Andrewes solely for his own use. The first part of it is in Greek, the second in Latin; and in whole or in part has been repeatedly translated (as by Stanhope and Horne in the eighteenth century, and since by Neale, Cardinal Newman, Venables, and Whyte), and has been found of great profit by all schools of Christians. Cardinal Newman's translation of the first part appeared in the *Tracts for the Times*. See the Lives of Andrewes by A. T. Russell (1863) and R. L. Ottley (1894), and Dr Alexander Whyte's edition of the *Devotions* (1900).

John Davis (1550?–1605), of Sandridge, near Dartmouth, always spelt his name Davys, and must not be confounded with another navigator, later and less interesting, John Davis of Limehouse (d. 1622). Davys of Sandridge was one of the most distinguished among the intrepid navigators of Queen Elizabeth's reign whose adventures are given by Hakluyt. In 1585 and the two following years he made three voyages to the Arctic Seas in search of a north-west passage to China, and on his third voyage, in a bark of twenty tons, discovered the strait to which his name (in the spelling Davis) has ever since been applied. In 1595 he himself published a small and now exceedingly rare volume, entitled *The Worldes Hydrographical Discription*, 'wherein,' as we are told in the title-page, 'is proved not onely by aucthoritie of writers, but also by late experience of travellers, and reasons of substantiall probabilitie, that the worlde in all his zones, clymats, and places, is habitable and inhabited, and the seas likewise universally navigable, without any naturall anoyance to hinder the same; whereby appeares that from England there is a short and speedie passage into the South Seas to China, Molucca, Phillipina, and India, by northerly navigation, to the renowne, honour, and benefit of her majesties state and communalty.' In corroboration of these positions he gives a short narrative of his voyages, which, notwithstanding their unsuccess, seem to him to show that America is an island, and that a north-west passage exists. Davis next made two ill-fated voyages to the South Seas, and as pilot of a Dutch vessel bound to the East Indies. In his last voyage as pilot of an English ship of 240 tons he was killed in a desperate encounter with Japanese pirates. Besides his chief work, he wrote a very successful treatise on navigation, *The Seaman's Secrets*. Both were edited in 1878 for the Hakluyt Society by Captain A. H. Markham.

In Search of the North-west Passage.

In my first voyage not experienced of the nature of those climates, and having no direction either by Chart, Globe, or other certaine relation in what altitude that passage was to be searched, I shaped a Northerly course, and so sought the same towards the South, and in that my Northerly course I fell upon the shore which in ancient time was called Groenland, five hundred leagues distant from the Durseys, West north west Northerly, the land being very high and full of mightie mountaines all covered with snowe, no viewe of wood, grasse, or earth to be seene, and the shore two leagues off into the sea so full of yce as that no shipping cold by any meanes come neere the same. The lothsome vewe of the shore, and irksome noyse of the yce was such that it bred strange conceites among us, so that we supposed the place to be wast and voyd of any sensible or vegitable creatures, whereupon I called the same Desolation; so coasting this shore towardes the South in the latitude of sixtie degrees, I found it to trend towardes the west. I still followed the leading therof in the same height, and after fiftie or sixtie leagues it fayled and lay directly north, which I still followed, and in thirtie leagues sayling upon the West side of this coast by me named Desolation, we were past all the yce and found many greene and pleasant Isles bordering upon the shore, but the mountaines of the maine were still covered with great quantities of snowe. I brought my shippe among those Isles, and there moored to refreshe our selves in our wearie travell, in the latitude of sixtie foure degrees or there about. The people of the countrey having espyed our shippes came downe unto us in their Canoas, holding up their right hand to the Sunne and crying Yliaout, would strike their breasts; we doing the like, the people came aboard our shippes, men of good stature, unbearded, small eyed and of tractable conditions; by whome, as signes would permit, we understoode that towardes the North and West there was a great sea, and using the people with kindenese in giving them nayles and knives which of all things they most desired, we departed, and finding the sea free from yce, supposing our selves to be past al daunger, we shaped our course West northwest, thinking thereby to passe for China, but in the latitude of sixtie sixe degrees, wee fell with an other shore, and there founde an other passage of 20 leagues broad directly West into the same, which we supposed to bee our hoped straight. We entered into the same thirtie or fortie leagues, finding it neither to wyden nor straighten; then, considering that the yeere was spent, for this was in the fine of August, and not knowing the length of this straight and dangers thereof, we tooke it our best course to returne with notice of our good successe for this small time of search. And so retourning in a sharpe fret of Westerly windes, the 29 of September we arrived at Dartmouth. And acquainting master Secretary with the rest of the honorable and worshipfull adventurers of all our proceedings, I was appointed againe the seconde yeere to search the bottome of this straight, because by all likelihood it was the place and passage by us laboured for.

In this second attempt the marchants of Exeter and other places of the West became adventurers in the action, so that, being sufficiently furnished for sixe moneths, and having direction to search these straights until we found the same to fall into an other sea upon the West side of this part of America, we should againe returne, for then it was not to be doubted but shipping with trade might safely bee conveied to China and the parts of Asia. We departed from Dartmouth, and arriving unto the south part of the coast of Desolation, coasted the same upon his west shore to the latitude of sixetie sixe degrees, and there ancored among the Isles bordering upon the same, where wee refreshed our selves. The people of this place came likewise unto us, by whom I understood through their signes that towardes the North the sea was large.

At this place the chiefe ship whereupon I trusted, called the Mermayd of Dartmouth, found many occasions of discontentment, and being unwilling to proceed shee there forsook me. Then considering how I had given my faith and most constant promise to my worshipfull

good friend master William Sanderson, who of all men was the greatest adventurer in that action, and tooke such care for the perfourmance theerof that he hath to my knowledge at one time disbursed as much money as any five others whatsoever out of his owne purse, when some of the companie have been slacke in giving in their adventure. And also knowing that I should loose the favour of M. Secretary Walsingham if I should shrink from his direction, in one small barke of 30 Tunnes whereof master Sanderson was owner, alone without farther comfort or company I proceeded on my voyage, and arriving at these straights followed the same eightie leagues, until I came among many Islands, where the water did ebbe and flowe sixe fadome up right, and where there had bene great trade of people to make traine. But by such thinges as there we found wee knew that they were not Christians of Europe that had used that trade; in fine, by searching with our boat we found small hope to passe any farther that way, and therefore retourning agayne recovered the sea and coasted the shore towards the South, and in so doing (for it was to late to search towardes the North) wee found another great inlet neere fortie leagues broad where the water entered in with violent swiftnesse. This we likewise thought might be a passage, for no doubt the North partes of America are all Islands by ought that I could perceive therein: but because I was alone in a small barke of thirtie tunnes and the yeere spent, I entred not into the same, for it was now the seventh of September, but coasting the shore towardes the South wee saw an incredible number of birds. Having divers fishermen aboord our barke they all concluded that there was a great skull of fish. We being unprovided of fishing furniture, with a long spike nayle made a hooke, and fastening the same to one of our sounding lines, before the bait was changed we tooke more than fortie great Cods, the fishe swimming so aboundantly thicke about our barke as is incredible to bee reported, of which with a small portion of salt that we had wee preserved some thirtie couple or thereabouts, and so returned for England. And having reported to M. Secretarie Walsingham the whole successe of this attempt, hee commanded me to present unto the most honourable Lorde high Treasurour of England some part of that fish: which when his Lordship saw and hearde at large the relation of this second attempt, I received favourable countenance from his honour, advising mee to prosecute the action, of which his Lordship conceived a very good opinion. The next yere, although divers of the adventurers fell from the action, as all the Westerne Marchants and most of those in London, yet some of the adventurers both honourable and worshipfull continued their willing favour and charge, so that by this meanes the next yere two shippes were appointed for the fishing and one pinnesse for the discoverie.

Departing from Dartmouth, through Gods mercifull favour I arrived at the place of fishing and there according to my direction I left the two ships to follow that busines, taking their faithful promise not to depart untill my returne unto them, which shoulde be in the fine of August, and so in the barke I proceeded for the discoverie: but after my departure in sixteene dayes the shippes had finished their voyage, and so presently departed for England, without regard of their promise. My selfe, not distrusting any such hard measure, proceeded for the discoverie and followed my course in the free and open sea betweene North and North west, to the latitude of 67 degrees, and there I might see America west from me, and Desolation east; then when I saw the land of both sides, I began to distrust that it would proove but a gulfe. Notwithstanding, desirous to knowe the full certainty, I proceeded, and in 68 degrees the passage enlarged, so that I could not see the westerne shore; thus I continued to the latitude of 73 degrees in a great sea, free from yce, coasting the westerne shore of Desolation. The people came continually rowing out unto me in their Canoes, twenty, forty, and one hundred at a time, and would give me fishes dryed, Salmon, Salmon peale, Cod, Caplin, Lumpe, Stonebase, and such like, besides divers kindes of birds, as Partrige, Fesant, Guls, Sea birds, and other kindes of flesh. I still laboured by signes to knowe from them what they knew of any sea towards the North; they still made signes of a great sea as we understood them; then I departed from that coast, thinking to discover the North parts of America. And after I had sayled towards the west 40 leagues I fel upon a great banke of yce; the winde being North and blew much, I was constrained to coast the same toward the South, not seeing any shore West from me, neither was there any yce towards the North, but a great sea, free, large, very salt and blew, and of an unsearcheable depth. So coasting towards the South I came to the place where I left the ships to fish, but found them not. Then being forsaken and left in this distresse, referring my selfe to the mercifull providence of God, I shaped my course for England, and unhoped for of any, God alone releeving me, I arrived at Dartmouth. By this last discoverie it seemed most manifest that the passage was free and without impediment toward the North, but by reason of the Spanish fleete and unfortunate time of M. Secretaries death, the voyage was omitted and never sithins attempted.

Dursey Island and rocks are off the south-west coast of Ireland; '*Yliaout*,' according to Davis's own Eskimo vocabulary, is 'I meane no harm;' *traine*, train-oil; *skull of fish*, school; the *capelin* is a small fish like a smelt, the *lumpe* is the lump-fish, the *stonebase* the black bass; the partridges and pheasants were presumably ptarmigan.

Sir John Harington, or HARRINGTON (1561–1612), translator of Ariosto, and son of the John Harington already noticed (page 264), was a courtier of Elizabeth, and godson of the queen. He was born at Kelston, near Bath; from Eton passed in 1578 to Christ's College, Cambridge; and in 1599 served in Ireland under Essex, by whom, much to the queen's displeasure, he was knighted on the field. His *Short View of the State of Ireland* (first published in 1880) is modern in tone and much kindlier to the Irish people than was usual. He wrote a collection of epigrams, some Rabelaisian pamphlets, and a *Brief View of the Church*, in which he reprobates the marriage of bishops. His Ariosto (1591), in the measure of the original, is a paraphrase rather than a translation, and is easy rather than admirable. Some of his epigrams are pointed and some of them coarse. The first book of the *Orlando Furioso* (i.e. Roland Distraught) thus opens:

Of Dames, of Knights, of armes, of loves delight,
Of courtesies, of high attempts I speake,
Then when the Moores transported all their might
On Africke seas, the force of France to break:

Incited by the youthfull heate and spight
Of Agramant their King that vow'd to wreake
The death of King Trayano (lately slaine)
Upon the Romane Emperour Charlemaine.

I will no lesse Orlandos acts declare,
(A tale in prose ne verse yet sung or said,)
Who fell bestraught with love, a hap most rare,
To one that erst was counted wise and stayd:
If my sweet Saint that causeth my like care,
My slender muse afford some gracious ayd,
I make no doubt but I shall have the skill.
As much as I have promist to fulfill.

And this is how, in the last stanza of the poem (in forty-six books), Rogero kills fierce Rodomount:

And lifting his victorious hand on hie,
In that Turks face he stabd his dagger twise
Up to the hilts, and quickly made him die,
And rid himselfe of trouble in a trice:
Downe to the lake, where damned ghosts do lie,
Sunke his disdainfull soule, now cold as ise,
Blaspheming as it went, and cursing lowd,
That was on earth so loftie and so proud.

Of Treason.

Treason doth never prosper: what 's the reason?
For if it prosper, none dare call it Treason.

Of Fortune.

Fortune, men say, doth give too much to many,
But yet she never gave enough to any.

Against Writers that Carp at other Men's Books.

The Readers and the Hearers like my books,
But yet some Writers cannot them digest;
But what care I? for when I make a feast,
I would my Guests should praise it, not the Cooks.

Of a Precise Taylor.

A Taylor, thought a man of upright dealing,
True but for lying, honest but for stealing,
Did fall one day extreamly sick by chance,
And on the sudden was in wondrous trance;
The Fiends of hell mustring in fearful manner,
Of sundry coloured silkes displayed a banner
Which he had stolne, and wisht, as they did tell,
That he might find it all one day in hell.
The man, affrighted with this apparition,
Upon recovery grew a great Precisian:
He bought a Bible of the best translation,
And in his life he shewed great reformation;
He walked mannerly, he talked meekly,
He heard three lectures and two sermons weekely;
He vowed to shunne all companies unruly,
And in his speech he used no oath but Truly;
And zealously to keepe the Sabboth's rest,
His meat for that day on the ev'n was drest;
And least the custome which he had to steale
Might cause him sometimes to forget his zeale,
He gives his journyman a speciall charge,
That if the stuffe allowed fell out too large,
And that to filch his fingers were inclined,
He then should put the Banner in his minde.
This done (I scant can tell the rest for laughter)
A Captaine of a ship came three daies after,
And brought three yards of velvet and three-quarters,
To make Venetians downe below the garters.
He that precisely knew what was enuffe,
Soon slipt away three-quarters of the stuffe;
His man, espying it, said in derision:
'Remember, master, how you saw the vision!'
'Peace, knave!' quoth he; 'I did not see one ragge
Of such a coloured silke in all the flagge.'

The *Nugæ Antiquæ*, from his papers, published in 1769 by a descendant, are far from being mere trifles. They are an *olla podrida* containing things of very various interest and importance—many letters of Sir John Cheke; letters and poems by the elder Harington; letters, verses, and translations by Queen Elizabeth; and poems by many hands. Among Sir John Harington's own contributions is a detailed record of his experiences and observations during the marchings, fightings, and parleyings of Essex's forces in Ireland; a long account of Queen Elizabeth's last illness; and an amazing description of a pageant at the court of James I., which turned out a series of lamentable fiascos because of the shamefully drunken condition of the royal guest, King Christian of Denmark; of the court ladies and gentlemen; and of the players, Faith, Hope, Charity, and Peace. There is also a delightfully incredible story of the preternatural sagacity of a seventeenth-century dog in a letter from its proud master to Prince Henry. This besides a series of lives of exemplary bishops of the Church of England from the same industrious pen.

The following extract from Harington's account of an interview with Hugh O'Neill, Earl of Tyrone, during a 'cessation' in the fighting (when he had professed penitence and promised to renounce the title of O'Neill) shows the redoubtable arch-rebel and leader of the wild Irishry in an unusual light and quite an attractive character:

But staying at Dundalk till the 15th of this month, and no news certain of the earl's coming, I went to see the Newry, and from thence to Darlingford by the narrow water, and was hindred by waters that I could not come back to Sir William Warren before his first meeting with the Earl Tyrone, which was on the 17th day; [at] what time how far they proceeded I know not, but it appeard that the earl was left in good dysposition, because he kept his hour so well the next morning: and, as I found after, Sir William had told him of me, and given such a report of me above my desert, that next day when I came the earl used far greater respect to me than I expected; and began debasing his own manner of hard life, comparing himself to wolves that fill their bellies sometime and fast as long for it; then excused himself to me that he could no better call to mind myself, and some of my friends that had done him some courtesy in England, and been oft in his company at my Lord of Ormond's; saying these troubles had made him forget almost all his friends.

After this he fell to private communication with Sir William, to the effecting of the matters begun the day before; to which I thought it not fit to intrude myself, but took occasion the while to entertain his two sons, by posing them in their learning and their tutors, which

Fryar Nangle, a Franciscan, and a younger
hose name I know not; and finding the two
of good towardly spirit, their age between
nd fifteen, in English cloths like a nobleman's
:h velvet gerkins and gold lace; of a good
ıspect, freckle-faced, not tall of stature, but
d well set; both of them [learning] the English
I gave them (not without the advice of Sir
Warren) my English translation of 'Ariosto,'
ot at Dublin; which their teachers took very
, and soon after shewed it the earl, who call'd
openly and would needs hear some part of
I turn'd (as it had been by chance) to the
of the 45th canto—

how much higher Fortune doth erect
lyming wight, on her unstable wheele,
ı the nigher may a man expect
e his head where late he saw his heele:
ıer side, the more man is oppressed,
ıtterly ov'rthrowne by Fortune's lowre;
ıner comes his state to be redressed,
ı wheele shal turne and bring the happy houre—

other passages of the book, which he seemed
well, that he solemnly swore his boys should
ıe book over to him.
hey fell to communication again, and calling
n, the earl said that I should witness and tell
Lieutenant, how against all his confederates'
William had drawn him to a longer cessation,
would never have agreed to, but in confidence
l's honourable dealing with him; for, saith he,
ny harvest time, now have my men their six
/ afore-hand, that they have nothing to do but
l if I omit this opportunity, and you shall pre-
ıvade me the mean time, I may be condemned

ıe pretty thing I noted, that the paper being
him to sign, and his signing it with O'Neal,
ım (though with very great difficulty) made him
ite it, and subscribe, Hugh Tyrone. Then we
fasts with him, and at his meat he was very
d it was my hap to thwart one of his priests
ument, to which he gave reasonable good ear
approbation. He drank to my lord's health,
me tell him he loved him, and acknowledged
ion had been very honourably kept. He made
solemn protestation that he was not ambitious,
ıt only safety of his life and freedom of his
', without which he would not live, though the
uld give him Ireland.

am on carping writers is in the metre of *In Memoriam*,
ıblished half a century before the poems in the same
ord Herbert of Cherbury. There is a Life of Harington
ients Markham in the Roxburghe Club edition (1880) of
tract on James's right to succeed Elizabeth.

Henry Wotton—famed less as a poet a diplomatist and man of the world in
ns of Elizabeth and James I.—was born
ncestral seat, Boughton Place, Maidstone,
rch 1568. After receiving his education at
ter and New and Queen's Colleges, Oxford,
: became the intimate of Donne, he spent
's 1588–95 on the Continent — Bavaria,
Italy, Switzerland, and France — and
: acquaintance of Beza and Casaubon. He
then attached himself to the service of the Earl of Essex, the favourite of Elizabeth, but on his friend's fall from favour withdrew to France and Italy. Having gained the friendship of King James of Scotland, when sent by the Duke of Florence to warn him of a plot to poison him, he was employed by James, on his ascending the English throne, as ambassador to Venice. A versatile and lively mind qualified Sir Henry in an eminent degree for this situation, of the duties of which we have his own idea in his well-known definition of an ambassador as 'an honest man sent to *lie* abroad for the good of his country.' This was originally written in Latin in a friend's album in Germany (though one would think it must have been conceived in English, the pun being essentially English); the publication of it by the scurrilous controversialist Scioppius lost him the king's favour for a time. But he was employed as ambassador at Venice in 1604–19 and 1621–24. A mission to Vienna (1620) was with the hopeless attempt of making the policy of James I. seem dignified in respect of the deadly struggle begun between his son-in-law, the Elector Palatine, elected King of Bohemia, and the emperor: James I.'s cheap efforts at mediation were scouted by the emperor. At Venice, Wotton was the friend of scholars like Paolo Sarpi, a connoisseur in all matters of art, a collector of pictures, a bountiful, public-spirited, popular, and hospitable ambassador. A sudden change of court favour lost him the Venetian embassy; his salary was in arrears, he was deep in debt, and without income or appointment, when by the mediation of Prince Charles he was made Provost of Eton (1624), having just before published *The Elements of Architecture*. To qualify himself fully he took deacon's orders; and it was not without regretful longings for the great world he had left that he settled down to his duties at Eton, where he died in December 1639, in the seventy-second year of his age. While resident abroad, he embodied the result of his inquiries into political affairs in a work called *The State of Christendom; or a most Exact and Curious Discovery of many Secret Passages and Hidden Mysteries of the Times*. This, however, was not printed till eighteen years after his death, like his Life of Buckingham and his 'parallel' between Essex and Buckingham. His writings were published in 1651, under the title of *Reliquiæ Wottonianæ*, prefaced by Izaak Walton's exquisite biography in miniature. Dr Hannah says none of his pieces has been traced to an earlier date than 1602, but about 1586 he wrote a lost tragedy, *Tancredo*. He was a scholar and patron of men of letters, and his enthusiastic commendation of Milton's *Comus*—a copy of which the poet had sent to him — stands to his credit. Sir Henry was an easy, amiable man, an angler, and an 'undervaluer of money,' as Walton, who used to fish and converse with him, says. Two of his poems are specially well known to lovers of seventeenth-century verse:

The Character of a Happy Life (c. 1614).

How happy is he born and taught
That serveth not another's will;
Whose armour is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill.

Whose passions not his masters are;
Whose soul is still prepar'd for death,
Unti'd unto the World by care
Of publick fame or private breath.

Who envies none that chance doth raise,
Nor vice hath ever understood;
How deepest wounds are given by praise,
Nor rules of State, but rules of good.

Who hath his life from rumours freed;
Whose conscience is his strong retreat;
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
Nor ruine make Oppressors great.

Who God doth late and early pray
More of his grace then gifts to lend;
And entertains the harmless day
With a Religious Book or Friend.

This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise or fear to fall:
Lord of himself, though not of Lands,
And, having nothing, yet hath all.

On his Mistress, the Queen of Bohemia (c. 1620).

You meaner Beauties of the Night,
That poorly satisfie our Eyes
More by your number than your light,
You Common people of the Skies;
What are you when the Sun shall rise?

You curious Chanters of the Wood,
That warble forth Dame Nature's lays,
Thinking your Voices understood
By your weak accents; what 's your praise,
When Philomel her voice shall raise?

You Violets that first appear,
By your pure purple mantles known
Like the proud Virgins of the year,
As if the Spring were all your own;
What are you when the Rose is blown?

So, when my Mistriss shall be seen
In Form and Beauty of her mind,
By Vertue first, then Choice, a Queen,
Tell me if she were not designed
Th' Eclipse and Glory of her kind?

The last-quoted poem has been not unjustly described as an imperishable lyric. Other poems often cited are 'On a bank as I sate a-fishing,' 'Tears at the Grave of Sir Albertus Morton,' and the couplet on the death of the latter's wife:

He first deceas'd; she for a little tri'd
To live without him: lik'd it not, and di'd.

His prose is perhaps hardly worthy of his varied powers; he began many things, and finished too few, being fastidious. But almost all his prose—though it is unequal in style, and some laboriously worded passages contain little better than commonplace—is enlivened by happy strokes of wit and real humour, quaint conceits (sometimes passing into artificiality), apt allusions, and the wisdom of a man of the world. Amongst his prose pieces are a *Survey of Education* (unfinished), a tedious panegyric of Charles I., 'characters,' and aphorisms on education. Characteristic was his advice to Milton, when he went to Italy, to 'keep his thoughts close, and his countenance loose,' and his recommendation to a young diplomatist 'that to be in safety himself and serviceable to his country' he should always speak the truth: 'and by this means, your truth will secure yourself, if you shall ever be called to any account; and 'twill also put your Adversaries (who will still hunt counter) to a loss in all their disquisitions and undertakings.' Other famous sayings of his are that at Hastings 'the English would not run away and the Normans could not;' 'All that went for good and bad in Caesar was clearly his own;' 'Great deservers do grow intolerable presumers;' and that 'hanging was the worst use a man could be put to.'

Besides the Life by Walton prefixed to the *Reliquiæ Wottonianæ*, there is 'a biographical sketch' by A. W. Ward (new ed. 1900). Dyce edited his poems in 1843, and Hannah in 1845, 1864, and 1875.

Sir John Davies (1569–1626), lawyer, statesman, and poet, of good Wiltshire family, studied at Queen's College, Oxford. Between 1594 and 1596, while a student of the Middle Temple, he published *Orchestra, or a Poem of Dancing, in a Dialogue between Penelope and one of her Wooers*, in which he represents Penelope as declining to dance with Antinous; whereon Antinous lectures her upon the antiquity and universality of that elegant exercise, whose merits are described in verses partaking of the flexibility and grace of the subject. This 'sudden rash half-capreol of his wit,' as he called it, is in a seven-line stanza, obviously imitating Spenser, and is a harmonious poem in the conceit that natural phenomena have rhythmical motions and may be said to dance. The following is a fairly representative passage:

And now behold your tender nurse, the Ayre,
And common neighbour, that aye runns around,
How many pictures and impressions faire
Within her empty regions are there found,
Which to your sences dauncing do propound; senses
For what are breath, speech, ecchoes, musicke, winds,
But dauncings of the ayre in sundry kinds?

For when you breath, the ayre in order moves,
Now in, now out, in time and measure trew;
And when you speake, so well she dauncing loves,
That doubling oft, and oft redoubling new,
With thousand formes she doth herselfe endew:
For all the words that from our lips repaire,
Are nought but tricks and turnings of the ayre.

Hence is her pratling daughter, Eccho, borne,
That daunces to all voyces she can heare:
There is no sound so harsh that shee doth scorne,
Nor any time wherein shee will forbeare
The ayrie pavement with her feet to weare:

l yet her hearing sence is nothing quick,
after time she endeth every trick.

a, sweet Musicke, dauncing's onely life,
ire's sole happinesse, the ayre's best speach,
ie of fellowship, charming rod of strife,
)ft mind's Paradice, the sicke mind's leach,
:hine own tong thou trees and stones canst teach,
t when the aire doth dance her finest measure,
n art thou born, the gods' and men's sweet
pleasure.

vhere keepe the Winds their revelry,
violent turnings, and wild whirling hayes,
ie ayre's tralucent gallery? translucent
: shee herselfe is turnd a hundreth wayes,
with those maskers wantonly she playes:
in this misrule, they such rule embrace,
:wo at once encomber not the place.

. . . . . .

ince the hay' is to dance in a ring.
ations of thoughts in more than one modern
iave been found in the verses on the tides
sely follow:

the Sea that fleets about the Land,
ke a girdle clips her solide waist,
and measure both doth understand:
s great chrystall eye is alwayes cast
the Moone, and on her fixed fast:
as she daunceth in her pallid spheere
launceth he about the center heere.

es his proud greene waves in order set,
ter other flow into the shore,
hen they have with many kisses wet,
:bbe away in order as before;
) make knowne his courtly love the more,
)ft doth lay aside his three-forkt mace,
with his armes the timorous earth embrace.

poem on dancing is said to have been
in fifteen days. It was published in 1596;
same year he showed a temper other than
by breaking his stick over the head of a
emplar who had provoked him by mistimed
—oddly enough the same wit to whom he
icated his *Orchestra*. Davies was promptly
d, and was not readmitted till after ample
:s in 1601. His next venture was a new
re for the gay but chastened wit — his
Nosce Teipsum, or Poem on the Immor-
f the Soul, which, first published in 1599,
:hrough four other editions in the author's

Davies accompanied the commissioners
)ught to James VI. of Scotland the official
:ement of Queen Elizabeth's death (not the
l Sir Robert Carey on his headlong ride);
mes at once took the author of *Nosce*
t into high favour. It was at this time that
:rote to Davies the letter begging him to use
rest with the king in favour of concealed
vhatever the term may have meant—of
the Bacon-Shakespeare faction make so
James made Davies Solicitor-General and
y-General for Ireland, and knighted him;
been Speaker of the Irish Parliament, and
shown great zeal in the plantation of Ulster, he returned to English law practice, sat for Newcastle in the House of Commons, and was King's Sergeant and newly appointed Chief-Justice at his death.

Davies, especially in *Nosce Teipsum*, represents, like Donne, a complete revolt against the love-lyrics and pastorals of the earlier Elizabethans, but has most in common with the didactic poet Fulke Greville, Sidney's friend, who had more of the stuff of poetry within him than Davies. *Nosce Teipsum* deals with subjects of profound interest in a philosophical rather than a poetical temper; many of the best passages are eloquent; the plan is compact, and the argument logical. Campbell said: 'In the happier parts of his poem we come to logical truths so well illustrated by ingenious similes, that we know not whether to call the thoughts more poetically or philosophically just. The judgment and fancy are reconciled, and the imagery of the poem seems to start more vividly from the surrounding shades of abstraction.' The versification of the poem (long quatrains) was afterwards copied by D'Avenant and Dryden, and used by Gray in the *Elegy*. Hallam said there was hardly a languid verse; but there are few passages that have as much claim to be called poetry as these reasons for the soul's immortality:

All moving things to other things doe move
Of the same kind, which shews their nature such;
So earth falls downe, and fire doth mount above,
Till both their proper elements doe touch.

And as the moysture which the thirstie earth
Suckes from the sea to fill her empty veins,
From out her wombe at last doth take a birth,
And runs a nymph along the grassie plaines;

Long doth shee stay, as loth to leave the land,
From whose soft side she first did issue make;
Shee tastes all places, turnes to every hand,
Her flowry bankes unwilling to forsake.

Yet nature so her streames doth lead and carry
As that her course doth make no finall stay,
Till she herselfe unto the sea doth marry,
Within whose watry bosome first she lay.

E'en so the soule, which in this earthly mold
The Spirit of God doth secretly infuse,
Because at first she doth the earth behold,
And onely this materiall world she viewes.

At first her mother-earth she holdeth deare,
And doth embrace the world and worldly things;
She flies close by the ground, and hovers here,
And mounts not up with her celestiall wings:

Yet under heaven she cannot light on ought
That with her heavenly nature doth agree;
She cannot rest, she cannot fix her thought,
She cannot in this world contented bee.

For who did ever yet, in honour, wealth,
Or pleasure of the sense, contentment find?
Who ever ceasd to wish when he had health,
Or having wisdome was not vext in mind?

Then as a bee which among weeds doth fall,
Which seeme sweet flowers, with lustre fresh and gay,

She lights on that, and this, and tasteth all,
But, pleasd with none, doth rise and soare away.

So, when the soule finds here no true content,
And, like Noah's dove, can no sure footing take,
She doth returne from whence she first was sent,
And flies to him that first her wings did make.

Davies also wrote a series of *Hymns to Astræa* in acrostics to the glory of ELISA BETHA REGINA, and some of his shorter poems were printed in Davison's *Rapsody* and other collections. He wrote in prose on law subjects and the state of Ireland, and edited in the Norman-French still current a collection of *Cases et matters in Ley resolues and adjudjes en les Courts del Roy en cest Realme* [i.e. Ireland]. His wife, Lady Eleanor Davies, also a poetess, turned prophetess on the strength of the anagram on her name, *Reveal O Daniel*, and was not cured by the counter-anagram of the witty Dean of Arches, *Never so mad a ladie!* Sir John's works were printed by Grosart in the 'Fuller Worthies' (3 vols. 1869–76): the complete poems in the 'Old English Poets' (2 vols. 1876).

John Davies of Hereford (1565?–1618), poet, was of Welsh descent, and is sometimes spoken of as the Welsh poet. He became famous as a writing-master, and practised this profession in Oxford and London. But he found time to write a vast number (too great!) of poems, longer and shorter, on sacred, philosophical, and other themes, eclogues, elegies, and eulogies, for the most part in a very tedious manner. *Mirum in Modum* discusses in verse God's glory and the soul's shape; *Microcosmus* deals with psychology. Some of his sonnets are good, and there was a noted poem on *The Picture of an Happy Man*, full of antitheses of the nature of solemn puns, and beginning thus:

How *blest* is he though ever *crost*
that can all *Crosses Blessings* make;
That *findes* himself ere he be *lost*,
and *lose* that *found* for Vertues sake.

Yea *blest* is he in *life* and *death*,
that *feares* not *Death* nor *loves* this *Life*;
That sets his *Will* his *wit* beneath,
and hath continuall *peace* in *strife*. . . .

and ends:

This Man is *great* with *little* state,
Lord of the *World* epitomiz'd,
Who with staid *Front* outfaces *Fate*,
and being *emptie* is *suffic'd*,
Or is suffic'd with little, sith at least
He makes his *Conscience* a continuall *Feast*.

His poems fill two large quarto volumes of Dr Alexander B. Grosart's 'Chertsey Worthies Library' (1873).

Sir Robert Carey, or CARY, first Earl of Monmouth (c.1560–1639), wrote one of the earliest autobiographies in the language. Tenth son of Lord Hunsdon, he served upon several embassies, fought by land and sea, was a warden of the Border marches, was knighted by Essex in 1591, and became Baron of Leppington in 1622, Earl of Monmouth in 1626. His interesting *Memoirs* were edited by the Earl of Cork and Orrery in 1759, and by Scott in 1808. In 1589 Carey walked for a wager from London to Berwick (342 miles) in twelve days, and won £2000; in March 1603 he rode from near London to Edinburgh in about sixty hours, to bring the news of Queen Elizabeth's death to James VI., in direct defiance of the orders of the Government, who were preparing to despatch a dignified and formal commission, which arrived two days after Carey (see page 395).

A Scottish Raider.

There was a favourite of Sir Robert Car's, a great thief, called Geordie Bourne. This gallant, with some of his associates, would in a bravery come and take goods in the East March. I had that night some of the garrison abroad. They met with this Geordie and his fellows, driving of cattle before them. The garrison set upon them, and with a shot killed Geordie Bourne's uncle, and he himself, bravely resisting, till he was sore hurt in the head, was taken. After he was taken, his pride was such as he asked who it was that durst avow that night's work? But when he heard it was the garrison, he was then more quiet. But so powerful and awful was this Sir Robert Car and his favourites, as there was not a gentleman in all the East March that durst offend them. Presently after he was taken, I had most of the gentlemen of the March come to me, and told me that now I had the ball at my foot, and might bring Sir Robert Car to what condition I pleased; for that this man's life was so near and dear unto him, as I should have all that my heart could desire for the good and quiet of the country and myself, if upon any condition I would give him his life. I heard them and their reasons; notwithstanding, I called a jury the next morning, and he was found guilty of March-treason. Then they feared that I would cause him to be executed that afternoon, which made them come flocking to me, humbly intreating me that I would spare his life till the next day: and if Sir Robert Car came not himself to me, and made me not such proffers as I could not but accept, that then I should do with him what I pleased. And further, they told me plainly that if I should execute him before I had heard from Sir Robert Car, they must be forced to quit their houses and fly the country; for his fury would be such against me and the March I commanded, as he would use all his power and strength to the utter destruction of the East March. They were so earnest with me that I gave them my word he should not die that day. There was post upon post sent to Sir Robert Car; and some of them rode to him themselves to advertise him in what danger Geordie Bourne was: how he was condemned, and should have been executed that afternoon, but by their humble suit I gave them my word that he should not die that day; and therefore besought him that he would send to me with all the speed he could, to let me know that he would be the next day with me, to offer me good conditions for the safety of his life. When all things were quiet, and the watch set at night, after supper, about ten of the clock, I took one of my men's liveries, and put it about me, and took two other of my servants with me in their liveries, and we three, as the Warden's men, came to the Provost Marshal's, where Bourne was, and were let into his chamber. We sat down by him, and told him that we were desirous to see him, because we heard he was stout and valiant, and true to his friend; and that we were sorry our master could not be moved to save his life. He voluntarily of himself said, that he had lived long enough to do so many villanies as he had done; and withal told us that he had lain with above forty men's wives, what in England, what in Scotland; and that

e had killed seven Englishmen with his own hands, ruelly murdering them: that he had spent his whole me in whoring, drinking, stealing, and taking deep evenge for slight offences. He seemed to be very enitent, and much desired a minister for the comfort f his soul. We promised him to let our master know is desire, who, we knew, would presently grant it. Ve took our leaves of him; and presently I took rder that Mr Selby, a very worthy honest preacher, hould go to him, and not stir from him till his exeution the next morning: for after I had heard his wn confession, I was resolved no conditions should ave his life; and so took order that at the gates pening the next morning he should be carried to xecution, which accordingly was performed.

The Sir Robert Car of Carey's story was Sir Robert Ker of Cessford, warden-depute of the Middle Marches in 1594, who played a conspicuous part in the stirring history of the time. He was himself put in ward as a raider by Lord Hunsdon, had to do with more slaughters than one, was more than once denounced a rebel and had to flee his country, but in 1600 was created Lord Roxburghe, and in 1616 Earl of Roxburghe.

The Dying of Queen Elizabeth.

I took my journey about the end of the year 1602. When I came to court, I found the Queen ill disposed, nd she kept her inner lodging; yet she, hearing of y arrival, sent for me. I found her in one of her ithdrawing chambers, sitting low upon her cushions. he called me to her; I kissed her hand, and told er it was my chiefest happiness to see her in safety, nd in health, which I wished might long continue. he took me by the hand, and wrung it hard, and aid, 'No, Robin, I am not well,' and then discoursed rith me of her indisposition, and that her heart had een sad and heavy for ten or twelve days; and in er discourse, she fetched not so few as forty or fifty reat sighs. I was grieved at the first to see her in his plight; for in all my lifetime before, I never knew er fetch a sigh, but when the Queen of Scots was eheaded. *Then*, upon my knowledge, she shed many ears and sighs, manifesting her innocence, that she ever gave consent to the death of that Queen.

I used the best words I could, to persuade her from his melancholy humour; but I found by her it was oo deep-rooted in her heart, and hardly to be removed. This was upon a Saturday night, and she gave command, hat the great closet should be prepared for her to go o chapel the next morning. The next day, all things eing in a readiness, we long expected her coming. After eleven o'clock, one of the grooms came out, and ade make ready for the private closet; she would not o to the great. There we stayed long for her coming, ut at the last she had cushions laid for her in the privy hamber hard by the closet door, and there she heard ervice. From that day forwards, she grew worse and orse. She remained upon her cushions four days and ights at the least. All about her could not persuade er, either to take any sustenance, or go to bed. The Queen grew worse and worse, because she would be so, one about her being able to persuade her to go to ed. My Lord Admiral was sent for, (who, by reason f my sister's death, that was his wife, had absented imself some fortnight from court;) what by fair means, hat by force, he got her to bed. There was no hope f her recovery, because she refused all remedies.

On Wednesday, the 23d of March, she grew speechless. That afternoon, by signs, she called for her council, and by putting her hand to her head, when the king of Scots was named to succeed her, they all knew he was the man she desired should reign after her. About six at night she made signs for Archbishop Whitgift and her chaplains to come to her, at which time I went in with them, and sat upon my knees full of tears to see that heavy sight. Her Majesty lay upon her back, with one hand in the bed, and the other without. The bishop kneeled down by her, and examined her first of her faith; and she so punctually answered all his several questions, by lifting up her eyes, and holding up her hand, as it was a comfort to all the beholders. Then the good man told her plainly what she was, and what she was to come to; and though she had been long a great Queen here upon earth, yet shortly she was to yield an account of her stewardship to the King of kings. After this he began to pray, and all that were by did answer him. After he had continued long in prayer, till the old man's knees were weary, he blessed her, and meant to rise and leave her. The Queen made a sign with her hand. My sister Scroop knowing her meaning, told the bishop the Queen desired he would pray still. He did so for a long half hour after, and then thought to leave her. The second time she made sign to have him continue in prayer. He did so for half an hour more, with earnest cries to God for her soul's health, which he uttered with that fervency of spirit, as the Queen, to all our sight, much rejoiced thereat, and gave testimony to us all of her Christian and comfortable end. By this time it grew late, and every one departed, all but her women that attended her.

This that I heard with my ears, and did see with my eyes, I thought it my duty to set down, and to affirm it for a truth, upon the faith of a Christian; because I know there have been many false lies reported of the end and death of that good lady.

Francis Meres (1565–1647) is often quoted as an authority on the literary history of this period in virtue of his *Palladis Tamia*. He was sprung of good old Lincolnshire stock, studied at Cambridge, became M.A. of both universities, and from 1602 was rector of Wing, in Rutland. He published one or two religious works, but is only remembered for the *Palladis Tamia*, which is not so much a book, or, as he calls it, 'a comparative discourse of our English Poets with the Greek, Latin, and Italian poets,' as a meagre *catalogue raisonné*, in which English authors from Chaucer's day to his own time are in a sentence or short paragraph characterised and linked with some Greek, classical Latin, or modern Latin poet to whom Meres thought they presented an analogy. Some of the remarks are sensible, some really pregnant, many jejune and pointless to a degree; occasionally there is only a mere scrap of biographical fact. Sir Philip Sidney is 'our rarest poet,' and the *Arcadia* 'his immortal poem.' Than Spenser's *Faerie Queene* 'he knows not what more excellent or exquisite poem may be written.' The next may be quoted in full:

As the soul of Euphorbus was thought to live in Pythagoras, so the sweet witty soul of Ovid lives in mellifluous and honey-tongued Shakespeare. Witness

his *Venus and Adonis*; his *Lucrece*; his sugared sonnets among his private friends, etc.

As Plautus and Seneca are accounted the best for comedy and tragedy among the Latins, so Shakespeare among the English is the most excellent in both kinds of the stage. For comedy, witness his *Gentlemen of Verona*; his *Errors*; his *Love's Labour's Lost*; his *Love's Labour's Won* [*All's Well that Ends Well*]; his *Midsummer Night's Dream*; and his *Merchant of Venice*. For tragedy: his *Richard II.*, *Richard III.*, *Henry IV.*, *King John*, *Titus Andronicus*, and his *Romeo and Juliet*. As Epius Stolo [so in Meres: really the grammarian Aelius Stilo, who flourished about 100 B.C.] said that the muses would speak with Plautus's tongue if they would speak Latin; so I say that the muses would speak with Shakespeare's fine filed phrase if they were to speak English.

But the paragraph immediately preceding says that Warner, in *Albion's England*, 'hath most admirably penned the history of his own country;' that Meres had heard the best wits of both universities style him the English Homer; and Meres adds that (this is Meres's own judgment), 'as Euripides is the most sententious among the Greek poets, so is Warner among our English poets'! The conclusion of the literary survey is:

As the poet Lycophron was shot to death by a certain rival of his, so Christopher Marlow was stabbed to death by a baudy serving-man, a rival of his in his lewd love.

Then follows a still more meagre list of English painters and English musicians, named as before with their classical prototypes: Nicholas Hilliard, Isaac Oliver, and John de Creetes in England, 'very famous for their painting,' correspond to Apelles, Zeuxis, and Parrhasius in Greece!

Palladis Tamia, Wit's Treasury, was published in 1598, being the second volume of a series of which the first (1597) was called *Politeuphuia, Wit's Commonwealth* (apophthegms, &c.). Two other little volumes completed the series, otherwise unimportant. *Tamia* is a Greek word for 'treasury.'

Gervase Markham (1568?–1637) has been reputed 'the first English hackney writer,' and was believed to have imported the first Arab horse into England. His industry as author, translator, and compiler was enormous, and his work was, some of it, distinctly meritorious, as well as advantageous to the kingdom. He served in the Low Country wars and in Ireland before, about 1593, he settled down to miscellaneous writing. In 1595 he published his poem (174 eight-line stanzas) on the battle of the *Revenge*; some of its phrases reappear in Tennyson's (more condensed) story. He versified the Song of Solomon, and wrote poems describing the feelings of St John and Mary Magdalene at the loss of their Lord; and he wrote a lengthy continuation of Sir Philip Sidney's *Arcadia*. He also translated from the Italian, and had a share in two dramas. But his principal work was in prose—much of it very pedestrian prose, though elsewhere quaint and not without merits of its own. *The Discourse of Horsemanshippe* (1593) was the first of eight or nine separate publications (though constantly repeating themselves, according to his fashion) on horses and farriery. *The Young Sportsman's Instructor* is one of many books on archery, fowling, angling, cock-fighting, and hawking and hunting. *Country Contentments* (1611) passed through a dozen editions; its second part, *The English Huswife*, being also separately reissued. *The English Husbandman* (3 parts, 1613–15) and *Cheap and Good Husbandry* (1614; 13th ed. 1676) are two out of many books on farming and improving land. Then there was also a series of books on soldiering and military exercises. Even with this record, he left works which yet remain in MS. *Country Contentments* thus discourses 'Of Angling, the Vertue, Use and Antiquity':

Since Pleasure is a Rapture, or power in this last Age stoln into the hearts of men, and there lodged up with such careful guard and attendance, that nothing is more Supream, or ruleth with greater strength in their affections; and since all are now become the Sons of Pleasure, and every good is measured by the delight it produceth: what work unto men can be more thankful then a discourse of that pleasure which is most comely, most honest, and giveth the most liberty to Divine Meditation? and that without all question is the Art of Angling, which having ever been most hurtlesly necessary, hath been the sport or Recreation of Gods Saints, of most holy Fathers, and of many Worthy and Reverend Divines, both dead and at this time breathing.

For the use thereof (in its own true and unabused nature) carrieth in it neither covetousness, deceit, nor anger, the three main spirits which ever (in some ill measure) rule in all other pastimes; neither are alone predominant without the attendance of their several hand-maids, as Theft, Blasphemy, or Bloodshed; for in Dice-play, Cards, Bowls, or any other sport, where money is the goal to which mens minds are directed, what can mans avarice there be accounted other then a familiar Robbery, each seeking by deceit to couzen and spoyl others of the blisse of meanes which God hath bestowed to support them and their families? . . .

But in this Art of Angling there is no such evil, no such sinful violence, for the greatest thing it coveteth is for much labour a little Fish, hardly so much as will suffice Nature in a reasonable stomach: for the Angler must intice, not command his reward, and that which is worthy millions to his contentment, another may buy for a groat in the Market. His deceit worketh not upon men, but upon those Creatures whom it is lawful to beguile for our honest Recreations or needful use; and for all rage and fury it must be so great a stranger to this civil pastime, that if it come but within view or speculation thereof, it is no more to be esteemed a pleasure: For every proper good thereof in the very instant faileth, shewing unto all men that will undergo any delight therein, that it was first invented, taught, and shall for ever be maintained by Patience only. And yet I may not say, only Patience; for her other three Sisters have likewise a commanding in this exercise, for Justice directeth and appointeth out those places where men may with liberty use their sport, and neither do injury to their Neighbours, nor incur the censure of incivility. Temperance layeth down the measure of the

ınd moderateth desire in such good proportion
Excess is found in the over-flow of their affec-
Lastly, Fortitude enableth the Mind to undergo
ail and exchange of Weathers with a healthful
d not to despair with a little expence of time,
ersevere with a constant imagination in the end
n pleasure and satisfaction.

for the Antiquity thereof (for all pleasures, like
are held to be most excellent, which is most
it is by some Writers said to be found out by
on and *Pyrrha* his Wife after the general Flood.
write, It was the invention of *Saturn*, after the
:oncluded betwixt him and his Brother *Titan*:
ıers, That it came from *Belus* the Son of *Nimrod*
st invented all holy and vertuous Recreations.
these though they savour of fiction, yet they
ot from truth, for it is most certain, that both
on, *Saturn*, and *Belus* are taken for figures of
nd his family, and the invention of the Art of
; is truly said to come from the sons of *Seth*, of
Noah was most principal. Thus you see it is
; having no coherence with evil: worthy of use,
ıch as it is mixt with a delightful profit: and most
as being the Recreation of the first Patriarchs;
ore now I will proceed to the Art it self, and the
o attain it. . . .

for your Lines, you shall understand that they
e made of the strongest, longest, and best grown
ıaire that can be got; not that which groweth on
n, nor upon the upper part or setting on of his
t that which groweth from the middle and inmost
his dock, and so extendeth it self down to the
being the biggest and strongest hairs about the
neither are these hairs to be gathered from poor,
ıd diseased Jades of little price or value, but
ıe fattest, soundest, and proudest Horse you can
r the best Horse hath ever the best hair; neither
your hairs be gathered from Nags, Mares, or
;s, but from ston'd Horses only, of which the
air is the worst, the white or gray best, and other
indifferent. Those Lines which you make for
ish, as Gudgeon, Whiting or Menew, would be
ed of three hairs: those which you make for
or Trout would be of five hairs, and those for
ub or Barbel would be of seven: To those of
airs, you shall add one thread of silk; To those
two threads of silk; and to those of seven, three
of silk. You shall twist your hairs neither too
or too slack, but even so as they may twind and
close one within another, and no more, without
narling or gaping one from another; the end you
sten together with a fishers knot, which is your
y fast knots, foulded four times about, both under
ove, for this will not loose in the water, but being
close together, will continue, when all other knots
l; for a hair being smooth and stiff, will yield
back, if it be not artificially drawn together.
rdinary line would be between three and four
n length; yet for as much as there are diversities
ength of rods, in the depth of waters, and in the
of standing to angle in, it shall be good to have
divers lengths, and to take those which shall be
or your purpose.

e articles by Sir Clements Markham in the *Dictionary of l Biography*, Arber's reprint (1871) of the *Revenge* poem, sart's edition (1871) of the poems on St John and Mary ne's lamentations.

Thomas Storer (1571–1604), a Londoner, studied at Christ Church, became notable as a poet, and wrote a long poem in seven-line decasyllabic stanzas on the *Life and Death of Thomas Wolsey, Cardinall* (1599). Malone thought that this work might, as well as Cavendish's *Life*, have helped to mould the conception and wording of the drama of *Henry VIII.* But even without that it is inevitable that the drama, which obviously follows Cavendish's words at times, should also present reflections in some measure parallel to such as these from Storer:

Perchance the tenor of thy mourning verse
May leade some pilgrim to my toomblesse grave,
Where neither marble monument nor hearse
The passenger's attentive view may crave,
Which honors now the meanest persons have;
But well is me where e'er my ashes lie,
If one teare drop from some religious eie.

. . . . . .

Seek'st thou for fame? hee's best that least is knowne.
Or prince's favours? that 's no common grant.
Serv'st thou for wealth? a courtier knows his owne.
Or for degree? preferment waxeth scant.
Want'st thou to live? no hell to courtiers want.
O rather yet embrace thy private lot
With honest fame and riches purely got.

. . . . . .

Looke how the God of Wisedom marbled stands
Bestowing laurel-wreaths of dignitie
In Delphos Isle, at whose unpartiall hands
Hang antique scrolles of gentle herauldrie,
And at his feete ensignes and trophies lie:
Such was my state, whom every man did follow
As living statue of the great Apollo.

. . . . . .

If once we fall, we fall Colossus like,
We fall at once like pillars of the sunne;
They that betweene our stride their sailes did strike,
Making us sea-markes where their shippe did runne,
Even they that had by us their treasure wonne,
Rise as we may by moderate degrees,
If once we stoope, they 'll bring us on our knees.

Richard Barnfield (1574–1627) studied at Oxford, and while he was yet a young man settled on his estate in Staffordshire. His works are three small volumes of poetry, *The Affectionate Shepherd* (1594); *Cynthia, with Certain Sonnets, and the Legend of Cassandra* (1595); and a collection, *The Encomion of Lady Pecunia*, &c. (1598). He has a large measure of the melodiousness and sonority so strangely common to the Elizabethans; but he is best known from the two pieces believed to be his, printed as by Shakespeare, in the miscellany called *The Passionate Pilgrim* (see page 257). These pieces—both from his last volume—are the ode, 'As it fell upon a day,' and the sonnet, 'If Musique and sweet Poetrie agree;' and Professor Saintsbury still hints that 'As it fell' is much above Barnfield's usual level and really very like Shakespeare. Grosart (1876) and Arber (1882) in their editions of Barnfield denounce Collier's view that it is really two odes and is by Shakespeare.

As it fell upon a day,
In the merrie month of May,
Sitting in a pleasant shade,
Which a grove of myrtles made;
Beastes did leape, and birds did sing,
Trees did grow, and plants did spring;
Everything did banish mone,
Save the Nightingale alone;
She, poor bird, as all forlorne,
Lean'd her breast up till a thorne,
And there sung the dolefull'st ditty,
That to heare it was great pitty.
'Fie, fie, fie,' now would she cry;
'Teru, teru,' by and by;
That, to hear her so complaine,
Scarce I could from teares refraine;
For her griefes so lively showne
Made me thinke upon mine owne.
Ah! (thought I) thou mourn'st in vaine;
None takes pitty on thy paine:
Senselesse trees, they cannot heare thee;
Ruthlesse beares, they will not cheer thee.
King Pandion, hee is dead;
All thy friends are lapt in lead;
All thy fellow-birds doe singe,
Carelesse of thy sorrowing!

Whilst as fickle Fortune smiled,
Thou and I were both beguiled.
Everie one that flatters thee
Is no friend in miserie.
Words are easie, like the winde;
Faithfull friends are hard to finde.
Everie man will bee thy friend
Whilst thou hast wherewith to spend;
But if store of crownes be scant,
No man will supply thy want.
If that one be prodigall,
Bountifull they will him call;
And with such-like flattering,
'Pitty but hee were a king.'
If he be addict to vice,
Quickly him they will intice;
If to women hee be bent,
They have at commaundement;
But if fortune once doe frowne,
Then farewell his great renowne!
They that fawn'd on him before
Use his company no more.
Hee that is thy friend indeed,
Hee will helpe thee in thy neede;
If thou sorrowe, hee will weepe;
If thou wake, hee cannot sleepe:
Thus of everie griefe in heart
He with thee doth beare a part.
These are certaine signes to knowe
Faithfull friend from flatt'ring foe.

Sonnet to R. L.

If Musique and sweet Poetrie agree
As they must needs (the Sister and the Brother),
Then must the love be great twixt thee and mee,
Because thou lov'st the one and I the other.
Dowland to thee is deare, whose heavenly touch
Upon the lute doth ravish humaine sense.
Spenser to mee; whose deepe conceit is such
As passing all conceit, needs no defence.
Thou lov'st to heare the sweete melodiou
That Phœbus lute, the Queene of Musiq
And I in deepe delight am chiefly drown
Whenas himselfe to singing he betakes.
One god is god of both, as poets faigne;
One knight loves both, and both in thee

It should be noted that the reference in the o
father of Philomela and Procne, brings in a ver
echo of Spenser. For in the *Shepherd's Calendar* C

> And great Augustus long agoe is dead,
> And all the worthies liggen wrapt in lea
> That matter made for poets on to play.

Thomas Campion (c. 1575–1620)
musician, and poet, was born at Withar
studied at Cambridge and abroad, left
and the law for medicine, and practis
in London for the rest of his life, but
to compose much good music and t
masques and a large number of admi
His first publication was a book of Lat
(1595; enlarged, 1619); another was
on the Art of Poesie (1602), in which
lyrist, advocated unrhymed verse; a
was a small treatise on counterpoint.
a writer of masques, and especially of
he is best known. Some of his best s
his masques; others in a series of so
'Bookes of Ayres,' the first edited by
1601, the third about 1617. The grea
of the best were actually written to m
his own, and are admirably singable.
contemporary of both Sidney and of
and, like Jonson, is a connecting-li
Elizabethans and Jacobeans. Notew
as Mr Gosse has pointed out, that he
Donne had exercised his masterful a
ing influence on English poetry. H
all his own, but in its peculiar com
gracefulness and unstudied art has bee
with Fletcher's, Carew's, and Herrick'
evidently knew Campion's verse, and
in his own working out of sugge
Campion's 'Cherry Ripe.'

Now Winter Nights Enlarge

Now winter nights enlarge
The number of their houres;
And clouds their stormes discharge
Upon the ayrie towres.
Let now the chimneys blaze
And cups o'erflow with wine,
Let well-tun'd words amaze
With harmonie divine!
Now yellow waxen lights
Shall waite on hunny love,
While youthfull Revels, Masks, and Co
Sleepe's leaden spels remove.

This time doth well dispence
With lovers' long discourse;
Much speech hath some defence,
Though beauty no remorse.
All doe not all things well;
Some measures comely tread,

Some knotted Ridles tell,
Some Poems smoothly read.
The Summer hath his joyes,
And Winter his delights;
Though Love and all his pleasures are but toyes,
They shorten tedious nights.

Cherry Ripe.

There is a Garden in her face,
Where Roses and white Lillies grow;
A heav'nly paradice is that place,
Wherein all pleasant fruits doe flow.
There Cherries grow which none may buy
Till Cherry ripe themselves do cry.

Those Cherries fayrely doe enclose
Of Orient Pearle a double row;
Which when her lovely laughter showes,
They look like Rose-buds fill'd with snow.
Yet them nor Peere nor Prince can buy
Till Cherry ripe themselves doe cry.

Her Eyes like Angels watch them still;
Her Browes like bended bowes doe stand,
Threatning with piercing frownes to kill
All that attempt, with eye or hand,
Those sacred Cherries to come nigh,
Till Cherry ripe themselves do cry.

To Lesbia.

My sweetest Lesbia, let us live and love;
And though the sager sort our deedes reprove,
Let us not way them: heaven's great lampes doe dive
Into their west, and strait again revive:
But soone as once set is our little light,
Then must we sleepe one ever-during night.

If all would lead their lives in love like mee,
Then bloudie swords and armour should not be;
No drum nor trumpet peaceful sleepes should move,
Unles alarme came from the campe of love:
But fooles do live, and wast their little light,
And seeke with paine their ever-during night.

When timely death my life and fortune ends,
Let not my hearse be vext with mourning friends;
But let all lovers, rich in triumph, come
And with sweet pastimes grace my happie tombe:
And, Lesbia, close up thou my little light,
And crown with love my ever-during night.

This poem, like Jonson's 'Come, my Celia' (page 9), is suggested by, rather than imitated from, e *Vivamus, mea Lesbia, et Amemus* of Catullus. ampion wrote songs of mourning on the death of ince Henry in 1612, like so many of his conporaries, but was happier in his Divine and oral Songs.

The first verse of 'When the god of merrie e' presents a very notable parallel to Burns's tobiographical 'Rantin' Rovin' Robin':

When the god of merrie love
As yet in his cradle lay,
Thus his wither'd nurse did say:
'Thou a wanton boy wilt prove
To deceive the powers above;
For by thy continuall smiling
I see thy power of beguiling.'

In Burns's song it is the 'gossip' who 'keeks in the lufe' of the new-born Robin and foretells his character, especially his devotion to women and his fascination over them.

The best of his masques, performed at Whitehall on Twelfth Night 1606–7 in honour of the marriage of Sir James Hay, is usually called 'The Lord Hayes Masque.' 'The Lord's Masque' celebrated in 1613 the more notable marriage of the Elector Palatine and the Princess Elizabeth. A third (1613) was performed before the queen at Caversham House on a progress to Bath; the fourth had for its occasion the ill-omened wedding of Somerset and his paramour, the divorced and infamous Countess of Essex (also 1613).

Renewed interest in Campion, who had long been forgotten, is due wholly to Mr A. H. Bullen's edition of him in 1889. A good selection was published by Mr Ernest Rhys in 1896; a smaller selection of fifty of his songs appeared in the same year.

Ben Jonson.

Ben Jonson, the most conspicuous and accomplished dramatist after Shakespeare, was rarely called Benjamin in his own days, and never has been since. Thomas Heywood said in 1635:

And Jonson, though his learned pen
Was dipt in Castaly, is still but Ben.

And of the sixty Johnsons in the *Dictionary of National Biography* he is, with the doubtful exception of a sixteenth-century Latin poet, the only one who preferred the contracted form of the family name. He was, according to his own account, the grandson of a gentleman from Carlisle—originally, he believed, from Annandale—whose son (Ben's father) lost his estate and became a minister in Westminster. Ben, whose early years were full of hardship and vicissitude, was born some nine years after Shakespeare—in 1572–73. His father died a month before Ben's birth, and his mother marrying again, Ben was brought from Westminster School and put to the bricklayer's craft of his stepfather. Disliking the trade, he enlisted as a soldier and served in the Low Countries. He challenged and killed one of the enemy in single combat, in the view of both armies, and ever after reverted with pride to his conduct as a soldier. Fuller says he entered St John's College, Cambridge; but there is no evidence that either before or after his military escapade he was enrolled of the university—for, about the age of twenty, he is found married, and an actor in London. He made his *début* at a low theatre near Clerkenwell, and, as his opponents afterwards reminded him, failed completely as an actor. His wife was 'virtuous, but a shrew,' and they lived apart for a number of years. None of the children survived their father. As early as 1595 he was engaged in writing for the stage, either by himself or conjointly with others. He quarrelled with

another performer, killed his antagonist in some kind of fight or duel, and being imprisoned, pled guilty, and was released through benefit of clergy. At this time he became a Roman Catholic, and did not return to the Anglican communion for twelve years. On regaining his liberty, he produced, in 1596, his *Every Man in his Humour*, which, revised, was brought out at the Globe Theatre in 1598. Shakespeare, who was one of the performers, had produced some of his finest comedies by this time, but Jonson was no imitator of his great rival. Jonson opened a new line in the drama: he felt his strength, and the public cheered him on with its plaudits. Queen Elizabeth patronised the new poet, and ever afterwards he was 'a man of mark and likelihood.' In 1599 appeared *Every Man out of his Humour*, less notable than its predecessor. *Cynthia's Revels* and the *Poetaster* followed, and the fierce rivalry and contention which clouded Jonson's after-life was fairly begun. He had attacked Marston and Dekker, two of his brother-dramatists, in these plays (see page 423). Dekker replied with spirit in his *Satiromastix*, and Ben was silent for two years, 'living upon one Townsend, and scorning the world,' as is recorded in the diary of a contemporary. In 1603 he tried 'if tragedy had a more kind aspect,' and produced his classical drama *Sejanus*. Shortly after the accession of King James, a comedy called *Eastward Hoe* was written conjointly by Jonson, Chapman, and Marston. Some passages in this piece reflected on the Scottish nation; and the matter was represented to the king by one of his courtiers —Sir James Murray—in so strong a light that the authors were thrown into prison, and threatened with the loss of their ears and noses. They were not tried; and when Ben was set at liberty he gave an entertainment to his friends—Selden and Camden being of the number. His mother was present on this joyous occasion, and was reported to have produced a paper of poison which she intended to give her son in his liquor, rather than that he should submit to personal mutilation and disgrace, and another dose which she meant afterwards to have taken herself. Jonson's own conduct in this affair was spirited. He had no considerable share in the composition of the piece, and was, besides, in such favour that he would not have been molested; 'but this did not satisfy him,' says Gifford; 'and he, therefore, with a high sense of honour, voluntarily accompanied his two friends to prison, determined to share their fate.' We cannot now be certain what precisely was the deadly satire that moved the patriotic indignation of James; it was doubtless softened before publication; but in some copies of *Eastward Hoe* (1605) there is a passage in which the Scots are said to be 'dispersed over the face of the whole earth;' and the dramatist sarcastically adds: 'But as for them, there are no greater friends to Englishmen and England, *when they are out on't*, in the world, than they are; and, for my part, I would a hundred thousand of them were there [i.e. had been transported to Virginia], for we are all one countrymen now, you know, and we should find ten times more comfort of them there than we do here.' The offended nationality of James must have been laid to rest by subsequent adulation in court-masques, in which Jonson eulogised the conceited monarch as destined to raise the glory of England higher than Elizabeth! Jonson's three great comedies, *Volpone, or the Fox; Epicœne, or the Silent Woman;* and *The Alchemist*, were his next serious labours; his second classical tragedy, *Catiline*, appeared in 1611. His fame had now reached its zenith; but he produced several other comedies and a vast number of masques, learned pageants, and court

BEN JONSON.

After the National Portrait Gallery old copy of the Portrait by Gerard Honthorst.

entertainments ere his star began visibly to decline. In 1618 he made a journey on foot to Scotland, where he had many friends. He was well received by the Scottish gentry, wrote a poem on Edinburgh (now lost), and meditated a pastoral or fisher play with its scene laid on Loch Lomond —which he did not visit but had described to him. The last of his visits was made to Drummond of Hawthornden, with whom he lived three weeks; and Drummond kept notes of his conversation, which were long after communicated to the world. Drummond entered in his journal the following very candid friend's character of Ben himself:

'He is a great lover and praiser of himself; a contemner and scorner of others; given rather to lose a friend than a jest; jealous of every word and action of those about him, especially after drink, which is one of the elements in which he liveth; a dissembler of ill parts which reign in him; a bragger of some good that he wanteth; thinketh nothing well but what either he himself or some of his friends and countrymen hath said or done; he is passionately kind and angry; careless either to gain or keep; vindictive, but if well answered, at himself; for any religion, as being versed in both; interpreteth best sayings and deeds often to the worst; oppressed with fantasy, which hath ever mastered his reason, a general disease in many poets.'

This character is far from flattering, and though doubtless unconsciously surcharged (owing to the recluse habits and staid demeanour of Drummond), is probably substantially correct. Inured to hardships and to a free, boisterous life in his early days, Jonson contracted a marked roughness of manner and habits of intemperance. Priding himself immoderately on his classical acquirements, he was apt to slight and condemn his less learned associates; he was, and shows himself in his works, somewhat provokingly self-complacent; while the conflict between his limited means and his love of social pleasures rendered him severe and saturnine in temper. Whatever he did was done with labour, and hence was highly appraised by himself. His contemporaries seemed fond of mortifying his pride, and he was often at war with actors and authors. With the celebrated architect, Inigo Jones, who was joined with him in the management of the court-masques, Jonson waged a long and bitter feud. The old story that he was so jealous of Shakespeare as to be 'malignant' towards him it is impossible to reconcile with his own words; but it had been constantly reaffirmed, with the support of proofs from words and allusions in the plays perverted to that sense, until Gifford annihilated the contention by an examination of the so-called 'proofs.' When his better nature prevailed, Jonson was capable of a generous warmth of friendship, and of just discrimination of genius and character.

By James I. Jonson was appointed court-poet or laureate, and a little later he seems to have refused the honour of knighthood. His literary reputation, his love of conviviality, and his colloquial powers now made his society much courted, and he became the centre of a band of wits. Sir Walter Raleigh had founded a club, known to all posterity as the Mermaid Club, at which Jonson, Shakespeare, Beaumont and Fletcher, and other poets had exercised themselves with 'wit-combats' more sparkling than their wine. Fuller says: 'Many were the wit-combats betwixt Shakespeare and Ben Jonson, which two I behold like a Spanish great galleon and an English man-of-war: Master Jonson, like the former, was built far higher in learning; solid, but slow in his performances. Shakespeare, with the English man-of-war, lesser in bulk, but lighter in sailing, could turn with all tides, tack about and take advantage of all winds, by the quickness of his wit and invention.' Another of their haunts was the Falcon Tavern, near the theatre in Bankside, Southwark. This society was now disbanded, but in a circle of younger contemporaries Jonson was a kind of venerated chief, a literary dictator, a Great Cham of the world of wits. The younger poets were mostly his 'sons,' or were 'sealed of the tribe of Ben'—Carew, Shackerley Marmion, Brome, Herrick, Cleveland, Suckling, and many others. The later days of Jonson were dark and painful. Attacks of palsy confined him to his house, and his necessities compelled him to write for the stage when his pen had lost its vigour and his work lacked the charm of novelty. In 1629 he produced his comedy the *New Inn*, which was damned by the audience. The king sent him a present of £100, and raised his laureate pension to the same sum per annum, adding a yearly tierce of Canary. Next year, however, we find Jonson, in an *Epistle Mendicant*, soliciting assistance from the Lord-Treasurer. He continued writing to the last. Dryden styled the later works of Jonson his *dotages;* some are certainly unworthy of him, but the *Sad Shepherd*, which he left unfinished, exhibits the poetical spontaneity of a youthful creation. He died on the 6th of August 1637, and was buried in the Poets' Corner in Westminster Abbey. The political confusions that followed prevented the erection of a sumptuous monument; but on the slab which covers his remains a visitor subsequently caused to be engraved the memorable epitaph, 'O RARE BEN JONSON!'

Jonson founded a style of regular English comedy, massive, of permanent interest, yet not very attractive in its materials. His works consist of about fifty dramatic pieces, but by far the greater part are masques and interludes. His principal comedies are four in number—*Every Man in his Humour*, *Volpone*, the *Silent Woman*, and the *Alchemist*. After them come *Bartholomew Fair*, *The Devil is an Ass*, and *The Staple of News*. Jonson came forward with a conscious and deliberate intention—fully indicated in the

Prologue to *Every Man in his Humour*—to revolutionise English dramatic art. His work towards the effectual carrying out of his scheme is conscious, aggressive, unmistakable. Unlike Shakespeare, a more conspicuously original genius, he did not, could not, sympathetically enter into other men's labours. He had formed a definite theory of his art, and to that he resolutely adhered, deleting as soon as might be the contributions by others to *Sejanus* and any other of his plays. He disapproves the rhetoric of the Senecan plays; he disapproves even more the crudeness of the popular tragedy and the popular comedy. Strong—too strong—delineation of character is the most striking feature in Jonson's comedies, many of which might be called 'psychological dramas.' The voluptuous Volpone is drawn with great breadth and freedom; and generally his portraits of eccentric characters—men in whom some peculiarity or humour, as he called it, has grown to an egregious excess—are impressive as well as ludicrous. His scenes and characters show the labour of the artist, of the artist with rich resources; an acute and vigorous intellect; great knowledge of life, down to its lowest haunts; wit, a wealth of lofty declamation, and a power of dramatising his knowledge and observation with singular skill and effect. He was one of the most learned men of his time: *Sejanus* and *Catiline* show conscientious and scholarly research, as well as dramatic power and skilful characterisation; but his pedantry is often misplaced and even ridiculous. He frequently denounces the devices of some contemporaries as bad taste and base pandering to love of popularity. *Cynthia's Revels*, at once allegorical and satirical, amorphous and tedious, is an appeal against prevailing bad taste to the principles of taste and criticism. His comic theatre is a gallery of strange, clever, original portraits, powerfully drawn and skilfully disposed, but many of them repulsive in expression or so exaggerated as to look like caricatures or libels on humanity. We have little deep passion or winning tenderness to link the beings of his drama with those we love or admire, or to make us sympathise with them as actual men and women. Alike in his satire and his comedy Ben Jonson deals too often with figures who are neither flesh and blood nor men of like passions with ourselves, but with personified abstractions, single ideas half-incarnated, visualised conceptions illustrating but one exaggerated eccentricity; who are accordingly not even types or conventional characters. There is the mouthing braggadocio who does nothing but mouth; the silly toady who is naught else in the world; the doting husband who is for ever doting on a senseless, exacting wife, and dotes to an extent that is wholly incredible. Then again and again we have the courtier who is a mere abject hanger-on, the fop who is little but the framework for fine clothes, and the foolisher fop who can only imitate the other fops. It should be added, however, that braggadocios, dotards, fops, and toadies can all talk—talk copiously, eloquently, learnedly, forcibly, and wittily, though in the end they become tiresome, inasmuch as there is too often next to no intelligible plot. Amidst the flood of clever talk, the play does not seem to advance; and one is irritated to find in a new play the old characters repeating themselves under other names: Bobadill of *Every Man* reappears with little qualification as Tucca in the *Poetaster*, and Albius is Deliro reproduced rather to the general confusion. But when the great artist escapes entirely from his elaborate wit and personified humours into the region of fancy—as in the lyrical passages of *Cynthia* and the whole pastoral of the *Sad Shepherd*—we are struck with the contrast it exhibits to his ordinary manner. He thus presents two natures: one hard, rugged, gross, and sarcastic—'a mountain belly and a rocky face,' as he described his own person; the other airy, fanciful, and graceful, as if its possessor had never combated with the world and its wild passions, but nursed his intellect and fancy in poetical seclusion and contemplation.

Every Man in his Humour has a place of its own in dramatic literature; Professor Ward regards it as 'the first important comedy of character produced on the English stage,' in which, with a too slight plot, Jonson gives us a curiously interesting group of personages marked out by their eccentricities, peculiarities, or 'humours.' *Every Man out of his Humour*, an over-elaborate sequel, works out the theory that every humour is curable by its own excess. 'Humour' he thus defines for himself:

> In every human body
> The choler, melancholy, phlegm and blood,
> By reason that they flow continually
> In some one part and are not continent,
> Receive the name of humours. Now thus far
> It may by metaphor apply itself
> Unto the general disposition:
> As when some one peculiar quality
> Doth so possess a man that it doth draw
> All his effects, his spirits, and his powers
> In their confluxions all to run one way,
> This may be truly said to be a humour.

Volpone is a fierce satire against toadies, parasites, and false friends, as also against the magnificent but senseless extravagance of such characters as Sir Epicure Mammon. The *Alchemist* exposes gross imposture encouraged by superstition and credulity. Coleridge calls *Epicœne, or the Silent Woman*, 'the most entertaining of Jonson's comedies;' Dryden discussed it at length as the best of English comedies. As Professor Ward says, it is rather a farce on the incredible plot that a peace-loving misogynist marries, for a very silent woman, an intolerably talkative person (who finally turns out a boy). *Bartholomew Fair* is a unique picture, full of gusto and rich dramatic humour, of coarse but characteristic

contemporary manners—a picture that may well have been known to Bunyan and have given him hints for his Vanity Fair; this, though the most notable thing in the extraordinary panorama of the historic London festival, is a mirth-provoking caricature of a canting Puritan. Some account *Every Man in his Humour* Jonson's masterpiece, some the *Alchemist*. *The New Inn*, though it failed on the stage, contains some of its author's most eloquent writing.

The Fall of Catiline.

Petreius. The straits and needs of Catiline being such
As he must fight with one of the two armies
That then had near inclosed him, it pleased Fate
To make us the object of his desperate choice,
Wherein the danger almost poised the honour:
And as he rose, the day grew black with him,
And Fate descended nearer to the earth,
As if she meant to hide the name of things
Under her wings, and make the world her quarry.
At this we roused, lest one small minute's stay
Had left it to be inquired what Rome was;
And (as we ought) armed in the confidence
Of our great cause, in form of battle stood,
Whilst Catiline came on, not with the face
Of any man, but of a public ruin:
His countenance was a civil war itself;
And all his host had, standing in their looks,
The paleness of the death that was to come;
Yet cried they out like vultures, and urged on,
As if they would precipitate our fates.
Nor stayed we longer for them, but himself
Struck the first stroke, and with it fled a life,
Which cut, it seemed a narrow neck of land
Had broke between two mighty seas, and either
Flowed into other; for so did the slaughter;
And whirled about, as when two violent tides
Meet and not yield. The Furies stood on hills,
Circling the place, and trembling to see men
Do more than they; whilst Piety left the field,
Grieved for that side, that in so bad a cause
They knew not what a crime their valour was.
The Sun stood still, and was, behind the cloud
The battle made, seen sweating, to drive up
His frighted horse, whom still the noise drove backward:
And now had fierce Enyo, like a flame, goddess of war
Consumed all it could reach, and then itself,
Had not the fortune of the commonwealth
Come, Pallas-like, to every Roman thought;
Which Catiline seeing, and that now his troops
Covered the earth they 'd fought on with their trunks,
Ambitious of great fame, to crown his ill,
Collected all his fury, and ran in—
Armed with a glory high as his despair—
Into our battle, like a Libyan lion
Upon his hunters, scornful of our weapons,
Careless of wounds, plucking down lives about him,
Till he had circled in himself with Death:
Then fell he too, t' embrace it where it lay.
And as in that rebellion 'gainst the gods,
Minerva holding forth Medusa's head,
One of the giant brethren felt himself
Grow marble at the killing sight; and now,
Almost made stone, began to inquire what flint,
What rock it was that crept through all his limbs;
And, ere he could think more, was that he feared:
So Catiline, at the sight of Rome in us,
Became his tomb; yet did his look retain
Some of his fierceness, and his hands still moved,
As if he laboured yet to grasp the state
With those rebellious parts.
Cato. A brave bad death!
Had this been honest now, and for his country,
As 'twas against it, who had e'er fall'n greater?

(*Catiline*, Act v. sc. vi.)

On Love—from the 'New Inn.'

LOVEL *and* HOST *of the New Inn.*

Lovel. There is no life on earth but being in love!
There are no studies, no delights, no business,
No intercourse, or trade of sense, or soul,
But what is love! I was the laziest creature,
The most unprofitable sign of nothing,
The veriest drone, and slept away my life
Beyond the dormouse, till I was in love!
And now I can outwake the nightingale,
Outwatch an usurer, and outwalk him too,
Stalk like a ghost that haunted 'bout a treasure;
And all that phant'sied treasure, it is love!
Host. But is your name Love-ill, sir, or Love-well?
I would know that.
Lov. I do not know 't myself
Whether it is. But it is love hath been
The hereditary passion of our house,
My gentle host, and, as I guess, my friend;
The truth is, I have loved this lady long,
And impotently, with desire enough,
But no success: for I have still forborne
To express it in my person to her.
Host. How then?
Lov. I have sent her toys, verses, and anagrams,
Trials of wit, mere trifles she has commended,
But knew not whence they came, nor could she guess.
Host. This was a pretty riddling way of wooing!
Lov. I oft have been too in her company,
And looked upon her a whole day, admired her,
Loved her, and did not tell her so; loved still, [sighed;
Looked still, and loved; and loved, and looked, and
But, as a man neglected, I came off,
And unregarded.
Host. Could you blame her, sir,
When you were silent, and not said a word?
Lov. Oh, but I loved the more; and she might read it
Best in my silence, had she been——
Host. As melancholic
As you are! Pray you, why would you stand mute, sir?
Lov. O thereon hangs a history, mine host.
Did you e'er know or hear of the Lord Beaufort,
Who served so bravely in France? I was his page,
And, ere he died, his friend: I followed him
First in the wars, and in the times of peace
I waited on his studies; which were right.
He had no Arthurs, nor no Rosicleers,
No Knights of the Sun, nor Amadis de Gauls,
Primalions, Pantagruels, public nothings;
Abortives of the fabulous dark cloister,
Sent out to poison courts, and infest manners:
But great Achilles', Agamemnon's acts,
Sage Nestor's counsels, and Ulysses' sleights,
Tydides' fortitude, as Homer wrought them

In his immortal phant'sy, for examples
Of the heroic virtue. Or as Virgil,
That master of the Epic poem, limned
Pious Æneas, his religious prince,
Bearing his aged parent on his shoulders,
Rapt from the flames of Troy, with his young son:
And these he brought to practice and to use.
He gave me first my breeding, I acknowledge,
Then showered his bounties on me, like the Hours,
That open-handed sit upon the clouds,
And press the liberality of Heaven
Down to the laps of thankful men! But then,
The trust committed to me at his death
Was above all, and left so strong a tie
On all my powers, as Time shall not dissolve,
Till it dissolve itself, and bury all!
The care of his brave heir and only son:
Who, being a virtuous, sweet, young, hopeful lord,
Hath cast his first affections on this lady.
And though I know, and may presume her such,
As out of humour, will return no love,
And therefore might indifferently be made
The courting stock for all to practise on,
As she doth practise on us all to scorn:
Yet out of a religion to my charge,
And debt professed, I have made a self-decree,
Ne'er to express my person, though my passion
Burn me to cinders. (From Act I. sc. i.)

From 'Every Man in his Humour.'—A Fencing Lesson from Bobadill.

[The shabby but vainglorious Bobadill is visited in his mean lodging by the simpleton Matthew.]

Matthew. Save you, sir; save you, captain.

Bobadill. Gentle Master Matthew! Is it you, sir? Please you to sit down.

Mat. Thank you, good captain; you may see I am somewhat audacious.

Bob. Not so, sir. I was requested to supper last night by a sort of gallants, where you were wished for, and drunk to, I assure you.

Mat. Vouchsafe me, by whom, good captain?

Bob. Marry, by young Wellbred and others.—Why, hostess, a stool here for this gentleman.

Mat. No haste, sir; 'tis very well.

Bob. Body o' me!—it was so late ere we parted last night, I can scarce open my eyes yet; I was but new risen, as you came. How passes the day abroad, sir?—you can tell.

Mat. Faith, some half hour to seven. Now, trust me, you have an exceeding fine lodging here, very neat and private!

Bob. Ay, sir. Sit down, I pray you. Master Matthew, in any case, possess no gentleman of our acquaintance with notice of my lodging.

Mat. Who! I, sir?—no.

Bob. Not that I need to care who know it, for the cabin is convenient, but in regard I would not be too popular, and generally visited as some are.

Mat. True, captain; I conceive you.

Bob. For, do you see, sir, by the heart of valour in me, except it be to some peculiar and choice spirits, to whom I am extraordinarily engaged, as yourself, or so, I could not extend thus far.

Mat. O Lord, sir! I resolve so.

Bob. I confess I love a cleanly and quiet privacy, above all the tumult and roar of fortune. What new book ha' you there? What! 'Go by, Hieronymo!'

Mat. Ay; did you ever see it acted? Is 't not well penned?

Bob. Well penned! I would fain see all the poets of these times pen such another play as that was!—they 'll prate and swagger, and keep a stir of art and devices, when (as I am a gentleman), read 'em, they are the most shallow, pitiful, barren fellows that live upon the face of the earth again. [*While* MATTHEW *reads*, BOBADILL *makes himself ready.*]

Mat. Indeed; here are a number of fine speeches in this book. 'O eyes, no eyes, but fountains fraught with tears!' There 's a conceit!—fountains fraught with tears! 'O life, no life, but lively form of death!' another. 'O world, no world, but mass of public wrongs!' a third. 'Confused and filled with murder and misdeeds!' a fourth. O the Muses! Is 't not excellent? Is 't not simply the best that ever you heard, captain? Ha! how do you like it?

Bob. 'Tis good.

Mat. 'To thee, the purest object to my sense,
The most refinèd essence heaven covers,
Send I these lines, wherein I do commence
The happy state of turtle-billing lovers.
If they prove rough, unpolished, harsh, and rude,
Haste made the waste. Thus mildly I conclude.'

Bob. Nay, proceed, proceed. Where 's this?

Mat. This, sir? a toy o' mine own, in my nonage; the infancy of my Muses. But when will you come and see my study? Good faith, I can shew you some very good things I have done of late.—That boot becomes your leg passing well, captain, methinks.

Bob. So, so; it 's the fashion gentlemen now use.

Mat. Troth, captain, and now you speak o' the fashion, Master Wellbred's elder brother and I are fallen out exceedingly. This other day, I happened to enter into some discourse of a hanger, which, I assure you, both for fashion and workmanship, was most peremptory beautiful and gentleman-like; yet he condemned and cried it down for the most pied and ridiculous that ever he saw.

Bob. Squire Downright, the half-brother, was 't not?

Mat. Ay, sir, he.

Bob. Hang him, rook! he! why, he has no more judgment than a malt-horse. By St George, I wonder you 'd lose a thought upon such an animal; the most peremptory absurd clown of Christendom, this day, he is holden. I protest to you, as I am a gentleman and a soldier, I ne'er changed words with his like. By his discourse, he should eat nothing but hay: he was born for the manger, pannier, or pack-saddle! He has not so much as a good phrase in his belly, but all old iron and rusty proverbs!—a good commodity for some smith to make hobnails of.

Mat. Ay, and he thinks to carry it away with his manhood still, where he comes: he brags he will gi' me the bastinado, as I hear.

Bob. How? he the bastinado? How came he by that word, trow?

Mat. Nay, indeed, he said cudgel me; I termed it so for my more grace.

Bob. That may be, for I was sure it was none of his word. But when? when said he so?

Mat. Faith, yesterday, they say; a young gallant, a friend of mine, told me so.

By the foot of Pharaoh, an 'twere my case now,
ld send him a chartel presently. The bastinado!
t proper and sufficient dependence, warranted by
at Caranza. Come hither; you shall chartel him;
:w you a trick or two, you shall kill him with at
:; the first stoccata, if you will, by this air.
Indeed; you have absolute knowledge i' the
, I have heard, sir.
Of whom?—of whom ha' you heard it, I beseech

Troth, I have ~~heard~~ it spoken of divers, that you
ry rare, and un-in-one-breath-utter-able skill, sir.
By Heaven! no, not I; no skill i' the earth;
all rudiments i' the science, as to know my time,
, or so: I have profest it more for noblemen and
en's use than mine own practice, I assure you.—
, accommodate us with another bed-staff here
: lend us another bed-staff: the woman does
erstand the words of action.—Look you, sir,
t your point above this state, at any hand, and
poniard maintain your defence, thus (Give it the
an, and leave us); so, sir. Come on. O twine
ly more about, that you may fall to a more sweet,
gentleman-like guard; so, indifferent: hollow
dy more, sir, thus; now, stand fast o' your left
e your distance, keep your due proportion of
)h, you disorder your point most irregularly!
How is the bearing of it now, sir?
Oh, out of measure ill: a well-experienced hand
ass upon you at pleasure.
How mean you, sir, pass upon me?
Why, thus, sir (make a thrust at me)—[MASTER
EW *pushes at* BOBADILL]; come in upon the
control your point, and make a full career at the
he best practised gallants of the time name it
ado; a most desperate thrust, believe it!
Well, come, sir.
Why, you do not manage your weapon with any
)r grace to invite me! I have no spirit to play
1; your dearth of judgment renders you tedious.
But one venue, sir.
Venue! fie; most gross denomination as ever I
Oh, the 'stoccata,' while you live, sir, note that.
)ut on your cloak, and we'll go to some private
'here you are acquainted—some tavern or so—
'e a bit. I'll send for one of these fencers, and
. breathe you, by my direction, and then I will
)u your trick; you shall kill him with it at the
you please. Why, I will learn you by the true
1t of the eye, hand, and foot, to control any
point i' the world. Should your adversary con-
)u with a pistol, 'twere nothing, by this hand;
)uld, by the same rule, control his bullet, in a
:ept it were hail-shot, and spread.—What money
about you, Master Matthew?
Faith, I ha' not past a two shillings, or so.
'Tis somewhat with the least; but come; we will
bunch of radish, and salt to taste our wine, and a
tobacco, to close the orifice of the stomach; and
:'ll call upon young Wellbred: perhaps we shall
e Corydon his brother there, and put him to the
1. (From Act I. sc. iv.)

y, Hieronymo' is one of Jonson's many hits at Kyd's *Tragedy* (see page 319). Caranza was a sixteenth-century
i the duel. During Bobadill's speech Tib enters, goes out,
, and retires again.

Bobadill on Disarmament.

Bobadill. I will tell you, sir, by the way of private, and under seal, I am a gentleman, and live here obscure, and to myself; but were I known to her Majesty and the Lords (observe me), I would undertake, upon this poor head and life, for the public benefit of the state, not only to spare the entire lives of her subjects in general, but to save the one-half, nay, three parts of her yearly charge in holding war, and against what enemy soever. And how would I do it, think you?

Knowell. Nay, I know not, nor can I conceive.

Bob. Why, thus, sir. I would select nineteen more, to myself, throughout the land; gentlemen they should be of good spirit, strong and able constitution; I would choose them by an instinct, a character that I have: and I would teach these nineteen the special rules, as your punto, your reverso, your stoccata, your imbroccato, your passado, your montanto; till they could all play very near, or altogether as well as myself. This done, say the enemy were forty thousand strong, we twenty would come into the field the tenth of March, or thereabouts; and we would challenge twenty of the enemy; they could not in their honour refuse us; well, we would kill them: challenge twenty more, kill them; twenty more, kill them; twenty more, kill them too; and thus would we kill every man his twenty a day, that 's twenty score; twenty score, that 's two hundred; two hundred a day, five days a thousand; forty thousand; forty times five, five times forty, two hundred days kills them all up by computation. And this will I venture my poor gentleman-like carcass to perform, provided there be no treason practised upon us, by fair and discreet manhood; that is, civilly by the sword. (From Act IV. sc. v.)

Advice to a Reckless Youth.

What would I have you do? I 'll tell you, kinsman:
Learn to be wise, and practise how to thrive;
That would I have you do; and not to spend
Your coin on every bauble that you fancy,
Or every foolish brain that humours you.
I would not have you to invade each place,
Nor thrust yourself on all societies,
Till men's affections, or your own desert,
Should worthily invite you to your rank.
He that is so respectless in his courses,
Oft sells his reputation at cheap market.
Nor would I you should melt away yourself
In flashing bravery, lest, while you affect
To make a blaze of gentry to the world,
A little puff of scorn extinguish it,
And you be left like an unsavoury snuff,
Whose property is only to offend.
I 'd ha' you sober, and contain yourself;
Not that your sail be bigger than your boat;
But moderate your expenses now (at first)
As you may keep the same proportion still.
Nor stand so much on your gentility,
Which is an airy and mere borrowed thing,
From dead men's dust and bones; and none of yours,
Except you make or hold it. (From Act I. sc. i.)

From 'The Alchemist.'

Sir Epicure Mammon. Come on, sir. Now you set your foot on shore
In *Novo Orbe.* Here 's the rich Peru:

And there within, sir, are the golden mines,
Great Solomon's Ophir! He was sailing to 't
Three years, but we have reached it in ten months.
This is the day wherein to all my friends
I will pronounce the happy word, Be rich.
This day you shall be *spectatissimi*.
You shall no more deal with the hollow die
Or the frail card. No more be at charge of keeping
The livery punk for the young heir, that must
Seal at all hours in his shirt. No more,
If he deny, ha' him beaten to 't, as he is
That brings him the commodity. No more
Shall thirst of satin, or the covetous hunger
Of velvet entrails for a rude-spun cloak
To be displayed at Madam Augusta's, make
The sons of Sword and Hazard fall before
The golden calf, and on their knees whole nights
Commit idolatry with wine and trumpets;
Or go a-feasting after drum and ensign.
No more of this. You shall start up young viceroys,
And have your punks and punketees, my Surly:
And unto thee I speak it first, Be rich.—
Where is my Subtle there? within, ho!

Face (*from within*). Sir, he 'll come to you by and by.

Mam. That 's his fire-drake,
His Lungs, his Zephyrus, he that puffs his coals
Till he firk Nature up in her own centre.
You are not faithful, sir. This night I 'll change
All that is metal in thy house to gold:
And early in the morning will I send
To all the plumbers and the pewterers,
And buy their tin and lead up; and to Lothbury,
For all the copper.

Surly. What, and turn that too?

Mam. Yes, and I 'll purchase Devonshire and Cornwall,
And make them perfect Indies! You admire now?

Sur. No, faith. [medicine—

Mam. But when you see the effects of the great
Of which one part projected on a hundred
Of Mercury, or Venus, or the Moon,
Shall turn it to as many of the Sun,
Nay, to a thousand, so *ad infinitum*—
You will believe me.

Sur. Yes, when I see 't, I will. . . .

Mam. Ha! why,
Do you think I fable with you? I assure you,
He that has once the flower of the Sun,
The perfect Ruby, which we call Elixir,
Not only can do that, but by its virtue
Can confer honour, love, respect, long life,
Give safety, valour, yea, and victory,
To whom he will. In eight-and-twenty days
I 'll make an old man of fourscore a child.

Sur. No doubt; he 's that already.

Mam. Nay, I mean,
Restore his years, renew him like an eagle,
To the fifth age; make him get sons and daughters,
Young giants, as our philosophers have done—
The ancient patriarchs afore the flood—
By taking, once a week, on a knife's point,
The quantity of a grain of mustard of it,
Become stout Marses, and beget young Cupids. [you,

Sur. The decayed vestals of Pickt hatch would thank
That keep the fire alive there.

Mam. 'Tis the secret
Of nature naturized 'gainst all infections,
Cures all diseases, coming of all causes;
A month's grief in a day; a year's in twelve;
And of what age soever, in a month:
Past all the doses of your drugging doctors.
I 'll undertake withal to fright the plague
Out o' the kingdom in three months.

Sur. And I 'll
Be bound the players shall sing your praises, then,
Without their poets.

Mam. Sir, I 'll do 't. Meantime,
I 'll give away so much unto my man,
Shall serve the whole city with preservative
Weekly; each house his dose, and at the rate——

Sur. As he that built the Water-work does with water!

Mam. You are incredulous.

Sur. Faith, I have a humour,
I would not willingly be gulled. Your Stone
Cannot transmute me.

Mam. Pertinax [my] Surly,
Will you believe antiquity? records?
I 'll shew you a book, where Moses, and his sister,
And Solomon, have written of the art;
Ay, and a treatise penned by Adam.

Sur. How?

Mam. Of the Philosopher's Stone, and in High Dutch.

Sur. Did Adam write, sir, in High Dutch?

Mam. He did;
Which proves it was the primitive tongue.

Sur. What paper?

Mam. On cedar-board.

Sur. O that, indeed, they say,
Will last 'gainst worms.

Mam. 'Tis like your Irish wood
'Gainst cobwebs. I have a piece of Jason's fleece too,
Which was no other than a book of Alchemy,
Writ in large sheepskin, a good fat ram-vellum.
Such was Pythagoras' thigh, Pandora's tub,
And all that fable of Medea's charms,
The manner of our work: the bulls, our furnace,
Still breathing fire: our argent-vive, the Dragon:
The Dragon's teeth, Mercury sublimate,
That keeps the whiteness, hardness, and the biting:
And they are gathered into Jason's helm
(Th' alembic), and then sowed in Mars his field.
And thence sublimed so often, till they are fixed.
Both this, the Hesperian garden, Cadmus' story,
Jove's shower, the boon of Midas, Argus' eyes,
Boccace his Demogorgon, thousands more,
All abstract riddles of our Stone. (From Act II. sc. i.)

The Demogorgon, a primordial deity, is described in Boccaccio's *Genealogia Deorum*.

In 1616 Ben Jonson collected the plays he had then written, adding at the same time a book of epigrams and a number of poems, which he entitled *The Forest* and *The Underwoods*. The whole were comprised in one folio volume, which Jonson dignified with the title of his *Works*, a circumstance which exposed him to the ridicule of some of his contemporaries. He wrote many elegies, epistles, love poems, epigrams, and epitaphs: as a song writer he had few equals. He grafted a classic

nd musical expression on parts of his
and interludes which could hardly have
pected from his massive and ponderous
In some of his songs he equals Carew and
in picturesque images, and in portraying
inations of love. A taste for nature is
displayed in his fine lines on Penshurst,
ient seat of the Sidneys. His prose,
y the *Discoveries*, is distinguished by
le judgment, critical insight, and force
ty of diction.

To Celia—from 'The Forest.'

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
And I 'll not look for wine.
The thirst that from the soul doth rise,
Doth ask a drink divine;
But might I of Jove's nectar sup,
I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
Not so much honouring thee,
As giving it a hope that there
It could not withered be.
But thou thereon didst only breathe,
And sent'st it back to me;
Since when, it grows, and smells, I swear,
Not of itself, but thee.

rd Cumberland was surprised to find that
famous song was based on the Greek
stratus; and Gifford was surprised at his
But the fact is seldom sufficiently re-
ed; and nobody who does not look up the
ill believe how close the noble English
to the florid prose of the Greek sophist,
itus of Lemnos, who lived about 170–250
e is probably best known in England by
of Apollonius of Tyana, part of which was
d and annotated by Charles Blount, the
er, in 1680, and issued as a freethinking
n Christianity. Other works were *Lives of*
hists, sixty-four *Imagines*, a *Heroicus*, and
our epistles, mostly amatory and full of
s but strained conceits. These letters,
quite short, are variously arranged; but
of the epistles (Nos. 24, 30, and 31 in
ld editions; in Kayser's ed., Teubner,
Nos. 33, 2, and 46) occur the following
s, providing the ideas of the first half
irst verse, and of both halves of verse 2
no close parallel for the second part of
:

μόνοις φρόνιμοι τοῖς ὄμμασιν, ὧν καὶ ὁ Ζεὺς γινομένους ἀριστήσατο. εἰ δὲ βούλει, τὸν μὲν οἶνον μὴ παραίνου δὲ ἰμβαλοῦσα ὕδατος καὶ τοῖς χείλεσι προσφέρου φιλημάτων τὸ ἴκτωμα καὶ οὕτως δίδου τοῖς

ά σοι στέφανον ῥόδων, οὐ σὲ τιμῶν, καὶ τοῦτο μὴν αὐτοῖς τι χαριζόμενος τοῖς ῥόδοις, ἵνα μὴ μαραν ύλλει τι φίλῃ χαρίζεσθαι, τὰ λείψαντα αὐτῶν ἀντίηπίτι πνέοντα ῥόδων μόνον, ἀλλὰ καὶ σοῦ.

The Sweet Neglect—from 'Epicœne, or The Silent Woman.'

[From the Latin of Jean Bounefons, French erotic poet, 1554-1614.]

Still to be neat, still to be drest,
As you were going to a feast;
Still to be powdered, still perfumed:
Lady, it is to be presumed,
Though art's hid causes are not found,
All is not sweet, all is not sound.

Give me a look, give me a face,
That makes simplicity a grace;
Robes loosely flowing, hair as free;
Such sweet neglect more taketh me
Than all th' adulteries of art:
They strike mine eyes, but not my heart.

To Celia—from 'Volpone.'

[Suggested by Catullus: see page 401.]

Come, my Celia, let us prove
While we can the sports of love;
Time will not be ours for ever,
He at length our good will sever:
Spend not then his gifts in vain;
Suns that set may rise again;
But if once we lose this light,
'Tis with us perpetual night.
Why should we defer our joys?
Fame and rumour are but toys.
Cannot we delude the eyes
Of a few poor household spies?
Or his easier ears beguile,
So removed by our wile?
'Tis no sin love's fruit to steal,
But the sweet theft to reveal:
To be taken, to be seen,
These have crimes accounted been.

Hymn to Diana—from 'Cynthia's Revels.'

Queen and huntress, chaste and fair,
Now the sun is laid to sleep,
Seated in thy silver chair,
State in wonted manner keep:
Hesperus entreats thy light,
Goddess excellently bright.

Earth, let not thy envious shade
Dare itself to interpose;
Cynthia's shining orb was made
Heaven to clear when day did close;
Bless us then with wished sight,
Goddess excellently bright.

Lay thy bow of pearl apart,
And thy crystal shining quiver:
Give unto the flying hart
Space to breathe, how short soever;
Thou that mak'st a day of night,
Goddess excellently bright.

To Night—from 'The Vision of Delight.'

Break, Phant'sie, from thy cave of cloud,
And spread thy purple wings;
Now all thy figures are allow'd,
And various shapes of things;
Create of airy forms a stream:
It must have blood, and nought of phlegm;
And though it be a waking dream,

Yet let it like an odour rise
To all the senses here,
And fall like sleep upon their eyes,
Or music in their ear.

Song—from 'Underwoods.'

Oh, do not wanton with those eyes,
Lest I be sick with seeing;
Nor cast them down, but let them rise,
Lest shame destroy their being.

Oh, be not angry with those fires,
For then their threats will kill me;
Nor look too kind on my desires,
For then my hopes will spill me.

Oh, do not steep them in thy tears,
For so will sorrow slay me;
Nor spread them as distraught with fears;
Mine own enough betray me.

An Epitaph on Salathiel Pavy, a Child of Queen Elizabeth's Chapel.

Weep with me, all you that read
This little story:
And know, for whom a tear you shed
Death's self is sorry.
'Twas a child that so did thrive
In grace and feature,
As heaven and nature seem'd to strive
Which own'd the creature.
Years he number'd scarce thirteen
When fates turn'd cruel,
Yet three fill'd zodiacs had he been
The stage's jewel;
And did act, what now we moan,
Old men so duly,
As, sooth, the Parcæ thought him one,
He play'd so truly.
So by error to his fate
They all consented;
But viewing him since, alas too late!
They have repented;
And have sought, to give new birth,
In baths to steep him;
But being so much too good for earth,
Heaven vows to keep him.

The Triumph of Charis.

See the chariot at hand here of Love,
Wherein my Lady rideth!
Each that draws is a swan or a dove,
And well the car Love guideth.
As she goes, all hearts do duty
Unto her beauty;
And enamour'd do wish, so they might
But enjoy such a sight,
That they still were to run by her side,
Through swords, through seas, whither she would ride.

Do but look on her eyes, they do light
All that Love's world compriseth!
Do but look on her hair, it is bright
As Love's star when it riseth!
Do but mark, her forehead 's smoother
Than words that soothe her:
And from her arched brows such a grace
Sheds itself through the face,
As alone there triumphs to the life
All the gain, all the good of the elements' strife.

Have you seen but a bright lily grow,
Before rude hands have touch'd it?
Have you mark'd but the fall o' the snow
Before the soil hath smutch'd it?
Have you felt the wool of the bever?
Or swan's down ever?
Or have smelt o' the bud of the briar?
Or the nard in the fire?
Or have tasted the bag of the bee?
O so white! O so soft! O so sweet is she!

Epigram.—To my Bookseller.

Thou that mak'st gain thy end, and wisely well,
Call'st a book good or bad as it doth sell,
Use mine so too; I give thee leave: but crave,
For the luck's sake, it thus much favour have,
To lie upon thy stall, till it be sought;
Not offer'd, as it made suit to be bought;
Nor have my title-leaf on posts or walls,
Or in cleft-sticks, advanced to make calls
For termers, or some clerk-like serving-man,
Who scarce can spell th' hard names; whose knight l
If without these vile arts it will not sell,
Send it to Bucklers-bury, there 'twill well.

Epigram.—To Dr Donne.

Donne, the delight of Phœbus and each Muse
Who to thy one all other brains refuse;
Whose every work of thy most early wit
Came forth example, and remains so yet:
Longer a knowing than most wits do live,
And which no affection praise enough can giv
To it, thy language, letters, arts, best life,
Which might with half mankind maintain a st
All which I meant to praise, and yet I would
But leave, because I cannot as I should!

My Picture, left in Scotland.

I now think, Love is rather deaf than blind,
For else it could not be,
That she,
Whom I adore so much, should so slight m
And cast my suit behind:
I 'm sure my language to her was as sweet,
And every close did meet
In sentence of as subtle feet,
As hath the youngest he,
That sits in shadow of Apollo's tree.

Oh! but my conscious fears,
That fly my thoughts between,
Tell me that she hath seen
My hundreds of gray hairs,
Told seven and forty years,
Read so much waste, as she cannot embrac
My mountain belly and my rocky face,
And all these through her eyes have stopt her

From 'The Poet to the Painter.'

Why, though I seem of a prodigious waist,
I am not so voluminous and vast,
But there are lines, wherewith I might be embrac'

'Tis true, as my womb swells, so my back stoops,
And the whole lump grows round, deform'd, and d
But yet the Tun at Heidelberg had hoops.

ou were not tied by any painter's law
o square my circle, I confess, but draw
y superficies : that was all you saw.

'hich if in compass of no art it came
o be described by a monogram,
'ith one great blot you had form'd me as I am.

Good Life, Long Life.

It is not growing like a tree
In bulk, doth make man better be,
Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,
To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sear.
A lily of a day
Is fairer far in May,
Although it fall and die that night,
It was the plant and flower of light!
In small proportions we just beauties see :
And in short measures life may perfect be.

Epitaph on the Countess of Pembroke.

Underneath this sable herse
Lies the subject of all verse,
Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother.
Death! ere thou hast slain another,
Learn'd and fair, and good as she,
Time shall throw a dart at thee.

s epitaph on Sidney's noble and accom-
d sister, the Countess of Pembroke, for whose
ation the *Arcadia* was written, was first
d as Jonson's by Whalley in his edition of
'This delicate epitaph is universally attri-
to our author, though it hath never yet been
d with his works ; it is, therefore, with some
ire that I have given it a place here.' But
a hundred years before Aubrey had ex-
y said that the epitaph was by William
ne of Tavistock. Critical opinion is divided
the provenance ; Mr Bullen takes it as
ne's, Mr Sidney Lee as Jonson's.

Epitaph on Elizabeth L. H.

Wouldst thou hear what man can say
In a little?—reader, stay.

Underneath this stone doth lie
As much beauty as could die ;
Which in life did harbour give
To more virtue than doth live.

If at all she had a fault,
Leave it buried in this vault.
One name was Elizabeth ;
The other, let it sleep with death :
Fitter where it died to tell,
Than that it lived at all. Farewell.

On My First Daughter.

re lies, to each her parents' ruth,
ry, the daughter of their youth :
all heaven's gifts being heaven's due,
nakes the father less to rue.
six months' end she parted hence
h safety of her innocence ;
ose soul Heaven's queen, whose name she bears,
comfort of her mother's tears,
Hath placed among her virgin train :
Where, while that severed doth remain,
This grave partakes the fleshly birth,
Which cover lightly, gentle earth!

To Penshurst [the home of the Sidneys].

Thou art not, Penshurst, built to envious show
Of touch or marble ; nor canst boast a row
Of polished pillars or a roof of gold :
Thou hast no lantern, whereof tales are told ;
Or stair, or courts ; but stand'st an ancient pile,
And these grudged at are reverenced the while.
Thou joy'st in better marks of soil, of air,
Of wood, of water ; therein thou art fair.
Thou hast thy walks for health as well as sport ;
Thy mount to which the Dryads do resort,
Where Pan and Bacchus their high feasts have made
Beneath the broad beech, and the chestnut shade ;
That taller tree which of a nut was set
At his great birth where all the Muses met.
There, in the writhed bark, are cut the names
Of many a sylvan, taken with his flames.
And thence the ruddy satyrs oft provoke
The lighter fauns to reach thy Lady's Oak.
Thy copse, too, named of Gamage, thou hast here,
That never fails, to serve thee, seasoned deer,
When thou wouldst feast or exercise thy friends.
The lower land that to the river bends,
Thy sheep, thy bullocks, kine, and calves do feed :
The middle ground thy mares and horses breed.
Each bank doth yield thee conies, and the tops
Fertile of wood, Ashore and Sydney's copse,
To crown thy open table, doth provide
The purpled pheasant with the speckled side :
The painted partridge lies in every field,
And for thy mess is willing to be killed.
And if the high-swoln Medway fail thy dish,
Thou hast thy ponds that pay thee tribute fish,
Fat aged carps that run into thy net,
And pikes, now weary their own kind to eat,
As loth the second draught or cast to stay,
Officiously at first themselves betray.
Bright eels that emulate them, and leap on land
Before the fisher, or into his hand.
Thou hast thy orchard fruit, thy garden flowers,
Fresh as the air, and new as are the hours.
The early cherry with the later plum,
Fig, grape, and quince, each in his time doth come :
The blushing apricot and woolly peach
Hang on thy walls that every child may reach.
And though thy walls be of the country stone,
They 're reared with no man's ruin, no man's groan ;
There 's none that dwell about them wish them down ;
But all come in, the farmer and the clown,
And no one empty-handed, to salute
Thy lord and lady, though they have no suit.
Some bring a capon, some a rural cake,
Some nuts, some apples ; some that think they make
The better cheeses, bring them, or else send
By their ripe daughters, whom they would commend
This way to husbands ; and whose baskets bear
An emblem of themselves, in plum or pear.
But what can this (more than express their love)
Add to thy free provisions, far above
The need of such? whose liberal board doth flow
With all that hospitality doth know! . . .

Now, Penshurst, they that will proportion thee
With other edifices, when they see
Those proud ambitious heaps, and nothing else,
May say their lords have built, but thy lord dwells.

Touch or *touch-stone* is black basalt: it was Sir Philip Sidney 'at whose birth all the Muses met;' Barbara Gamage was the wife of Sir Robert Sidney (Philip's brother), Earl of Leicester.

To the Memory of my beloved Master William Shakespeare, and what he hath left us.

[Originally in the First Folio of Shakespeare, 1623.]

To draw no envy, Shakespeare, on thy name,
Am I thus ample to thy book and fame;
While I confess thy writings to be such
As neither man nor Muse can praise too much.
'Tis true, and all men's suffrage. But these ways
Were not the paths I meant unto thy praise;
For seeliest ignorance on these may light,
Which, when it sounds at best, but echoes right:
Or blind affection, which doth ne'er advance
The truth, but gropes, and urges all by chance;
Or crafty malice might pretend this praise,
And think to ruin, where it seemed to raise.
These are as some infámous bawd or whore
Should praise a matron; what could hurt her more?
But thou art proof against them, and, indeed,
Above the ill fortune of them, or the need.
I therefore will begin: Soul of the age!
The applause, delight, the wonder of our stage!
My Shakespeare, rise! I will not lodge thee by
Chaucer, or Spenser, or bid Beaumont lie
A little further off, to make thee room:
Thou art a monument without a tomb,
And art alive still, while thy book doth live,
And we have wits to read and praise to give.
That I not mix thee so, my brain excuses,
I mean with great but disproportioned Muses:
For if I thought my judgment were of years,
I should commit thee surely with thy peers,
And tell how far thou didst our Lyly outshine,
Or sporting Kyd, or Marlowe's mighty line.
And though thou hadst small Latin and less Greek,
From thence to honour thee I will not seek
For names; but call forth thund'ring Æschylus,
Euripides, and Sophocles to us,
Pacuvius, Accius, him of Cordova dead, Seneca
To live again, to hear thy buskin tread,
And shake a stage: or when thy socks were on,
Leave thee alone for the comparison
Of all that insolent Greece or haughty Rome
Sent forth, or since did from their ashes come.
Triumph, my Britain, thou hast one to shew,
To whom all scenes of Europe homage owe.
He was not of an age, but for all time!
And all the Muses still were in their prime,
When like Apollo he came forth to warm
Our ears, or like a Mercury to charm!
Nature herself was proud of his designs,
And joyed to wear the dressing of his lines!
Which were so richly spun, and woven so fit,
As since she will vouchsafe no other wit.
The merry Greek, tart Aristophanes,
Neat Terence, witty Plautus, now not please;
But antiquated and deserted lie,
As they were not of nature's family.
Yet must I not give nature all; thy art,
My gentle Shakespeare, must enjoy a part.
For though the poet's matter nature be,
His art doth give the fashion; and that he
Who casts to write a living line must sweat
(Such as thine are) and strike the second heat
Upon the Muses' anvil; turn the same,
And himself with it, that he thinks to frame;
Or for the laurel he may gain a scorn;
For a good poet's made as well as born.
And such wert thou! Look how the father's
Lives in his issue, even so the race
Of Shakespeare's mind and manners brightly s
In his well-turned and true-filed lines:
In each of which he seems to shake a lance,
As brandished at the eyes of ignorance.
Sweet Swan of Avon! what a sight it were
To see thee in our waters yet appear,
And make those flights upon the banks of Tha
That so did take Eliza and our James!
But stay; I see thee in the hemisphere
Advanced, and made a constellation there!
Shine forth, thou Star of Poets, and with rage
Or influence chide or cheer the drooping stage
Which since thy flight from hence hath mour
night,
And despairs day but for thy volume's light!

On the Portrait of Shakespeare.

[Under the Portrait by Droeshout in the First Fol

This figure that thou here seest put,
It was for gentle Shakespeare cut,
Wherein the graver had a strife
With nature, to outdo the life:
O could he but have drawn his wit,
As well in brass, as he hath hit
His face, the print would then surpass
All that was ever writ in brass:
But since he cannot, reader, look
Not on his picture, but his book.

Jonson's prose other than in drama i illustrated by three paragraphs contain judgment on Lord Bacon, taken from l *coveries*, which are in part a commonpla of suggestions, in part a series of short es very various subjects, somewhat on the B model:

From 'Discoveries.'

Dominus Verulamius.—One, though he be and the chief, is not to be imitated alone: for nc ever grew up to his author; likeness is alway side truth. Yet there happened in my time o speaker, who was full of gravity in his speaki language (where he could spare or pass by a nobly censorious. No man ever spake more nea pressly, more weightily, or suffered less empti idleness in what he uttered. No member of h but consisted of his own graces. His hearers cough or look aside from him without loss. manded where he spoke, and had his judges a pleased at his devotion. No man had their more in his power. The fear of every man th him was, lest he should make an end.

Scriptorum Catalogus.—Cicero is said to be wit that the people of Rome had equalled to thei *Ingenium par imperio.* We have had many, an several ages (to take in but the former *secu*

Thomas Moore, the elder Wiat, Henry earl of Surrey, Chaloner, Smith, Eliot, B. Gardiner, were for their times admirable; and the more, because they began eloquence with us. Sir Nicholas Bacon was singular and almost alone in the beginning of queen Elizabeth's time. Sir Philip Sidney and Mr Hooker (in different matter) grew great masters of wit and language, and in whom all vigour of invention and strength of judgment met. The earl of Essex, noble and high; and sir Walter Raleigh, not to be contemned either for judgment or style. Sir Henry Savile, grave, and truly lettered; sir Edwin Sandys, excellent in both; lord Egerton, the chancellor, a grave and great orator, and best when he was provoked. But his learned and able (though unfortunate) successor is he who hath filled up all numbers, and performed that in our tongue, which may be compared or preferred either to insolent Greece or haughty Rome. In short, within his view and about his times were all the wits born that could honour a language or help study. Now things daily fall, wits grow downward, and eloquence grows backward: so that he may be named, and stand as the mark and ἀκμή of our language.

De Augmentis Scientiarum.—Julius Cæsar.—Lord St Alban.—I have ever observed it to have been the office of a wise patriot, among the greatest affairs of the state, to take care of the commonwealth of learning. For schools, they are the seminaries of state; and nothing is worthier the study of a statesman than that part of the republic which we call the advancement of letters. Witness the care of Julius Cæsar, who in the heat of the civil war writ his books of Analogy and dedicated them to Tully. This made the late lord St Alban entitle his work *Novum Organum:* which though by the most of superficial men, who cannot get beyond the title of nominals, it is not penetrated nor understood, it really openeth all defects of learning whatsoever, and is a book

Qui longum note scriptori proroget ævum.

My conceit of his person was never increased toward him by his place or honours: but I have and do reverence him for the greatness that was only proper to himself, in that he seemed to me ever, by his work, one of the greatest men and most worthy of admiration that had been in many ages. In his adversity I ever prayed that God would give him strength; for greatness he could not want. Neither could I condole in a word or syllable for him, as knowing no accident could do harm to virtue, but rather help to make it manifest.

It was Ben who said—what is better applicable to another court than he knew—'A virtuous court a world to virtue draws;' 'Contempt of fame begets contempt of virtue;' 'Apes are apes though clothed in scarlet;' 'Posterity pays every man his honour;' and who spoke of one 'plagued with an itching leprosy of wit.' 'Spread yourself on his bosom publicly whose heart you would eat in private' is one of his most cynical phrases; only less caustic is 'Tis the common disease of all your musicians that they know no mean to be entreated either to begin or end.'

The standard edition of Jonson is the far from perfect one of Gifford (9 vols. 1816; reissued with some additional notes by Colonel Cunningham in 1875); a selection of the plays was edited by Brinsley Nicholson and C. H. Herford for the 'Mermaid Series' (3 vols. 1893-95); there are selections of plays and poems by Morley (1884) and J. A. Symonds (1886); and Mr Wheatley's edition of *Every Man in his Humour* has a valuable introduction. See the Life by Gifford, Symonds's *Ben Jonson* in the 'English Worthies' series (1886), Mr Swinburne's brilliant *Study of Ben Jonson* (1890), and the valuable section on Jonson in Dr A. W. Ward's *English Dramatic Literature* (new ed. 1899).

John Donne, gallant and courtier, wit and poet, lived to be one of the greatest preachers of the English Church, and died the saintly Dean of St Paul's. He was born in London in 1573, his father, a prosperous ironmonger, being possibly of Welsh descent. His mother, daughter of John Heywood, epigrammatist and writer of interludes (*supra*, page 153), was descended from Sir Thomas More's sister; the family on both sides were devout Catholics, and several of them suffered danger and exile for the Catholic cause. John Donne, whose father died in 1576, leaving his widow with six children, was sent to Hart Hall, Oxford, but graduated at Cambridge, and was entered at Lincoln's Inn in 1592. He read much law and controversial theology, was bookish but sprightly and even wild, and allowed his exuberant vitality to carry him into unbecoming dissipations. His early poems, many of them outspokenly sensual and at times cruelly cynical, are held by Mr Gosse to contain a sincere autobiographical record of a scandalous liaison with a married woman, besides other lesser irregularities. He travelled abroad, took part in Essex's Cadiz expedition, and on his return was appointed secretary to the Lord-Keeper, Sir Thomas Egerton, afterwards Lord Ellesmere and Chancellor. He now came to know many of the most eminent men of the day, and wrote, without printing it, great part of his poetry. A characteristic poem of this time, *The Progress of the Soul* (1601), or *Metempsychosis*, pursues a deathless soul through its transmigrations into many bodies, including those of a sparrow, a fish eaten by a pike, which is swallowed by a bird, and that by a whale. He fell violently in love with a niece of the Lord-Keeper's wife, and the pair were clandestinely married at the end of 1601; in consequence Donne was dismissed, and even for a time imprisoned. In the trying years of poverty that followed he showed an amount of servility to unworthy courtiers, such as Somerset and Buckingham, that even the custom of the age cannot justify; he did much of Somerset's dirty work in securing the divorce of his paramour, the afterwards so infamous Countess of Essex, and even wrote a gushing epithalamium for their remarriage. Having become an Anglican, Donne helped Dean (afterwards Bishop) Morton in his controversial writings against the Catholics, and himself indited a volume on the Catholics and the oaths of allegiance (*The Pseudo-Martyr*) and against the Jesuits (*Ignatius his Conclave*). *Biathanatos*, also a prose work, proved suicide to be no very heinous sin. Donne's *Divine Poems* mostly belong to this period, and include *Holy Sonnets* and *A Litany*. The first poem he printed was an elegy (1611) on Sir Robert Drury's

daughter, a child of fifteen, whom he had never seen; this he followed next year by another (*The Anatomy of the World*), and yet a third, all containing beautiful and even splendid passages, but marred by overmultiplied and overstrained conceits and utterly preposterous hyperbole—'enormous and disgusting hyperboles' is a phrase of Dr Johnson's. Thus Donne declares death now

> Can find nothing after her to kill,
> Except the world itself, so great as she:

the world could better have spared the sun, and by reason of this damsel's death is now a mere cripple and the ghost of its former self! But the elegies so commended the elegist that Drury gave him and his wife free quarters in his house, and took the poet abroad with him. It was at Paris that Donne saw the vision of his wife with a dead child in her arms, afterwards proved a veritable fact. Donne had ere this offered to go into the Church if he could thus secure patronage; and now in 1615 he did so, after mysterious delays and hesitations, credited by Walton to his remorse for youthful sins, but open—partly at least—to a less gracious reference to worldly calculations and ambitious hopes. The king encouraged him to take English orders. Either now, as one would hope, or, as Mr Gosse thinks, after his wife's death (1617), his deeper nature was stirred to true religious zeal, and theology was no longer a hobby or a professional exercise. Walton's story that Donne had fourteen livings offered him in his first year of clerical life is shown by Mr Gosse to be quite incredible; but seasonable preferments came fairly soon. In 1616 he received the livings of Keyston in Huntingdon and Sevenoaks in Kent, but he never lived in either parish. Various preacherships he also held, and in 1621 became Dean of St Paul's. Charles I. had resolved to make him a bishop, but Donne died on the 31st of March 1631, before this purpose was carried out. He was buried in St Paul's, and by-and-by that eccentric monument was erected from the painting made in the last month of the Dean's life—the invalid solemnly posing to the artist sheeted in a shroud and standing on an urn in a specially warmed room. From his ordination till near his end Donne wrote few poems; his trenchant thought, his brilliant fancy, his profound insight, and his command of the English tongue finding outlet in his sermons.

JOHN DONNE.
From a Portrait in the Dyce and Forster Collection at South Kensington Museum.

Donne's poems—songs and quatorzains, satires, elegies, religious poems, complimentary epistles in verse, epithalamiums, epigrams, and miscellaneous meditations in metre—were many of them diligently handed about in manuscript from the beginning, but were not collected and published till 1633. In virtue of his early poems, whose erotic sensualism he in later days regretted—though he preserved the MSS., as Bea, another Churchman, republished his erotic verse—Donne ranks in a sense with earlier and contemporary Elizabethans, but seems to have consciously revolted against their mellifluous monotonies, their pseudo-classical nomenclature, their pastoral and other conventions. His hard and crabbed style is to some extent deliberately adopted; we may even congratulate ourselves that so much perfect and melodious verse took that shape as it were in spite of him. He stands curiously apart from the master influences in poetry at home. As Mr Gosse points out, he took no interest in Shakespeare, in Bacon, in Daniel, or in Drayton, and had relations with Ben Jonson alone of the notable English poets of his day. He was markedly influenced by Spanish literature, but was original to a fault. In virtue of his studied carelessness, his avoidance of smoothness or form, his pedantry, his infectious harshness, this 'foremost of the metaphysical poets' opens a new era, if he does not found a school. Even as handed about in his early manhood, Donne's privately circulated MS. poems had a great vogue, and a powerful—evidently too powerful—influence on the next generation, who could more easily imitate his eccentricities and extravagances than rival his soaring flights and exquisite beauties. Ben Jonson told Drummond that he held Donne 'the first poet in the world in some things,' yet added that 'for not keeping accent he deserved to

ed,' and that he would perish from not derstood. It must be accounted a glory e that George Herbert and his brother of r were, for good or evil, his pupils, and ic Crashaw, too; Carew was another en- admirer. In Dryden's judgment Donne greatest wit though not the best poet ation,' for of course Dryden sympathised contrary influences represented by Waller, , and Cowley. Donne was discredited later seventeenth century and all the th. But Mr Gosse traces Donne's influ- Pope even, and thinks the modern tion of Donne began with Browning, who directly influenced, and put the Mandrake music. Now it is agreed that, amidst ss and obscurity, far-fetched allusion, con- nagery and allegory, and unrhythmical ne often presents us with poetry of a high expression as well as in thought.

Hall, Donne was one of the first English on the regular Latin model: Buchanan's ere in Latin, and Skelton and Lyndsay a different category. Dryden, Pope, and ook over and smoothed Donne's type of couplet; and Pope, acting on Dryden's dernised some of Donne's satires. His nsitions from voluptuous ecstasies to medi- the mystery of life and death, and his but at times not a little fantastic specula- doubt contributed to securing for Donne het—seldom precisely used—of 'meta- ' His intellect was active and keen, y vivid and picturesque, his wit playful caustic. His too great terseness and ty of ideas breeds obscurity; the un- d crabbed versification, with superfluous to be slurred over, and accents that thrown on the wrong syllables—however part of his conscious design—is puzzling; e to understand the poem before you can verse. The conceits are often not merely but suggestive and beautiful, lightly and y handled. Mr Gosse praises especially:

ot a Teneriffe or higher hill
high like a rock that one might think
ating moon would shipwreck there and sink.

other hand, Donne constantly piles up pon Pelions of metaphors, prefers such puerile or grotesque—defying the good his own time as well as ours—and over- es them to wearisomeness. Thus, treating oken heart, he runs off into a play on ession 'broken heart.' He entered a room, where his mistress was present, and

Love, alas,
first blow did shyver yt [his heart] as glasse.

sisting on the idea of a heart broken to he goes on to exhaust the conceit and tedious:

Yet nothing can to nothing fall,
Nor any place be emptye quyte;
Therefore I think my brest hath all
Those peeces still, though they do not unyte:
And now as broken glasses showe
A thousand lesser faces, soe
My raggs of hart can like, wish, and adore;
But after one such love can love no more.

Address to Bishop Valentine, on the Day of the Marriage of the Elector Palatine to the Princess Elizabeth.

Hail, Bishop Valentine, whose day this is,
All the air is thy diocis,
And all the chirping choristers
And other birds are thy parishioners:
Thou marryest every year
The lyrique larke, and the grave whispering dove,
The sparrow, that neglects his life for love,
The household bird with the red stomacher;
Thou mak'st the blackbird speed as soon
As doth the goldfinch or the halcion; . . .
This day more cheerfully than ever shine,
This day, which might inflame thyself, old Valentine.

Valediction forbidding Mourning.

As virtuous men pass myldly away,
And whisper to their sowles to goe,
Whilst some of their sad freinds doe say,
Now his breath goes, and some say, noe;

Soe let us melt, and make no noise,
No tear-floods nor sigh-tempests move;
'Twere prophanation of our joyes
To tell the laietie our love.

Movinge of th' earth brings harms and feares,
Men reckon what it did, and meant;
But trepidations of the sphæres,
Though greater farr, are innocent.

Dull sublunary Lovers' love,
Whose sowle is sence, cannot admytt
Absence; for that it doth remove
Those things which elemented it.

But we, by a love so far refynde
That ourselves know not what it is,
Inter-assurèd of the mynde,
Care less eyes, lipps, and hands to miss.

Our two sowles therefore, which are one,
Though I must go, indure not yet
A breach, but an expansion,
Like gould to aerye thinness beat.

If they be two, they are two soe
As styff twynn compasses are two;
Thy sowle, the fixt foote, makes no showe
To move, but doth if th' other doe:

And though it in the center sytt,
Yet when the other farr doth rome,
It leans and hearkens after it,
And growes erect, as that comes home.

Such wilt thou be to me, who must,
Like th' other foote, obliquely runn;
Thy fyrmness makes my circles just,
And makes me end where I begunn.

The Will.

Before I sigh my last gaspe, let me breath,
Great Love, some legacies. I heere bequeath
Myne eyes to Argus, if myne eyes can see;
If they be blynd, then, Love, I give them thee;
My tongue to Fame; to 'embassadors myne eares;
To women, or the sea, my tears.
Thou, Love, hast taught me heretofore
By making me love her who 'had twentie more,
That I should give to none but such as had too much before.

My constancie I to the plannets give;
My truth to them who at the Court doe live;
Mine ingenuitie and openesse
To Jesuits; to buffoones my pensivenes;
My sylence to any who abroad have been;
My money to a Capuchin.
Thou, Love, taught'st mee, by appointing mee
To love her where no love receiv'd can bee,
Only to give to such as have an incapacitye.

My faith I give to Romane Catholiques;
All my good woorkes unto the schismatiques
Of Amsterdam; my best civilitie
And courtshipp to an Universitie;
My modestie I give to souldiers bare;
My patience lett gamesters share.
Thou, Love, taught'st me, by making mee
Love her, that houlds my love disparitie,
Only to give to those that count my guifts indignitie.

My reputacion I give to those
Which were my friends; mine industry to foes;
To Schoolmen I bequeath my doubtfulnes;
My sicknes to phisitians, or excess;
To Nature all that I in rithme have writt;
And to my company my witt.
Thou, Love, by making me adore
Her who begot this love in me before,
Taught'st me to make as though I gave, when I do but restore.

To him for whom the passing-bell next toles
I give my phisik-books; my wrytten roles
Of morrall counsells I to Bedlam give;
My brazen meddalls unto them which live
In want of bread; to them which passe amonge
All foranners, myne English toungue.
Thou, Love, by makinge me love one
Who thynks her friendshipp a fitt portionn
For younger lovers, dost my guift thus disproportion.

Therefore I'le give noe more; but I'le undoe
The world by dyinge; because Love dyes too.
Then all your bewties wilbe no more worth
Then gold in mynes, when none doe draw it forth;
And all your graces no more use will have
Then a sun-dyall in a grave.
Thou, Love, taught'st me, by appointinge mee
To love her who doth neglect both mee and thee,
T' invent and practize that one way t' annihilate all three.

Character of a Bore—from Donne's Fourth Satire.

Towards me did runne
A thing more strange than on Nile's slime the sunne
E'er bred, or all which into Noahs arke came;
A thing which would have pos'd Adam to name.
Stranger than seven Antiquaries studies,
Than Africks monsters, Guiana's rarities,
Stranger than strangers. One who for a Dane
In the Danes massacre had sure beene slaine,
If he had liv'd then; and without helpe dies
When next the Prentises 'gainst Strangers rise.
One whom the watch at noone scarce lets goe by;
One to whom th' examining justice sure would cry:
'Sir, by your priesthood, tell me what you are?'
His clothes were strange though coarse, and blak though bare;
Sleevelesse his jerkin was, and it had bin
Velvet, but 'twas now (so much ground was seene)
Become Tuff-taffaty; and our children shall
See it plain rashe awhile, then nought at all.
The thing hath travail'd, and saith, speaks all tongues;
And onely knoweth what to all States belongs.
Made of th' Accents and best phrase of all these,
He speakes one language. If strange meats displease,
Art can deceive, or hunger force my taste;
But Pedants motley tongue, souldiers bumbast,
Mountebanks drug tongue, nor the termes of law,
Are strong enough preparatives to draw
Me to beare this. Yet I must be content
With his tongue, in his tongue call'd compliment. . . .
He names me, and comes to me. I whisper, 'God!
How have I sinn'd, that thy wraths furious rod,
This fellow, chooseth me?' He saith: 'Sir,
I love your judgment—whom do you prefer
For the best Linguist?' And I seelily
Said that I thought Calepines Dictionarie.
'Nay, but of men, most sweet sir?'—Beza then,
Some Jesuits, and two reverend men
Of our two academies, I named. Here
He stopt me, and said: 'Nay, your Apostles were
Pretty good linguists, and so Panurge was;
Yet a poor gentleman all these may pass
By travel.' Then, as if he would have sold
His tongue, he praised it, and such wonders told,
That I was faine to say: 'If you had lived, sir,
Time enough to have been Interpreter
To Babels bricklayers, sure the Tower had stood.'
He adds: 'If of court-life you knew the good,
You would leave lonenesse.' I said: 'Not alone
My lonenesse is, but Spartans fashion.
To teach by painting drunkards doth not taste
Now; Aretine's pictures have made few chaste;
No more can princes' courts—though there be few
Better pictures of vice—teach me vertue.'
He, like to a high-stretcht lute-string, squeakt: 'O sir,
'Tis sweet to talke of kings!' 'At Westminster,'
Said I, 'the man that keeps the Abbey-tombes,
And for his price doth, with whoever comes,
Of all our Harries, and our Edwards talke,
From King to King, and all their kin can walke:
Your eares shall heare nought but Kings; your eyes meet
Kings onely; The way to it is King's-street.'
He smack'd, and cryd, 'He 's base, mechanique, coarse;
So are all your English men in their discourse.'
'Are not your French men neat?' 'Mine? as you see,
I have but one, Sir; looke, he followes me.
Certes, they are neatly cloath'd.' 'I, of this minde am,
Your onely wearing is your Grogaram.'
'Not so, Sir, I have more.' Under this pitch
He would not flie. I chaff'd him; But as itch

Scratch'd into smart, and as blunt Iron grownd
Into an edge, hurts worse; so I (foole!) found
Crossing hurt me. To fit my sullennesse,
He to another key his stile doth dresse;
And askes, what newes? I tell him of new playes:
He takes my hand, and, as a Still which stayes
A semibriefe 'twixt each drop, he niggardly,
As loath to inrich me, so tels many a ly,
More than ten Hollensheads, or Halls, or Stowes,
Of triviall houshold trash, He knowes: he knowes
When the queen frown'd or smil'd; and he knows what
A subtile Statesman may gather of that:
He knowes who loves; whom and who by poyson
Hasts to an Offices reversion:
He knows who 'hath sold his land, and now doth beg
A license, old iron, bootes, shooes, and egge-
Shells to transport; Shortly boyes shall not play
At span-counter or blow-point, but shall pay
Toll to some Courtier; and wiser than all us,
He knows what Lady is not painted. Thus
He with home-meats cloyes me.

An early poetic allusion to the Copernican system occurs in Donne:

As new phylosophy arrests the sun,
And bids the passive earth about it run.

This simile was often repeated by later poets:

When goodly, like a shipp in her full trimme,
A swann so white, that you may unto him
Compare all whitenes, but himselfe to none,
Glided along, and, as hee glided, watched,
And with his archèd neck this poore fish catch't:
It mooved with state, as if to looke upon
Low things it scorn'd.

The second of Donne's five 'Prebend Sermons,' preached at St Paul's in 1625, 'a long poem of victory over death,' is, as Mr Gosse says, 'one of the most magnificent pieces of religious writing in English literature, and closes with a majestic sentence of incomparable pomp and melody':

As my soule shall not goe towards Heaven, but goe by Heaven to Heaven, to the Heaven of Heavens, so the true joy of a good soule in this world is the very joy of Heaven; and we goe thither not that being without joy we might have joy infused into us, but that, as Christ sayes, *Our joy might be full*, perfected, sealed with an everlastingnesse: for as he promises *That no man shall take our joy from us*, so neither shall Death itselfe take it away, nor so much as interrupt it or discontinue it, but as in the face of Death, when he layes hold upon me, and in the face of the Devill when he attempts me, I shall see the face of God (for everything shall be a glasse, to reflect God upon me); so in the agonies of Death, in the anguish of that dissolution, in the sorrowes of that valediction, in the irreversiblenesse of that transmigration, I shall have a joy which shall no more evaporate than my soule shall evaporate, a joy that shall passe up and put on a more glorious garment above, and be joy superinvested in glory. Amen.

Donne's poems were posthumously collected and published in a one-volume quarto in 1633; his son issued a fuller edition in 1649. The son published also successive collections of sermons, prose works, and letters. Alford's edition of the poems (1839) is singularly unsatisfactory; Grosart's (in the 'Fuller Worthies Library') is the fullest. There is an edition by E. K. Chambers (1896), with critical introduction by Professor Saintsbury. Izaak Walton's Life, a remarkable masterpiece of biography, was originally prefixed to some of the sermons published in 1640, and was afterwards enlarged; but Walton had insufficient information on some parts of Donne's life. Dr Jessopp's *John Donne, sometime Dean of St Paul's* (1897) dwells mainly on the theological side of the man; then the same author's article in the *Dictionary of National Biography* is noteworthy. But when Mr Gosse undertook his *Life and Letters* he could justly say that it was 'perhaps the most imposing task left to the student of Elizabethan and Jacobean literature.' The work, issued in two volumes in 1899, is a triumph of biographical skill and literary insight. Mr Gosse arranged the letters for the first time, and shed much light on various parts of Donne's career. The bibliographical and critical information brought together by Mr Gosse is unapproached elsewhere in value.

Joseph Hall (1574–1656), born at Ashby-de-la-Zouch, in Leicestershire, studied at Cambridge, and rose through various church preferments to be Bishop of Exeter (1627) and then of Norwich (1641). In 1617 he went with James to Scotland in the design of establishing Episcopacy, and next year was a deputy to the Synod of Dort. He was accused of Puritanism, was at enmity with Laud, and in 1641, as a prelate claiming his rights in the House of Lords, was imprisoned in the Tower for seven months. His revenues were sequestrated and his property pillaged; and in 1647 he retired to a small farm near Norwich, where he lived till his death. His principal works were theological and devotional—*Christian Meditations*, *The Contemplations on the New Testament* and *On the Holy Story*, and a *Paraphrase of Hard Texts*. His sermons have a rapid, vehement eloquence well fitted to arouse and impress. He wrote against Papists and Brownists with equal fervour. In 1608 he published a remarkable series of *Characters of Vertues and Vices*, similar to the famous *Characters* of Overbury (1614). Hall's *Epistles* are also numerous. Fuller, who says that 'for his pure, full, plain style' Hall was called the English Seneca, judges him 'not ill at controversies, more happy at comments, very good in his characters, better in his sermons, best of all in his meditations.' He is, however, best remembered in literature for his satires, published under the title of *Virgidemiarum*, *Sixe Bookes*, in 1597–98, before he was in holy orders. In them he followed Latin models, but is rather vigorous, witty, and even scurrilous than polished. Archbishop Whitgift condemned them to be burned as licentious with works by Marlowe and Marston, but the judgment was withdrawn. Pope thought them the best poetry and the truest satire in the English language; while Hallam pronounces them rugged, obscure, and ungrammatical. Hall boldly claims to be the first English satirist:

I first adventure, follow me who list
And be the second English satirist.

He means probably the first regular satirist, following Latin models; and even then Marston was enraged by Hall's claim. Donne and Marston seem to have written about the same time; Lodge's *Fig for Momus* was some years earlier. Wyatt and Gascoigne, too, might claim to be reckoned,

and Nash, whether or no he was Greene's 'Young Juvenal, that biting satirist,' even though Skelton were regarded as too irregular and ribald; and *Piers Plowman* was, of course, very far removed from classical models. In Scotland, Dunbar and Lyndsay were persistent satirists in vernacular verse, and Buchanan both in Latin verse and Scottish prose.

The Chaplain.

A gentle squire would gladly entertain
Into his house some trencher-chapelain:
Some willing man that might instruct his sons,
And that would stand to good conditions.
First, that he lie upon the truckle-bed,
While his young master lieth o'er his head.
Second, that he do, on no default,
Ever presume to sit above the salt.
Third, that he never change his trencher twice.
Fourth, that he use all common courtesies;
Sit bare at meals, and one half rise and wait.
Last, that he never his young master beat,
But he must ask his mother to define
How many jerks he would his breech should line.
All these observed, he could contented be
To give five marks and winter livery.

The Famished Gallant.

Seest thou how gaily my young master goes,
Vaunting himself upon his rising toes;
And pranks his hand upon his dagger's side;
And picks his glutted teeth since late noon-tide?
'Tis Ruffio: Trow'st thou where he dined to-day?
In sooth I saw him sit with Duke Humphrey.
Many good welcomes, and much gratis cheer,
Keeps he for every straggling cavalier;
An open house, haunted with great resort;
Long service mixt with musical disport.
Many fair younker with a feathered crest,
Chooses much rather be his shot-free guest,
To fare so freely with so little cost,
Than stake his twelvepence to a meaner host.
Hadst thou not told me, I should surely say
He touched no meat of all this livelong day;
For sure methought, yet that was but a guess,
His eyes seemed sunk for very hollowness,
But could he have—as I did it mistake—
So little in his purse, so much upon his back?
So nothing in his maw? yet seemeth by his belt
That his gaunt gut no too much stuffing felt.
Seest thou how side it hangs beneath his hip? long, low
Hunger and heavy iron makes girdles slip.
Yet for all that, how stiffly struts he by,
All trapped in the new-found bravery.
The nuns of new-won Calais his bonnet lent,
In lieu of their so kind a conquerment.
What needed he fetch that from farthest Spain,
His grandame could have lent with lesser pain?
Though he perhaps ne'er passed the English shore,
Yet fain would counted be a conqueror.
His hair, French-like, stares on his frighted head,
One lock Amazon-like dishevelled,
As if he meant to wear a native cord,
If chance his fates should him that bane afford.
All British bare upon the bristled skin,
Close notched is his beard, both lip and chin;
His linen collar labyrinthian set,
Whose thousand double turnings never met:
His sleeves half hid with elbow pinionings,
As if he meant to fly with linen wings.
But when I look, and cast mine eyes below,
What monster meets mine eyes in human show?
So slender waist with such an abbot's loin,
Did never sober nature sure conjoin.
Lik'st a strawn scarecrow in the new-sown field,
Reared on some stick, the tender corn to shield,
Or, if that semblance suit not every deal,
Like a broad shake-fork with a slender steel. . . .

A part of old St Paul's Cathedral was called Duke Humphrey's Walk, from a tomb erroneously supposed to be that of the famous Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester; it was the resort of beggars, bankrupts, and dinnerless poor gentlemen, who were playfully said to dine with Duke Humphrey.

Upon the Sight of a Tree Full-blossomed.

Here is a tree overlaid with blossoms. It is not possible that all these should prosper; one of them must needs rob the other of moisture and growth. I do not love to see an infancy over-hopeful; in these pregnant beginnings one faculty starves another, and at last leaves the mind sapless and barren. As, therefore, we are wont to pull off some of the too frequent blossoms, that the rest may thrive; so it is good wisdom to moderate the early excess of the parts, or progress of over-forward childhood. Neither is it otherwise in our Christian profession; a sudden and lavish ostentation of grace may fill the eye with wonder, and the mouth with talk, but will not at the last fill the lap with fruit. Let me not promise too much, nor raise too high expectations of my undertakings; I had rather men should complain of my small hopes than of my short performances.

Upon a Redbreast coming into his Chamber.

Pretty bird, how cheerfully dost thou sit and sing; and yet knowest not where thou art, nor where thou shalt make thy next meal, and at night must shroud thyself in a bush for lodging! What a shame is it for me, that see before me so liberal provisions of my God, and find myself set warm under my own roof, yet am ready to droop under a distrustful and unthankful dulness! Had I so little certainty of my harbour and purveyance, how heartless should I be, how careful! how little list [inclination] should I have to make music to thee or myself! Surely thou comest not hither without a Providence. God sent thee not so much to delight as to shame me, but all in a conviction of my sullen unbelief, who, under more apparent means, am less cheerful and confident. Reason and faith have not done so much in me, as in thee mere instinct of nature; want of foresight makes thee more merry, if not more happy here, than the foresight of better things maketh me. O God! thy providence is not impaired by those powers thou hast given me above these brute things; let not my greater helps hinder me from a holy security, and comfortable reliance on thee.

Upon hearing of Music by Night.

How sweetly doth this music sound in this dead season! In the daytime it would not, it could not so much affect the ear. All harmonious sounds are advanced by a silent darkness. Thus it is with the glad tidings of salvation; the gospel never sounds so sweet as in the night of preservation, or of our own private affliction. It is ever the same; the difference is in our

disposition to receive it. O God! whose praise it is to 'give songs in the night,' make my prosperity conscionable, and my crosses cheerful.

Upon the Sight of an Owl in the Twilight.

What a strange melancholic life doth this creature lead; to hide her head all the day long in an ivy bush, and at night, when all other birds are at rest, to fly abroad, and vent her harsh notes. I know not why the ancients have sacred this bird to wisdom, except it be for her safe closeness and singular perspicacity; that when other domestical and airy creatures are blind, she only hath inward light to discern the least objects for her own advantage. Surely thus much wit they have taught us in her: That he is the wisest man that would have least to do with the multitude; That no life is so safe as the obscure; That retiredness, if it have less comfort, yet less danger and vexation; lastly, That he is truly wise who sees by a light of his own, when the rest of the world sit in an ignorant and confused darkness, unable to apprehend any truth save by the helps of an outward illumination. Had this fowl come forth in the daytime, how had all the little birds flocked wondering about her, to see her uncouth visage, to hear her untuned notes! She likes her estate never the worse, but pleaseth herself in her own quiet reservedness. It is not for a wise man to be much affected with the censures of the rude and unskilful vulgar, but to hold fast unto his own well-chosen and well-fixed resolutions. Every fool knows what is wont to be done; but what is best to be done, is known only to the wise.

Upon the Sight of a Great Library.

What a world of wit is here packed up together! I know not whether this sight doth more dismay or comfort me: it dismays me to think that here is so much that I cannot know; it comforts me to think that this variety yields so good helps to know what I should. There is no truer word than that of Solomon—there is no end of making many books: this sight verifies. There is no end; indeed, it were pity there should: God hath given to man a busy soul, the agitation whereof cannot but through time and experience work out many hidden truths; to suppress these would be no other than injurious to mankind, whose minds, like unto so many candles, should be kindled by each other. The thoughts of our deliberations are most accurate; these we vent into our papers. What a happiness is it that without all offence of necromancy, I may here call up any of the ancient Worthies of Learning, whether human or divine, and confer with them of all my doubts!—that I can at pleasure summon whole synods of reverend fathers and acute doctors from all the coasts of the earth, to give their well-studied judgments in all points of question which I propose! Neither can I cast my eye casually upon any of these silent masters but I must learn somewhat. It is a wantonness to complain of choice. No law binds me to read all; but the more we can take in and digest, the better-liking must the mind needs be: blessed be God that hath set up so many clear lamps in his Church; now none but the wilfully blind can plead darkness; and blessed be the memory of those his faithful servants, that have left their blood, their spirits, their lives, in these precious papers, and have willingly wasted themselves into these during monuments, to give light unto others!

[Paradise—The Gospel of Labour.]

Every earth was not fit for Adam, but a garden; a paradise. What excellent pleasures, and rare varieties, have men found in gardens planted by the hands of men! And yet all the world of men cannot make one twig, or leaf, or spire of grass. When he that made the matter undertakes the fashion, how must it needs be, beyond our capacity, excellent! No herb, no flower, no tree, was wanting there, that might be for ornament or use; whether for sight, or for scent, or for taste. The bounty of God wrought further than to necessity, even to comfort and recreation. Why are we niggardly to ourselves, when God is liberal? But for all this, if God had not there conversed with man, no abundance could have made him blessed. Yet, behold! that which was man's storehouse was also his workhouse; his pleasure was his task: paradise served not only to feed his senses, but to exercise his hands. If happiness had consisted in doing nothing, man had not been employed; all his delights could not have made him happy in an idle life. Man, therefore, is no sooner made than he is set to work: neither greatness nor perfection can privilege a folded hand; he must labour, because he was happy; how much more we, that we may be! This first labour of his was, as without necessity, so without pains, without weariness; how much more cheerfully we go about our businesses, so much nearer we come to our paradise.

The Hypocrite.

A hypocrite is the worst kind of player, by so much as he acts the better part: which hath always two faces, ofttimes two hearts: that can compose his forehead to sadness and gravity, while he bids his heart be wanton and careless within; and, in the mean time, laughs within himself, to think how smoothly he hath cozened the beholder: in whose silent face are written the characters of religion, which his tongue and gestures pronounce, but his hands recant: that hath a clean face and garment, with a foul soul: whose mouth belies his heart, and his fingers belie his mouth. Walking early up into the city, he turns into the great church, and salutes one of the pillars on one knee; worshipping that God which at home he cares not for: while his eye is fixed on some window, on some passenger; and his heart knows not whither his lips go: he rises and, looking about with admiration, complains of our frozen charity; commends the ancient. At church he will ever sit where he may be seen best; and in the midst of the sermon pulls out his tables in haste, as if he feared to lose that note; when he writes either his forgotten errand or nothing: then he turns his Bible with a noise, to seek an omitted quotation; and folds the leaf, as if he had found it; and asks aloud the name of the preacher, and repeats it; whom he publicly salutes, thanks, praises, invites, entertains with tedious good counsel, with good discourse, if it had come from an honester mouth. He can command tears, when he speaks of his youth; indeed because it is past, not because it was sinful: himself is now better, but the times are worse. All other sins he reckons up with detestation, while he loves and hides his darling in his bosom. All his speech returns to himself, and every occurrent draws in a story to his own praise. When he should give, he looks about him, and says, 'Who sees me?' No alms, no prayers fall from him, without a witness; belike, lest God should deny, that

he hath received them: and, when he hath done, lest the world should not know it, his own mouth is his trumpet to proclaim it. . . . In brief, he is the stranger's saint; the neighbour's disease; the blot of goodness; a rotten stick in a dark night; a poppy in a corn field; an ill tempered candle with a great snuff, that in going out smells ill; an angel abroad, a devil at home; and worse when an angel than when a devil.

The Busy-body.

His estate is too narrow for his mind; and therefore he is fain to make himself room in others' affairs; yet ever in pretence of love. No news can stir but by his door: neither can he know that which he must not tell. What every man ventures in Guiana voyage, and what they gained, he knows to a hair. Whether Holland will have peace, he knows; and on what conditions, and with what success, is familiar to him ere it be concluded. No post can pass him without a question; and rather than he will lose the news, he rides back with him to appose [question] him of tidings: and then to the next man he meets, he supplies the wants of his hasty intelligence, and makes up a perfect tale; wherewith he so haunteth the patient auditor that after many excuses he is fain to endure rather the censure of his manners in running away, than the tediousness of an impertinent discourse. His speech is oft broken off with a succession of long parentheses; which he ever vows to fill up ere the conclusion; and perhaps would effect it, if the others' ear were as unweariable as his tongue. If he see but two men talk and read a letter in the street, he runs to them, and asks if he may not be partner of that secret relation; and if they deny it, he offers to tell, since he may not hear, wonders: and then falls upon the report of the Scottish Mine, or of the great fish taken up at Lynn, or of the freezing of the Thames; and, after many thanks and dismissions, is hardly entreated silence. He undertakes as much as he performs little. This man will thrust himself forward, to be the guide of the way he knows not; and calls at his neighbour's window, and asks why his servants are not at work. The market hath no commodity which he prizeth not, and which the next table shall not hear recited. His tongue, like the tail of Sampson's foxes, carries firebrands; and is enough to set the whole field of the world on a flame. Himself begins table-talk of his neighbour at another's board; to whom he bears the first news, and adjures him to conceal the reporter: whose choleric answer he returns to his first host, enlarged with a second edition: so, as it uses to be done in the fight of unwilling mastiffs, he claps each on the side apart, and provokes them to an eager conflict. There can no Act pass without his Comment; which is ever far-fetched, rash, suspicious, delatory. His ears are long, and his eyes quick; but most of all to imperfections; which as he easily sees, so he increases with intermeddling. . . . He labours without thanks; talks without credit; lives without love; dies without tears, without pity; save that some say, 'It was pity he died no sooner.'

Hall's works, including also a Latin satirical romance of an unknown country in Terra Australis, called *Mundus Alter et Idem*, were edited by the Rev. Josiah Pratt (10 vols. 1808), Peter Hall (12 vols. 1837–39), and the Rev. Philip Wynter (10 vols., Oxford, 1863). The satires have been republished by Warton, Grosart (1879), and others. There is a Life by the Rev. George Lewis (1886).

John Day, dramatist, has since 1897 been identified with John Dey, who, according to college records, was the son of a yeoman at Cawston in Norfolk, born 1574, and entered Caius College, Cambridge, as a sizar in 1592. Of his work practically nothing was known till 1881, save that with Chettle he produced the extant play, *The Blind Beggar of Bednal Green*, which owes but little to the well-known ballad in Percy's *Reliques*. He had a share in over a score of plays, often in collaboration with Chettle, Dekker, Haughton, and others. But little of his handiwork was accessible till in 1881 Mr Bullen reprinted five plays by him; an allegorical masque, *The Parliament of Bees*, in which the Humble Bee, the Hornet, the Drone, &c., are arraigned; and an allegorical tract called *Peregrinatio Scholastica*. *The Ile of Guls* is a mixture of romance, allegory, and fun, without much dramatic consistency. *Humour out of Breath* is an Arcadian play, slight in texture, dealing with the adventures of the daughters of a banished Duke of Mantua and of the sons of his enemy, the Duke of Venice. Day shows everywhere more grace and fancy than constructive power or consistency. The academic trilogy *The Pilgrimage to Parnassus* and the *Returne* (quoted below) have also been attributed, on no sufficient grounds, to Day.

See Mr Bullen's *Introduction* to Day's Plays (1881), Ward's *Dramatic Literature*, and Mr Swinburne's article on Day in the *Nineteenth Century* for October 1897.

The Pilgrimage to Parnassus.—A play of this name was acted at St John's College, Cambridge, at Christmas of 1598; a sequel, called the *Returne from Parnassus*, in 1599; and a second part of the *Returne* in 1601. This second part of the *Returne* has often been reprinted; the two earlier plays of this academic series were only known by name till, found in Hearne's collection by Mr Macray, they and their sequel were published by him in 1886, a complete Parnassian trilogy. They may be taken as the most notable specimen of the academic plays which were a conspicuous feature of the time. Sometimes the classical plays merely were acted by the students; gradually new Latin plays on classical models became common; and by-and-by, in spite of academic and court prohibitions, the new plays came to be wholly or partly in English. These especially shed a strange and vivid light on contemporary university life, and give a melancholy picture of the misery and humiliation of those who then sought to make a precarious livelihood by learning or letters.

In the *Pilgrimage to Parnassus* we have the travels to the Mountain of the Muses of Philomusus and Studioso through Logic Land and Rhetoric Land and Philosophy Land in spite of the seductions of Madido and his wine-cup, Stupido, and Amoretto. The *Returne from Parnassus*, in two parts, shows the struggles of the same pilgrims to find, after their sojourn in the heights of poetry, a footing in this workaday

tutor, physician, fiddler, or shepherd.
are most frequently quoted for their
(not always complimentary) to drama-
he period — to Shakespeare, Jonson,
odge, Drayton, Marston, Marlowe,
the poets Spenser and Constable; and
ors Kemp and Burbage.

allio effusively praises Shakespeare as
Venus and Adonis and *Romeo and*
t Gallio is a vulgar, purse-proud upstart,
it pretender to culture. It is Kemp the
s says to Burbage, 'Why, here's our
kespeare puts them all down; ay, and
n too.' And other allusions to Shake-
gest that Shakespeare was 'the favourite
half-educated strolling players as distin-
m the refined geniuses of the university.'
ruction is singular and irregular: the
e is only half the length of the first
he *Returne*, and the second part is
twice the length of the first. There is
wit and humour throughout, and not a
eness; the carrier (Hobson, celebrated
, tapster, and churchwarden are as enter-
aracter sketches as those of the principal
. The following is from the second
ird 'Actus' of the *Pilgrimage:*

MADIDO *alone, reading Horace Epistles.*

poeet Horace! if thou were alive I woulde
cupp of sacke on thee for theise liquid verses;
not drie rimes like Cato's, *Si deus est animus,*
e moist issue of a poeticall soule. O if the
d drawers knewe what thou sayest in the
on of takinge of liquoure, they would score
ses upon everie but and barrell; and, in faith,
if I doe for the benefite of the unlearned
me of my English poetrie uppon thy Latin
this Romane tonge maye noe longer outface
Englishe skinkers. Ile onlie rouse up my
of her den with this liquid sacrifice, and
amongste youe, poets and rimers! The
eople will now thinke I did drincke, and
ge but conferr with the ghostes of Homer,
gill, and they rest that dwell in this watterie
Harke, marke! here springs a poeticall par-
ouns! I want a worde miserablely! I must
nother worde in my dictionarie; I shall noe
n this pinte pott but the worde like a knave
crie, *Anon, Anon, Sir!* Ey marye Sir! nowe
write a book! Woulde anie leaden Mydas,
patron, have his asses eares deified, let him
nd give mee some prettie sprinkling to main-
expences of my throate, and Ile dropp out
encomium on him that shall imortalize him
there is ever a booke-binder in Englande.
forgotten my frind Horace. Take not in
prettie verses!) if I turne you out of youre
ate into an Englishe galberdine.

Enter PHILOMUSUS *and* STUDIOSO.]

In faith, Madido, thy poetrie is good;
nt Genius doth possess thy corps.
think a furie ravisheth thy braine,
such a sweet phantasticke vaine.
But tell mee, shall wee have thy companie
Throughe this craggie ile, this harsh rough waye?
Wilt thou be pilgrime to Parnassus' hill?

Madi. I had rather be a horse to grinde in mill. Zouns! I travell to Parnassus? I tell thee its not a pilgrimage for good wits. Let slowe-brainde Athenians travell thither, those drie sober youths which can away to reede dull lives, fustie philosophers, dustie logicians. Ile turne home, and write that that others shall reade; posteritie shall make them large note books out of my writings. Naye, there is another thing that makes mee out of love with this jorney; there is scarce a good taverne or alehouse betwixt this and Parnassus; why, a poeticall spirit muste needs starve!

Philom. Naye, when thou comes to high Parnassus' hill
Of Hellicons pure stream drincke thou thy fill.

Stud. There Madido may quaff the poets boule,
And satisfie his thirstie dryed soule.

Madi. Nay, if I drinke of that pudled water of Hellicon in the companie of leane Lenten shadowes, let mee for a punishement converse with single beare soe long as I live! This Parnassus and Hellicon are but the fables of the poets: there is noe true Parnassus but the third lofte in a wine taverne, noe true Hellicon but a cup of browne bastard. Will youe travell quicklie to Parnassus? doe but carie youre drie feet into some drie taverne, and straight the drawer will bid youe to goe into the Halfe Moone or the Rose, that is into Parnassus; then call for a cup of pure Hellicon, and he will bringe youe a cup of pure hypocrise, that will make youe speake leapinge lines and dauncinge periodes. Why, give mee but a quart of burnt sacke by mee, and if I doe not with a pennie worth of candles make a better poeme than Kinsaders *Satyrs*, Lodge's *Fig for Momus*, Bastard's *Epigrams*, Leichfild's *Trimming of Nash*, Ile give my heade to anie good felowe to make a *memento mori* of! O the genius of xij^{d}! A quart will indite manie livelie lines in an houre, while an ould drousie Academicke, an old Stigmaticke, an ould sober Dromeder, toiles a whole month and often scratcheth his witts' head for the bringinge of one miserable period into the worlde! If therefore you be good felowes or wise felowes, travell noe farther in the craggie way to the fained Parnassus: returne whome with mee, and wee will hire our studies in a taverne, and ere longe not a poste in Paul's churchyarde but shall be acquainted with our writings.

Philom. Nay then, I see thy wit in drincke is drounde;
Wine doth the beste parte of thy soule confounde.

Stud. Let Parnass be a fond phantasticke place,
Yet to Parnassus Ile hould on my pace.
But tell mee, Madido, how camest thou to this ile?

Madi. Well, Ile tell youe; and then see if the phisicke of good counsel will worke upon youre bodies. I tooke shippinge at *Qui mihi discipulus*, and sailed to *Propria quae maribus;* then came to *As in praesenti*, but with great danger, for there are certaine people in this cuntrie caled schoolmaisters, that take passingers and sit all day whippinge pence out of there tayls; these men tooke mee prisoner, and put to death at leaste three hundred rodes upon my backe. Henc traveled I into the land of *Sintaxis*, a land full of joyners, and from thenc came I to *Prosodia*, a litell iland, where are men of 6 feete longe, which were never mentioned in Sir John Mandefilde's cronicle. Hence did I set up my unluckie feete in this ile

Dialectica, where I can see nothinge but idees and phantasmes; as soone as I came hither I began to reade Ramus his mapp, *Dialectica est, &c.*; then the slovenlie knave presented mee with such an unsavorie worde that I dare not name it unless I had some frankensence readie to perfume youre noses with after. Upon this I threw away the mapp in a chafe, and came home, cursing my witless head that woulde suffer my headless feete to take such a tedious journey.

Philom. The harder and the craggier is the waye
The joy will be more full another day.
Ofte pleasure got with paine wee dearlie deeme;
Things dearlie boughte are had in great esteeme.

Madi. Come on, Come on, Tullie's sentences! Leave youre pulinge of prouerbs, and hearken to him that knowes whats good for youe. If you have anie care of youre eyes, blinde them not with goinge to Parnassus; if you love youre feete, blister them not in this craggie waye. Staie with mee, and one pinte of wine shall inspire youe with more witt than all they nine muses. Come on! Ile lead you to a merie companie!

Stud. Fie, Philomusus! 'gin thy loitringe feet
To faint and tire in this so faire a waie?
Each marchant for a base inglorious prize
Fears not with ship to plowe the ocean;
And shall not wee for learnings glorious meede
To Parnass hast with swallowe-winged speede?

Philom. I'faithe, Studioso, I was almost wonne
To cleave unto yonder wett phantasticke crewe!
I see the pinte pott is an oratoure!
The burnt sacke made a sweet oration
Againste Appollo and his followers;
Discourste howe schollers unregarded walke,
Like threedbare impecunious animals,
Whiles servinge men doe swagger it in silks,
And each earth-creepinge peasant russet-coate
Is in requeste for his well-lined pouche:
Tolde us howe this laborious pilgrimage
Is wonte to eate mens marrowes, drye there bloude,
And make them seem leane shadowles pale ghostes.
This counsell made mee have a staggeringe minde,
Untill I sawe there beastlie bezolinge,
There drowned soules, there idle meriment,
Voyde of sounde solace and true hartes content:
And now I love my pilgrimage the more,
I love the Muses better than before.
But tell mee, what lande do wee travell in?
Mee thinks it is a pleasante fertile soil.

In the second part of the *Returne* Ingenioso and Judicio discuss Spenser, and Ingenioso gives his 'censure' in these lines:

A sweeter swan than ever sung in Poe,
A shriller nightingale than ever blest
The prouder groves of selfe-admiring Rome.
Blithe was each vally, and each shepheard proud
While he did chaunt his rurale minstralsie.
Attentive was full many a dainty eare:
Nay, hearers hung upon his melting tong,
While sweetly of the Faiery Queene he sung;
While to the waters fall he tuned her fame,
And in each barke engraved Elizaes name.

They continue to call the roll of poets and dramatists, and after dealing summarily with Constable, Daniel, Lodge, Drayton, Watson, and others, proceed:

Ingenioso [*reads:*] Christopher Marlowe.

Judicio. Marlowe was happy in his buskined muse;
Alas, unhappy in his life and end.
Pitty it is that wit so ill should well,
Wit lent from heaven, but vices sent from hell.

Ing. Our theater hath lost, Pluto hath got,
A tragick penman for a dreary plot.—

[*Reads:*] Benjamin Jonson.

Jud. The wittiest fellow of a bricklayer in England.

Ing. A meere empyrick, one that getts what he hath by observation, and makes onely nature privy to what he indites; so slow an inventor, that he were better betake himselfe to his old trade of bricklaying; a bould whorson, as confident now in making of a book, as he was in times past in laying of a brick.—

[*Reads:*] William Shakspeare.

Jud. Who loves not Adons love or Lucrece rape?
His sweeter verse contaynes h[e]art throbbing line,
Could but a graver subject him content,
Without loves lazy foolish languishment.

Two of these lines are also read:

Who loves Adoni's love or Lucrece rape;
His sweeter verse contaynes hart robbing life.

Philomusus above gives another parallel (see page 233) to Burns's—

O were I on Parnassus hill
Or had of Helicon my fill.

Mossie is apparently stupid; *single beare* is small beer; *bastard* was a sweet Spanish wine; *hypocrise* is hippocras; 'W. Kinsayder' was a *nom de guerre* of Marston's; Thomas Bastard published epigrams in 1598, and Richard Lichfield wrote against Nash in 1597; *stigmaticke*, a branded criminal, may be playfully used here for a graduate; *dromeder*, a laborious pedant; *Propria quae maribus*, &c., are scraps from the Latin grammar; *Maundefilde*, Mandeville; the 'mapp' to this land of Petrus Ramus is his *Dialectical Partitiones* (1543), formulating a complete revolt against Aristotelianism and Scholasticism: *Tullie* is Cicero; *bezolinge* or *bezling* is carousing, guzzling, from the same root as *embezzle*.

Thomas Dekker, born in London about 1570, was a most prolific dramatic author, but only a few of his plays were printed. His life was irregular, and he spent some years in the King's Bench and other prisons as a prisoner for debt. He is last heard of in 1637. In 1600 he published *The Shoemaker's Holiday, or the Gentle Craft*, and *The Pleasant Comedy of Old Fortunatus*. The first of these pieces is one of the most entertaining of the old comedies, though it is based on the incredible assumption that a soldier, nobly born, has deserted an important military command in the French war and become a Dutch-speaking journeyman to a London shoemaker on the very slender chance that, being thus in London, he may prosecute his suit to the Lord Mayor's daughter. But the rac somewhat Falstaffian, talk of Simon Eyre and h journeymen is the feature of the play, sometime inconsequent rattle, sometimes pithy sense. Thu when the Lord Mayor says to Simon, 'Ha, ha, ha I had rather than a thousand pounds I had an heart but half so light as yours,' the shoemaker replies, 'Why, what should I do, my Lord? A pound of care pays not a dram of debt. Hum, let's be merry whiles we are young: old age, sack and

ill steal upon us ere we be aware.' *Fortu-* he second comedy, abounds in poetry of uty. Dekker's next play was *Satiromastix* which held up to ridicule Ben Jonson, with he had collaborated and quarrelled. In kker published a pamphlet, *The Wonderful* hich gives a heart-rending account of the

In the very amusing tract, *The Bachelor's t*, he describes the ills of henpecked hus-

His most powerful writing is in *The Honest* (1604; Part ii. 1630), an uncompromising of contemporary manners which at times be- ainfully realistic. Middleton seems to have Dekker in the first part. With Webster te the *Famous History of Sir Thomas Westward Ho*, and *Northward Ho*. The *n of London* (1608) pamphlet gives a lively of London vagabonds; and the subject ued in *Lanthorn and Candlelight* (1608). of these works Dekker made a free use *weat or Warening for Commen Cursetors ly called Vagabones*, published in 1566 or Thomas Harman, a Kentish squire, and ngly did not escape the charge of plagiarism. *Gull's Hornbook* (1609) the life of a town- is racily depicted after a German model. isk comedy, *The Roaring Girl* (1611), is y Dekker, but chiefly by Middleton. With ger he wrote the *Virgin Martyr;* Lamb ubtless right in ascribing to Dekker the autiful scene (II. i.). *The Sun's Darling* is by Ford. The *Whore of Babylon* (1607) is ely vehement exhibition of Protestantism of allegory on the Spanish Armada. A l tragedy, *The Witch of Edmonton* (post- ly published in 1658), was written by , Ford, and (probably) Rowley (see below e 478). Charles Lamb says Dekker has enough for anything; Mr A. H. Bullen his best plays rank with the masterpieces lizabethan drama;' and Mr Swinburne finds ild wood-notes of passion and fancy and in Dekker's best moments' remind him of peare; while Dr Ward holds that, spite of ical gift, his humour, and his pathos, he distinction, and is limited in inventive ation, rude in form, and coarse in thought.

Poetaster Jonson, in the character of , very pointedly satirised Dekker and n, charging Dekker with arrogancy, impu- and other faults. In Dekker's reply there rally more raillery and abuse than wit or but it was well received by the play-going

ce is thus amusingly introduced as in the oncocting an ode:

whose forehead swells with roses,
most haunted bower
e and scent to every flower,
most adoréd name encloses
bstruse, deep and divine;
yellow tresses shine
Bright as Eoan fire.
Oh, me thy priest inspire!
For I to thee and thine immortal name,
In—in—in golden tunes,
For I to thee and thine immortal name—
In—sacred raptures flowing, flowing, swimming, swimming:
In sacred raptures swimming,
Immortal name, game, dame, tame, lame, lame, lame,
[Foh,] hath, shame, proclaim, oh—
In sacred raptures flowing, will proclaim [no !].
Oh, me thy priest inspire!
For I to thee and thine immortal name,
In flowing numbers filled with spright and flame (Good, good !)
In flowing numbers filled with spright and flame.

Horace by-and-by complains that his lines were often maliciously misconstrued and misapplied, complacently remarking:

> The error is not mine, but in their eye
> That cannot take proportions.

Dekker, happily enough, makes his Crispinus reply:

Horace, Horace,
To stand within the shot of galling tongues
Proves not your guilt; for could we write on paper
Made of those turning leaves of heaven, the clouds,
Or speak with angels' tongues, yet wise men know
That some would shake the head; though saints should sing,
Some snakes must hiss, because they're born with sting. . . .
Do we not see fools laugh at heaven and mock
The Maker's workmanship? Be not you grieved
If that which you mould fair, upright, and smooth,
Be screwed awry, made crooked, lame, and vile,
By racking comments and calumnious tongues.
So to be bit it rankles not, for Innocence
May with a feather brush off the foul wrong.
But when your dastard wit will strike at men
In corners, and in riddles fold the vices
Of your best friends, you must not take to heart
If they take off all gilding from their pills,
And only offer you the bitter core.

Dekker's **Honest Whore** was enthusiastically praised by Hazlitt, as combining 'the simplicity of prose with the graces of poetry;' 'simplicity and extravagance, homeliness and quaintness, tragedy and comedy.' Passages like the following, spoken by a long-suffering husband whose patience has been sore taxed by a capricious wife, are memorable:

Duke. What comfort do you find in being so calm?
Candido. That which green wounds receive from sovereign balm.
Patience, my lord! why, 'tis the soul of peace:
Of all the virtues, 'tis nearest kin to heaven:
It makes men look like gods. The best of men
That e'er wore earth about him was a sufferer,
A soft, meek, patient, humble, tranquil spirit;
The first true gentleman that ever breathed.
The stock of patience cannot then be poor;
All it desires it has; what monarch more?

It is the greatest enemy to law
That can be ; for it doth embrace all wrongs,
And so chains up lawyer's and women's tongues.
'Tis the perpetual prisoner's liberty,
His walks and orchards ; 'tis the bond slave's freedom,
And makes him seem proud of each iron chain,
As though he wore it more for state than pain :
It is the beggar's music and thus sings,
Although their bodies beg, their souls are kings.

(From Part I. Act v. sc. ii.)

The Magdalene pathetically contrasts female honour and shame :

Nothing did make me, when I loved them best,
To loathe them more than this : when in the street
A fair, young, modest damsel I did meet ;
She seemed to all a dove when I passed by,
And I to all a raven : every eye
That followed her went with a bashful glance :
At me each bold and jeering countenance
Darted forth scorn : to her, as if she had been
Some tower unvanquished, would they vail :
'Gainst me swoln Rumour hoisted every sail ;
She, crowned with reverend praises, passed by them ;
I, though with face masked, could not 'scape the hem ;
For, as if heaven had set strange marks on them,
Because they should be pointing-stocks to man,
Drest up in civilest shape, a courtesan,
Let her walk saint-like, noteless, and unknown,
Yet she 's betrayed by some trick of her own.

(From Part II. Act iv. sc. i.)

Thus Hippolito laments, gazing on the portrait of his love, believed to be dead :

My Infelice's face, her brow, her eye,
The dimple on her cheek : and such sweet skill
Hath from the cunning workman's pencil flown,
These lips look fresh and lively as her own ;
Seeming to move and speak. Alas ! now I see
The reason why fond women love to buy
Adulterate complexion : here 'tis read ;
False colours last after the true be dead.
Of all the roses grafted on her cheeks,
Of all the graces dancing in her eyes,
Of all the music set upon her tongue,
Of all that was past woman's excellence
In her white bosom—look, a painted board
Circumscribes all ! Earth can no bliss afford ;
Nothing of her but this ! This cannot speak ;
It has no lap for me to rest upon ;
No lip worth tasting. Here the worms will feed,
As in her coffin. Hence, then, idle art,
True love 's best pictured in a true love's heart.
Here art thou drawn, sweet maid, till this be dead,
So that thou livest twice, twice art burièd.
Thou figure of my friend, lie there !

(From Part I. Act iv. sc. i.)

In **Old Fortunatus** the old hero describes court life, from painful experience, to his (oddly-named) sons Ampedo and Andelocia :

For still in all the regions I have seen,
I scorned to crowd among the muddy throng
Of the rank multitude, whose thickened breath,
Like to condensèd fogs, do choke that beauty,
Which else would dwell in every kingdom's cheek.
No ; I still boldly stept into their courts :
For there to live 'tis rare, O 'tis divine !
There shall you see faces angelical ;
There shall you see troops of chaste goddesses,
Whose starlike eyes have power, might they still shine,
To make night day, and day more crystalline.
Near these you shall behold great heroes,
White-headed counsellors, and jovial spirits,
Standing like fiery cherubims to guard
The monarch, who in godlike glory sits
In midst of these, as if this deity
Had with a look created a new world,
The standers-by being the fair workmanship.
And. Oh, how my soul is rapt to a third heaven !
I 'll travel sure, and live with none but kings. . . .
Amp. But tell me, father, have you in all courts
Beheld such glory, so majestical,
In all perfection, no way blemished ?
Fort. In some courts shall you see Ambition
Sit piecing Dedalus's old waxen wings ;
But being clapt on, and they about to fly,
Even when their hopes are busied in the clouds,
They melt against the sun of Majesty,
And down they tumble to destruction.
For since the Heaven's strong arms teach kings to stand,
Angels are placed about their glorious throne
To guard it from the strokes of traitorous hands.
By travel, boys, I have seen all these things.
Fantastic Compliment stalks up and down,
Trickt in outlandish feathers ; all his words,
His looks, his oaths, are all ridiculous,
All apish, childish, and Italianate.

(From Act ii. sc. ii.)

Orleans, distracted by his love, defends himself :

Galloway. O call this madness in ; see from the windows
Of every eye derision thrusts out her cheeks
Wrinkled with idiot laughter ; every finger
Is like a dart shot from the hand of scorn
By which thy name is hurt, thine honour torn.
Orleans. Laugh they at me, sweet Galloway ?
Gall. Even at thee.
Orl. Ha, ha, I laugh at them, are they not mad
That let my true true sorrow make them glad ?
I dance and sing only to anger grief
That in that anger he might smite life down
With his iron fist. Good heart, it seemeth then,
They laugh to see grief kill me : O fond men,
You laugh at others tears ; when others smile
You tear yourselves in pieces : vile, vile, vile !
Ha, ha, when I behold a swarm of fools
Crowding together to be counted wise,
I laugh because sweet Agripyne's not there,
But weep because she is not anywhere,
And weep because, whether she be or not,
My love was ever and is still forgot ;
Forgot, forgot, forgot, forgot !

(From Act iii. sc. i.)

There is something like Marlowe in much of Dekker's blank verse, something Shakespearean in some turns of his thought ; and single phrases linger in the memory—'O what a heaven is love! O what a hell!' 'Honest labour bears a lovely face.'

Of Dekker's prose tracts and works, as various

subject as descriptions of the plague in London of the rogueries of horse-dealers, and highly votional exercises, the best known is *The Gull's rnbook* (1609), containing descriptions of the nners and customs of the times. This work is gely indebted to Dedekind's *Grobianus* (Frankt, 1549), a Latin satire on drunkenness and the baucheries of the time, translated into German yming couplets and expanded by Scheidt in 1557. kker had translated part of the Latin version o English verse, but, on reflection, not liking subject, he says, he 'altered the shape, and a Dutchman fashioned a mere Englishman,' suming the character of a guide to the fashionle follies of the town, but only on purpose to licule them :

The Old World and the New weighed together.

Good clothes are the embroidered trappings of pride, d good cheer the very eryngo-root[1] of gluttony, so that e backe and ful bellies are coach horses to two of the ven deadly sins ; in the boots of which coach Lechery d Sloth sit like the waiting-maid. In a most desperate ate therefore do tailors and cooks stand by means of eir offices ; for both these trades are apple-squires[2] that couple of sins. The one invents more fantastic shions than France hath worn since her first stone was id ; the other more lickerish epicurean dishes than ere ever served up to Gallonius's[3] table. Did man, ink you, come wrangling into the world about no tter matters, than all his lifetime to make privy arches in Birchin Lane for whalebone doublets, or for ies of nightingales' tongues in Heliogabalus's kitchen? o, no ; the first suit of apparel that ever mortal man ut on came neither from the mercer's shop nor the erchant's warehouse : Adam's bill would have been ken then, sooner than a knight's bond now ; yet was great in nobody's books for satin and velvets. The lkworms had something else to do in those days than set up looms, and be free of the weavers ; his breeches ere not so much worth as King Stephen's, that cost ut a poor noble ; for Adam's holyday hose and doublet ere of no better stuff than plain fig-leaves, and Eve's st gown of the same piece : there went but a pair of ears between them. An antiquary in this town has t some of the powder of those leaves dried to shew. ailors then were none of the twelve companies : their ll, that now is larger than some dorpes[4] among the etherlands, was then no bigger than a Dutch butcher's op : they durst not strike down their customers with rge bills : Adam cared not an apple-paring for all eir lousy hems. There was then neither the Spanish p, nor the skipper's galligaskin, the Danish sleeve gging down like a Welsh wallet, the Italian's close rosser,[5] nor the French standing collar : your trebleadruple dædalian ruffs, nor your stiff-necked rabatos,[6] at have more arches[7] for pride to row under than n stand under five London bridges, durst not then set emselves out in print ; for the patent for starch could no means be signed. Fashions then was counted a ease, and horses died of it : but now, thanks to folly, is held the only rare physic ; and the purest golden es live upon it.

As for the diet of that Saturnian age, it was like their ire, homely. A salad and a mess of leek-porridge was a dinner for a far greater man than ever the Turk was. Potato-pies and custards stood like the sinful suburbs of cookery, and had not a wall so much as a handful high built round about them. There were no daggers[8] then, nor no chairs. Crookes's ordinary, in those parsimonious days, had not a capon's leg to throw at a dog. O golden world ! The suspicious Venetian carved not his meat with a silver pitchfork,[9] neither did the sweet-toothed Englishman shift a dozen of trenchers at one meal ; Piers Ploughman laid the cloth, and Simplicity brought in the voider.[10] How wonderfully is the world altered ! And no marvel, for it has lain sick almost five thousand years ; so that it is no more like the old *theatre du monde* than old Paris Garden[11] is like the king's garden at Paris.

[1] As a provocative medicine. [2] Pimps. [3] Gallonius, town-crier at Rome about 150 B.C., was proverbial for wealth and gluttony. [4] Thorpes, villages. [5] Trosser, trouser. [6] Ruffs. [7] The fluting or puckering. [8] Instruments to fix the meat while cutting. [9] Forks were introduced from Italy about 1600. [10] The basket in which broken meat was carried from the table. [11] The Bear Garden at Bankside.

How a Gallant should behave himself in Paul's Walks.[1]

Being weary with sailing up and down alongst these shores of Barbaria, here let us cast our anchor ; and nimbly leap to land in our coasts, whose fresh air shall be so much the more pleasing to us, if the ninnyhammer, whose perfection we labour to set forth, have so much foolish wit left him as to choose the place where to suck in ; for that true humorous gallant that desires to pour himself into all fashions, if his ambition be such to excel even compliment itself, must as well practise to diminish his walks as to be various in his salads, curious in his tobacco, or ingenious in the trussing up of a new Scotch hose ; all which virtues are excellent, and able to maintain him ; especially if the old worm-eaten farmer, his father, be dead, and left him five hundred a year : only to keep an Irish hobby,[2] an Irish horseboy, and himself like a gentleman. He therefore that would strive to fashion his legs to his silk stockings, and his proud gait to his broad garters, let him whiff down these observations. . . .

Your mediterranean isle[3] is then the only gallery wherein the pictures of all your true fashionate and complemental gulls are and ought to be hung up. Into that gallery carry your neat body ; but take heed you pick out such an hour when the main shoal of islanders are swimming up and down. And first observe your doors of entrance, and your exit ; not much unlike the players at the theatres : keeping your decorums, even in phantasticality. As for example : if you prove to be a northern gentleman, I would wish you to pass through the north door, more often especially than any of the other ; and so, according to your countries, take note of your entrances.

Now for your venturing into the walk. Be circumspect and wary what pillar you come in at ; and take heed in any case, as you love the reputation of your honour, that you avoid the serving-man's log,[4] and approach not within five fathom of that pillar ; but bend your course directly in the middle line, that the whole body of the church may appear to be yours ; where, in view of all, you may publish your suit in what manner you affect most, either with the slide of your cloak from the one shoulder ; and then you must, as 'twere in anger,

suddenly snatch at the middle of the inside, if it be taffeta at the least; and so by that means your costly lining is bewrayed, or else by the pretty advantage of compliment. But one note by the way do I especially woo you to, the neglect of which makes many of our gallants cheap and ordinary, that by no means you be seen above four turns; but in the fifth make yourself away, either in some of the seamsters' shops, the new tobacco-office, or amongst the booksellers, where, if you cannot read, exercise your smoke, and inquire who has writ against this divine weed, &c.[5] For this withdrawing yourself a little will much benefit your suit, which else, by too long walking, would be stale to the whole spectators; but howsoever, if Paul's jacks[6] be once up with their elbows, and quarrelling to strike eleven, as soon as ever the clock has parted them, and ended the fray with his hammer, let not the Duke's gallery contain you any longer, but pass away apace in open view; in which departure, if by chance you either encounter, or aloof off throw your inquisitive eye upon any knight or squire, being your familiar, salute him not by his name of Sir such a one, or so; but call him Ned, or Jack, &c. This will set off your estimation with great men; and if, though there be a dozen companies between you, 'tis the better he call aloud to you, for that is most genteel, to know where he shall find you at two o'clock; tell him at such an ordinary, or such; and be sure to name those that are dearest, and whither none but your gallants resort. After dinner you may appear again, having translated yourself out of your English cloth cloak into a light Turkey grogram, if you have that happiness of shifting; and then be seen, for a turn or two, to correct your teeth with some quill or silver instrument, and to cleanse your gums with a wrought handkerchief; it skills not whether you dined or no: that is best known to your stomach; or in what place you dined; though it were with cheese, of your own mother's making, in your chamber, or study.

Now if you chance to be a gallant not much crossed among citizens; that is, a gallant in the mercer's books, exalted for satins and velvets; if you be not so much blessed to be crossed (as I hold it the greatest blessing in the world to be great in no man's books), your Paul's walk is your only refuge: the Duke's tomb[7] is a sanctuary, and will keep you alive from worms and landrats that long to be feeding on your carcass: there you may spend your legs in winter a whole afternoon; converse, plot, laugh, and talk anything; jest at your creditor, even to his face; and in the evening, even by lamp-light, steal out; and so cozen a whole covey of abominable catchpoles.

[1] Old St Paul's Church was a common promenade. [2] Pacing horse. [3] The middle aisle of St Paul's. [4] A portion set apart for gentlemen's servants. [5] Tobacco is satirised not merely here and in King James's *Counterblast* (1604), but in Ben Jonson's plays and innumerable pamphlets and satires. [6] Automaton striking apparatus of the clock. [7] The tomb of Sir John Beauchamp, son of Guy, Earl of Warwick, was unaccountably called 'Duke Humphrey's Tomb,' and the dinnerless persons who lounged here were said to have 'dined with Duke Humphrey.'

Sleep.

For do but consider what an excellent thing sleep is: it is so inestimable a jewel, that, if a tyrant would give his crown for an hour's slumber, it cannot be bought: of so beautiful a shape is it, that, though a man live with an empress, his heart cannot be at quiet till he leaves her embracements to be at rest with the other: yea, so greatly are we indebted to this kinsman of death, that we owe the better tributary half of our life to him; and there is good cause why we should do so; for sleep is that golden chain that ties health and our bodies together. Who complains of want, of wounds, of cares, of great men's oppressions, of captivity, whilst he sleepeth? Beggars in their beds take as much pleasure as kings. Can we therefore surfeit on this delicate ambrosia? Can we drink too much of that, whereof to taste too little, tumbles us into a churchyard; and to use it but indifferently throws us into Bedlam? No, no. Look upon Endymion, the moon's minion, who slept threescore and fifteen years, and was not a hair the worse for it!

Dekker's plays were collected by R. H. Shepherd in 4 vols. (1873), and his pamphlets in 5 vols. of Dr Grosart's 'Huth Library' (1884–86). Mr Rhys edited five plays for the 'Mermaid Series' (1887). See Mr Swinburne's Essay (1887).

John Webster.—The name of John Webster is the type of the obscurity which broods over so many of the poets of the Elizabethan and Jacobean periods. There is no one, of equal eminence, in the range of English literature of whom so little is known. Not a positive fact, not a reminiscence, not an anecdote, brings this shadowy figure before us for a moment, and we have to construct our impression of him entirely from his works. He was 'one born free of the Merchant-Tailors' Company;' according to Gildon, who wrote nearly a century later, he was clerk of St Andrew's parish in Holborn. It is thought that he began to write for the stage in 1602; the first examples of his work which we know that we possess are the 'additions' he made to Marston's *Malcontent* in 1604; of these the fine 'induction' is the most notable. It has been supposed that he joined Dekker in writing *Westward Ho* in 1603 and *Northward Ho* in 1605, but these comedies were not printed until 1607. In the first of these Dekker's genius is predominant; the second, which is written in harsh prose, offers nothing characteristic of either poet. Webster was associated with Dekker in 1607 in the tragical history of *Sir Thomas Wyat*. *Cæsar's Fall* and *The Two Harpies*, still earlier collaborations, have disappeared altogether.

It is conjectured that *The White Devil, or the Life and Death of Vittoria Corombona*, was acted in 1608, but it was not printed until 1612. It was followed on the boards by *Appius and Virginia* (published in 1654), by *The Devil's Law-case* (published in 1623), and *The Duchess of Malfi* (probably acted in 1612, although not printed until 1623). These four are the plays upon which Webster's reputation is supported, and they belong to the period immediately succeeding upon the retirement of Shakespeare to the country. By the time of Shakespeare's death Webster had in all probability ceased to produce dramatic work of importance. The City pageant of 1624 was 'invented and written by John Webster, merchant-tailor,' and he is supposed to be the cloth-worker of that name who died in 1625. It will be seen that this brief account is full of contestable matter,

yet it contains all that can even be guessed with any safety regarding the life and actions of the author of the *White Devil.*

Webster achieved little success in his own age, and was the object of no curiosity to the next. He was unknown until the beginning of the nineteenth century, when Lamb and Hazlitt called attention to his merit. Since that time the fame of Webster has been more and more assured, and he holds a place below none of Shakespeare's satellites except Ben Jonson and Marlowe. Indeed, in the elements of pure tragedy he comes nearest to the master himself, and the *Duchess of Malfi* is unquestionably the most elevated tragic poem in the language not written by the pen of Shakespeare. 'No poet,' says Mr Swinburne, ascending to a still higher flight of praise, 'has ever so long and so successfully sustained at their utmost height and intensity the expressed emotions and the united effects of terror and pity.' This is, indeed, the main quality of Webster, its subtlety of pathetic horror. It is hardly critical, however, in any comparative consideration of this poet, to omit to acknowledge his dramatic shortcomings. His plays are exceedingly ill-constructed; most of them are mere clusters of scenes, violently put together, and eked out with dumb-show, in a manner so primitive that we seem to have gone back a generation, and to be listening to a poet ignorant of what Shakespeare, and even Jonson and Fletcher, had added to the capacities of stage-effect.

A bewildering inequality of execution is characteristic of every play of Webster's; this is less marked in *Appius and Virginia*, and perhaps in the *Duchess of Malfi*, than in the others. We are told that he was an extremely slow and painstaking writer, so that this apparent want of skill is not the result of heedlessness. But it invades even his versification, which is by turns among the best and among the worst which has come down to us from the early seventeenth century. The subjects which attracted Webster were all of an Italian source and character; he was attracted by the vehement types and issues provoked by a condition of society at once highly civilised and insolently lawless. He found exactly what he wanted in several contemporary stories of intrigue and murder in the courts of Italy. He was perhaps a poet who by force of circumstances was forced on to the stage, rather than a born dramatist; for he seems to crowd too many incidents into each scene, too much variety of psychological passion into each character, for the simplicity of dramatic action. It will be felt by most unprejudiced readers that the scenes of horror which close his two great tragedies have been too readily applauded by Lamb and those who have succeeded him. It is, surely, not in the somersaults of these scuffling and yelling marionettes that Webster does real justice to his noble genius as a tragic poet. He is often a sort of exalted Mrs Radcliffe in his unrestrained affection for all the nightmares of romance, but it is not for his poisoned daggers and clanking chains that we follow him spell-bound.

Webster owes the exalted station which has at length been successfully claimed for him by his admirers to his penetration into the troubled sources of human emotion. In the *White Devil* and the *Duchess of Malfi*, his two great tragical poems, this quality is seen displayed with least reserve. It saves Webster from the mere blood-and-thunder rhetoric of some of his contemporaries, because it displays to him those tender and pitiful incidents which spring up like flowers along the road of crime, and not merely lighten its horror, but add to it an exquisite pathos. The fourth act of the *Duchess of Malfi*, where the fortitude of the Duchess is put to so many awful and unprecedented tests, and the terror and pity of the audience is augmented at every change of scene, is one of the most amazing passages of fantastic tragedy ever composed in any language. It reaches its climax in the dark colloquy between Bosola, disguised as an old man, and the hunted woman who is 'Duchess of Malfi still.' The same effects, in cruder form, are to be met with in the *White Devil*, where the demons drag Vittoria downward, with her last cry,

'I am lost forever!'

ringing in our ears. This penetration and inventive power concentrated on violent emotion give Webster a unique place among poets. He would be still more amazing than he is were it possible for us to believe that he was not influenced by the tragedies of Shakespeare. But although he owes much to this overwhelming predecessor, Webster has a character among English poets entirely his own; he is the highest expression that we possess of the sinister pursuit of moral beauty in the literature of crime and horror.

From 'The White Devil.'

Francisco de Medicis. Your reverend mother
Is grown a very old woman in two hours.
I found them winding of Marcello's corse;
And there is such a solemn melody,
'Tween doleful songs, tears, and sad elegies;
Such as old grandams, watching by the dead,
Were wont t' outwear the nights with—that, believe me,
I had no eyes to guide me forth the room,
They were so o'ercharg'd with water.

Flamineo. I will see them.

Fran. 'Twere much uncharity in you; for your sight
Will add unto their tears.

Flam. I will see them:
They are behind the traverse; I 'll discover curtain
Their superstitious howling.

CORNELIA, ZANCHE, *and three other ladies discovered winding* MARCELLO'S *corse.*

Cornelia. This rosemary is wither'd; pray, get fresh.
I would have these herbs grow up in his grave,
When I am dead and rotten. Reach the bays,
I 'll tie a garland here about his head;
'Twill keep my boy from lightning. This sheet
I have kept this twenty year, and every day

Hallow'd it with my prayers; I did not think
He should have wore it.
Zanche. Look you, who are yonder?
Cor. O, reach me the flowers!
Zanche. Her ladyship's foolish.
Woman. Alas, her grief
Hath turn'd her child again!
Cor. You're very welcome:
There's rosemary for you, and rue for you, [*To Flamineo.*
Heart's-ease for you; I pray make much of it,
I have left more for myself.
Fran. Lady, who's this?
Cor. You are, I take it, the grave-maker.
Flam. So.
Zanche. 'Tis Flamineo. [hand:
Cor. Will you make me such a fool? here's a white
Can blood so soon be wash'd out? let me see;
When screech-owls croak upon the chimney-tops,
And the strange cricket i' th' oven sings and hops,
When yellow spots do on your hands appear,
Be certain then you of a corse shall hear.
Out upon't, how 'tis speckled! h'as handled a toad sure.
Cowslip water is good for the memory:
Pray, buy me three ounces of't.
Flam. I would I were from hence.
Cor. Do you hear, sir?
I'll give you a saying which my grandmother
Was wont, when she heard the bell toll, to sing o'er
Unto her lute.
Flam. Do, an you will, do.

Cornelia sings.

Call for the robin-red breast, and the wren,
Since o'er shady groves they hover,
And with leaves and flowers do cover
The friendless bodies of unburied men.
Call unto his funeral dole
The ant, the field-mouse, and the mole,
To rear him hillocks that shall keep him warm,
And (when gay tombs are robb'd) sustain no harm;
But keep the wolf far thence, that's foe to men,
For with his nails he'll dig them up again.

(From Act v.)

From 'The Duchess of Malfi.'

Ferdinand. Where are you?
Duchess. Here, sir.
Ferd. This darkness suits you well.
Duch. I would ask you pardon.
Ferd. You have it;
For I account it the honourablest revenge,
Where I may kill, to pardon. Where are your cubs?
Duch. Whom?
Ferd. Call them your children,
For though our national law distinguish bastards
From true legitimate issue, compassionate nature
Makes them all equal.
Duch. Do you visit me for this?
You violate a sacrament o' the church,
Shall make you howl in hell for't.
Ferd. It had been well
Could you have lived thus always: for, indeed,
You were too much i' th' light—but no more;
I come to seal my peace with you. Here's a hand
[*Gives her a dead man's hand.*
To which you have vowed much love: the ring upon't
You gave.
Duch. I affectionately kiss it.
Ferd. Pray, do, and bury the print of it in your heart.
I will leave this ring with you for a love-token;
And the hand as sure as the ring; and do not doubt
But you shall have the heart too: when you need a friend,
Send it to him that owned it; you shall see
Whether he can aid you.
Duch. You are very cold:
I fear you are not well after your travel.
Ha! lights! O horrible!
Ferd. Let her have lights enough. [*Exit.*
Duch. What witchcraft doth he practise, that he hath left
A dead man's hand here?

[Here is discovered, behind a traverse, the artificial figures of Antonio and his children, appearing as if they were dead.]

Bosola. Look you, here's the piece from which 'twas ta'en.
He doth present you this sad spectacle,
That, now you know directly they are dead,
Hereafter you may wisely cease to grieve
For that which cannot be recovered.
Duch. There is not between heaven and earth one wish
I stay for after this. (From Act IV. sc. i.)

Afterwards, in aggravation of his cruelty, the brother sends a troop of madmen from the hospital to make a concert round the duchess in prison. After they have danced and sung Bosola enters, disguised as an old man:

Duch. Is he mad too? . . . .
Bos. I am come to make thy tomb.
Duch. Ha! my tomb?
Thou speak'st as if I lay upon my death-bed,
Gasping for breath: Dost thou perceive me sick?
Bos. Yes, and the more dangerously, since thy sickness is insensible.
Duch. Thou art not mad sure: dost know me?
Bos. Yes.
Duch. Who am I?
Bos. Thou art a box of worm-seed; at best but a salvatory of green mummy. What's this flesh? a little crudded milk, fantastical puff-paste. Our bodies are weaker than those paper-prisons boys use to keep flies in; more contemptible, since ours is to preserve earth-worms. Didst thou ever see a lark in a cage? Such is the soul in the body: this world is like her little turf of grass; and the heaven o'er our heads, like her looking-glass, only gives us a miserable knowledge of the small compass of our prison.
Duch. Am not I thy duchess?
Bos. Thou art some great woman, sure, for riot begins to sit on thy forehead, clad in gray hairs, twenty years sooner than on a merry milkmaid's. Thou sleepest worse than if a mouse should be forced to take up her lodging in a cat's ear: a little infant that breeds its teeth should it lie with thee, would cry out as if thou wert the more unquiet bedfellow.
Duch. I am Duchess of Malfi still.
Bos. That makes thy sleeps so broken.
Glories, like glow-worms, afar off shine bright;
But, looked to near, have neither heat nor light.
Duch. Thou art very plain.
Bos. My trade is to flatter the dead, not the living.
I am a tomb-maker.
Duch. And thou comest to make my tomb?
Bos. Yes.

Duch. Let me be a little merry—
what stuff wilt thou make it?
Bos. Nay, resolve me first; of what fashion?
Duch. Why, do we grow fantastical in our death-bed?
o we affect fashion in the grave?
Bos. Most ambitiously. Princes' images on their
mbs do not lie as they were wont, seeming to pray up
heaven; but with their hands under their cheeks, as
they died of the toothache: they are not carved with
heir eyes fixed upon the stars; but as their minds were
holly bent upon the world, the selfsame way they
seem to turn their faces.
Duch. Let me know fully, therefore, the effect
Of this thy dismal preparation,
This talk fit for a charnel.
Bos. Now I shall.
[*Executioners with coffin, cords, and bell.*
Here is a present from your princely brothers:
And may it arrive welcome, for it brings
Last benefit, last sorrow.
Duch. Let me see it.
I have so much obedience in my blood,
I wish it in their veins to do them good.
Bos. This is your last presence-chamber.
Cariola. O my sweet lady.
Duch. Peace! it affrights not me.
Bos. I am the common bellman,
That usually is sent to condemned persons
The night before they suffer.
Duch. Even now thou saidst
Thou wast a tomb-maker.
Bos. 'Twas to bring you
By degrees to mortification: Listen.

Dirge.

Hark! now every thing is still;
The screech-owl and the whistler shrill
Call upon our dame aloud,
And bid her quickly don her shroud.
Much you had of land and rent;
Your length in clay 's now competent.
A long war disturbed your mind;
Here your perfect peace is signed.
Of what is 't fools make such vain keeping?
Sin their conception, their birth weeping:
Their life a general mist of error;
Their death a hideous storm of terror.
Strew your hair with powder sweet,
Don clean linen, bathe your feet,
And, the foul fiend more to check,
A crucifix let bless your neck.
'Tis now full tide 'tween night and day:
End your groan, and come away.

Car. Hence, villains, tyrants, murderers! Alas!
What will you do with my lady? Call for help.
Duch. To whom; to our next neighbours? They are
mad folks.
Bos. Remove that noise.
Duch. Farewell, Cariola.
In my last will I have not much to give;
A many hungry guests have fed upon me;
Thine will be but a poor reversion.
Car. I will die with her.
Duch. I pray thee look thou giv'st my little boy
Some syrup for his cold; and let the girl
Say her prayers ere she sleep. [*Cariola is forced out.*
Now what you please.
What death?
Bos. Strangling. Here are your executioners.
Duch. I forgive them.
The apoplexy, catarrh, or cough o' the lungs,
Would do as much as they do.
Bos. Doth not death fright you?
Duch. Who would be afraid on 't,
Knowing to meet such excellent company
In the other world.
Bos. Yet methinks
The manner of your death should much afflict you:
This cord should terrify you.
Duch. Not a whit.
What would it pleasure me to have my throat cut
With diamonds? or to be smothered
With cassia? or to be shot to death with pearls?
I know death hath ten thousand several doors
For men to take their exits: and 'tis found
They go on such strange geometrical hinges,
You may open them both ways: any way, for Heaven sake,
So I were out of your whispering. Tell my brothers
That I perceive death, now I am well awake,
Best gift is they can give or I can take.
I would fain put off my last woman's fault,
I 'd not be tedious to you.
1st Executioner. We are ready.
Duch. Dispose my breath how please you; but my body
Bestow upon my women, will you?
1st Execut. Yes.
Duch. Pull, and pull strongly, for your able strength
Must pull down heaven upon me.
Yet stay; heaven-gates are not so highly arched
As princes' palaces; they that enter there
Must go upon their knees. [*Kneels*]. Come, violent death,
Serve for mandragora to make me sleep.
Go, tell my brothers, when I am laid out,
They then may feed in quiet. . . . [*They strangle her.*

Enter FERDINAND.

Ferd. Is she dead?
Bos. She is what you would have her.
But here begin your pity. [*Shows children strangled.*
Alas, how have these offended?
Ferd. The death
Of young wolves is never to be pitied.
Bos. Fix your eye here.
Ferd. Constantly.
Bos. Do you not weep?
Other sins only speak; murder shrieks out.
The element of water moistens the earth,
But blood flies upwards, and bedews the heavens.
Ferd. Cover her face: mine eyes dazzle: she died young.
Bos. I think not so: her infelicity
Seemed to have years too many.
Ferd. She and I were twins:
And should I die this instant, I had lived
Her time to a minute.

Webster's works were collected by Dyce (1830), and edited by Hazlitt (1857–58); and Mr J. A. Symonds included the *White Devil* and the *Duchess* in a volume of the 'Mermaid Series' (1888).

EDMUND GOSSE.

Cyril Tourneur, or TURNER (1575?–1626), dramatist, was possibly the son of Richard Turnor, Lieutenant of the Brill (the Dutch having in 1585 agreed to a temporary English occupation

of Briel and Flushing), served in the Low Countries, was secretary to Cecil in the Cadiz expedition, was put ashore sick at Kinsale on his return, and died in Ireland, February 28, 1626, leaving his widow destitute. In 1600 he published his *Transformed Metamorphosis* (discovered in 1872), a satirical poem, marred by pedantic affectations; in 1609 a *Funeral Poem* on the English governor of the Brill; in 1613 an *Elegy* on Prince Henry. His fame rests on two plays, the *Revenger's Tragedy*, printed in 1607, and the (earlier and poorer) *Atheist's Tragedy*, printed in 1611. The *Revenger's Tragedy*, an appalling tale of all the unholy passions, shows tragic intensity, condensed passion, fiery strength of phrase, cynical and bitter mockery. Hazlitt compared it to Webster's work; Fleay (without due reason) thought it was Webster's; Mr Swinburne, who eulogises this as Tourneur's own masterpiece, says the only other dramatist's work it resembles is Shakespeare's. Charles Lamb could never read it but his ears tingled. Ward, while admitting the tragic power of the play, says, almost with Swinburne's vehemence, that its plot 'is in its sewer-like windings one of the blackest and most polluting devised by the perverted imagination of an age prone to feed on the worst scandals of the Italian decadence,' and that it is 'pruriency steeped in horrors.' Mr Addington Symonds is equally decided, and calls it 'an entangled web of lust, incest, fratricide, rape, adultery, mutual suspicion, hate, and bloodshed.' The *Atheist's Tragedy* is less revolting, but has enough and to spare of unnatural wickedness, besides being crude and ill-constructed. The wicked uncle helps his nephew off to the wars in order that he may murder his brother, the good lord, at leisure, and secure the rich heiress, his nephew's betrothed, for his contemptible son. He hires an assassin to murder the excellent and unsuspicious brother, and apparently simply to torment the father's heart before his murder, suborns the murderer as a disguised soldier to bring the perfectly false intelligence that the son is dead. In mere superfluity of naughtiness the women seek their own dishonour, and a stage 'Puritan' eagerly agrees to carry out every villainy proposed to him. To one of his victims the worst villain of the piece, the uncle, says (explaining the title beforehand):

> No? Then invoke
> Your great supposed protector. I will do't.

To which the victim rather inconsequently replies:

> Supposed protector! Are ye an atheist? then
> I know my prayers and tears are spent in vain.

It is significant that the passage which seems to contain the only really true and tender touch in the *Atheist's Tragedy* is the speech of the assassin, disguised as a soldier from the wars, telling the noble Montferrers the base lie about his son's death:

> *Borachio.* The enemy, defeated of a fair
> Advantage by a flatt'ring stratagem,
> Plants all the artillery against the town;
> Whose thunder and lightning made our bulwarks shake,
> And threatened in that terrible report
> The storm wherewith they meant to second it.
> The assault was general. But, for the place
> That promised most advantage to be forced,
> The pride of all their army was drawn forth
> And equally divided into front
> And rear. They marched, and coming to a stand,
> Ready to pass our channel at an ebb,
> We advised it for our safest course, to draw
> Our sluices up and mak 't impassable.
> Our governor opposed and suffered them
> To charge us home e'en to the rampier's foot.
> But when their front was forcing up our breach
> At push o' pike, then did his policy
> Let go the sluices, and tripped up the heels
> Of the whole body of their troop that stood
> Within the violent current of the stream.
> Their front, beleaguered 'twixt the water and
> The town, seeing the flood was grown too deep
> To promise them a safe retreat, exposed
> The force of all their spirits (like the last
> Expiring gasp of a strong-hearted man)
> Upon the hazard of one charge, but were
> Oppressed, and fell. The rest that could not swim
> Were only drowned; but those that thought to 'scape
> By swimming were by murderers that flanked
> The level of the flood, both drowned and slain. . . .
> Walking next day upon the fatal shore,
> Among the slaughtered bodies of their men,
> Which the full stomached sea had cast upon
> The sands, it was my unhappy chance to light
> Upon a face whose favour, when it lived, appearance
> My astonished mind informed me I had seen.
> He lay in his armour, as if that had been
> His coffin; and the weeping sea, like one
> Whose milder temper doth lament the death
> Of him whom in his rage he slew, runs up
> The shore, embraces him, kisses his cheek;
> Goes back again, and forces up the sands
> To bury him; and every time it parts,
> Sheds tears upon him; till at last, as if
> It could no longer endure to see the man
> Whom it had slain, yet loath to leave him—with
> A kind of unresolved unwilling pace,
> Winding her waves one in another like
> A man that folds his arms, or wrings his hands,
> For grief—ebbed from the body, and descends;
> As if it would sink down into the earth,
> And hide itself for shame of such a deed.

From the same play comes the quaintly antithetical but pleasing 'Epitaph of Charlemont,' quite unlike Tourneur's usual thought or diction:

> His body lies interr'd within this mould
> Who died a young man yet departed old,
> And all that strength of youth that man can have
> Was ready still to drop into his grave:
> Far ag'd in Virtue, with a youthful eye,
> He welcom'd it, being still prepared to die;
> And living so, though young depriv'd of breath,
> He did not suffer an untimely death;
> But we may say of his brave bless'd decease,
> He died in war and yet he died in peace.

There is a complete edition of Cyril Tourneur by Churton Collins (1878); and of the two plays, with two of Webster's, by J. A. Symonds ('Mermaid Series,' 1888).

Thomas Heywood, himself an actor, was the most indefatigable of dramatic writers. He had, as he informs his readers, 'an entire hand, or at least a maine finger,' in two hundred and twenty plays. He wrote also a long series of other works in prose or verse, or in both, including translations from Lucian and other classics, defences of the stage, books of biography and theology, epitaphs and elegies. Most of the few facts we know about Heywood's life and history have been gleaned from his own writings and the dates of his plays. The time of his birth is not known, but he seems to have been born about 1575; he was a native of Lincolnshire, and is said to have been a fellow of Peterhouse, Cambridge; he wrote his first play about 1600, and he continued to exercise his ready pen down to the year 1641. In one of his prologues he adverts to the various sources of his multifarious labours:

> To give content to this most curious age,
> The gods themselves we 've brought down to the stage,
> And figur'd them in planets; made even hell
> Deliver up the Furies, by no spell
> Saving the Muses' rapture: further, we
> Have traffick'd by their help; no history
> We have left unrifled; our pens have been dipt,
> As well in opening each hid manuscript,
> As tracts more vulgar, whether read or sung
> In our domestic or more foreign tongue.
> Of fairy elves, nymphs of the sea and land,
> The lawns and groves, no number can be scann'd
> Which we 've not given feet to.

Charles Lamb's startling epithet for Heywood, 'a sort of prose Shakespeare,' is, even when qualified by Lamb's rather serious deduction—'but we miss the poet'—usually treated as one of his least happy appreciations, as a misleading paradox bred of the kindly critic's enthusiasm for his old dramatists, emphatic almost in proportion as they were neglected by the world. Lamb further says of Heywood: 'He possessed not the imagination of Shakespeare, but in all those qualities which gained for Shakespeare the attribute of gentle he was not inferior to him—generosity, courtesy, temperance in the depths of his passion; sweetness, in a word, and gentleness; Christianism, and true hearty Anglicism of feelings shaping that Christianism, shine throughout his beautiful writings in a manner more conspicuous than in those of Shakespeare.' This is high praise; but Mr Addington Symonds declares 'the verdict is in many points a just one. Heywood, while he lacks the poetry, philosophy, deep insight into nature, and consummate art of Shakespeare—those qualities, in a word, which render Shakespeare supreme among dramatic poets—has a sincerity, a tenderness of pathos, and an instinctive perception of nobility that distinguish him among the playwrights of the seventeenth century. Like Dekker, he wins our confidence and love. We keep a place in our affection for his favourite characters.' And Mr Symonds calls Heywood's masterpiece, *A Woman Killed with Kindness*, 'the finest bourgeois tragedy of our Elizabethan literature.' Yet it is admitted that his first play, *The Four Prentices of London*, is absurd, and justly open to the caricature of it in Fletcher's *Knight of the Burning Pestle;* that his historical plays are mere chronicles hastily and perfunctorily dramatised to supply the immediate wants of the stage; that some of his plays are feeble and in bad taste; that he lacks the highest artistic instinct; and that in all his work—including his domestic, his romantic, and his classical or pseudo-classical plays—he is almost everywhere careless, and never produced one play reasonably perfect in dramatic form or any character self-consistent throughout. He resembled Shakespeare, certainly, in writing his plays to be acted rather than read, and in being strangely careless as to what became of them in the long-run. With Greene he was one of the earliest of English professional writers for the press, and he was not seldom a mere hack-writer; he wrote too freely, too constantly, and too much: it is recorded of him that, somewhat like Anthony Trollope, 'he obliged himself to write a sheet every day for several years together.' Ready invention, a certain lightness of touch, and directness were his gifts rather than creative power or the art of breathing into his characters the breath of life. His best things are single scenes, passages, or fragments. But he is very strong in his pictures of English home life, of the ways of English country gentlemen, and of English sailors. His pathos is sometimes forced sentiment, but is sometimes marvellously simple, true, and effective. He usually mixed prose and verse; and his English style is generally free and natural, though, like many contemporaries, he liked to set out his story with pedantic phrases and fantastic coinages. There is genuine poetry here and there in most of his pieces. His songs are many of them fresh, flowing, and musical, and linger in the memory.

Of Heywood's huge dramatic library, only twenty-four plays have come down to us, the best of which perhaps are *A Woman Killed with Kindness* (1603), *The Rape of Lucrece* (1608), *The Fair Maid of the West* (1617), *The English Traveller* (1633), *A Challenge for Beauty* (1636), *Love's Mistress* (1636), and *The Wise Woman of Hogsdon* (1638). *Edward IV.* follows pretty closely the old ballads of the 'Tanner of Tamworth' and of 'Jane Shore.' *The Rape of Lucrece*, spite of its subject, is so little classical in tone that one of the songs, for which it is chiefly noteworthy, begins:

> Shall I woo the lovely Molly,
> She 's so fair, so fat, so jolly?

and another, in imitation-Dutch gibberish, has the eminently unclassical refrain:

> Skerry merry vip,
> Skerry merry vap!

In *The Fair Maid of the West* (1631), and in

Fortune by Land and Sea (1655), partly written by William Rowley, he gives spirited descriptions of sea-fights. *Love's Mistress* (1636), the tale of Cupid and Psyche, is a sort of masque. In *The Royall King and Loyall Subject* (1637) the doctrine of passive obedience to kingly authority is carried to extreme lengths. *The Captives*, discovered by Mr Bullen, was printed by him in 1885. *The Late Lancashire Witches*, partly by Richard Brome, is farcical and rather vulgar. Heywood was also the author of an historical poem, *Troja Britannica* (1609); an *Apology for Actors* (1612); *Nine Bookes of Various History concerninge Women* (1624); a poem in folio, *The Hierarchie of the Blessed Angells* (1635); a volume of rhymed translations from Lucian, Erasmus, Ovid, &c.; various pageants, tracts, and treatises; and *The Life of Ambrosius Merlin* (1641). In virtue of his *General History of Women*, 'containing the Lives of the most Holy and Profane, the most Famous and Infamous in all Ages' (1624; 2nd ed. 1657), and his *Exemplary Lives of Nine the most Worthy Women of the World* (1640), Heywood may be regarded as the father of all those who compile 'Lives of Twelve Bad Men' and 'Lives of Twelve Good Women'—sometimes thought a very modern enterprise.

The following extracts will show Heywood at his best in tragedy, and will explain the title of his masterpiece, *A Woman Killed with Kindness*. Frankford, discovering that he has been wronged by his wife and his friend, instead of slaying them both as they expected, makes an unusually gentle return (note the kindly 'O Nan!' to which he by-and-by recurs):

Mrs Frankford. O, by what words, what title, or what [name
Shall I entreat your pardon? Pardon! Oh!
I am as far from hoping such sweet grace,
As Lucifer from heaven. To call you husband—
O me most wretched! I have lost that name:
I am no more your wife. [thee;
Frankford. Spare thou thy tears, for I will weep for
And keep thy countenance, for I 'll blush for thee.
Now, I protest, I think 'tis I am tainted,
For I am most ashamed; and 'tis more hard
For me to look upon thy guilty face
Than on the sun's clear brow: what wouldst thou speak?
Mrs Fran. I would I had no tongue, no ears, no eyes,
No apprehension, no capacity.
When do you spurn me like a dog? when tread me
Under feet? when drag me by the hair?
Though I deserve a thousand thousand fold
More than you can inflict: yet, once my husband,
For womanhood, to which I am a shame,
Though once an ornament; even for his sake,
That hath redeem'd our souls, mark not my face,
Nor hack me with your sword: but let me go
Perfect and undeformèd to my tomb.
I am not worthy that I should prevail
In the least suit; no, not to speak to you,
Nor look on you, nor to be in your presence:
Yet as an abject this one suit I crave;
This granted, I am ready for my grave. [*Kneels.*

Fran. My God, with patience arm me! rise, nay, rise.
And I 'll debate with thee. Was it for want
Thou play'dst the strumpet? Wast thou not supplied
With every pleasure, fashion, and new toy;
Nay, even beyond my calling?
Mrs Fran. I was.
Fran. Was it then disability in me?
Or in thine eye seem'd he a properer man?
Mrs Fran. O no.
Fran. Did not I lodge thee in my bosom?
Wear thee in my heart?
Mrs Fran. You did.
Fran. I did indeed, witness my tears I did.
Go bring my infants hither. O Nan, O Nan;
If neither fear of shame, regard of honour,
The blemish of my house, nor my dear love,
Could have withheld thee from so lewd a fact,
Yet for these infants, these young harmless souls,
On whose white brows thy shame is character'd,
And grows in greatness as they wax in years—
Look but on them, and melt away in tears.
Away with them! lest as her spotted body
Hath stain'd their names with stripe of bastardy,
So her adulterous breath may blast their spirits
With her infectious thoughts. Away with them!
Mrs Fran. In this one life I die ten thousand deaths.
Fran. Stand up, stand up, I will do nothing rashly.
I will retire awhile into my study,
And thou shalt hear thy sentence presently. [*Exit.*

. . . . . .

He returns with CRANWELL. *She falls on her knees.*

Fran. My words are register'd in heaven already.
With patience hear me. I 'll not martyr thee,
Nor mark thee for a strumpet; but with usage
Of more humility torment thy soul,
And kill thee even with kindness.
Cranwell. Mr Frankford.
Fran. Good Mr Cranwell.—Woman, hear thy judgment;
Go make thee ready in thy best attire;
Take with thee all thy gowns, all thy apparel:
Leave nothing that did ever call thee mistress,
Or by whose sight, being left here in the house,
I may remember such a woman was.
Choose thee a bed and hangings for thy chamber;
Take with thee everything which hath thy mark,
And get thee to my manor seven miles off;
Where live; 'tis thine, I freely give it thee:
My tenants by shall furnish thee with wains
To carry all thy stuff within two hours;
No longer will I limit thee my sight.
Choose which of all my servants thou likest best,
And they are thine to attend thee.
Mrs Fran. A mild sentence.
Fran. But as thou hopest for heaven, as thou believest
Thy name's recorded in the book of life,
I charge thee never after this sad day
To see me or to meet me; or to send
By word, or writing, gift, or otherwise,
To move me, by thyself, or by thy friends;
Nor challenge any part in my two children.
So farewell, Nan! for we will henceforth be
As we had never seen, ne'er more shall see.
Mrs Fran. How full my heart is, in mine eyes appears:
What wants in words, I will supply in tears.
Fran. Come, take your coach, your stuff; all must along:

and all make ready, all be gone.
y hand cut two hearts out of one.

(From Act IV. sc. vi.)

ely the unhappy woman dies of revived ess and remorse, with the forgiving kiss usband on her lips.

llowing description of Psyche, from *Love's* , is in his more elaborate manner:

us. Welcome to both in one! Oh, can you tell e your sister hath?
he and Petrea. Psyche is well.
So among mortals it is often said,
and friends are well when they are dead.
he. But Psyche lives, and on her breath attend
that far surmount all earthly joy;
veet voices, and ambrosian fare;
nd the light-winged creatures of the air;
nneled rivers, springs, and flowery meads
d when Psyche wantons on their streams,
yche on their rich embroidery treads,
yche gilds their crystal with her beams.
but seen our sister, and, behold!
s us with our laps full brimmed with gold.

Morning Ditty from 'Lucrece.'

ick, clouds, away, and welcome day;
With night we banish sorrow:
veet air, blow soft; mount, lark, aloft,
To give my love good-morrow:
'ings from the wind to please her mind,
Notes from the lark I 'll borrow:
rd, prune thy wing; nightingale, sing,
To give my love good-morrow.
To give my love good-morrow,
Notes from them all I 'll borrow.

'ake from thy nest, robin-redbreast;
Sing, birds, in every furrow;
nd from each bill let music shrill
Give my fair love good-morrow.
ackbird and thrush in every bush—
Stare, linnet, and cock-sparrow—
ou pretty elves, amongst yourselves,
Sing my fair love good-morrow.
To give my love good-morrow,
Sing, birds, in every furrow.

from the 'Fair Maid of the Exchange.

Ye little birds that sit and sing
Amidst the shady valleys,
And see how Phillis sweetly walks
Within her garden alleys;
Go, pretty birds, about her bower,
Sing, pretty birds, she may not lower.
Ah me, methinks I see her frown!
Ye pretty wantons, warble.

Go tell her through your chirping bills
As you by me are bidden,
To her is only known my love,
Which from the world is hidden;
Go, pretty birds, and tell her so,
See that your notes strain not too low,
For still methinks I see her frown!
Ye pretty wantons, warble.

Go tune your voices' harmony,
And sing I am her lover;
Strain loud and sweet, that every note
With sweet content may move her;
And she that hath the sweetest voice,
Tell her I will not change my choice.
Yet still methinks I see her frown!
Ye pretty wantons, warble.

O fly, make haste, see, see, she falls
Into a pretty slumber;
Sing round about her rosy bed
That waking she may wonder;
Say to her 'tis her lover true
That sendeth love to you, to you;
And when you hear her kind reply,
Return with pleasant warblings.

Vivid similes, not always in the happiest taste, often occur, as in:

My friend and I
Like two chain-bullets side by side will fly
Through the jaws of death;

and in:

Astonishment,
Fear, and amazement beat upon my heart,
Even as a madman beats upon a drum.

Mr Symonds has pointed out that *Love's Mistress* contains early specimens of classical burlesque.

The boy by chance upon her fan had spilled
A cup of nectar: oh, how Juno swore!
I told my aunt I 'd give her a new fan
To let Jove's page be Cupid's serving man—

hardly sounds like the style of 1636. It is rather startling to find in *The Fair Maid of the Exchange* —though Heywood is in nowise responsible for our surprise—that the 'amorous gallant,' who is far from careful of delicacy either in speech or deed, is called Bowdler—an odd example of the irony of history before the event!

A curious specimen of Heywood's miscellaneous work—interesting in various ways, though really a very poor specimen of metrical bookmaking—is *The Hierarchie of the Blessed Angells* (1635). Spite of its name, this odd folio is much more detailed in its account of the unblessed angels, of diabolic possession, of enchantments, necromancy, astrology, white magic, black magic, levitation, unholy pacts with the devil, witchcraft, incubi and succubæ, and the stories of 'magitions' such as Faust and Cornelius Agrippa. Satan's invisible kingdom is indeed displayed at greater length than the kingdom of grace. The work, usually called a poem, is really a disquisition in nine books, half of each book being in very wooden verse, followed by a 'theologicall, philosophicall, poeticall, historicall, apothegmaticall, hierogliphicall, and emblematicall' commentary, continuation, or expansion in excellent prose. The books are named after nine orders of celestial beings—Seraphim, Cherubim, Thrones, Dominations, Vertues, Powers, Principates, Arch-angels, and Angels proper, following exactly the arrange-

ment in Dionysius the Areopagite, *De Cœlesti Hierarchia* (compare Milton's favourite 'Thrones, dominations, princedoms, virtues, powers'). Heywood's 'Lucifer charg'd with insolence and spleene' inevitably suggests Milton's sons of 'Belial flown with insolence and wine,' and makes it likely that Milton knew Heywood's book, the plan of which is extraordinarily elastic. The first book, for example, treats the arguments for the being of God, refutes at great length the 'tenents of Atheisme and Saducisme,' deals with false gods, idolatry in general, and the 'malice of the divell.' The second book discusses the nature of God, the Trinity, and the deity of Christ in such verses as the following:

> The sacred Scriptures are sufficient warrant
> By many texts to make the Trine apparant,
> As from the first creation we may prove—
> God did *create*, God *said*, the Spirit did *move*.
> *Create* imports the Father; *said* the Sonne;
> The Spirit that *mov'd*, the Holy Ghost. This done,
> Come to the Gospell, to Saint Paul repaire;
> *Of* him, *through* him, and *for* him all things are;
> To whom be everlasting praise. Amen!
> In which it is observed by Origen,
> *Of*, *through*, and *for* three Persons to imply,
> And the word *him* the Godhead's Unity.

Room is found, in prose or verse, for discussing the creation of sun, moon, and stars, and their motions; the constellations, and the myths involved; astrology; the creation of man and the fall of the angels, the fall of man, the redemption, and Scripture story; together with the torments of hell, sketches of the ancient philosophical systems, mediæval theology, Mahomet and his 'Alcaron,' the hideous superstition of the Ethnicks, Finlanders, Laplanders, and 'Bothnienses.' Heywood's own views are supported by copious citations and translations from Homer, Lucian, Virgil, Mahomet, Avicenna, Abenzoar, the Jewish Rabbis, Albertus Magnus, Thomas Aquinas, Hermes Trismegistus, Dionysius the Areopagite, Olaus Magnus, Dante, and hundreds of less-known authors ('Hear Faustus Andrelinus, an excellent poet'! he says, meaning Andrelini, an Italian writer of Latin verse who died in 1518). His (Italian) quotations from Dante prove him to have been one of the earliest English students of Dante. And there is room not merely for innumerable blood-curdling witch-stories, but for apparently any pleasing anecdote or sound observation that occurs to him, often utterly irrelevant to the argument in hand. Thus, apropos of a meditation on death, comes a singular glimpse of contemporary treatment of English poets:

> Mans life 's a Goale and Death end of the race,
> And thousand sundry wayes point to the place. . . .
> For now the conqueror with the captive 's spread
> On one bare earth as on the common bed. . . .
> The servant with the master, and the maid
> Stretcht by her mistresse: both their heads are laid
> Upon a common pillow. . . .
> Blinde Homer in the grave lies doubly darke,
> Against him now base Zoylus dares not barke.

From this he suddenly goes off to complain though Homer's fame is undisputed, in m England 'impudent sycophants and ball knaves' overbear 'meriting men.' Further, wh 'past ages did the antient poets grace' by g them their full style, often adding to their nan place of their birth or the nature of their wo that 'with their worth encreast their stile: most grac'd with three names at least,' in En it is quite otherwise. Then he seems inc quently to justify the usage. And after qu George Buchanan on the poverty of poet grumbles that now 'the puny assumes the of poet,' and shamelessly

> Taskes such artists as have took degree
> Before he was a fresh man; and because,
> No good practitioner in the stage lawes,
> He miss'd the applause he aim'd at, hee 'l devi
> Another course his name to immortalise;
> Imploring divers pens, failing in 's owne,
> To support that which others have cried down.

Incapable poets and dramatists in his tim fact, were not merely insolent to their seniors had been moderately successful, but having t themselves, had recourse to log-rolling, no This is the principal part of the excursus:

> Our moderne Poets to that passe are driven,
> Those names are curtal'd which they first had giv
> And, as we wisht to have their memories drown'
> We scarcely can afford them halfe their sound.
> Greene, who had in both Academies ta'ne
> Degree of Master, yet could never gaine
> To be call'd more than Robin: who had he
> Profest ought save the Muse, Serv'd, and been Fr
> After a seven yeares Prentiseship; might have
> (With credit too) gone Robert to his grave.
> Marlo, renown'd for his rare art and wit,
> Could ne're attaine beyond the name of Kit;
> Although his Hero and Leander did
> Merit addition rather. Famous Kid
> Was call'd but Tom. Tom. Watson, though he
> Able to make Apollo's selfe to dote
> Upon his Muse; for all that he could strive,
> Yet never could to his full name arrive.
> Tom. Nash (in his time of no small esteeme)
> Could not a second syllable redeeme.
> Excellent Bewmont, in the formost ranke
> Of the rar'st Wits, was never more than Franck.
> Mellifluous Shake-speare, whose inchanting Quill
> Commanded Mirth or Passion, was but Will.
> And famous Johnson, though his learned Pen
> Be dipt in Castaly, is still but Ben.
> Fletcher and Webster, of that learned packe
> None of the mean'st, yet neither was but Jacke.
> Deckers but Tom; nor May, nor Middleton.
> And hee 's now but Jacke Foord, that once were J
> Nor speake I this, that any here exprest,
> Should thinke themselves lesse worthy than the re
> Whose names have their full syllable and sound;
> Or that Franck, Kit, or Jacke are the least wound
> Unto their fame and merit. I for my part
> (Thinke others what they please) accept that heart
> Which courts my love in most familiar phrase;
> And that it takes not from my paines or praise.

ıne to me so bluntly com,
ıe loves me best that calls me Tom.
ıut the learned Buchanan complaine,
ɔst passionate Elegiacke straine;
ıat emphaticall phrases he doth use
le the wants that wait upon the Muse.
vertie (saith he) adde unto these,
still attends on the Aönides, &c.

ncluded only two of Heywood's plays (1744). The old
Society printed a dozen (1842–51). Not till 1874 was
plete edition of all the plays then known—twenty-three
by Mr Pearson; *The Captives*, as we have said, was
Mr Bullen in 1885. The 'Mermaid' edition, edited by
s (1888), contains five plays. See also Symonds, *Shake-
decessors*; and Ward, *History of the English Drama*.

Robert Burton.

Burton, the author of the *Anatomy of
ly*, was born at Lindley, in Leicester-
h February 1577; entered Brasenose
Oxford, in 1593; and in 1599 was elected
f Christ Church. In 1614 he took his
d two years later was presented by his
o the vicarage of St Thomas at Oxford,
ıt 1630 by Lord Berkeley to the rectory
ve in his native county. Both livings he
th much ado to his dying day,' and
to have continued all his life at Christ
where he died 25th January 1639, and
ied in Christ Church Cathedral. His
ok place very near the time he had
ce foretold by the calculation of his
ivity—for he believed in and practised
f judicial astrology: hence arose, as we
m Anthony Wood, a false report that he
t up his soul to heaven thro' a slip about
' Burton is thus described by Wood:
an exact mathematician, a curious calcu-
ıativities, a general read scholar, a thro'
ilologist, and one that understood the sur-
lands well. As he was by many accounted
student, a devourer of authors, a melan-
l humorous [i.e. subject to 'the humours']
so by others, who knew him well, a person
ıonesty, plain dealing, and charity. I have
ne of the antients of Christ Church often
his company was very merry, facete, and
and no man in his time did surpass him
ady and dextrous interlarding his common
s among them with verses from the poets
ıces from classical authors, which being
the fashion in the university made his
more acceptable.' Little is known of his
ccording to Bishop Kennet's *Register and*
' (1728), 'In an interval of Vapours he
extreamely pleasant, and raise Laughter
ɔmpany. Yet I have heard that nothing
ɔuld make him laugh, but going down to
ge-foot in Oxford, and hearing the Barge-
d and storm and swear at one another,
he would set his Hands to his Sides, and
ɔst profusely.' There is, however, a strong
ion that the anecdote is a mythical trans-ference to Burton of the idiosyncratic relaxation he says his prototype permitted himself (page 437).

The first edition of the *Anatomy of Melancholy*, by 'Democritus Junior' (1621), was in quarto; and four more editions in folio were published within the author's lifetime, each with successive alterations and additions. The final form of the book was the sixth edition (1651–52), printed from the author's annotated copy. It is divided into three divisions, each subdivided into sections, members, and subsections. Part I. treats of the causes and symptoms of melancholy, Part II. of the cure of melancholy, and Part III. of love melancholy and religious melancholy. In the long and interesting

ROBERT BURTON.
From the Picture at Brasenose College, Oxford.

preface, 'Democritus to the Reader,' Burton gives an account of himself and his studies, and is his own best critic: 'I have laboriously collected this Cento out of divers Writers, and that *sine injuria*, I have wronged no authors, but given every man his own.' Of his style he says: 'I neglect phrases, and labor wholly to inform my reader's understanding, and not to please his ear; 'tis not my study or intent to compose neatly, which an Orator requires, but to express myself readily and plainly as it happens. So that as a River runs sometimes precipitate and swift, then dul and slow; now direct, then *per ambages;* now deep, then shallow; now muddy, then clear; now broad, then narrow; doth my stile flow: now serious, then light; now comical, then satyrical; now more elaborate, then remisse, as the present subject required, or as at that time I was affected.'

This strange book is far more systematic than the superficial reader is apt to imagine. It is indeed a farrago from all, even the most out-of-the-

way classical and mediæval writers, yet not one quotation out of all his ponderous learning but lends strength or illustration to his argument. Every page is marked by keen irony, profound and often gloomy humour, and by strong and excellent sense; while throughout the book there runs a deep undertone of earnestness that fits well with its concluding sentences, and at times rises into a grave eloquence of quite singular charm. The 'fantastic old great man' is certain of immortality as one of the greatest English writers. Johnson said Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy* was the only book that ever took him out of bed two hours sooner than he wished to rise; and Charles Lamb shows plainly its influence on his own style as well as in his direct imitation, the 'curious Fragments,' professedly extracted from Burton's Common-Place Book. Milton's *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso* owed much to 'The Author's Abstract of Melancholy' prefixed (in verse) to his book, and Ferriar in 1798 pointed out to the world the indebtedness of Sterne. Byron speaks of its great value as materials 'for literary conversation,' but Wood had long before pointed out this merit: ''Tis a book so full of variety of reading, that gentlemen who have lost their time and are put to a push for invention, may furnish themselves with matter for common or scholastical discourse and writing.'

But in spite of Burton's prophylactic apology, Democritus has some right to complain of the use made of his name: the learned recluse of Christ Church did not follow the best authorities on Democritus, and would hardly have called himself 'Democritus Junior' had he fully realised how wide and deep was the gulf between himself and the philosopher of Abdera. All he meant by calling himself Democritus was that he laughed at the follies of mankind. Now, it so happens that this tradition about the original Democritus is late and unauthentic; so is the cognate one that opposes him, as 'the laughing philosopher,' to Heraclitus, 'the weeping philosopher.' Democritus (senior) seems to have been a man of a healthy, happy disposition, who habitually looked at the cheerful side of things: the false proverb is but a perversion of this fact. Democritus laughed, not because he was caustic, bitter, satirical, but because he was good-humoured. Democritus, the predecessor of Epicurus, was a thorough-going atomist—his gods were but aggregations of atoms a degree or two more powerful than men, and there is no design in nature—whereas Burton was an orthodox, if not perfervid, Christian and Churchman. Democritus was the greatest traveller of his time; Burton spent all his life in his college. Democritus learnt from living men, not from books; Burton was the very king of bookworms. But both were exceptionally gifted, learned, good men; and Burton may be excused for following the multitude in taking Democritus as characteristically 'a laugher at human follies.'

Burton is quite wrongly regarded as a pessimist to be ranked with the Ecclesiast, with Buddhist sages, with Schopenhauer, and with Hartmann. He did not regard life as essentially and unredeemably evil: the scholar who wrote to relieve his own depression, who devoted one great division of his work to the cure of melancholy, obviously regarded the miseries that do accompany and flow from love, hypochondriasis, superstition, madness, jealousy, and solitude as separable accidents of human nature, or aberrations that ought to be, and can be, guarded against. He was a man subject to 'the vapours,' in short, and though between whiles cheerful enough, had the moody temperament which led him to dwell on the darker side of life, especially after he had constituted the *Anatomy of Melancholy* his life-work. And he set himself calmly, not unsympathetically, but candidly, learnedly, even facetiously, to anatomise human folly and perversity. To a man of his ingenuity it was possible to bring almost everything to bear on his pet subject; and hence in his great work we have the most marvellous *olla podrida* that exists in book form, yet a book with a very definite plan and an unmistakable purpose. The multitudinous quotations, that look at times as if discharged at random from a series of commonplace books, are never wholly irrelevant any more than the frequent and amazing digressions, which are a feature of the book. And though the piles of citations make many of the sentences inordinately long, formless, and almost structureless, Burton when he is writing 'out of his own head' writes tersely, smoothly, and melodiously beyond many of his contemporaries. He is profoundly humorous in another sense than Wood's; his grave and profound humour is, like Sir Thomas Browne's, a marked characteristic.

In the copious preface, 'Democritus to the Reader,' Burton explains his choice of a pseudonym or *nom de guerre*, and incidentally gives an interesting account of himself and his studies (we follow the text and spelling of the fifth edition of 1638):

> Democritus, as he is described by Hippocrates and Laërtius, was a little wearish [withered] old man, very melancholy by nature, averse from company in his latter daies, and much given to solitarinesse, a famous philosopher in his age, *coævus* with Socrates, wholly addicted to his studies at the last, and to a private life; writ many excellent works, a great divine, according to the divinitie of those times, an expert physician, a politician, an excellent mathematician, as Diacosmus and the rest of his works do witness. He was much delighted with the studies of husbandrie, saith Columella; and often I find him cited by Constantinus and others treating of that subject. He knew the natures, differences of all beasts, plants, fishes, birds; and, as some say, could understand the tunes and voyces of them. In a word, he was *omnifariam doctus*, a general scholar, a great student; and, to the intent he might better contemplate, I find it related by some that he put out his eyes, and was in his old age voluntarily blinde, yet saw more than all Greece besides, and writ of everie subject: *Nihil in toto opificio naturæ de quo non scripsit:* a man of an excellent wit, profound conceit; and to attain knowledge the better,

younger years he travelled to Egypt and
o conferre with learned men, *admired of some,*
of others. After a wandring life, he setled at
a town in Thrace, and was sent for thither
heir law-maker, recorder, or town-clerke, as
; or as others, he was there bred and born.
er it was, there he lived at last in a garden
burbs, wholly betaking himself to his studies
rivate life, *saving that sometimes he would*
n to the haven, and laugh heartily at such
ridiculous objects, which there he saw. Such
Democritus.

the mean time, how doth this concerne me, or
t reference doe I usurpe his habit? I confesse,
hat to compare my self unto him for ought I
said, were both impudencie and arrogancie. I
resume to make any parallel. *Antistat mihi*
recentis: parvus sum; nullus sum; altum nec
spero. Yet thus much I will say of my self,
I hope without all suspicion of pride or self-
I have lived a silent, sedentary, solitary, private
et Musis, in the university, as long almost as
es in Athens, *ad senectam fere*, to learne wisdome
, penned up most part in my studie: for I have
ight up a student in the most flourishing colledge
e, *augustissimo collegio*, and can bragge with
most, *in eâ luce domicilii Vaticani, totius orbis*
i, per 37 annos multa opportunaque aidici; for
rs I have continued (having the use of as good
s ever he had) a scholar, and would be therefore
r, by living as a drone, to be an unprofitable or
member of so learned and noble a societie,
e that which should be any way dishonourable
a royall and ample foundation. Something I
e: though by my profession a divine, yet
aptus ingenii, as he said, out of a running wit,
stant, unsetled mind, I had a great desire (not
tain to a superficiall skill in any) to have some
g in all, to be *aliquis in omnibus, nullus in*
which Plato commends, out of him Lipsius
and furthers, *as fit to be imprinted in all curious*
to be a slave of one science, or dwell altogether in
t, as most do, but to rove abroad, centum puer
have an oare in every mans boat, to taste of
h, and to sip of every cup; which, saith Mon-
as well performed by Aristotle, and his learned
man Adrian Turnebus. This roving humor
ot with like successe) I have ever had, and, like
spaniell that barks at every bird he sees,
is game, I have followed all, saving that which
and may justly complain and truly, *qui ubique*
uam est, which Gesner *did in modesty;* that I
many books, but to little purpose, for want of
thod, I have confusedly tumbled over divers
our libraries with small profit, for want of art,
morie, judgement. I never travelled but in map
in which my unconfined thoughts have freely
l, as having ever been especially delighted with
of cosmography. Saturn was lord of my geni-
inating, &c., and Mars principal significator of
in partile conjunction with mine ascendent;
unate in their houses, &c. I am not poore, I
ich; *nihil est, nihil deest:* I have little, I want
all my treasure is in Minerva's tower. Greater
t as I could never get, so am I not in debt for
e a competency (*laus Deo*) from my noble and
munificent patrons. Though I live still a collegiat
student, as Democritus in his garden, and lead a
monastique life, *ipse mihi theatrum*, sequestred from
those tumults and troubles of the world, *et tamquam*
in speculâ positus (as he said), in some high place
above you all, I hear and see what is done abroad,
how others run, ride, turmoile, and macerate themselves
in court and countrey, far from those wrangling law-
suits, *aulæ vanitatem, fori ambitionem, ridere mecum*
soleo: I laugh at all, *only secure, lest my suit go*
amisse, my ships perish, corn and cattle miscarry, trade
decay, *I have no wife nor children, good or bad, to*
provide for; a meere spectator of other mens fortunes
and adventures, and how they act their parts, which
me thinks are diversely presented unto me, as from a
common theatre or scene. I hear new news every day:
and those ordinary rumours of war, plagues, fires, inun-
dations, thefts, murders, massacres, meteors, comets,
spectrums, prodigies, apparitions, of towns taken, cities
besieged in France, Germany, Turky, Persia, Poland, &c.,
daily musters and preparations, and such like, which
these tempestuous times affoord, battles fought, so many
men slain, monomachies, shipwracks, piracies, and sea-
fights, peace, leagues, stratagems, and fresh alarums. A
vast confusion of vows, wishes, actions, edicts, petitions,
law-suits, pleas, laws, proclamations, complaints, griev-
ances are daily brought to our ears. New books everie
day, pamphlets, currantoes [gazettes], stories, whole cata-
logues of volumes of all sorts, new paradoxes, opinions,
schismes, heresies, controversies in philosophie, religion,
&c. Now come tidings of weddings, maskings, mum-
meries, entertainments, jubilies, embassies, tilts, and
tournaments, trophies, triumphs, revels, sports, playes:
then again, as in a new shifted scene, treasons, cheating
tricks, robberies, enormous villanies in all kinds, funerals,
burials, death of princes, new discoveries, expeditions; now
comicall, then tragicall matters. To day we hear of new
lords and officers created, to morrow of some great men
deposed, and then again of fresh honors conferred: one
is let loose, another imprisoned: one purchaseth, another
breaketh: he thrives, his neighbour turns bankrupt;
now plentie, then againe dearth and famine; one runs,
another rides, wrangles, laughs, weeps, &c. Thus I
daily hear, and such like, both private and publike news.
Amidst the gallantrie and miserie of the world, jollitie,
pride, perplexities and cares, simplicitie and villanie,
subtletie, knaverie, candor and integritie, mutually mixt
and offering themselves, I rub on *privus privatus:* as I
have still lived, so I now continue *statu quo prius*, left
to a solitary life, and mine own domestick discontents;
saving that sometimes, *ne quid mentiar*, as Diogenes
went into the citie and Democritus to the haven, to see
fashions, I did for my recreation now and then walk
abroad, look into the world, and could not choose but
make some little observation, *non tam sagax observator,*
ac simplex recitator, not, as they did, to scoffe or laugh at
all, but with a mixt passion:

Bilem, sæpe jocum vestri movere tumultus.

I did sometime laugh and scoffe with Lucian, and
satyrically taxe with Menippus, lament with Heraclitus,
sometimes again I was *petulanti splene cachinno*, and
then again, *urere bilis jecur*, I was much moved to see
that abuse which I could not amend: in which passion
howsoever I may sympathize with him or them, 'tis for no
such respect I shroud my self under his name, but either

in an unknown habit to assume a little more libertie and freedome of speech, or if you will needs know, for that reason and only respect which Hippocrates relates at large in his epistle to Damegetus, wherein he doth expresse how, comming to visit him one day, he found *Democritus* in his garden at Abdera, in the suburbs, under a shadie bower, with a book on his knees, busie at his studie, sometime writing, sometime walking. The subject of his book was melancholy and madnes: about him lay the carcasses of many several beasts, newly by him cut up and anatomized; not that he did contemn God's creatures, as he told Hippocrates, but to find out the seat of this *atra bilis*, or melancholy, whence it proceeds, and how it was engendred in mens bodies, to the intent he might better cure it in himself, by his writings and observations teach others how to prevent and avoid it. Which good intent of his Hippocrates highly commended, Democritus Junior is therefore bold to imitate, and, because he left it imperfect, and it is now lost, *quasi succenturiator Democriti*, to revive again, prosecute, and finish in this treatise. . . .

If any man except against the matter or manner of treating of this my subject, and will demand a reason of it, I can alleage more than one. I write of melancholy, by being busie to avoid melancholy. There is no greater cause of melancholy than idlenesse, *no better cure than businesse*, as Rhasis holds: and howbeit *stultus labor est ineptiarum*, to be busied in toyes is to small purpose, yet hear that divine Seneca, better *aliud agere quam nihil*, better doe to no end than nothing. I writ therefore and busied myself in this playing labour, *otiosâque diligentiâ, ut vitarem torporem feriandi*, with Vectius in Macrobius, *atque otium in utile verterem negotium;*

> —Simul et jucunda et idonea dicere vitæ,
> Lectorem delectando simul atque monendo.

To this end I write, like them, saith Lucian, that *recite to trees and declaime to pillers, for want of auditors;* as Paulus Ægineta ingenuously confesseth, *not that any thing was unknown or omitted, but to exercise my self* (which course if some took, I think it would be good for their bodies, and much better for their souls); or peradventure as others do, for fame to shew myself (*Scire tuum nihil est, nisi te scire hoc sciat alter*). I might be of Thucydides opinion, *to know a thing and not to expresse it, is all one as if he knew it not.* When I first took this task in hand, *et, quod ait ille, impellente genio negotium suscepi*, this I aymed at, *vel ut lenirem animum scribendo*, to ease my minde by writing, for I had *gravidum cor, fœtum caput*, a kind of impostume in my head, which I was very desirous to be unladen of, and could imagine no fitter evacuation than this. Besides I might not well refrain; for, *ubi dolor, ibi digitus*, one must needs scratch where it itches. I was not a little offended with this maladie, shall I say my mistris *melancholy*, my Ægeria, or my *malus genius;* and for that cause, as he that is stung with a scorpion, I would expel *clavum clavo*, comfort one sorrow with another, idlenes with idlenes, *ut ex viperâ theriacum*, make an antidote out of that which was the prime cause of my disease. Or as he did, of whom Felix Plater speaks, that thought he had some of Aristophanes frogs in his belly, still crying *Brecckekex, coax, coax, oop, oop*, and for that cause studied physick seven years, and travelled over most part of Europe, to ease himself; To do my self good, I turned over such physicians as our libraries would affoord, or my private friends impart, and have taken this pains.

Symptomes of Love.

Bocace hath a pleasant tale to this purpose, which he borrowed from the Greekes, and which Beroaldus hath turned into Latine, Bebelius in verse, of Cymon and Iphigenia. This Cymon was a foole, a proper man of person, and the governour of Cyprus' sonne, but a very asse; insomuch that his father being ashamed of him, sent him to a farme house he had in the country, to bee brought up; where by chance, as his manner was, walking alone, hee espied a gallant young gentlewoman named Iphigenia, a burgomaster's daughter of Cyprus, with her maid, by a brooke side, in a little thicket, fast asleepe in her smock, where she had newly bathed her selfe. *When Cymon saw her, he stood leaning on his staffe, gaping on her immoveable, and in a maze:* at last he fell so farre in love with the glorious object, that he began to rouze himselfe up; to bethinke what he was; would needs follow her to the citty, and for her sake began to be civill, to learne to sing and dance, to play on instruments, and got all those gentleman-like qualities and complements, in a short space, which his friends were most glad of. In briefe, hee became from an idiot and a clowne, to bee one of the most compleat gentlemen in Cyprus; did many valorous exploits, and all for the love of Mistris Iphigenia. In a word, I may say this much of them all, let them be never so clownish, rude and horrid, Grobians and sluts, if once they be in love, they will be most neat and spruce; for, *Omnibus rebus, et nitidis nitoribus antevenit amor;* they will follow the fashion, beginne to tricke up, and to have a good opinion of themselves; *venustatum enim mater Venus;* a ship is not so long a rigging, as a young gentlewoman a trimming up her selfe against her sweet-heart comes. A painter's shop, a flowry meadow, no so gracious aspect in Nature's storehouse as a young maid, *nubilis puella*, a Novitsa [*novizza* is a Venetian word for a new-married bride] or Venetian bride, that lookes for an husband; or a young man that is her suiter; composed looks, composed gate, cloathes, gestures, actions, all composed; all the graces, elegances, in the world, are in her face. Their best robes, ribbines, chaines, iewels, lawnes, linnens, laces, spangles, must come on, *præter quam res patitur student elegantiæ*, they are beyond all measure coy, nice, and too curious on a sudden. 'Tis all their study, all their busines, how to wear their cloathes neat, to be polite and terse, and to set out themselves. No sooner doth a young man see his sweet-heart comming, but he smugges up himselfe, pulls up his cloake, now falne about his shoulders, ties his garters, points, sets his band, cuffs, slicks his hair, twires his beard, &c.

(From Part III. sect. ii.)

Study a Cure for Melancholy.

Amongst exercises or recreations of the minde within doors, there is none so generall, so aptly to be applyed to all sorts of men, so fit & proper to expell idlenesse and melancholy, as that of study: *studia senectutem oblectant, adolescentiam agunt, secundas res ornant, adversis perfugium et solatium præbent, domi delectant, &c.* finde the rest in *Tully pro Archiâ Poetâ*. What so full of content as to read, walke, and see mappes, pictures, statues, jewels, marbles, which some so much magnifie as those that Phidias made of old, so exquisite

leasing to be beheld, that, as Chrysostome thinketh, y man be sickly, troubled in minde, or that cannot for griefe, and shall but stand over against one of as' images, he will forget all care, or whatsoever nay molest him, in an instant?' There bee those uch taken with Michael Angelo's, Raphael de io's, Francesco Francia's pieces, and many of those n and Dutch painters which were excellent in ages; and esteeme of it as a most pleasing sight to those neat architectures, devices, scutchions, coats mes, read such bookes, to peruse old coynes of ll sorts in a faire gallery, artificiall workes, perspec- glasses, old reliques, Roman antiquities, variety of rs. A good picture is *falsa veritas, et muta poesis*, ough (as Vives saith), *artificialia delectant, sed mox imus*, artificiall toyes please but for a time; yet is he that will not be moved with them for the it? When Achilles was tormented and sad for the of his dear friend Patroclus, his mother Thetis ht him a most elaborate and curious buckler made lcan, in which were engraven sunne, moone, starres, ts, sea, land, men fighting, running, riding, women ng, hils, dales, towns, castles, brooks, rivers, trees, with many pretty landskips and perspective peeces: ight of which he was infinitely delighted. . . .

g James (1605), when he came to see our university ford, and amongst other ædifices, now went to view amous library, renued by S. Thomas Bodley, in ion of Alexander, at his departure, brake out into oble speech: 'If I were not a king, I would be an sity man; and if it were so that I must be a er, if I might have my wish, I would desire to have her prison then that library, and to be chained er with so many good authors.' So sweet is the t of study, the more learning they have—as hee ath a dropsie, the more he drinks, the thirstier —the more they covet to learne, and the last day *oris discipulus;* harsh at first, learning is *radices* , but *fructus dulces*, according to that of Isocrates, nt at last; the longer they live, the more they are ured with the Muses. Heinsius, the keeper of the at Leiden in Holland, was mewed up in it all the ong; and that which, to thy thinking, should have a loathing, caused in him a greater liking. 'I no ,' saith he, 'come into the library, but I bolt the to mee, excluding Lust, Ambition, Avarice, and all ices, whose nurse is Idlenesse, the mother of Igno- and Melancholy her selfe; and in the very lap of ty, amongst so many divine souls, I take my seat, o lofty a spirit and sweet content, that I pity all eat ones and rich men, that know not this happi- ' I am not ignorant in the meanetime, notwith- ng this which I have said, how barbarously and for the most part our ruder gentry esteeme of es and books, how they neglect and contemne so a treasure, so inestimable a benefit, as Æsop's did the jewell hee found in the dunghill; and all gh error, ignorance, and want of education. And wonder withall to observe how much they will y cast away in unnecessary expences, *quot modis t* (saith Erasmus) *magnatibus pecuniæ, quantum ant alea, scorta, compotationes, prosectiones non ariæ, pompæ, bella quæsita, ambitio, colax, morio,* &c., what in hawkes, hounds, law-suites, vaine ng, gurmundizing, drinking, sports, playes, pas- , &c. (From Part II. sect. ii.)

Love of Gaming and Pleasures Immoderate.

It is a wonder to see how many poore, distressed, miserable wretches one shall meet almost in every path and street, begging for an almes, that have been well descended, and sometimes in flourishing estate; now ragged, tattered, and ready to be starved, lingring out a painfull life in discontent and griefe of body and minde, and all through immoderate lust, gaming, pleasure, and riot. 'Tis the common end of all sensuall epicures and bruitish prodigals, that are stupified and carried away headlong with their severall pleasures and lusts. Cebes, in his *Table*, S. Ambrose in his second booke of *Abel and Cain*, and amongst the rest, Lucian, in his tract, *De Mercede Conductis*, hath excellent well deciphered such men's proceedings, in his picture of Opulentia, whom he faines to dwell on the top of a high mount, much sought after by many suitors. At their first comming, they are generally entertained by Pleasure and Dalliance, and have all the content that possibly may be given, so long as their money lasts; but when their meanes faile, they are contemptibly thrust out at a backe doore headlong, and there left to Shame, Reproach, Despaire. And hee at first that had so many attendants, parasites, and followers, young and lusty, richly arrayed, and all the dainty fare that might be had, with all kinde of welcome and good respect, is now upon a sudden stript of all, pale, naked, old, diseased, and forsaken, cursing his starres, and ready to strangle himself, having no other company but Repentance, Sorrow, Griefe, Dirision, Beggery, and Contempt, which are his daily attendants to his lives end. As the prodigall sonne had exquisite musicke, merry company, dainty fare at first, but a sorrowfull reckoning in the end; so have all such vaine delights and their followers. (From Part I. sect. ii.)

This is the peroration of Burton's unique work:

Last of all: If the party affected shall certainly know this malady to have proceeded from too much fasting, meditation, precise life, contemplation of Gods judgements, (for the divel deceives many by such meanes) in that other extream he circumvents melancholy it selfe, reading some books, treatises, hearing rigid preachers, &c. If he shall perceive that it hath begun first from some great loss, grievous accident, disaster, seeing others in like case, or any such terrible object, let him speedily remove the cause, which to the cure of this disease Navarrus so much commends, *avertat cogitationem a re scrupulosâ*, by all opposite meanes, art, and industry, let him, *laxare animum*, by all honest recreations, refresh and recreate his distressed soule; let him divert his thoughts, by himselfe and other of his friends. Let him reade no more such tracts or subjects, hear no more such fearful tones, avoid such companies, and by all meanes open himselfe, submit himselfe to the advice of good physicians and divines, which is *contraventio scrupulorum*, as he cals it; hear them speake to whom the Lord hath given the tongue of the learned, to be able to minister a word to him that is weary, whose words are as flagons of wine. Let him not be obstinate, head-strong, peevish, wilful, self-conceited (as in this malady they are), but give eare to good advice, be ruled and perswaded; and no doubt but such good counsell may prove as prosperous to his soule, as the angel was to Peter, that opened the iron gates, loosed his bands, brought him out prison, and delivered him from bodily thraldome; they may ease his afflicted minde, relieve his wounded soule, and take him

out of the jawes of hell it selfe. I can say no more, or give better advice to such as are any way distressed in this kinde, then what I have given and said. Only take this for a corollary and conclusion, as thou tenderest thine owne welfare in this, and all other melancholy, thy good health of body and minde, observe this short precept, give not way to solitariness and idleness. *Be not solitary, be not idle.*

SPERATE MISERI,
CAVETE FŒLICES.

Vis a dubio liberari? vis quod incertum est evadere? Age pœnitentiam dum sanus es; sic agens, dico tibi quod securus es, quod pœnitentiam egisti eo tempore quo peccare potuisti (Austin).

Among shorter sayings invented or quoted by Burton are: 'He that goes to law (as the proverb is) holds a wolf by the ears;' 'Industry is a loadstone to draw all good things;' 'No cord or cable can so forcibly draw or hold so fast as love can do with a twined thread;' 'Poverty is the muse's patrimony;' 'The greatest enemy to man is man;' and he characterises his freedom of expression in the familiar words, 'I call a spade a spade.' 'Where God hath a temple, the Divell will have a chappel; where God hath sacrifices, the Divell will have his oblations; where God hath ceremonies, the Divell will have his traditions; where there is any religion, the Divell will plant superstition,' is part of a memorable passage, the first clauses of which are given in a slightly different form by George Herbert in his *Jacula Prudentum*, first published in 1657, thus: 'No sooner is a temple built to God, but the Devil builds a chapel hard by;' and the same winged word was versified as we usually hear it by Defoe:

Wherever God erects a house of prayer,
The Devil always builds a chapel there.

Most of Burton's verse, original or translation, is mere doggerel. But *The Author's Abstract of Melancholy*, prefixed (not in all the editions) to the work, takes rather higher rank, and had the honour, as Warton pointed out, of giving Milton some suggestions both for *L'Allegro* and for *Il Penseroso:*

The Author's Abstract of Melancholy.

When I go musing all alone,
Thinking of divers things foreknown,
When I build castles in the air,
Void of sorrow, void of feare,
Pleasing myself with phantasms sweet,
Methinks the time runs very fleet.
All my joyes to this are folly;
Naught so sweet as melancholy.

When I go walking all alone,
Recounting what I have ill done,
My thoughts on me then tyrannize,
Feare and sorrow me surprise;
Whether I tarry still, or go,
Methinks the time moves very slow.
All my griefs to this are jolly;
Naught so sad as melancholy.

When to myself I act and smile,
With pleasing thoughts the time beguile,
By a brook-side or wood so green,
Unheard, unsought for, or unseen,
A thousand pleasures do me bless,
And crown my soule with happiness.
All my joyes besides are folly;
None so sweet as melancholy.

When I lie, sit, or walk alone,
I sigh, I grieve, making great mone;
In a dark grove or irksome den,
With discontents and Furies then,
A thousand miseries at once
Mine heavy heart and soule ensconce.
All my griefs to this are jolly;
None so sour as melancholy.

Methinks I hear, methinks I see
Sweet musick, wondrous melodie,
Towns, palaces, and cities fine;
Here now, then there; the world is mine,
Rare beauties, gallant ladies shine,
Whate'er is lovely is divine.
All other joyes to this are folly;
None so sweet as melancholy.

Methinks I hear, methinks I see
Ghosts, goblins, fiends: my phantasie
Presents a thousand ugly shapes:
Headless bears, black men, and apes;
Doleful outcries and fearful sights
My sad and dismal soule affrights.
All my griefs to this are jolly;
None so damned as melancholy.

More than most men, Burton is identified with the one book which was the work of his life. But he wrote also a Latin comedy, *Philosophaster*, acted at Cambridge in 1617, and printed for the Roxburghe Club in 1862; and he contributed Latin verses to various collections.

Of reprints or new editions of Burton, by far the most scholarly and valuable is that by the Rev. A. R. Shilleto, with an introduction by Mr A. H. Bullen (3 vols. 1893), in which most of the quotations are identified and verified.

James Ussher. or USHER, the celebrated Archbishop of Armagh, was born in Dublin, 4th January 1581, son of a clerk in Chancery. He succeeded to his father's estate, but, wishing to devote himself uninterruptedly to study, gave it up to his brother and sisters, reserving for himself only a sufficiency for his maintenance at Trinity College and for the purchase of books. In 1607 he visited England, and became intimate with Camden and Sir Robert Cotton. For thirteen years (from 1607) he filled the chair of Divinity in the University of Dublin, dwelling largely on the controversies between the Protestants and Catholics. At the convocation of the Irish clergy in 1615, when they determined to assert their independence as a national Church, the articles were drawn up mainly by Ussher; and by asserting in them the Calvinistic doctrines of election and reprobation, by his advocacy of the rigorous observance of the Sabbath, and by his know-

opinion that bishops were not a distinct order in the Church, but only superior in degree to presbyters, he exposed himself to the charge of being a favourer of Puritanism. Having been accused as such to the king, he went over to England in 1619, and, in a conference with His Majesty, so fully cleared himself that he was erelong appointed to the see of Meath, and in 1625 to the archbishopric of Armagh. He aimed at a much-needed reform in the Irish Church, and proposed in vain a modification of Episcopacy to meet the objections of Presbyterians. His well-known visit to Samuel Rutherford at Anwoth, in Kirkcudbrightshire, may be assigned perhaps to 1638. During the political agitation of Charles's reign Ussher maintained the absolute unlawfulness of taking up arms against the king. The Irish rebellion in 1641 drove him to England, where he settled at Oxford, then the residence of Charles. Subsequently the civil war caused him repeatedly to change his abode, which was finally the Countess of Peterborough's seat at Reigate, where he died on 21st March 1656, at the age of seventy-five. He was buried with great pomp in Westminster Abbey. He refused to sit in the Westminster Assembly, and was for eight years preacher at Lincoln's Inn. He was a man of boundless humility, charity, and tolerance; was always loyal to the crown, but was treated with indulgence by Cromwell. He attended Strafford to the scaffold, and fainted when from Lady Peterborough's London house he saw the 'villains in vizards' put up Charles I.'s hair. Most of his writings relate to ecclesiastical history and antiquities, and were mainly intended to furnish arguments against the Catholics; but the book for which he is chiefly celebrated is a great chronological work in Latin, the *Annales*, the first part of which was published in 1650, and the second in 1654. In this chronological digest of universal history from the creation of the world to the dispersion of the Jews in Vespasian's reign, received with great applause by the learned throughout Europe, and several times reprinted on the Continent, the author, by fixing the three epochs of the deluge, the departure of the Israelites from Egypt, and their return from Babylon, was held to have reconciled the chronologies of sacred and profane history. His chronological system, putting the creation of the world in 4004 B.C., was long that generally received. Ussher conformed strictly to the Hebrew chronology in Scriptural dates; the Septuagint version and the Samaritan Pentateuch differ greatly from it. Modern Egyptologists of course wholly disregard his limitations; recent Babylonian research has uncovered tablets held to date from six thousand to seven thousand years before Christ; geologists calmly assume that the Tertiary epoch began ninety-three million years ago. But Ussher still has the glory of having done the best he could, and of having provided what was for centuries a practicable scheme for working purposes. Fuller was said to have supervised the translation of the *Annales* in 1658. Ussher wrote also on the ancient religion of the Irish and British, on the ecclesiastical antiquities of Britain, and on the Septuagint; the Calvinistic *Body of Divinity* (1645) is only partly his. The unfinished and posthumously published *Chronologia Sacra* (1660) was meant as a guide to the study of sacred history, and as showing the grounds and calculations of the principal epochs of the *Annales*. The opening of the *opus magnum* (as in the translation of 1658) shows the precision with which Ussher saw his way to fix the date of the Creation:

Julian Period 710	Before Christ 4004

In the beginning God created heaven and earth, Gen. 1. v. 1. Which beginning of time, according to our chronologie, fell upon the entrance of the night preceding the twenty third day of Octob. in the year of the Julian Calendar, 710.

Upon the first day therefore of the world, or Octob. 23. being our sunday, God, together with the highest heaven, created the angels. Then having finished, as it were, the roofe of this building, he fell in hand with the foundation of this wonderfull fabrick of the world, he fashioned this lowermost globe, consisting of the deep, and of the earth; all the quire of angels singing together, and magnifying his name therefore. [Job. 38. v. 7.] And when the earth was void and without forme, and darknesse covered the face of the deepe, on the very middle of the first day, the light was created; which God severing from the darknesse, called the one day, and the other night.

On the second day [October 24. being Monday] the firmament being finished, which was called heaven, a separation was made of the waters above and the waters here beneath enclosing the earth.

Upon the third day [Octob. 25. Tuesday] these waters beneath running together into one place, the dry land appeared. This confluence of the waters God made a sea, sending out from thence the rivers, which were thither to return again [Eccles. 1. vers. 7.], and he caused the earth to bud, and bring forth all kinds of herbs and plants, with seeds and fruits: But above all, he enriched the garden of Eden with plants; for among them grew the tree of Life and the tree of Knowledge of good and evil. [Gen. 2. vers. 8, 9.]

On the fourth day [Octob. 26. which is our Wednesday] the sun, the moon, and the rest of the stars were created.

The work of the other days is recorded with the same particularity. The method on which the archbishop proceeded in his calculation of the dates is explained in the 'Epistle to the Reader' thus:

But for as much as our Christian epoch falls many ages after the beginning of the world, and the number of years before that backward is not onely more troublesome, but (unlesse greater care be taken) more lyable to errour; also it hath pleased our modern chronologers, to adde to that generally received hypothesis (which asserted the Julian years, with their three cycles by a certain mathematical prolepsis, to have run down to the very beginning of the world) an artificial epoch, framed

out of three cycles multiplied in themselves; for the Solar Cicle being multiplied by the Lunar, or the number of 28 by 19, produces the great Paschal Cycle of 532 years, and that again multiplied by fifteen, the number of the indiction, there arises the period of 7980 years, which was first (if I mistake not) observed by Robert Lotharing, Bishop of Hereford, in our island of Brittain, and 500 years after by Joseph Scaliger fitted for chronological uses, and called by the name of the Julian Period, because it conteined a cycle of so many Julian years. Now if the series of the three minor cicles be from this present year extended backward unto precedent times, the 4713 years before the beginning of our Christian account will be found to be that year into which the first year of the indiction, the first of the Lunar Cicle, and the first of the Solar will fall. Having placed therefore the heads of this period in the kalends of January in that proleptick year, the first of our Christian vulgar account must be reckoned the 4714 of the Julian Period, which, being divided by 15. 19. 28. will present us with the 4 Roman indiction, the 2 Lunar Cycle, and the 10 Solar, which are the principal characters of that year.

We find moreover that the year of our fore-fathers, and the years of the ancient Egyptians and Hebrews were of the same quantity with the Julian, consisting of twelve equal moneths, every of them conteining 30 dayes, (for it cannot be proved that the Hebrews did use lunary moneths before the Babylonian Captivity) adjoyning to the end of the twelfth moneth, the addition of five dayes, and every fourth year six. And I have observed by the continued succession of these years, as they are delivered in holy writ, that the end of the great Nebuchadnezars and the beginning of Evilmerodachs (his sons) reign, fell out in the 3442 year of the world, but by collation of Chaldean history and the astronomical cannon, it fell out in the 186 year of Nabonasar, and, as by certain connexion, it must follow in the 562 year before the Christian account, and of the Julian Period, the 4152. and from thence I gathered the creation of the world did fall out upon the 710 year of the Julian Period, by placing its beginning in autumn: but for as much as the first day of the world began with the evening of the first day of the week, I have observed that the Sunday, which in the year 710 aforesaid came nearest the Autumnal Æquinox, by astronomical tables (notwithstanding the stay of the sun in the dayes of Joshua, and the going back of it in the dayes of Ezekiah) happened upon the 23 day of the Julian October; from thence concluded that from the evening preceding that first day of the Julian year, both the first day of the creation and the first motion of time are to be deduced.

His complete writings were edited by Elrington and Todd (17 vols. 1847-64). See Life by Dr J. A. Carr (1895), and the *Ussher Memoirs* by W. Ball Wright (1889).

Sir Thomas Overbury was famous as a witty and ingenious describer of 'characters.' He was for years an intimate of Robert Carr, the minion of James I.; but having opposed the favourite's marriage with the infamous Countess of Essex, he incurred the hatred of the pair, and through their influence was confined in the Tower, and poisoned there on the 15th of September 1613—being then in the thirty-second year of his age. Three months later Carr, now Earl of Somerset, was married to Lady Essex. The way in which, though humbler instruments were executed, the principals in this murder were screened from justice leaves a foul blot on the memory of the king. Overbury wrote one very popular didactic poem, *The Wife* (published in 1614), on choosing a partner for life, which was imitated in *The Husband*, *A Wife Bespoken*, &c. The prose *Characters* (1614), among the first of that kind of witty descriptions of types (Hall having been in the field in 1608), were often reprinted and frequently imitated. They abound in strained conceits, but are full of epigrammatic point. It is, however, doubtful how many of them are by Overbury himself. The number of characters was increased in successive editions; the fourth contained thirty. *The Tinker* (here quoted) and two others first appeared in the sixth (1616), and are by 'J. Cocke' —possibly 'Jo. Cooke, Gent.,' whose clever drama, *Greene's Tu Quoque*, appeared in 1614. Still more doubtful is it whether the *Crumms fal'n from King James's Table*, professedly that king's table-talk, was to any extent Overbury's work. The first verse of *The Wife* is as follows (the spelling in this and all the extracts being that of the edition of 1638):

> Each woman is a *briefe* of Womankind,
> And doth in little even as much containe
> As in one Day and Night all life we find.
> Of either more is but the same againe:
> *God* fram'd Her so that to her *Husband* She
> As *Eve* should all the *World of Woman be.*

A faire and happy Milk-maid

Is a Countrey Wench that is so farre from making her selfe beautifull by Art, that one looke of hers is able to put *all face-physicke* out of countenance. She knows a faire looke is but a *Dumbe Orator* to commend vertue, therefore minds it not. All her excellencies stand in her so silently, as if they had stolne upon her without her knowledge. The lining of her apparell, which is her selfe, is farre better than outsides of Tissew; for though she be not arrayed in the spoil of the *Silke-worme* shee is deckt in innocency, a far better wearing. She doth not, with lying long abed, spoile both her *complexion* and *conditions:* nature hath taught her, too, *immoderate sleepe* is rust to the Soule: she rises, therefore, with *Chaunticleare*, her dame's Cock, and at night makes the *lamb* her Curfew. In milking a Cow, and straining the teats through her fingers, it seemes that so sweet a Milk-presse makes the Milk the whiter or sweeter; for never came *Almond-Glove* or *Aromatique oyntment* of her palme to taint it. The golded eares of corne fall and kisse her feet when shee reapes them, as if they wisht to be bound and led prisoners by the same hand that fell'd them. Her breath is her own, which sents all the yeare long of *June*, like a new-made Haycock. She makes her hand hard with labour, and her heart soft with pitty; and when winters evenings fall early (sitting at her mery wheele) she sings a defiance to the giddy *wheele of Fortune.* She doth all things with so sweet a grace, it seems *ignorance* will not suffer her to doe ill, being her mind is to doe well. Shee bestowes her yeares wages at next faire, and in chusing her garments counts no bravery i' th' world like decency. The *garden* and *bee-hive* are all her *Ph*[illegible]*y*:

y, and she lives the longer for't. She
ie and unfold sheepe i' th' night, and feares
ill, because she meanes none; yet to say
never alone, for she is still accompanied
s, *honest thoughts*, and *prayers*, but short
y have their efficacy, in that they are not
l, weakened] with insuing idle cogitations.
reames are so chaste, that shee dare tell
Fridaies dream is all her *superstition*: that
for feare of anger. Thus lives she, and all
e may die in the *Spring-time*, to have store
ke upon her winding-sheet.

A Franklin.

is an ancient Yeoman of England, though
y give armes with the best Gentlemen, and
Herauld. There is no truer servant in the
himselfe. Though he be Master, he sayes
vants, 'Goe to field,' but, 'Let us goe,' and
ie eye doth both fatten his flock and set
nanner of husbandrie. Hee is taught by
e contented with a little; his owne fold
oth food and rayment; he is pleas'd with
ent God sends, whilst curious gluttony ran-
were, *Noahs Arke* for food, onely to feed
ne meale. He is ne'r knowne to goe to
tanding to bee Law-bound among men, is
le-bound among his beasts; they thrive not
l that such men sleepe as unquietly as if
were stufft with lawyers penknives. When
poore tenant's cottage hinders his prospect;
leed, his Almes-houses, though there be
iem no such superscription. He never sits
hen he hunts the Badger, the vow'd foe of
ior uses hee any cruelty but when hee hunts
or subtilty but when he setteth snares for
pitfalls for the Black bird; nor oppression
the moneth of July, he goes to the next
ieares his sheepe. He allowes of honest
thinkes not the bones of the dead anything
ie worse for it, though the country Lasses
e Church-yard after Evensong. Rock-
St Distaff's Day, the Monday after Twelfth
after the Christmas celebrations, spinning
by the women], and the Wake in Summer,
e wakeful ketches [catches or carols sung
] on Christmas Eve, the Hoky [Hock-
ght after Easter] or Seed Cake—these he
yet holds them no reliques of popery.
inquisitive after newes derived from the
when the finding an eiery of Hawkes
ground, or the foaling of a colt come of
ie are tydings more pleasant and more
Hee is Lord paramount within himselfe,
old by never so mean a Tenure; and dyes
tentedly (though he leave his heire young)
eaves him not liable to a covetous Guardian.
l him, hee cares not when his end comes;
t feare his audit, for his *Quietus* is in

The Tinker.

By J. Cocke.

a moveable, for hee hath no abiding place;
n hee gathers heat, thence his cholericke
seemes to be very devout, for his life is
pilgrimage; and sometimes in humility
goes barefoot, therein making necessity a vertue. His house is as ancient as *Tubal Cain's*, and so is a runnagate by antiquity; yet he proves himselfe a Gallant, for he carries all his wealth upon his back; or a Philosopher, for he bears all his substance about him. From his Art was Musick first invented, and therefore is he alwaies furnisht with a song, to which his hammer, keeping tune, proves that he was the first founder for the kettle-drum. Note that where the best Ale is, there stands his music most upon crotchets. The companion of his travels is some foule, sunne-burnt Queane that since the terrible Statute recanted Gipsisme, and is turned Pedleresse. So marches he all over England with his bag and baggage; his conversation is unreproveable, for hee is ever mending. Hee observes truly the Statutes, and therefore he can rather steale than begge, in which hee is unremoveably constant, in spight of whip or imprisonment; and so a strong enemy to idleness that, in mending one hole, he had rather make three than want worke; and when hee hath done, hee throwes the wallet of his faults behind him. He embraceth naturally ancient custome, conversing in open fields and lowly Cottages: if he visit Cities or Townes, tis but to deale upon the imperfections of our weaker vessels. His tongue is very voluble, which, with Canting, proves him a *Linguist*. He is entertain'd in every place, but enters no further than the doore, to avoid suspition. Some would take him to be a Coward, but, beleeve it, he is a Lad of mettle; his valour is commonly three or foure yards long, fastned to a pike in the end, for flying off. He is provident, for he will fight with but one at once, and then also hee had rather submit than be counted obstinate. To conclude, if he scape Tyburn and Banbury, he dies a begger.

Overbury's works were collected by Rimbault and published, with a Life, in 1856.

John Chalkhill.—A poem described as 'a pastoral history,' *Thealma and Clearchus*, was published by Izaak Walton in 1683, with a title-page stating it to have been 'written *long since* by John Chalkhill, Esq., an acquaintant and friend of Edmund Spencer.' Walton, who had known the author, says 'he was in his time a man generally known, and as well beloved; for he was humble and obliging in his behaviour, a gentleman, a scholar, very innocent and prudent; and, indeed, his whole life was useful, quiet, and virtuous.' *Thealma and Clearchus* was reprinted by the Rev. Samuel Weller Singer (Chiswick, 1820), who expressed an opinion that, as Walton had been silent upon the life of Chalkhill, he might be altogether a fictitious personage, and the poem be actually the composition of Walton himself; and a writer, probably Sir Egerton Brydges, in vol. iv. of the *Retrospective Review*, after investigating the circumstances, came to the same conclusion. But Mr F. S. Merryweather, in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1860, showed that towards the close of Elizabeth's reign an Ivon or Ion Chalkhill, Gent., was one of the coroners for the county of Middlesex, and suggested that this may have been the poet. The poetry soars above the level of Izaak's muse, who dwelt by the side of trout streams and among quiet meadows. The

nom de guerre of Chalkhill must also have been an old one with Walton, if he wrote *Thealma;* for thirty years before its publication he had inserted in his *Complent Angler* two songs, signed 'Io. Chalkhill.' *Thealma*, though it has something Spenserian in its subject, is very unlike the work of a contemporary of Spenser: probably it may date from the days of James I. The scene of this highly artificial 'pastoral' is laid in Arcadia, and the author describes the Golden Age and all its charms, succeeded by an Age of Iron, with its ambition, avarice, and tyranny. The plot is complicated and obscure, and the characters lack individuality; the interest depends on the romantic descriptions and occasional felicity of language. The versification is that of the heroic couplet, varied, like Milton's *Lycidas*, by breaks and pauses in the middle of the line:

The Priestess of Diana.

Within a little silent grove hard by,
Upon a small ascent he might espy
A stately chapel, richly gilt without,
Beset with shady sycamores about:
And ever and anon he might well hear
A sound of music steal in at his ear
As the wind gave it being: so sweet an air
Would strike a syren mute. . . .
A hundred virgins there he might espy
Prostrate before a marble deity,
Which, by its portraiture, appeared to be
The image of Diana: on their knee
They tendered their devotions; with sweet airs,
Offering the incense of their praise and prayers.
Their garments all alike; beneath their paps,
Buckled together with a silver claps, clasp
And cross their snowy silken robes, they wore
An azure scarf, with stars embroidered o'er.
Their hair in curious tresses was knit up,
Crowned with a silver crescent on the top.
A silver bow their left hand held; their right,
For their defence held a sharp-headed flight,
Drawn from their' broidered quiver, neatly tied
In silken cords, and fastened to their side.
Under their vestments, something short before,
White buskins, laced with ribanding, they wore.
It was a catching sight for a young eye,
That love had fired before: he might espy
One whom the rest had sphere-like circled round,
Whose head was with a golden chaplet crowned.
He could not see her face, only his ear
Was blest with the sweet words that came from her.

The Witch's Cave.

Her cell was hewn out of the marble rock,
By more than human art; she need not knock;
The door stood always open, large and wide,
Grown o'er with woolly moss on either side,
And interwove with ivy's flattering twines,
Through which the carbuncle and diamond shines,
Not set by Art, but there by Nature sown
At the world's birth, so star-like bright they shone.
They served instead of tapers, to give light
To the dark entry, where perpetual Night,
Friend to black deeds, and sire of Ignorance,
Shuts out all knowledge, lest her eye by chance
Might bring to light her follies: in they went.
The ground was strewed with flowers, whose swe
Mixed with the choice perfumes from India bro
Intoxicates his brain, and quickly caught
His credulous sense; the walls were gilt, and s
With precious stones, and all the roof was fret
With a gold vine, whose straggling branches s
All o'er the arch; the swelling grapes were re
This Art had made of rubies clustered so,
To the quick'st eye they more than seemed to
About the walls lascivious pictures hung,
Such as were of loose Ovid sometimes sung.
On either side a crew of dwarfish elves
Held waxen tapers, taller than themselves:
Yet so well shaped unto their little stature,
So angel-like in face, so sweet in feature:
Their rich attire so differing; yet so well
Becoming her that wore it, none could tell
Which was the fairest, which the handsomest
Or which of them Desire would soon'st affect.
After a low salute, they all 'gan sing,
And circle in the stranger in a ring.
Orandra to her charms was stepped aside,
Leaving her guest half won and wanton-eyed.
He had forgot his herb: cunning delight
Had so bewitched his ears, and bleared his sig
And captivated all his senses so,
That he was not himself: nor did he know
What place he was in, or how he came there,
But greedily he feeds his eye and ear
With what would ruin him. . . .
Next unto his view
She represents a banquet, ushered in
By such a shape as she was sure would win
His appetite to taste; so like she was
To his Clarinda, both in shape and face;
So voiced, so habited, of the same gait
And comely gesture; on her brow in state
Sat such a princely majesty as he
Had noted in Clarinda; save that she
Had a more wanton eye, that here and there
Rolled up and down, not settling anywhere.
Down on the ground she falls his hand to kiss
And with her tears bedews it; cold as ice
He felt her lips, that yet inflamed him so,
That he was all on fire the truth to know,
Whether she was the same she did appear,
Or whether some fantastic form it were,
Fashioned in his imagination
By his still working thoughts; so fixed upon
His loved Clarinda, that his fancy strove,
Even with her shadow, to express his love.

Edward Fairfax (c.1580–1635), tran
Tasso's *Jerusalem*, a son—probably illegi
of Sir Thomas Fairfax of Denton, in Y
was born near Leeds, and spent his life n
literary work at Newhall, in Fewston par
Otley, Yorkshire. He dedicated his *G*
Bulloigne: or the Recoverie of Jerusalem, t
Elizabeth (1st ed. 1600; 2nd ed. 1624). Th
cal beauty and freedom of this version of
Gerusalemme Liberata have been the th
almost universal praise. Dryden ranked
with Spenser as a master of our langua
Waller said he derived from him the har

numbers, though Ben Jonson said 'it was not done.' It charmed James I. and solaced the risonment of Charles I. Hallam, admitting it shows spirit and freedom, decides not unonably that it lacks the grace of the original. vas not the first translation (Richard Carew slated the first five cantos; see above at e 353), and there have been over half-a-dozen e; but it may still claim to be *the* English lering, and an essential part of English litera-. In 1621 Fairfax wrote a *Discourse of Witch-t* (first printed in the *Philobiblon Miscellanies*,), and in the preface to it he states that eligion he was 'neither a fantastic Puritan a superstitious Papist,' but describes in full bewitching of two of his own daughters. He wrote a series of Eclogues, one of which—or thing—was published in 1741.

the opening of the first book of the *Godfrey Ierusalem*) recalls Homer and Virgil on the one d, the English version suggests Spenser and on on the other:

The sacred Armies and the godly Knight
That the great Sepulcher of Christ did free
I sing; much wrought his valour and foresight
And in that glorious warre much suffred he:
In vaine gainst him did hell oppose her might,
In vaine the Turkes and Morians armed be:
His soldiers wilde, to braules and mutines prest,
Reduced he to peace, so heaven him blest.

O heavenly Muse that not with fading baies
Deckest thy brow by th' Heliconian spring,
But sittest crowned with starres immortall raies,
In heaven where legions of bright Angels sing;
Inspire life in my wit, my thoughts upraise,
My verse ennoble and forgive the thing,
If fictions light I mix with truth divine,
And fill these lines with other praise than thine.

Tasso's great epic Armida is a beautiful eress, employed to seduce Rinaldo and other saders as they approach the Holy City. ldo after a struggle triumphs over her heries, confesses his love to her, and perles her to become a Christian.

Armida and her Enchanted Girdle.

d with that word she smiled, and nerethelesse
er love-toyes still she used, and pleasures bold:
er haire, that done, she twisted up in tresse,
d looser locks in silken laces rolled;
er curles garland-wise she did up-dresse,
herein, like rich ennamell laid on gold,
The twisted flowrets smiled, and her white brest
The Lillies there that spring with Roses drest.

e jolly Peacocke spreads not halfe so faire
e eyed feathers of his pompous traine;
r golden Iris so bends in the aire
er twentie-coloured bow, through clouds of raine:
t all her ornaments, strange, rich, and rare,
er girdle did in price and beauty staine;
Not that, with scorn, which Tuscan Guilla lost,
Nor Venus Ceston could match this for cost. cestus
Of milde denaies, of tender scornes, of sweet
Repulses, war, peace, hope, despaire, joy, feare;
Of smiles, jests, mirth, woe, grief, and sad regreet;
Sighs, sorrowes, teares, embracements, kisses deare,
That mixed first by weight and measure meet,
Then at an easy fire attempred were;
This wondrous girdle did Armida frame,
And when she would be loved, wore the same.

Rinaldo at the Enchanted Wood.

It was the time when gainst the breaking day
Rebellious night yet strove, and still repined,
For in the east appeared the morning gray,
And yet some lampes in Joves high palace shined,
When to Mount Olivet he took his way,
And saw, as round about his eies he twined,
Nights shadows hence, from thence the mornings shine,
This bright, that darke; that earthly, this divine.

Phineas and Giles Fletcher

were sons of Giles Fletcher, LL.D. (c.1549–1611), himself something of a poet, who was sent in 1588 as ambassador to Russia, and wrote *Of the Russe Common Wealth* (1591) and *Licia or Poemes of Love*. Both were clergymen; Phineas educated, like his father, at Eton and King's College, Cambridge, and Giles at Westminster and Trinity. Phineas (1582–1650) in 1621 became rector of Hilgay, in Norfolk; Giles (c.1588–1623) from about 1618 was rector of Alderton, Suffolk. The elder Giles was the brother of the Bishop of London, father of John Fletcher the dramatist—who was accordingly cousin of the two poet-brothers.

The works of Phineas consist of the *Purple Island or the Isle of Man*, *Piscatory Eclogues*, and miscellaneous poems. The *Purple Island* was published in 1633, but written much earlier, as appears from allusions in it to the Earl of Essex. The name of the poem conjures up images of poetical and romantic beauty such as we may suppose a youthful admirer and follower of Spenser to have drawn—unless, indeed, it suggests the misapprehension that led to its being entered in a bookseller's topographical catalogue under 'Man, Isle of.' A perusal of the work dispels illusions. The *Purple Island* of Fletcher is no sunny spot 'amid the melancholy main;' it is an elaborate and anatomical description of the body and mind of man, involving a portentous allegory which inevitably repels the average reader. Beginning with the veins, arteries, bones, and muscles of the human frame, the poet pictures them as hills, dales, streams, and rivers, and describes with great minuteness their different meanderings, elevations, and appearances; one is reminded of Harvey's recent great discovery of the circulation of the blood. But that Fletcher's physiology differed pretty widely from our current doctrines will be plain from the kindly view he takes of the liver and its normal functions:

So 'tween the Splenion's frost and th' angry Gall
The joviall Hepar sits; with great expence
Cheering the Isle by his great influence (!);

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

ly armour seem'd a garden green,
ousand spotlesse lilies freshly blew;
er shield the 'lone bird might be seen,
ian bird, shining in colours new:
into it self was onely mate;
e same, but new in newer date:
rneath was writ, '*Such is chaste single state.*'

in arms, she seem'd a goodly knight,
r any warlike exercise:
a she list lay down her armour bright,
resume her peacefull maiden's guise;
rest maid she was, that ever yet
d her locks within a golden net,
m waving hang, with roses fair beset.

mph, the crown of chaste Diana's train,
utie's lilie, set in heav'nly earth;
unpattern'd, all perfections stain:
'n with curious pencil at thy birth
rare face her own full picture drew:
strong verse here to write but true:
es in others are but half thy due.

forehead Love his trophies fits,
nd spoils in silver arch displaying;
ie midst himself full proudly sits,
n awfull majestie araying:
ier brows lies his bent ebon bow,
ady shafts: deadly those weapons show;
et that death appear'd, lovely that deadly
ow. . . .

lilies flower upon her cheek,
ie midst was set a circling rose;
weet aspect would force Narcissus seek
ries, and fresher colours choose
k his beauteous head in snowie tire;
in vain: for who can hope t' aspire
a fair, which none attain, but all admire?

e lips lock up from gazing sight
of pearls, which march in goodly row:
a she deignes those precious bones undight,
v'nly notes from those divisions flow,
ith rare musick charm the ravisht eares,
g bold thoughts, but cheering modest fears:
res so onely sing, so onely charm the spheres. . . .

ie starres which deck this beauteous skie,
of th' inward sunne both shine and move:
in his heart sits Love's high majestie;
st majestie the highest Love.
en a taper shines in glassie frame,
arkling crystall burns in glitt'ring flame:
that brightest Love brighten this lovely dame.

(From Canto x.)

tia is defined by the poet as 'chastitie in the single,' as chastitie in the married.' *The Arabian bird*, the phœnix, rse a virgin bird.

The Sorceress of Vain Delight.

Christ's Victorie and Triumph. By Giles Fletcher.

len like a ladie faire was cut,
as if shee slumber'd in delight,
he open skies her eyes did shut;
e fields of heav'n wear 'sembled right
e round, set with the flow'rs of light:
The flowr's-de-luce, and the round sparks of deaw, dew
That hung upon the azure leaves, did shew
Like twinkling starrs, that sparkle in th' eav'ning blew.

Upon a hillie banke her head shee cast,
On which the bowre of Vaine-delight was built;
White and red roses for her face wear plac't,
And for her tresses marigolds wear spilt:
Them broadly shee displaid, like flaming guilt,
Till in the ocean the glad day wear drown'd;
Then up againe her yellow locks she wound,
And with greene filletts in their prettie calls them bound.

What should I here depeint her lillie hand,
Her veines of violets, her ermine brest,
Which thear in orient colours living stand;
Or how her gowne with silken leaves is drest;
Or how her watchmen, arm'd with boughie crest,
A wall of prim hid in his bushes bears,
Shaking at every winde their leavie spears,
While she supinely sleeps, ne to be wakèd fears!

Over the hedge depends the graping elme,
Whose greener head empurpuled in wine,
Seemèd to wonder at his bloodie helme,
And halfe suspect the bunches of the vine;
Least they, perhaps, his wit should undermine.
For well he knewe such fruit he never bore:
But her weake armes embracèd him the more,
And with her ruby grapes laught at her paramour. . . .

The roofe thicke cloudes did paint, from which three boyes
Three gaping mermaides with their eawrs did feed, ewers, vases
Whose brests let fall the streame, with sleepie noise,
To lions mouths, from whence it leapt with speede,
And in the rosie laver seem'd to bleed.
The naked boyes unto the water's fall,
Their stonie nightingales had taught to call,
When Zephyr breath'd into their watry interall.

And all about, embayèd in soft sleepe,
A heard of charmèd beasts aground were spread,
Which the faire witch in goulden chaines did keepe,
And them in willing bondage fetterèd;
Once men they liv'd, but now the men were dead
And turn'd to beasts; so fabled Homer old,
That Circe with her potion, charm'd in gold,
Us'd manly soules in beastly bodies to immould.

Through this false Eden, to his leman's bowre,
(Whome thousand soules devoutly idolize)
Our first destroyer led our Saviour:
Thear in the lower roome, in solemne wise,
They daunc't around, and powr'd their sacrifice
To plumpe Lyæus, and among the rest,
The jolly priest, in yvie garlands drest,
Chaunted wild orgialls, in honour of the feast. . . .

High over all Panglorie's blazing throne,
In her bright turret, all of christal wrought,
Like Phœbus lampe, in midst of heaven, shone;
Whose starry top with pride infernall fraught,
Selfe-arching columns to uphold wear taught:
In which her image still reflected was
By the smooth christall that, most like her glasse,
In beauty and in frailtie did all others passe.

A silver wande the sorceresse did sway,
And for a crowne of gold her haire she wore;
Onely a garland of rose-buds did play
About her locks; and in her hand she bore
A hollowe globe of glasse, that long before
She full of emptinesse had bladdered,
And all the world therein depicturèd:
Whose colours, like the rainbowe, ever vanishèd.

Such watry orbicles young boyes do blowe
Out of their sopy shels, and much admire
The swimming world, which tenderly they rowe
With easie breath, till it be wavèd higher:
But if they chaunce but roughly once aspire,
The painted bubble instantly doth fall.
Here when she came, she 'gan for musique call,
And sung this wooing song, to welcome Him withall:—

Love is the blossome whear thear blowes
Every thing that lives or growes:
Love doth make the heav'ns to move,
And the sun doth burne in love:
Love the strong and weake doth yoke,
And makes the yvie climbe the oke;
Under whose shadowes lions wilde,
Soft'ned by love, grow tame and mild;
Love no med'cine can appease,
He burnes the fishes in the seas;
Not all the skill his wounds can stench, stanch
Not all the sea his fire can quench:
Love did make the bloody spear
Once a levie coat to wear, leavy, leafy
While in his leaves thear shrouded lay
Sweete birds for love that sing and play:
And of all love's joyfull flame
I the bud and blossome am:
Onely bend Thy knee to mee,
Thy wooing shall Thy winning bee.

See, see the flowers that belowe
Now as fresh as morning blowe;
And of all, the virgin rose,
That as bright Aurora showes:
How they all unleaved die,
Loosing their virginitie;
Like unto a summer-shade,
But now borne, and now they fade.
Every thing doth passe away,
Thear is danger in delay:
Come, come gather then the rose,
Gather it, or it you lose:
All the sand of Tagus' shore
Into my bosome casts his ore:
All the valleys' swimming corne
To my house is yeerely borne;
Every grape of every vine
Is gladly bruis'd to make me wine,
While ten thousand kings, as proud
To carry up my train, have bow'd,
And a world of ladies send me
In my chambers to attend me:
All the starres in heav'n that shine,
And ten thousand more, are mine.
Onely bend Thy knee to mee,
Thy wooing shall Thy winning bee.

Thus sought the dire Enchauntress in His minde
Her guilefull bayt to have embosomèd;
But He her charmes dispersèd into winde,
And her of insolence admonishèd;
And all her optique glasses shatterèd.
So with her sire to Hell shee took her flight,
(The starting ayre flew from the damned spright,)
Whear deeply both aggriev'd plunged themselves in i

But to their Lord, now musing in His thought,
A heavenly volie of light angels flew,
And from His Father Him a banquet brought,
Through the fine element; for well they knew,
After His Lenten fast He hungrie grew;
And, as He fed, the holy quires combine
To sing a hymne of the celestiall Trine;
All thought to passe, and each was past all thought d

The birds' sweet notes, to sonnet out their joyes,
Attemper'd to the layes angelicall;
And to the birds the winds attune their noyse,
And to the winds the waters hoarcely call,
And Eccho back againe revoyced all;
That the whole valley rung with victorie.
But now our Lord to rest doth homeward flie:
See how the Night comes stealing from the mountains

Weare, *whear*, and *thear* stand throughout for 'were,' 'and 'there;' *calls* are cauls, caps; *prim*, privet; *interall* (inside; *Lyæus*, Bacchus; *orgialls*, orgiastic hymns; *blood* &c., refers to one of the many legends about the Crucifixion.

Sir John Beaumont (1582–1628) wa elder brother of the celebrated dramatist. H ing the family estate of Gracedieu, in Leic shire, Sir John dedicated part of his leisure to the service of the Muses. He wrote, ir enough heroic couplets, a somewhat unin sioned poem on Bosworth Field. This is he gives Richard's address to his troops o eve of the decisive battle:

My fellow-souldiers, though your swords
Are sharpe, and need not whetting by my words
Yet call to minde those many glorious dayes
In which we treasur'd up immortall prayse;
If when I serv'd, I ever fled from foe,
Fly ye from mine, let me be punisht so:
But if my father, when at first he try'd
How all his sonnes could shining blades abide,
Found me an eagle, whose undazled eyes
Affront the beames which from the steele arise,
And if I now in action teach the same,
Know then, ye have but chang'd your gen'rall's r
Be still your selves, ye fight against the drosse
Of those that oft have runne from you with losse:
How many Somersets,—Dissention's brands!—
Have felt the force of our revengefull hands!
From whome this youth, as from a princely floud,
Derives his best, yet not untainted bloud;
Have our assaults made Lancaster to droupe?
And shall this Welshman with his ragged troupe
Subdue the Norman and the Saxon line,
That onely Merlin may be thought divine?
See what a guide these fugitives have chose!
Who bred among the French, our ancient foes,
Forgets the English language and the ground,
And knowes not what our drums and trumpets so

In a poem to the memory of a friend are excellent observations in verse:

Why should vaine sorrow follow him with teares,
Who shakes off burdens of declining yeeres?
Whose thread exceeds the usuall bounds of life,
And feeles no stroke of any fatall knife?
The Destinies enjoyne their wheeles to run,
Untill the length of his whole course be spun.
No envious cloud obscures his struggling light,
Which sets contented at the point of night;
Yet this large time no greater profit brings,
Then ev'ry little moment whence it springs,
Unlesse imploy'd in workes deserving praise;
Most weare out many yeeres, and live few dayes.
Time flowes from instants, and of these each one
Should be esteem'd as if it were alone:
The shortest space, which we so lightly prize
When it is comming and before our eyes,
Let it but slide into th' eternall maine,
No realmes, no world can purchase it againe:
Remembrance onely makes the footsteps last,
When wingèd Time, which fixt the prints, is past.

Samuel Purchas (1575?–1626), born at Thaxted, in Essex; studied at St John's, Cambridge; held successively two livings in Essex; and from 1614 till his death was rector of St Martin's in Ludgate. In 1613 he published a volume called *Purchas his Pilgrimage; or Relations of the World, and the Religions observed in all Ages and Places discovered from the Creation unto this Present.* A second work was *Purchas his Pilgrim, Microcosmus or the History of Man, Relating the Wonders of his Generation, Vanities in his Degeneration, Necessity of his Regeneration* (1619). Hakluyt's papers having fallen into his hands, he issued in 1625 his best-known work, *Hakluytus Posthumus, or Purchas his Pilgrimes: containing a History of the World, in Sea Voyages and Land Travels by Englishmen and others* (4 vols. folio, 1625). The fourth edition of the *Pilgrimage* usually accompanies the *Pilgrimes* as if a fifth volume, although a quite distinct work. Purchas himself thus describes the two books: 'These brethren holding much resemblance in name, nature, and feature, yet differ in both the object and the subject. This [the *Pilgrimage*] being mine own in matter, though borrowed, and in form of words and method; whereas my Pilgrimes are the authors themselves, acting their own parts in their own words, only furnished by me with such necessaries as that stage further required, and ordered according to my rules.' If we may judge by a comparison of his work with such of the 'relations' as have not perished, Purchas was neither painstaking nor conscientious as an editor; many of his stories seem to be meagre abstracts of his originals; and his tales are notable rather for a certain old-world quaintness than for any exceptional literary gift. The theological disquisitions with which he interlards his narratives are at times rather amusing than edifying. Vol i. of the *Pilgrimes* contains voyages and travels of ancient kings, patriarchs, apostles, and philosophers; voyages of circumnavigators of the globe; and voyages along the coasts of Africa to the East Indies, Japan, China, the Philippine Islands, and the Persian and Arabian Gulfs; Vol. ii., voyages and relations of Africa, Ethiopia, Palestine, Arabia, Persia, and other parts of Asia; Vol. iii., Tartary, China, Russia, North-west America, and the Polar Regions; Vol. iv., America and the West Indies; Vol. v. contains the *Pilgrimage*, which is substantially a theological and geographical history of Asia, Africa, and America. The editor of Churchill's *Collection* (supposed to have been John Locke) says of Purchas, that 'he has imitated Hakluyt too much, swelling his work into five volumes in folio;' yet, he adds, 'the whole collection is very valuable, as having preserved many considerable voyages that might otherwise have perished. But, like Hakluyt, he has thrown in all that came to hand, to fill up so many volumes, and is excessive full of his own notions, and of mean quibbling and playing upon words; yet for such as can make choice of the best, the collection is very valuable.'

The *Pilgrimage* is also in large measure a cento from the stories of travellers and older authors, sometimes boiled down and restated in Purchas's own words. Thus the thirteenth chapter of Book IV. is expressly based on the travellers Plano Carpini, Rubruquis, and (especially) Marco Polo, as well as on less satisfactory authorities—the thirteenth-century chronicler Matthew Paris, the thirteenth-century encyclopædist Vincentius Bellovacensis, and Sir John Mandeville! The famous paragraph in it which dominated Coleridge's day-dream, and took visionary shape in his *Kubla Khan*, is shortened from Marco Polo's account (Book I. chap. lxi.) of the great Khan's summer palace at Kai-ping-fu, north of Pekin, which the Chinese called Shang-tu (i.e. 'upper court'). Marco makes the word *Chandu*, Odoric *Sandu*, Ramusio *Xandu*, and Purchas *Xamdu*. What follows about the Tebet and Kasimur, the Bacsi and Sensin, is merely abstracted from Marco. Coleridge's 'Alph' is not in Purchas or his authorities, and may be the classical Alpheus which disappears in caverns of limestone and comes to light again more than once. The Abora of the poem is no doubt the 'admirable hill Amara' on which Purchas waxes eloquent in his seventh book—the name still seen in Amhara, the central province of Abyssinia, and in Amharic, the name of the modern Abyssinian language.

In the following extract he is speaking of the manners and customs of the Tartars:

Their wives are exceeding chaste and observant: and though they bee many, yet can *Rachel* and *Leah*, yea ten or twentie of them, agree with a marvellous union, intent unto their houshold and other businesse, whereby they are gainefu'l and not chargeable to their Husbands. When they marry, the Husband covenanteth with the Father of the Maide, who having given him power to take her wheresoever hee shall finde her, hee seeketh her among some of her friends, where shee hath then of purpose hidden her selfe, and by a

kinde of force carrieth her away. They marry with any except their owne Mother and Sister. Their Widdowes seldome marry, because of their service to their former Husbands in another world, except the sonne marrie h's fathers wives, or the brother his brothers, because they can there in the next world bee content to resigne them to their former Husbands againe. The women buy, sell, and provide all necessaries into the house, the men intending nothing but their Armes, Hunting, and Hawking. If one hath buried a Male-child, and another a Female, the Parents contract a marriage betwixt those two, and painting in papers, Servants, Horses, Clothes, and Houshold, and making writings for the confirmation of the Dower, burne these things in the fire, by the smoake whereof they (in their smokie conceits) imagine all these things to be carried and confirmed to their children in the other world: and the Parents of the two dead parties claime kindred each of other: as if they indeed had married their children while they lived.

In Xamdu did Cublai Can build a stately Palace, encompassing sixteene miles of plaine ground with a wall, wherein are fertile Meddowes, pleasant Springs, delightfull Streames, and all sorts of beasts of chase and game, and in the middest thereof a sumptuous house of pleasure, which may be removed from place to place. Here hee doth abide in the moneths of Iune, Iuly, and August, on the eight and twentieth day whereof, hee departeth thence to another place to doe sacrifice on this manner: He hath a Heard or Drove of Horses and Mares, about ten thousand, as white as snow; of the milke whereof none may taste, except hee bee of the bloud of Cingis Can. Yea, the Tartars doe these beasts great reverence, nor dare any crosse their way, or goe before them. According to the direction of his Astrologers or Magicians, he on the eight and twentieth of August aforesaid, spendeth and poureth forth with his owne hands the milke of these Mares in the ayre and on the earth, to give drinke to the Spirits and Idols which they worship, that they may preserve the men, women, beasts, birds, corne, and other things growing on the earth.

These Astrologers, or Necromancers, are in their Art marvellous. When the skie is cloudy and threatneth raine, they will ascend the roofe of the Palace of the Grand Can, and cause the raine and tempests to fall round about, without touching the said Palace. These which thus doe are called Tebeth and Chesmir, two sorts of Idolaters, which delude the people with opinion of their sanctitie, imputing these workes to their dissembled holinesse: and for this cause they goe in filthy and beastly manner, not caring who seeth them, with dirt on their faces, never washing nor combing themselves. And if any bee condemned to death, they take, dresse, and eate him: which they doe not if any die naturally. They are also called Bachsi, that is, of such a Religion or Order; as if one should say a Frier-Preacher, or Minor, and are exceedingly expert in their divellish Art. They cause that the Bottles in the Hall of the Great Can doe fill the Bowles of their owne accord, which also without mans helpe passe ten paces through the ayre, into the hands of the said Can; and when he hath drunke, in like sort returne to their place. These Baschi sometimes resort unto the Officers, and threaten plagues or other misfortune from their Idols, which to prevent they desire so many Muttons with black heads, and so many pounds of Incense and *Lignum Aloes*, to performe their due sacrifices. Which they accordingly receive and offer on their Feast-day, sprinkling Broth before their Idols. There be of these, great Monasteries, which seeme like a small Citie, in some whereof are two thousand Monkes, which shave their heads and beards, and weare a religious habite, and hallow their Idols Feasts with great solemnitie of Hymnes and Lights. Some of these may bee married. Other there are, called Sensim, an Order which observeth great abstinence and strictnesse of life, in all their life eating nothing but Bran, which they put in hot water, and let it stand till all the white of the meale bee taken away, and then eate it being thus washed. These worship the Fire, and are condemned of the other fore Heretikes, because they worship not their Idols, and will not marry in any case. They are shaven, and weare hempen-garments of black or bright yellow, and although they were Silke, yet would they not alter the colour. They sleepe on great Mats, and live the austerest life in the world.

Purchas in praise of the sea is more eloquent than his wont:

Concerning the commodities of the Sea, as the world generally, so the little models of the world, the Ilands (whereof this of Great Britaine is iustly acknowledged the most excellent of the world, sometime accounted *another world*) have great cause to celebrate and acknowledge the same. It is a Wall of Defence about our shoares; Great Purveyour of the Worlds commodities to our use; Conveyour of the surquedry and excesses of Rivers; Uniter (by traffique) of Nations which it selfe severeth; an Open Field for pastimes of peace; a Pitched Field in time of warre, disdaining single personall Combates, and onley receiving whole Cities and Castles, encompassed with walls of Wood; which it setteth together with deadly hatred and dreadfullest force of the Elements, the *Fierie* thunders, *Airie* blasts, *Watrie* billowes, rockes, shelves and bottomes of the *Earth*, all conspiring to build heere a house for Death, which by fight or flight on land is more easily avoyded (and how did it scorne the *Invincible* title of the Spanish Fleet in 88. and effect thus much on our behalfe against them?) The Sea yeeldeth Fish for dyet, Pearles and other Iewels for ornament, Varietie of creatures for use and admiration, Refuge to the distressed, compendious Way to the Passingers, and Portage to the Merchant, Customes to the Prince, Springs to the Earth, Clouds to the Skie, matter of Contemplation to the minde, of Action to the bodie: Once, it yeeldeth all parts of the World to each part, and maketh the World (as this Treatise in part sheweth) knowne to it selfe. Superstition hath had her Sea-prophets which have found out other Sea-profits, as for the purging of sinnes: and the Roman Divines caused Hermaphrodites to be carried to the Sea for expiation, the Persian Magi thought it pollution to spit or doe other naturall necessities therein. But of these in divers places.

George Sandys (1578–1644), the seventh son of the Archbishop of York, was born at Bishopthorpe, and studied at St Mary Hall, Oxford. He undertook a long journey, of which he published an account in 1615, entitled *A Relation of a Journey begun an. Dom.* 1610: *Foure Bookes, containing a Description of the Turkish Empire, of Ægypt,*

oly Land, of the Remote Parts of Italy, ds adjoyning. He settled in Virginia in and there completed his translation of *etamorphoses* (1621–26); after his return he efly at Boxley Abbey, near Maidstone. He slated the Psalms, and paraphrased other of Scripture. Dryden is more in the out Sandys than about Chapman when, demning Chapman's *Homer*, he says: better than thus has Ovid been served so-much-admired Sandys.' His book of eached a seventh edition in 1673, a suc- undeserved by the author's varied expe- his acute observation, and his shrewd and comments. Most modern readers could with the very exhaustive citations and ns from all the classical writers about e he came to or even passed in his journey ice by the Ionian Islands and the Archi- o Constantinople, by sea to Egypt, across t with a caravan to Palestine, and so back to Naples. Constantinople and its build- government and manners of the Turks, nded with as much fullness as the history liarities of Egypt. He explored the Great and described his experiences within, elaborate measurements of the sacred at Jerusalem, especially of the Church ly Sepulchre. The account of the experi- ith the dog in the Grotto del Cane, of of the Cumæan sibyl, and of the Lacus would still serve for a guide to the en- Naples. And the numerous copperplate gs seem to be from drawings specially the spot. Thus he describes his passage ily by the Lipari Islands to the Calabrian ith an account of tarantula spiders and abrian specialties:

e there were seven (but now are eleven) almost ll magnitude. Yet Liparia is the greatest (being n circuite) as also the most famous; to which were subject: fruitful, and abounding with sulphur, and allume, having also hot baths, ented by the diseased. In the yeere 1544 it ulated by the Turk: but Charles the fifth re- with Spaniards, and fortified the place. The ent out about an age ago, having (as is to be consumed the matter that fed it. Vulcano bolo (of which we will onely speak) do now ne. Vulcano receiveth that name from his nsecrated formerly to Vulcan, and called his It is said but first to have appeared above ut the time that Scipio Africanus died. A nd, stony, and uninhabited. It had three reat it evaporated fire, but now hath but one: h it smoketh continually, and casts out stones rible roaring. In the yeere of our Lord 1444 h of February, it flamed so abundantly, and fire and stones with such an hideous noyse, nly the rest of the Ilands, but all Sicilia hereat. Perhaps the last blaze; for now flame t, but retaineth the rest of his terrors. Now , called formerly Strongyle, of the rotundity thereof (for all is no other then a high round mountaine) doth burne almost continually at the top like a Beacon, and exceeding cleerely: so that by night it is to be discerned a wonderfull way. These places (and such like) are commonly affirmed by the Romane Catholickes to be the jawes of hell: & that within the damned soules are tormented. It was told me at Naples by a countreyman of ours and an old pentioner of the Popes, who was a youth in the dayes of King Henry, that it was then generally bruited thorowout England, that master Gresham, a merchant, setting saile from Palermo (where there then dwelt one Anthonio called the Rich, who at one time had 2 kingdomes morgaged unto him by the King of Spaine), being crossed by contrary winds, was constrained to anchor under the lee of this Iland. Now about mid-day, when for certaine houres it accustomedly forbeareth to flame, he ascended the mountaine with eight of the sailers: and approching as neere the vent as they durst, amongst other noises they heard a voice crie aloud, Dispatch, dispatch, the rich Antonio is a comming. Terrified herewith they descended: and anon the mountaine againe evaporated fire. But from so dismall a place they made all the haste that they could: when the winds still thwarting their course, and desiring much to know more of this matter, they returned to Palermo. And forthwith enquiring of Antonio, it was told them that he was dead; and computing the time, did finde it to agree with the very instant that the voice was heard by them. Gresham reported this at his returne to the King: and the mariners being called before him confirmed by oath the narration. In Gresham himselfe, as this Gentleman said (for I no otherwise report it), it wrought so deepe an impression that he gave over all traffique: distributing his goods, a part to his kinsfolke & the rest to good uses, retaining onely a competency for himselfe: and so spent the rest of his life in a solitary devotion.

All the day following we staid at Scylla, the winds not favouring us. My Spanish comrads were very harsh to me (for in these parts they detest the English, & think us not Christian), but when upon their demand I told them that I was no Lutheran, they exceeded on the other side in their courtesy. One of them had bin in the voiage of eighty eight; and would say that it was not we but the windes that overthrew them. On the third of July we departed, and landed that night at Aupage. Hereabout (as throughout this part of Calabria) are great store of Tarantulas: a serpent peculiar to this countrey, and taking that name from the Citie of Tarentum. Some hold them to be of the kind of spiders, others of effts; but they are greater then the one, and lesse then the other, and (if that were a Tarantula which I have seene) not greatly resembling either. For the head of this was smal, the legs slender and knottie, the bodie light, the taile spiny, and the colour dun, intermixed with spots of a sullied white. They lurke in sinkes, and privies, and abroad in the slimy filth betweene furrowes; for which cause the country people doe reape in bootes. The sting is deadly, and the contrary operations thereof most miraculous. For some so stung, are still oppressed with a leaden sleepe: others are vexed with continued waking, some fling up and downe, and others are extremely lazy. He sweats, a second vomits, a third runnes mad. Some weepe continually, and some laugh continually, and that is the most usuall. Insomuch that it is an ordinary saying to a man that is extraordinarily merrie, that he hath bene stung by a Tarantula. Hereupon not a few

have thought, that there are as many kindes of Tarantulas, as severall affections in the infected. But as over-liberall cups doe not worke with all in one manner, but according to each mans nature and constitution: some weepe, some laugh, some are tongue-tide, some all tongue, some sleepe, some leape over tables, some kisse, and some quarrell: even so it falles out with those that are bitten. The merry, the mad, and otherwise actively disposed, are cured by musicke; at least it is the cause, in that it incites them to dance indefatigably: for by labour and sweate the poyson is expelled. And musicke also by a certaine high excellency hath bene found by experience to stirre in the sad and drowsie so strange an alacritie, that they have wearied the spectators with continued dancing. In the meane time the paine hath asswaged, the infection being driven from the heart, and the mind released of her sufferance. If the musicke intermit the maladie renewes, but againe continued and it vanisheth. And objects of wonder have wrought the same effects in the franticke. A Bishop of this countrey passing in the high way, and clothed in red: one bit by a Tarantula, hooting thereat, fell a dancing about him. The offended Bishop commanded that he should be kept backe, and made haste away. But the people did instantly intreate him to have compassion of the poore distressed wretch; who would forthwith die, unlesse he stood still and suffered him to continue in that exercise. So shame or importunity enforced him to stay, untill by dancing certaine houres together the afflicted person became perfectly cured.

The fourth of July we rowed against the wind, and could reach no further then Castilion: where the high-wrought seas detained us the day following. Our churlish Oast, because we sent for such things to the towne whereof he had none, made us also fetch our water from thence, it being a mile off: though he had in his house a plentifull fountaine. And I thinke there are not that professe Christ a more uncivil people then the vulgar Calabrians. Over land there is no travelling without assured pillage, and hardly to be avoided murder; although all that you have about you (and that they know it) be not worth a Dollar. Wherefore the common passage is by sea, in this manner as we passed now. Along the shore there are many of these Ostarias: but most of the townes are a good way removed, and mounted on hils with not easie accesses. Divers small forts adjoyne to the sea, and watch-towers thorowout. For the Turkes not seldome made incursions by night: lurking in the day time about those uninhabited Ilands. Under these forts we nightly haled up our boate, and slept in our clothes on the sand. And our fare was little better then our lodging: Tunny, onions, cucumbers and melons being our ordinary viands. Not but that we might have had better: but the souldiers were thriftie, and I was loth to exceed them. For there being but onely one house at a place, they sold every thing, not according to the worth, but to the necessitie of the buyer. But Mulberries we might gather, & eate of free cost: dangerously unwholesome if not pulled from the trees before Sunne rise. Of them there are here every where an infinite number: in so much that more silke is made in Calabria then besides in all Italie. And from the leaves of those that grow higher on the mountaines (for the Appenine stretcheth along the midst of this countrey) they gather plenty of Manna, the best of all other: which falls thereon like a dew in the night time. Here a certaine Calabrian hearing that I was an English man, came to me, and would needs perswade me that I had insight in magicke: for that Earle Bothel was my countryman, who lives at Naples, and is in those parts famous for suspected negromancie. He told me that he had treasure hidden in his house; the quantitie and qualitie shewne him by a boy, upon the conjuration of a Knight of Malta: and offered to share it betweene us, if I could helpe him unto it. But I answered, that in England we were at defiance with the divell; and that he would do nothing for us.

The voiage of eighty eight is the Spanish Armada of that year; the *tarantula* is really a large and venomous spider, the effects of whose bite have been grossly exaggerated—tarantism, or the dancing mania, was apparently a hysterical affection; *ostaria* [sic] is a hostelry; the fifth Earl of Bothwell, the nephew of Queen Mary's Bothwell, died at Naples in great poverty in 1624, after a life of hare-brained adventure.

Thomas Coryate (1577?–1617) was born at Odcombe, Somersetshire; entered Gloucester Hall, Oxford, in 1596, but left without a degree; and after James I.'s accession lived by his wits about court. In 1608 he set out on a rambling journey on the Continent, passing through Paris, Lyons, Turin, Venice, Zurich, Strasburg, Worms, Speier, Cologne, &c., and returning five months later with a record of 1975 miles, mostly on foot. His entertaining journal was at last published in 1611, with a collection of commendatory verses, as *Coryat's Crudities: Hastily gobled up in Five Moneths Travells in France, Savoy, Italy, Rhetia, Helvetia, High Germanie, and the Netherlands.* Next year, after dedicating his travel-worn shoes in his native church, he started again on his travels, visited Constantinople, Greece, Smyrna, Alexandria, and the Holy Land, and found his way by caravan to Mesopotamia, thence through Persia and Afghanistan to Agra, where he arrived in October 1616. In the December of the following year he died at Surat. The name *Crudities* does injustice to his record of his Continental tour; for though Coryate was scatter-brained, conceited, and pragmatical, he was a shrewd observer and something of a scholar; and in 'meteing' churches, describing monuments, and copying inscriptions of all kinds verbatim, he took vastly more trouble than the average modern globe-trotter, and his book, though lop-sided enough, contains much quaint and interesting information. He notes his first sight of storks and ostriches, of table-forks and umbrellas; his first experience of frogs as a dainty, and his modified approval of German beds. He is careful to tell all the famous men any place has given birth to or sheltered, and digests the substance of its mediæval history from Sebastian Münster or other learned writer. The story of William Tell and the Swiss rising against the Austrians he gives partly from Münster, partly from the oral communications of Switzers. At Strasburg he describes at great length the towers and spire of the cathedral, and the famous clock inside. Like contemporary Englishmen, he had a great abhorrence of popery, but seems to have

got on pleasantly with all kinds of 'papists' but Spaniards, whom he carefully avoided as collectively agents of the Inquisition thirsting for the blood of a Protestant; and he is generally careful and conscientious in distinguishing what he saw from what he heard about. He at times shows a reasonable scepticism about what he is told, yet confidently accepts as proved and authentic the tale of a cruel lady near Leyden, in the fourteenth century, who, in consequence of a curse she brought on herself by insolence and hard-heartedness, brought forth 365 children at one birth, all of whom incontinently died the day they came into the world. The best of Catholics could hardly tell with more particularity or apparent faith the tale of the three kings of Colen (Cologne; the Magi of the New Testament), or of St Ursula and her eleven thousand martyred British virgins, 'because she was my country woman.' Of the earlier travels of this entertaining wanderer we have only incomplete record, part of his journal only having been preserved. Some of it is given in *Purchas his Pilgrimes*—such as a visit to the ruins of Troy (with the assistance of a 'druggerman'), the method of performing circumcision, and the exercitation of the howling and dancing dervishes in Constantinople. He learnt Turkish, Persian, and Arabic, and on occasion made speeches in Persic to 'Shah Jehan-jir, the Mogoll,' son of Akbar the Great. Oddly, though he praises Germany hyperbolically, he did not acquire High Dutch enough to speak with the vulgar. He seems to have got on as comfortably with Mohammedans as with Jesuits; he 'spent in his ten moneths travels betwixt Aleppo and the Moguls Court but three pounds sterling, yet fared reasonable well every daie; victuals being so cheape in some countries where I travelled that I sometimes lived competently for a pennie a daie; yet of that three pound I was cousened of no lesse than ten shillings sterling by certaine lewde christians of the Armenian Nation.'

Forks.

Here I wil mention a thing that might have been spoken of before in discourse of the first Italian town. I observed a custome in all those Italian cities and townes through the which I passed, that is not used in any other country that I saw in my travels, neither doe I thinke that any other nation of Christendome doth use it, but only Italy. The Italian and also most strangers that are commorant in Italy doe alwaies at their meales use a little forke when they cut their meate. For while with their knife which they hold in one hand they cut the meate out of the dish, they fasten their forke which they hold in their other hand upon the same dish, so that whatsoever he be that, sitting in the company of any others at meale, should unadvisedly touch the dish of meate with his fingers from which all at the table doe cut, he will give occasion of offence unto the company, as having transgressed the lawes of good manners, in so much that for his error he shall be at the least brow-beaten, if not reprehended in wordes. This forme of feeding I understand is generally used in all places of Italy, their forkes being for the most part made of yron or steele, and some of silver, but those are used only by gentlemen. The reason of this their curiosity is, because the Italian cannot by any means endure to have his dish touched with fingers, seing all mens fingers are not alike cleane. Hereupon I my self thought good to imitate the Italian fashion by this forked cutting of meate, not only while I was in Italy, but also in Germany, and oftentimes in England since I came home: being once quipped for that frequent using of my forke by a certain learned gentleman, a familiar friend of mine, one M. Laurence Whitaker, who in his merry humour doubted not to call me at table *furcifer*, only for using a forke at feeding, but for no other cause [the *furcifer* being, in Roman usage, a criminal condemned to bear on his shoulders a *furca*, a heavy fork or cross of wood].

Fried Frogs.

In this citie [Cremona] are made passing good swords as in most places of Italy. The Augustinian monkes have the stateliest library for workmanship (as the aforesaid Sartorius told me) that is in all Italy; therefore I went thither to see it, but because I came so late, even about nine of the clocke at night, I had not the opportunity to view it. I did eate fried frogges in this citie, which is a dish much used in many cities of Italy: they were so curiously dressed, that they did exceedingly delight my palat, the head and the forepart being cut off.

Theatres.

I was at one of their play-houses [in Venice], where I saw a comedie acted. The house is very beggarly and base in comparison of our stately play-houses in England: neyther can their actors compare with us for apparell, shewes and musick. Here I observed certaine things that I never saw before. For I saw women acte, a thing that I never saw before, though I have heard that it hath beene sometimes used in London, and they performed it with as good a grace, action, gesture, and whatsoever convenient for a player, as ever I saw any masculine actor. Also their noble and famous cortezans came to this comedy, but so disguised, that a man cannot perceive them. . . . They were so graced that they sate on high alone by themselves in the best roome of all the play-house.

German Beds.

The beds of the innes of this city [Zürich] and of all the other Helvetian and German cities are very strange, such as I never saw before; the like being in the private houses of every particular citizen as I heard. For evere man hath a light downe, or very soft feather bedde laid upon him, which keepeth him very warme, and is nothing offensive for the burden. For it is exceeding light, and serveth for the coverled of the bedde. In the refectory of that inne where I lay (which was at the signe of the two Storkes), there is a stove, such a one as I have before mentioned in my observations of Padua, which is so common a thing in all the houses of Switzerland and Germany (as I have before said) that no house is without it. I found them first in Rhetia, even in the city of Curia [Chur or Coire].

Bishop Hatto.

But the third thing that is reported of this towne [Bing, i.e. Bingen] is a thing passing memorable and very worthy the observation; such a wondrous and rare accident as I never read or heard of the like before. Therefore I will relate it in this place out of Munster, for one of the most notable examples of Gods justice that ever was extant in the whole world since the first creation thereof. It hapned in the yeare 914 that there was an exceeding famine in Germany, at what time Otho, surnamed the Great, was emperor, and one Hatto, once Abbot of Fulda, was Archbishop of Mentz, of the bishops after Crescens or Crescentius the two and thirtieth, of the archbishops after St Bonifacius the thirteenth. This Hatto, in the time of this great famine before mentioned, when he saw the poore people of the country exceedingly oppressed with famine, assembled a great company of them together into a barne, and like a most accursed & mercilesse caitiffe burnt up those poore innocent soules, that were so farre from doubting any such matter, that they rather hoped to have received some comfort and relief at his hands. The reason that moved the prelate to commit that execrable impiety was because he thought that the famine would the sooner cease, if those unprofitable beggars that consumed more bread then they were worthy to eate were dispatched out of the world. For he said that these poore folkes were like to mice, that were good for nothing but to devour corne. But Almighty God, the just revenger of the poore folks quarrel, did not long suffer this hainous tyranny, this most detestable fact unpunished. For he mustered up an army of mice against the archbishop, and sent them to persecute him as his furious Alastors, so that they afflicted him both day and night, and would not suffer him to take his rest in any place. Whereupon the prelate thinking that he should be secure from the injury of mice if he were in a certaine tower that standeth in the Rhene neere to the towne, betooke himself unto the said tower as to a safe refuge and sanctuary from his enemies, and locked himselfe in. But the innumerable troupes of mice continually chaced him very eagerly, and swumme unto him upon the top of the water to execute the just judgement of God, and so at last he was most miserably devoured by those silly creatures; who pursued him with such bitter hostility, that it is recorded they scraped and gnawed off his very name from the walls and tapestry wherein it was written, after they had so cruelly devoured his bodie. Wherefore the tower in which he was eaten up by the mice is shewed to this lay for a perpetuall monument to al succeeding ages of the barbarous and inhuman tyranny of that impious prelate, being situate in a little greene iland in the middest of the Rheene, neere to this towne of Bing, and is commonly called in the Germane tongue the *Mowse turn* [Ger. *Maüse-thurm*, 'mouse-tower;' probably a corruption of *Mauth-thurm*, 'tax-tower'].

Pronunciation of Latin.

I observed another thing also in the Italians pronouncing of the Latin tongue, which though I might have mentioned before in the description of some of the other Italian cities; yet seing I have hitherto omitted it, I will here make mention thereof rather then not at al, because this is the last city [Bergamo] of Italy that I shall describe in this journey. The Italian when he uttereth any Latin word wherein this letter *i* is to be pronounced long, doth alwaies pronounce it as a double *e*, viz. as *ee*. As for example: he pronounceth *feedes* for *fides: veeta* for *vita: ameecus* for *amicus*, &c.; but where the *i* is not to be pronounced long he uttereth it as we doe in England, as in these words, *impius, aquila, patria, Ecclesia:* not *aqueela, patreea, Eccleseea.* And this pronunciation is so generall in all Italy that every man which speaketh Latin soundeth a double *e* for an *i*. Neither is it proper to Italy only, but to all other nations whatsoever in Christendome saving to England. For whereas in my travels I discoursed in Latin with Frenchmen, Germans, Spaniards, Danes, Polonians, Suecians, and divers others, I observed that every one with whom I had any conference, pronounced the *i* after the same manner that the Italians use. Neither would some of them (amongst whom I was not a little inquisitive for the reason of this their pronunciation) sticke to affirme that Plautus, Terence, Cicero, Hortensius, Cæsar, and those other selected flowers of eloquence amongst the auncient Romans, pronounced the *i* in that sort as they themselves doe. Whereupon having observed such a generall consent amongst them in the pronunciation of this letter, I have thought good to imitate these nations herein, and to abandon my old English pronunciation of *vita, fides*, and *amicus*, as being utterly dissonant from the sound of all other nations; and have determined (God willing) to retayne the same till my dying day.

John Taylor (1580–1653), a London waterman, who styled himself 'The King's Majesty's Water Poet,' was one of the most voluminous of city rhymesters. A native of Gloucester, he became a waterman in London, but was impressed into the navy and served at the siege of Cadiz. He resumed plying on the Thames, then kept a public-house at Oxford, and latterly an inn in London. The most memorable incident in his career was travelling in 1618 on foot from London to Edinburgh, 'not carrying any money to or fro, neither begging, borrowing, or asking meat, drink, or lodging.' He took with him, however, a servant on horseback, and contrived to get an extraordinary amount of hospitality, good-will, and good cheer. From Ben Jonson, whom he met at Leith, he received a present of 'a piece of gold of two and twenty shillings to drink his health in England.' He made also a considerable excursion into the north of Scotland, as the Earl of Mar's guest in Braemar. Of this journey Taylor wrote an account, entitled *The Penniless Pilgrimage, or the Moneyless Perambulation of John Taylor, alias the King's Majesty's Water Poet*, &c. 1618. This tract is partly in prose and partly in verse. Of the latter, the following is a favourable specimen:

In the Borders.

Eight miles from Carlisle runs a little river,
Which England's bounds from Scotland's grounds doth sever.
Without horse, bridge, or boat I o'er did get;
On foot I went, yet scarce my shoes did wet.

come to this long-looked-for land,
rk, re-mark, note, re-note, viewed and scanned;
aw nothing that could change my will,
t I thought myself in England still.
igdoms are so nearly joined and fixed,
carcely went a pair of shears betwixt;
saw sky above, and earth below,
in England there the sun did shew;
ls with sheep replete, with corn the dale,
ny a cottage yielded good Scottish ale.
unty, Annandale, in former times,
e cursed climate of rebellious crimes:
mberland and it, both kingdoms' borders,
ver ordered by their own disorders,
harking, shifting, cutting throats, and thieving,
king pleasure in the other's grieving;
ny times he that had wealth to-night,
the morrow morning beggared quite.
ny years this pell-mell fury lasted,
l these Borders were quite spoiled and wasted;
on, hurly-burly, reigned and revelled;
arches with the lowly ground were levelled;
norable monuments defaced,
es of defence o'erthrown and razed;
hoso then did in the Borders dwell,
ittle happier than those in hell.
e the all-disposing God of heaven
ese two kingdoms to one monarch given,
ace and plenty on them both have showered;
nd hanging hath the thieves devoured,
w each subject may securely sleep,
ep and neat, the black, the white, doth keep.
v these crowns are both in one combined,
ormer Borders that each one confined,
s to me, as I do understand,
lmost the centre of the land;
s a blessed Heaven-expounded riddle,
st great kingdoms' skirts into the middle.
ay the instrumental cause survive!
im and his succession still derive
irs unto his virtues and his throne,
ese two kingdoms ever may be one!

Taylor's prose narrative, perhaps the most ting portion now is an account of a great unt which he witnessed at the 'Brae of at which were present the Earls of Mar, , Buchan, Enzie, with their countesses; Lord e, Sir William Murray of Abercairney, 'and ds of others, knights, esquires, and their rs':

A Deer-hunt in Braemar.

in the year, which is the whole month of August, netimes part of September, many of the nobility ntry of the kingdom, for their pleasure, do come ese Highland countries to hunt, when they do a themselves to the habit of the Highlandmen, r the most part speak nothing but Irish, and in times were those people which were called the *nks*. Their habit is shoes with but one sole stockings (which they call short hose) made of a tuff of divers colours, which they call tartan. As eches, many of them, nor their forefathers, never ny, but a jerkin of the same stuff that their hose heir garters being bands or wreaths of hay or straw, with a plaid about their shoulders, which is a mantle of divers colours, of much finer and lighter stuff than their hose, with blue flat caps on their head, a handkerchief knit with two knots about their neck, and thus are they attired. Now, their weapons are long bows and forked arrows, swords and targets, harquebusses, muskets, dirks, and Lochaber axes.

My good lord of Mar having put me into that shape [costume], I rode with him from his house, where I saw the ruins of an old castle, called the castle of Kindroghit [Castleton]. It was built by king Malcolm Canmore for a hunting-house: it was the last house I saw in those parts; for I was the space of twelve days after before I saw either house, corn-field, or habitation for any creature but deer, wild horses, wolves, and such-like creatures, which made me doubt that I should ever have seen a house again.

Thus the first day we travelled eight miles, where there were small cottages built on purpose to lodge in, which they call *lonchards*. I thank my good Lord Erskine, he commanded that I should always be lodged in his lodging, the kitchen being always on the side of a bank, many kettles and pots boiling, and many spits turning and winding, with a great variety of cheer—as venison; baked, sodden, roast, and stewed beef; mutton, goats, kid, hares, fresh salmon, pigeons, hens, capons, chickens, partridge, moor-coots, heath-cocks, capercailzies, and termagants [ptarmigans]; good ale, sack, white and claret, tent [Alicante], with most potent *Aqua-vitæ*.

All these and more than these we had continually in superfluous abundance, caught by Falconers, Fowlers, Fishers, and brought by my Lord's tenants and purveyors to victual our Camp, which consisted of fourteen or fifteen hundred men and horses. The manner of the hunting is this: five or six hundred men do rise early in the morning, and do disperse themselves divers ways, and seven or eight miles' compass; they do bring or chase in the deer in many herds (two, three, or four hundred in a herd) to such or such a place as the Nobleman shall appoint them; then when day is come, the Lords and gentlemen of their companies do ride or go to the said places, sometimes wading up to their middles through bournes and rivers; and then, they being come to the place, do lie down on the ground, till those foresaid scouts, which are called the Tinchel, do bring down the deer. . . . Then, after we had stayed three hours or thereabouts, we might perceive the deer appear on the hills round about us (their heads making a show like a wood), which, being followed close by the Tinchel, are chased down into the valley where we lay. Then all the valley on each side being waylaid with a hundred couple of strong Irish greyhounds, they are let loose as the occasion serves upon the herd of deer, so that, with dogs, guns, arrows, dirks, and daggers, in the space of two hours, fourscore fat deer were slain, which after are disposed of some one way and some another, twenty and thirty miles, and more than enough left for us to make merry withal at our rendezvous.

Various journeys and voyages were made by Taylor, and duly described by him in short occasional tracts such as *Travell in Germanie* (1617), *Travels to Prague in Bohemia* (1620), and *The Praise of Hempseed* (1620), the story of a ridiculous voyage from London to Queenborough,

in Kent, by a Mr Roger Bird and himself in a preposterous boat made of brown paper. In 1630 he made a collection of these pieces: *All the Workes of John Taylor, the Water Poet; being Sixty and Three in Number.* He continued, however, to write during more than twenty years after this period, and ultimately his works consisted of not less than one hundred and thirty-eight separate publications. Taylor was a staunch royalist and orthodox Churchman, abjuring all sectaries and schismatics. There is nothing in his works, as Southey remarks, which deserves preservation for its intrinsic merit alone, but there is some natural humour, much small jingling wit, and a great deal to illustrate the manners of his age. A complete reprint of his works was issued by the Spenser Society in 1868–78.

Richard Corbet (1582–1635) was the son of a Ewell gardener who is commended in Ben Jonson's *Underwoods.* Educated at Westminster School and Broadgates Hall (Pembroke College), Oxford, he took orders, and became Dean of Christ Church (1620), Bishop of Oxford (1624), and Bishop of Norwich (1632). The social qualities of witty Bishop Corbet and his never-failing vivacity, joined to a moderate share of dislike to the Puritans, recommended him to the patronage of King James, to whom he owed his mitre. Ben Jonson loved him well, as also his father, 'my dear Vincent Corbet,' whom he commemorated. The Bishop's habits were rather too convivial for the dignity of his office, if we may credit some of the anecdotes which have been told of him. One market-day at Abingdon, meeting a ballad-singer who complained he could get no custom, the jolly Doctor put off his gown and arrayed himself in the leathern jacket of the itinerant vocalist, and being a handsome man, with a clear, full voice, he presently vended the whole stock of ballads. Once at a confirmation, the country people pressing in to see the ceremony, Corbet exclaimed, 'Bear off there, or I 'll confirm ye with my staff.' And sometimes, by Aubrey's telling, he 'would take the key of the wine-cellar, and he and his chaplain, Dr Lushington, would go and lock themselves in and be merry. Then first he layes down his episcopal hat—"There lyes the Dr." Then he putts off his gowne—"There lyes the bishop." Then 'twas "Here's to thee, Corbet," and "Here's to thee, Lushington."' Jovialities such as these seem more like the feats of the jolly Friar of Copmanhurst than the acts of a Protestant bishop; but Corbet had higher qualities; his toleration, solid sense, and lively talents procured him esteem. His poems, many of which are little better than rollicking doggerel, were first collected and published in 1647 (4th ed. by Octavius Gilchrist, 1807). They are of a miscellaneous character, the best known being a *Journey to France*, the *Iter Boreale* (the tour of four students in the Midlands to the north of Oxford), and the *Farewell to the Fairies.*

To Vincent Corbet, his Son.

What I shall leave thee, none can tell,
But all shall say I wish thee well:
I wish thee, Vin, before all wealth,
Both bodily and ghostly health;
Nor too much wealth nor wit come to thee
So much of either may undo thee.
I wish thee learning, not for show,
Enough for to instruct and know;
Not such as gentlemen require
To prate at table or at fire.
I wish thee all thy mother's graces,
Thy father's fortunes and his places.
I wish thee friends, and one at court,
Not to build on, but support;
To keep thee not in doing many
Oppressions, but from suffering any.
I wish thee peace in all thy ways,
Nor lazy nor contentious days;
And, when thy soul and body part,
As innocent as now thou art.

From the 'Journey to France.'

I went from England into France,
Nor yet to learn to cringe nor dance,
Nor yet to ride or fence:
Nor did I go like one of those
That do return with half a nose
They carried from hence.

But I to Paris rode along,
Much like John Dory in the song,
Upon a holy tide.
I on an ambling nag did get—
I trust he is not paid for yet—
And spurred him on each side.

And to Saint Dennis fast we came,
To see the sights of Nostre Dame—
The man that shews them snuffles—
Where who is apt for to beleeve,
May see our Lady's right-arm sleeve,
And eke her old pantofles;

Her breast, her milk, her very gown
That she did wear in Bethlehem town,
When in the inn she lay:
Yet all the world knows that 's a fable,
For so good clothes ne'er lay in stable,
Upon a lock of hay. . . .

There is one of the cross's nails,
Which whoso sees his bonnet vails,
And, if he will, may kneel.
Some say 'twas false, 'twas never so;
Yet, feeling it, thus much I know,
It is as true as steel.

There is a lanthorn which the Jews,
When Judas led them forth, did use;
It weighs my weight downright:
But, to believe it, you must think
The Jews did put a candle in 't,
And then 'twas very light.

There 's one saint there hath lost his nose:
Another 's head, but not his toes,
His elbow and his thumb.

But when that we had seen the rags,
We went to th' inn and took our nags,
And so away did come.

We came to Paris on the Seine;
'Tis wondrous fair, 'tis nothing clean,
'Tis Europe's greatest town.
How strong it is, I need not tell it,
For all the world may easily smell it,
That walk it up and down.

There many strange things are to see,
The Palace and great Gallery,
The Place Royal doth excel:
The New Bridge, and the statues there,
At Nostre Dame, Saint Q. Pater,
The steeple bears the bell.

For learning, th' Universitie;
And, for old clothes, the Frippery,
The House the Queen did build.
Saint Innocents, whose earth devours
Dead corpse in four-and-twenty hours,
And there the King was killed. . . .

hn Dory' was the hero of a rather pointless ballad, still ar in Dryden's days, beginning:

'As it fell upon a holy-day,
And upon a holy-tide-a,
John Dory bought him an ambling nag,
To Paris for to ride-a.'

:t's visit to Paris was in 1618: the curiosities he describes, ling, for example, the milk and the lanthorn at St Denis, nfinished palace of the queen-dowager, and the sights of Paris ally, are described at more length by Peter Heylin in *France ed to the Life*, the outcome of a visit to France in 1625. The slain (in 1610) at the Church of the Holy Innocents was y IV.; the extraordinarily absorptive virtue of the earth in churchyard was an article of faith, and is referred to by 'homas Browne in *Urn-burial* (see below). The mysterious it Q. Pater' of Notre Dame, unexplained in the editions (all quent to the Bishop's death), must be a misreading for 'St topher,' the colossal figure which for hundreds of years was ef curiosity of Notre Dame, and as such was duly described leylin, Coryate, and other English travellers. The bell, the it bourdon of Notre Dame,' was, and still is, another.

Farewell to the Fairies.

Farewell rewards and fairies,
Good housewives now may say,
For now foul sluts in dairies
Do fare as well as they.
And though they sweep their hearths no less
Than maids were wont to do,
Yet who of late for cleanliness
Finds sixpence in her shoe?

Lament, lament, old abbeys,
The fairies lost command;
They did but change priests' babies,
But some have changed your land;
And all your children sprung from thence
Are now grown Puritans;
Who live as changelings ever since,
For love of your domains.

At morning and at evening both,
You merry were and glad,
So little care of sleep or sloth
These pretty ladies had;
When Tom came home from labour,
Or Cis to milking rose,
Then merrily went their tabour,
And nimbly went their toes.

Witness those rings and roundelays
Of theirs, which yet remain,
Were footed in Queen Mary's days
On many a grassy plain;
But since of late Elizabeth,
And later, James came in,
They never danced on any heath
As when the time hath been.

By which we note the fairies
Were of the old profession,
Their songs were Ave-Maries,
Their dances were procession:
But now, alas! they all are dead,
Or gone beyond the seas;
Or farther for religion fled,
Or else they take their ease.

A tell-tale in their company
They never could endure,
And whoso kept not secretly
Their mirth was punished sure;
It was a just and Christian deed,
To pinch such black and blue:
Oh, how the commonwealth doth need
Such justices as you! . . .

Sir Robert Naunton (1563–1635), born at Alderton, Woodbridge, became public orator at Cambridge in 1594, travelled four or more years on the Continent, went with an embassy to Denmark in 1603, entered Parliament in 1606, and was Secretary of State 1618–23. He died at his Suffolk seat, Letheringham Priory. His *Fragmenta Regalia* (1641) is sketches of Elizabeth's courtiers. See his *Memoirs* (1814).

Queen Elizabeth.

Under Edward [VI.] she was his, and one of the darlings of fortune: for besides the consideration of bloud, there was between these two princes a concurrency and sympathy in their natures and affections, together with the celestiall (conformity in religion) which made them one, and friends; for the king ever called her his sweetest and dearest sister, and was scarce his own man, she being absent, which was not so between him and the Lady Mary. Under his sister she found her condition much altered: for it was resolved, and her destiny had decreed to set her an apprentice in the school of affliction, and to draw her through the ordeall fire of tryall, the better to mould and fashion her to rule and soveraignty; which finished, and fortune calling to mind that the time of her servitude was expired, gave up her indentures, and therewith delivered up into her custody a scepter as a reward for her patience, which was about the twenty sixth year of her age; a time in which (as for externals) she was full blown, so was she for her internals grown ripe, and seasoned with adversity, and in the exercise of her vertue; for it seems fortune meant no more than to shew her a piece of her variety and changeablenesse of her nature, and so to conduct her to her destined felicity. She was of personage tall, of hair and complexion fair, and therewith well favoured, but high nosed, of limbs and feature neat, and which added to the lustre of those exteriour graces, of stately and majestick comportment; participating in this more of her father than mother, who was of inferiour allay, plausible, or as the French hath

it, more *debonaire* and affable, vertues which might well suit with majesty; and which descending as hereditary to the daughter, did render of a more sweeter temper, and endeared her more to the love and liking of the people; who gave her the name and fame of a most gracious and popular prince; the atrocity of her fathers nature being rebated in hers by the mothers sweeter inclinations. For to take, and that no more than, the character out of his own mouth; he never spared man in his anger, nor woman in his lust.

Sir Walter Raleigh.

He had in the outward man a good presence, in a handsome and well compacted person, a strong naturall wit, and a better judgement, with a bold and plausible tongue, whereby he could set out his parts to the best advantage; and to these he had the adjuncts of some generall learning, which by diligence he enforced to a great augmentation and perfection; for he was an indefatigable reader, whether by sea or land, and none of the least observers both of men and the times; and I am confident, that among the second causes of his growth, that variance between him and my Lord Grey in his descent into Ireland was a principall; for it drew them both over the councell table, there to plead their cause, where (what advantage he had in the cause, I know not) but he had much better in the telling of his tale; and so much, that the Queen and the lords took no slight mark of the man, and his parts; for from thence he came to be known, and to have accesse to the Queen and the lords; and then we are not to doubt how such a man would comply and learn the way of progression. And whether Leicester had then cast in a good word for him to the Queen, which would have done no harm, I doe not determine: but true it is, he had gotten the Queens eare at a trice, and she began to be taken with his elocution, and loved to hear his reasons to her demands: and the truth is, she took him for a kind of oracle, which netled them all; yea, those that he relyed on began to take his suddain favour as an allarum, and to be sensible of their own supplantation, and to project his, which made him shortly after sing, *Fortune my foe, &c.* So that finding his favour declining, and falling into a recesse, he undertook a new peregrination, to leave that *terra infirma* of the court for that of the warres, and by declining himself and by absence to expell his and the passion of his enemies, which in court was a strange device of recovery, but that he knew there was some ill office done him, that he durst not attempt to mind any other wayes than by going aside; thereby to teach envy a new way of forgetfulnesse, and not so much as to think of him; howsoever, he had it alwayes in mind never to forget himself; and his device took so well that at his return he came in (as rammes doe, by going backward) with the greater strength, and so continued to her last, great in her grace, and Captain of the Guard, where I must leave him; but with this observation, that though he gained much at the court, yet he took it not out of the Exchequer or meerly out of the Queens purse, but by his wit and the help of the prerogative; for the Queen was never profuse in the delivering out of her treasure, but payed many, and most of her servants, part in money and the rest with grace, which as the case stood was taken for good payment, leaving the arrear of recompence due to their merit to her great successor, who payed them all with advantage.

Thomas Middleton (1570?–1627), a prolific but extraordinarily unequal dramatist, was a Londoner; as city chronologer (from 1620) wrote a chronicle of the city, now lost, and some civic pageants; and left over twenty plays, a score of pageants and masques, a paraphrase of the Wisdom of Solomon, six satires, and a number of prose pieces. *Blurt, Master Constable* (1602), is a light comedy. *Father Hubbard's Tale* and *The Black Book* are tracts exposing London rogues. *The Honest Whore* was mainly written by Dekker. *The Phœnix* and *Michaelmas Term* (1607) are lively comedies; *A Trick to catch the Old One* (1608) and *A Mad World, my Masters* (from which Aphra Behn pilfered), are perhaps more amusing. *The Roaring Girl* (1611; with Dekker) describes the exploits of a noted cut-purse and virago. *A Chaste Maid in Cheapside* was probably produced in 1613, as was *No Wit, No Help like a Woman's*. *A Fair Quarrel* (1617) and *The World Tost at Tennis* (1620) were written in conjunction with Rowley, as were probably *More Dissemblers besides Women* (1622?) and *The Mayor of Quinborough*. *The Old Law* is mainly the work of Rowley, supplemented by Middleton, and revised by Massinger. The fact that *The Witch* (published by Reed in 1778 from the author's MS.) contains in full two songs of which only the first lines are given in *Macbeth* (see below at page 461) has been explained by the theory that they were originally by Middleton and were introduced into later acting editions of *Macbeth*. (They are given in full in D'Avenant's altered version of *Macbeth*.) Mr Bullen and Professor Herford hold it almost certain that Middleton here imitated and expanded Shakespeare, or the song Shakespeare referred to in his stage directions. The date of the *Witch* is unknown, and it may have preceded *Macbeth*; but it is vastly more probable that the lesser author was the imitator. In *The Changeling*, *The Spanish Gipsy*, and *Women beware Women* (in the first two of which at least Rowley had a share) Middleton's genius is seen at its best. *The Widow* was mainly by Middleton. *Anything for a Quiet Life* (c. 1619) may have been revised by Shirley. Middleton contributed to some of the plays included in the works of Beaumont and Fletcher.

The *Game at Chess* (1624) provoked enormous interest, but gave great offence at court by bringing on the stage the king of Spain and his ambassador, Gondomar, as well as James himself and English politicians. Gondomar's successor complained to King James of the insult, and Middleton—who at first 'shifted out of the way'—and the players were brought before the Privy Council and sharply reprimanded for their audacity in 'bringing modern Christian kings upon the stage.' The Induction was spoken by Loyola and his intimate acquaintance Error. James was the White King, the Black King was Philip IV., Gondomar the Black Knight, the White Queen's Pawn is the Church of England, and so forth.

Knight uses great freedom of speech, ɔscurely indicates that he has wheedled the White King for his own ends.

ɔn is great in single scenes, and is a nd ingenious writer, a keen observer ɪt of London life and London types. eats the same character under different ɛrests rather than charms or fascinates, ɔmetimes distinctly tedious. *Women ɔmen* is a tale of love and jealousy Italian. The 'rage and madness of ɔssed,' 'hell-bred malice and strife,' the principal material of a somewhat ɔresentation; but the following sketch happiness is admirably realised:

ɛar am I now to a happiness
rth exceeds not! not another like it:
asures of the deep are not so precious
he conceal'd comforts of a man
up in woman's love. I scent the air
ings when I come but near the house;
delicious breath marriage sends forth!
let-bed 's not sweeter. Honest wedlock
ɪ banqueting-house built in a garden,
ch the spring's chaste flowers take delight
their modest odours; when base lust,
l her powders, paintings, and best pride,
fair house built by a ditch-side. . . .
Now for a welcome
draw men's envies upon man;
ɔow, that will hang upon my lip
ɛt as morning-dew upon a rose,
l as long.

ɪk verse is some of it very unrhythmical lar; it is difficult sometimes to know e lines are meant for verse or prose. Bullen agrees with an anonymous critic daring and happy concentration of ɪd a certain imperial confidence in the ds, he of all the dramatists of that time ciple that comes nearest the master.' ɔlds that the colloquy between Beatrice lores in the *Changeling* 'testifies beyond at in dealing with a situation of sheer ɔne of Shakespeare's followers trod so the master's steps.' 'Neither Webster Tourneur nor Ford has given us any profoundly impressive, so absolutely e, so Shakespearean,' though 'as an ɪole the *Changeling* cannot challenge ɪ with *The Maid's Tragedy*, *The Broken The Duchess of Malfi*.' But 'if the ɣ, *Women beware Women*, the *Spanish A Fair Quarrel* do not justify Middle- ɪs to be considered a great artist,' Mr ɔows not which of Shakespeare's fol- vorthy of the title.' In the *Changeling*, daughter of Vermandero, is betrothed de Piracquo ere she sees and loves a new-comer to her father's castle. She lonzo with loathing, and reveals her De Flores, a poor gentleman in her father's service, who passionately loves her. Zealous to do her a service, De Flores assassinates Alonzo, and hopes not for gold or jewels, but for Beatrice's love.

From 'The Changeling.'

De Flores. My thoughts are at a banquet; for the deed,
I feel no weight in 't; 'tis but light and cheap
For the sweet recompense that I set down for 't. [*Aside.*
Beatrice. De Flores!
De F. Lady?
Beat. Thy looks promise cheerfully.
De F. All things are answerable, time, circumstance,
Your wishes, and my service.
Beat. Is it done, then?
De F. Piracquo is no more.
Beat. My joys start at mine eyes; our sweet'st delights
Are evermore born weeping.
De F. I 've a token for you.
Beat. For me?
De F. But it was sent somewhat unwillingly;
I could not get the ring without the finger.
[*Holding out Alonzo's finger with the ring on it.*
Beat. Bless me, what hast thou done?
De F. Why, is that more
Than killing the whole man? I cut his heart-strings:
A greedy hand thrust in a dish at court,
In a mistake hath had as much as this.
Beat. 'Tis the first token my father made me send him.
De F. And I have made him send it back again
For his last token; I was loath to leave it,
And I 'm sure dead men have no use of jewels;
He was as loath to part with 't, for it stuck
As if the flesh and it were both one substance.
Beat. At the stag's fall, the keeper has his fees;
'Tis soon applied, all dead men's fees are yours, sir:
I pray, bury the finger, but the stone
You may make use on shortly; the true value,
Take 't of my truth, is near three hundred ducats.
De F. 'Twill hardly buy a capcase for one's conscience
To keep it from the worm, as fine as 'tis: [though,
Well, being my fees, I 'll take it;
Great men have taught me that, or else my merit
Would scorn the way on 't.
Beat. It might justly, sir;
Why, thou mistak'st, De Flores, 'tis not given
In state of recompense.
De F. No, I hope so, lady;
You should soon witness my contempt to 't then.
Beat. Prithee—thou look'st as if thou wert offended.
De F. That were strange, lady; 'tis not possible
My service should draw such a cause from you:
Offended! could you think so? that were much
For one of my performance, and so warm
Yet in my service.
Beat. 'Twere misery in me to give you cause, sir.
De F. I know so much, it were so; misery
In her most sharp condition.
Beat. 'Tis resolv'd then;
Look you, sir, here 's three thousand golden florens;
I have not meanly thought upon thy merit.
De F. What! salary? now you move me.
Beat. How, De Flores?
De F. Do you place me in the rank of verminous fellows,
To destroy things for wages? offer gold
For the life-blood of man? is any thing

Valued too precious for my recompense?
Beat. I understand thee not.
De F. I could ha' hir'd
A journeyman in murder at this rate,
And mine own conscience might have slept at ease,
And have had the work brought home.
Beat. I 'm in a labyrinth;
What will content him? I 'd fain be rid of him. [*Aside.*
I 'll double the sum, sir.
De F. You take a course
To double my vexation, that 's the good you do.
Beat. Bless me, I 'm now in worse plight than I was;
I know not what will please him. [*Aside.*]—For my fear's sake,
I prithee, make away with all speed possible;
And if thou be'st so modest not to name
The sum that will content thee, paper blushes not,
Send thy demand in writing, it shall follow thee;
But, prithee, take thy flight.
De F. You must fly too then.
Beat. I?
De F. I 'll not stir a foot else.
Beat. What 's your meaning?
De F. Why, are not you as guilty? in, I 'm sure,
As deep as I; and we should stick together:
Come, your fears counsel you but ill; my absence
Would draw suspect upon you instantly,
There were no rescue for you.
Beat. He speaks home! [*Aside.*
De F. Nor is it fit we two, engag'd so jointly,
Should part and live asunder.
Beat. How now, sir?
This shews not well.
De F. What makes your lip so strange?
This must not be betwixt us.
Beat. The man talks wildly!
De F. Come, kiss me with a zeal now.
Beat. Heaven, I doubt him! [*Aside.*
De F. I will not stand so long to beg 'em shortly.
Beat. Take heed, De Flores, of forgetfulness,
'Twill soon betray us.
De F. Take you heed first;
Faith, you 're grown much forgetful, you 're to blame in 't.
Beat. He 's bold, and I am blam'd for 't. [*Aside.*
De F. I have eas'd you
Of your trouble, think on it; I am in pain,
And must be eas'd of you; 'tis a charity,
Justice invites your blood to understand me.
Beat. I dare not.
De F. Quickly!
Beat. O, I never shall!
Speak it yet further off, that I may lose
What has been spoken, and no sound remain on 't;
I would not hear so much offence again
For such another deed.
De F. Soft, lady, soft!
The last is not yet paid for: O, this act
Has put me into spirit; I was as greedy on 't
As the parch'd earth of moisture, when the clouds weep:
Did you not mark, I wrought myself into 't,
Nay, sued and kneel'd for 't? why was all that pains took?
You see I 've thrown contempt upon your gold;
Not that I want it not, for I do piteously,
In order I 'll come unto 't, and make use on 't,
But 'twas not held so precious to begin with,
For I place wealth after the heels of pleasure;
And were I not resolv'd in my belief
That thy virginity were perfect in thee,
I should but take my recompense with grudging,
As if I had but half my hopes I agreed for.
Beat. Why, 'tis impossible thou canst be so wicked,
Or shelter such a cunning cruelty,
To make his death the murderer of my honour!
Thy language is so bold and vicious,
I cannot see which way I can forgive it
With any modesty.
De F. Push! you forget yourself;
A woman dipp'd in blood, and talk of modesty!
Beat. O misery of sin! would I 'd been bound
Perpetually unto my living hate
In that Piracquo, than to hear these words!
Think but upon the distance that creation
Set 'twixt thy blood and mine, and keep thee there.
De F. Look but into your conscience, read me there;
'Tis a true book, you 'll find me there your equal:
Push! fly not to your birth, but settle you
In what the act has made you, you 're no more now;
You must forget your parentage to me;
You are the deed's creature; by that name
You lost your first condition, and I challenge you,
As peace and innocency have turn'd you out,
And made you one with me.
Beat. With thee, foul villai
De F. Yes, my fair murderess; do you urge me?
Though thou writ'st maid, thou whore in thy affecti
'Twas chang'd from thy first love, and that 's a kind
Of whoredom in the heart; and he 's chang'd now
To bring thy second on, thy Alsemero,
Whom, by all sweets that ever darkness tasted,
If I enjoy thee not, thou ne'er enjoyest!
I 'll blast the hopes and joys of marriage,
I 'll confess all; my life I rate at nothing.
Beat. De Flores!
De F. I shall rest from all love's plagues then;
I live in pain now; that shooting eye
Will burn my heart to cinders.
Beat. O sir, hear me!
De F. She that in life and love refuses me,
In death and shame my partner she shall be. [ma
Beat. [*kneeling*] Stay, hear me once for all; I make t
Of all the wealth I have in gold and jewels;
Let me go poor unto my bed with honour,
And I am rich in all things!
De F. Let this silence thee;
The wealth of all Valencia shall not buy
My pleasure from me;
Can you weep Fate from its determin'd purpose?
So soon may you weep me.
Beat. Vengeance begins;
Murder, I see, is follow'd by more sins:
Was my creation in the womb so curst,
It must engender with a viper first?
De F. [*raising her*] Come, rise and shroud you
blushes in my bosom;
Silence is one of pleasure's best receipts:
Thy peace is wrought for ever in this yielding.
'Las, how the turtle pants! thou 'lt love anon
What thou so fear'st and faint'st to venture on.

Capcase, band-box; *push*, pish! *Your parentage to me*, your [high] birth as compared with mine. For 'that shooting eye,' Dyce, followed by Bullen, thinks the author must have written 'that love-shooting eye.'

ch, an ill-constructed play which raises
ns above referred to, has also an Italian
rently from Machiavelli's 'Florentine
through the French. Middleton is more
describing criminals and ruffians than
il beings; and his witches are rather
hags of popular superstition than the
beings that accost Macbeth on the
ith, as Lamb pointed out in an admir-
raph. Shakespeare in *Macbeth* gives
direction, '*Music and a song:* "Black
:' The 'Charm-song' of the witches
out the cauldron is thus given by
:

ack spirits and white, red spirits and gray,
mingle, mingle, you that mingle may!
Titty, Tiffin,
Keep it stiff in;
Firedrake, Puckey,
Make it lucky;
Liard Robin,
You must bob in;
around, around, about, about!
ome running in, all good keep out!
h. Here 's the blood of a bat.
n that, O, put in that!
itch. Here 's libbard's-bane.
n again!
h. The juice of toad, the oil of adder.
. Those will make the younker madder.
n—there 's all—and rid the stench.
Nay, here 's three ounces of the red-hair'd

itches. Round, around, around, &c.

it of the witches by moonlight is de-
h vigour and gusto; if the scene was
ore *Macbeth*, Middleton deserves the
ie poetical imagination:

he moon 's a gallant; see how brisk she rides!
Here 's a rich evening, Hecate.
is 't not, wenches,
urney of five thousand mile?
irs will be more to-night.
O 'twill be precious!
he owl yet?
Briefly in the copse,
through now.
'Tis high time for us then.
re was a bat hung at my lips three times
through the woods, and drank her fill:
aw her.
You are fortunate still;
eech-owl lights upon your shoulder
ou, like a pigeon. Are you furnish'd?
ur ointments?
All.
Prepare to flight then;
you swiftly.
Hie thee, Hecate;
up betimes.
I 'll reach you quickly.
[*Exeunt all the Witches except* HECATE.
They are all going a-birding to-night: they
i' th' air that fly by day; I am sure they 'll
be a company of foul sluts there to-night: if we have not mortality after 't, I 'll be hanged, for they are able to putrefy it, to infect a whole region. She spies me now.

Hec. What, Firestone, our sweet son?

Fire. A little sweeter than some of you, or a dung-hill were too good for me. [*Aside.*

Hec. How much hast there?

Fire. Nineteen, and all brave plump ones,
Besides six lizards and three serpentine eggs.

Hec. Dear and sweet boy! what herbs hast thou?

Fire. I have some marmartin and mandragon.

Hec. Marmaritin and mandragora, thou wouldst say.

Fire. Here 's panax too—I thank thee—my pan aches, I 'm sure,
With kneeling down to cut 'em.

Hec. And selago,
Hedge-hyssop too: how near he goes my cuttings!
Were they all cropt by moonlight?

Fire. Every blade of 'em,
Or I 'm a moon-calf, mother.

Hec. Hie thee home with 'em:
Look well to the house to-night; I 'm for aloft.

Fire. Aloft, quoth you? I would you would break your neck once, that I might have all quickly! [*Aside.*] —Hark, hark, mother! they are above the steeple already, flying over your head with a noise of musicians.

Hec. They 're they indeed. Help, help me; I 'm too late else.

Song above.

Come away, come away,
Hecate, Hecate, come away!

Hec. I come, I come, I come, I come,
With all the speed I may,
With all the speed I may.
Where 's Stadlin?

[*Voice above.*] Here.

Hec. Where 's Puckle?

[*Voice above.*] Here;
And Hoppo too, and Hellwain too;
We lack but you, we lack but you;
Come away, make up the count.

Hec. I will but 'noint, and then I mount.
[*A Spirit like a cat descends.*

[*Voice above.*] There 's one comes down to fetch his dues,
A kiss, a coll, a sip of blood; hug
And why thou stay'st so long,
I muse, I muse,
Since the air 's so sweet and good.

Hec. O, art thou come?
What news, what news?

Spirit. All goes still to our delight:
Either come or else
Refuse, refuse.

Hec. Now, I 'm furnish'd for the flight.

Fire. Hark, hark, the cat sings a brave treble in her own language!

Hec. [*going up.*] Now I go, now I fly,
Malkin my sweet spirit and I.
O what dainty pleasure 'tis
To ride in the air
When the moon shines fair,
And sing and dance, and toy and kiss!
Over woods, high rocks, and mountains,
Over seas, our mistress' fountains,
Over steep towers and turrets,

We fly by night, 'mongst troops of spirits:
No ring of bells to our ears sounds,
No howls of wolves, no yelps of hounds;
No, not the noise of water's breach,
Or cannon's throat our height can reach.
[*Voices above.*] No ring of bells, &c.

Leopard's-bane, mandragora or mandrake, panax (ginseng), selago (lycopodium), and other herbs named have magical or medicinal properties; and serpents' eggs or snake-stones (often ammonites, supposed to be petrified snakes or in some mysterious way derived from serpents) were sovereign charms from the days of the Druids on.

Shakespeare in *Macbeth* gives merely the direction, '*Song within:* "Come away, come away," &c.'

Middleton's works were edited by Dyce (5 vols. 1840) and by Bullen (8 vols. 1885–86).

John Marston (1575?–1634), a rough and vigorous satirist and dramatic writer, seems to have been born at Coventry, and studied at Brasenose College, Oxford. He must have written all his plays between 1602 and 1607, when he gave up playwriting, took orders, and in 1616 accepted the living of Christchurch in Hampshire. *The Metamorphosis of Pygmalion's Image* (1598), a somewhat licentious poem, was condemned to the flames by Archbishop Whitgift. *The Scourge of Villany* is mainly uncouth and obscure satire. The gloomy and ill-constructed tragedies, *Antonio and Mellida* and *Antonio's Revenge* (1602), contain passages of striking power with much fustian. *The Malcontent* (1604), more skilfully constructed, was dedicated to Ben Jonson, between whom and Marston there were many quarrels and reconciliations. *The Dutch Courtezan* (1605) is full of life; *Eastward Hoe* (1605; written with Chapman and Jonson) is far more genial than any of Marston's own comedies. For uncomplimentary allusions to the Scots the authors were imprisoned (see page 402). *Parasitaster, or the Fawn* (1606), spite of occasional tediousness, is an attractive comedy; *Sophonisba* (1606) appals with its horrors. *What You Will* (1607) has many flings at Ben Jonson. The rich and graceful poetry scattered through *The Insatiate Countesse* (1613) is unlike anything in Marston's undoubted works, and was probably added by another hand.

Even in the least admirable passages one stumbles on pregnant thoughts pithily worded; thus in the *Dutch Courtezan*, on the difference between the lovely courtesan and a wife, an old knight says:

Hell and the prodegies of angrie Jove
Are not so fearefull to a thinking minde
As a man without affection. Why, frend,
Philosophie and nature are all one:
Love is the center in which all lines close
The common bonde of being.

Some of the phrasing is wonderfully modern, in spite of antique environment: thus 'the fatt's in the fire' alongside of pre-Elizabethan archaism; 'Mr Mulligrub' does not sound Elizabethan; and the courtesan's broken English is not unlike Pennsylvania Dutch. In the *Insatiate Countesse*, a wish at a wedding is thus worded:

O may this knot you knit,
This individual Gordian grasp of hands,
In sight of God soe fairly intermixt,
Never be severed, as Heaven smiles at it,
By all the darts shot by infernall Jove!

Coarseness was rather characteristic of Ma his comedies contain strong, biting satire; thought his forte was impatient scorn and indignation against the vices and follies o vented either in comic irony or in lofty inv In *What You Will* Quadratus introduces a exposition of his hyper-epicurean philosophy

My fashions knowne: out rime: take't as you l
A fico for the sower brow'd Zoilist:
Musicke, tobacco, sack, and sleepe
The tide of sorrow backward keepe.
If thou art sad at others fate,
Rivo, drinke deepe, give care the mate. ch
On us the end of time is come,
Fond feare of that we cannot shun;
While quickest sence doth freshly last
Clip time aboute, hug pleasure fast.
The sisters revell out our twine,
He that knows little 's most devine.

Rivo, a drinking challenge of doubtful origin, is also Shakespeare's Prince Hal.

The following humorous autobiographical of a scholar and his dog, also from *What Yo* in points suggests Goethe's *Faust* and Br as well as Shakespeare:

I was a scholler: seaven usefull springs
Did I defloure in quotations
Of cross'd oppinions boute the soule of man;
The more I learnt, the more I learnt to doubt.
Knowledge and wit, faithes foes, turne fayth abo
Delight, my spaniell, slept whilst I bausd leave
Tossed ore the dunces, por'd on the old print
Of titled wordes: and stil my spaniell slept.
Whilst I wasted lamp-oile, bated my flesh,
Shrunk up my veins: and still my spaniel slept
And still I held converse with Zabarell,
Aquinas, Scotus, and the musty sawe
Of antick Donate: still my spaniell slept.
Still on went I; first, *an sit anima;*
Then, an it were mortall. O hold, hold!
At that they 're at brain buffets, fell by the eare
A maine pell-mell together—still my spaniell sl
Then, whether twere corporeal, local, fixt,
Ex traduce, but whether 't had free-will
Or no, hot philosophers
Stood banding factions, all so strongly propt:
I staggerd, knew not which was firmer part,
But thought, quoted, reade, observ'd, and pried,
Stufft noting-books: and still my spaniell slept
At length he wakt, and yawned; and, by yon s
For aught I know, he knew as much as I.

[1] Bause is a rare and doubtful word, probably meanin (from Low Latin *basiare*). [2] Zabarella was a (now forgo teenth-century Italian philosopher; Thomas Aquinas a Scotus were the heads of the two great schools of theology; Donatus was a fourth-century grammarian. [3] there is a soul. [4] 'Creationism' taught that the soul wa for each human body, 'Traducianism' that it was derive *duce* from the parents.

From 'Antonio and Mellida.'

ologue to *Antonio's Revenge*, the second of the two ; *The Historie of Antonio and Mellida*, Charles Lamb prologue, for its passionate earnestness, and for the preparation which it sounds, might have preceded one tales of Thebes or Pelops' line which Milton has so ended, as free from the common error of the poets in of intermixing comic stuff with tragic sadness and ught in without discretion corruptly to gratify the is as solemn a preparative as the "warning voice o saw th' Apocalypse heard cry."']

danke of clumzie winter ramps
summers vaine ; and drizling sleete
e wan bleak cheek of the numd earth,
rling gusts nibble the juyceles leaves,
iak't shuddring branch ; and pils the skinne
ie soft and delicate aspectes.
thinks, a sullen tragick sceane
e the time, with pleasing congruence.
happie in our weake devoyer,
rte pleased in most wisht content ;
of Hercules can nere beget
issue. Therefore, we proclaime,
t breathes within this round,
of waightie passion
is birth, being hugged in the armes,
d twixt the breastes of happinesse),
es, and shuts his apprehension up
non sense of what men were, and are,
l not knowe what men must be—let such
iine from our black visag'd showes :
ffright their eyes. But if a breast
ie earth with griefe, if any heart
ugh with anguish pant within this ring,
any blood whose heate is choakt
with true sense of misery,
these straines fill this consort up—
most welcome. O that our power
ie or keepe wing with our desires,
unused paize of stile and sense,
waigh massy in judicious scale,
s the prop that doth support our hopes,
ir sceanes falter, or invention halts,
our will give crutches to our faults.

t to Andrugio, Duke of Genoa, whom Piero, Venetian father-in-law of Antonio, has murdered, slays Piero's Julio, as a sacrifice to the spirit of Andrugio.—is in a Churchyard and the time is Midnight.]

rother Antonio, are you here, i' faith ?
ou frowne ? Indeed my sister said
uld call you brother ; that she did,
were married to her. Busse me : good truth,
better then my father, 'deede.
Thy father ? Gratious, O bounteous Heaven !
e thy justice : *Venit in nostras manus*
ndicta, venit et tota quidem.
th, since my mother dyed, I lov'd you best.
hath angred you ; pray you, look merily.
vill laugh, and dimple my thinne cheeke
ing joy ; chuck, my heart doth leape
thy bosome. Time, place, and blood,
u close togither ! Heavens tones
such musick to immortall soules
cordance sweetes my breast withall.
I pace upon the front of Jove,
corruption with a scornefull heele ;
is flesh, disdaine mortalitie.
O that I knewe which joynt, which side, which lim,
Were father all, and had no mother in 't,
That I might rip it vaine by vaine, and carve revenge
In bleeding races ; but since 'tis mixt together,
Have at adventure, pel mell, no reverse.
Come hither, boy. This is Andrugio's hearse.
Jul. O God, youle hurt me. For my sisters sake,
Pray you doe not hurt me. An you kill me, 'deede,
Ile tell my father.
Ant. O, for thy sisters sake, I flagge revenge.
Andrugio's Ghost. Revenge !
Ant. Stay, stay, deare father, fright mine eyes no more.
Revenge as swift as lightning bursteth forth,
And cleares his heart. Come, prettie tender childe,
It is not thee I hate, not thee I kill.
Thy fathers blood that flowes within thy veines
Is it I loath ; is that revenge must sucke.
I love thy soule : and were thy heart lapt up
In any flesh but in Piero's bloode,
I would thus kisse it ; but being his, thus, thus,
And thus Ile punch it. Abandon feares.
Whil'st thy wounds bleede, my browes shall gush out teares.
Jul. So you will love me, doe even what you will.
Ant. Now barkes the wolfe against the fulle cheekt moon ;
Now lyons half-clamd entrals roare for food ;
Now croakes the toad, and night crowes screech aloud,
Fluttering 'bout casements of departed soules ;
Now gapes the graves, and through their yawnes let loose
Imprison'd spirits to revisit earth ;
And now swarte night, to swell thy hower out,
Behold I spurt warme bloode in thy blacke eyes.
[*Stabs Julio. From under the stage a groane.*
Howle not, thou putry mould ; groan not, ye graves.
Be dumbe, all breath. Here stands Andrugio's sonne,
Worthie his father. So : I feele no breath.
His jawes are falne, his dislodg'd soule is fled :
And now there 's nothing but Piero left.
He is all Piero, father all. This blood,
This breast, this heart, Piero all :
Whome thus I mangle. Spirit of Julio,
Forget this was thy trunke. I live thy friend.
Mayst thou be twined with the softst imbrace
Of clere eternitie : but thy fathers blood
I thus make incense of, to vengeance.
Ghost of my poysoned sire, sucke this fume,
To sweet revenge perfume thy circling ayre
With smoake of bloode. I sprinkle round his goare,
And dewe thy hearse with these fresh reeking drops.
Loe thus I heave my blood-died handes to heaven,
Even like insatiate hell, still crying More !
My heart hath thirsting dropsies after goare.
Sound peace and rest to church, night ghosts, and graves ;
Blood cries for bloode, and murder murder craves.

(From Part II. Act III.)

Antonio's Latin quotation is an adaptation of two lines from Seneca's *Thyestes* ; *flagge* is 'let drop ;' *half-clam'd* is 'half-clemmed,' 'half-starved ;' for 'cleares his heart' Mr Bullen reads 'cleaves ;' *putry* (in the old editions, *pury*) is 'putrid.'

Night is thus prayed for :

And now, yee sootie coursers of the night,
Hurrie your chariot into hels black wombe.

Nightfall is described :

The gloomie wing of Night begins to stretch
His lasie pinion over all the ayre.

And daybreak:

> For see, the dapple gray coursers of the morne
> Beat up the light with their bright silver hooves,
> And chase it through the skye.

In the *Insatiate Countesse* Night is personified:

> Night like a solemne mourner frownes on earth,
> Envying that day should force her doff her roabes,
> Or Phœbus chase away her melancholly.
> Heavens eyes looke faintly through her sable masque,
> And silver Cinthia hyes her in her sphære,
> Scorning to grace black Nights solemnity.

Marston has paraphrased Shakespeare in

> Feare is my vassal; when I frowne he flyes;
> A hundred times in life a coward dyes.

A storm at sea is recorded with superfluous conceits and overstrained imagery, carrying lack of dignity over the verge of the ridiculous:

> We gan discourse; when loe! the sea grewe mad,
> His bowels rumbling with winde passion;
> Straight swarthy darkenesse popt out Phœbus eye,
> And blur'd the jocund face of bright-cheekt day,
> Whilst crud'led fogges masked even the darknesse browe;
> Heaven bade 's good night, and the rocks gron'd
> At the intestine uprore of the maine.
> Nowe gustie flawes shook up the very heeles
> Of our maine mast, whilst the keene lightning shot
> Through the black bowels of the quaking ayre.

There are editions of Marston by Halliwell-Phillipps (1856), from which the above extracts are, with a few minor alterations, transcribed, and by Mr A. H. Bullen (1887).

Philip Massinger (1583–1640), one of the most accomplished and eloquent dramatists of his time, lived the precarious life of a writer for the stage, died in poverty, and was buried at St Saviour's, Southwark, in the grave of his colleague, Fletcher, with no other memorial than the note in the parish register, 'Philip Massinger, *a stranger*'—meaning he did not belong to the parish. His father, as appears from the dedication of one of his plays, was in the service of the Earl of Pembroke, was entrusted with letters to Queen Elizabeth, and was otherwise employed in confidential negotiations. Whether Philip, who was born at Salisbury, as a page ever 'wandered in the marble halls and pictured galleries of Wilton, that princely seat of old magnificence, where Sir Philip Sidney composed his *Arcadia*,' is not certainly known; in 1602 he was entered of St Alban Hall, Oxford. He seems to have quitted the university abruptly in 1606, and to have commenced writing for the stage. The first notice of him is in Henslowe's diary, about 1613, where he makes a joint application, with N. Field and R. Daborne, two other playwrights, for a loan of £5, without which, they say, they *could not be bailed*. The sequel of Massinger's history is but an enumeration of his plays. He was found dead in his bed in his house on the Bankside one March morning in 1639–40. He wrote a great number of pieces, of which fifteen written by him unaided have been preserved. The manuscripts of eight others of his plays were in existence in the middle of the eighteenth c but they fell into the hands of John Wa Somerset herald, who had collected no le fifty-five English dramas of the golden perio of them rare, some of them unique, but all c through his carelessness, burnt for kitchen his ignorant domestic. Much of Massinge work is inextricably mixed up with that of F and others. It is difficult to say how far he w cerned in the authorship of plays that pas the name of 'Beaumont and Fletcher.' P the earliest of his extant plays is the unp *Unnatural Combat*, printed in 1639. The fi lished is *The Virgin Martyr* (1622), pa Dekker. In 1623 was published *The D Milan*, a fine but rhetorical tragedy. *The man*, *The Renegado*, and *The Parliament* were licensed in 1623–24. *The Roman* (1626) abounds in eloquent declamation *Great Duke of Florence*, produced in 1627 delightful love-story, whereas Massinger's characters are usually unattractive and son odious. *The Maid of Honour* (1628) is, l *Bondman*, full of political allusions. *The* licensed in 1629, has an improbable plo *Emperor of the East* (1631) has the same and faults as the *Duke of Milan*. Field Massinger in writing *The Fatal Dowry* (1632 *City Madam* (licensed in 1632) and *A Ne to Pay Old Debts* (which, printed in 163 the stage till well into the nineteenth centu Massinger's most masterly comedies—l satirical studies, though without warn geniality. *A Very Woman* (1634) is Fl *Woman's Plot* revised by Massinger. *Th dian* dates from 1633, *The Bashful Love* 1636. *Believe as you List* (1631) was first from MS. in 1844. The powerful and *Tragedy of Sir John Van Olden Barnavelt* by Massinger and Fletcher, was first pri vol. ii. of Bullen's *Old Plays* (First Series).

Some of Massinger's plays are (as Coleridg as interesting as a novel; others are as so treatise on political philosophy. His verse, fluent and flexible, lacks the music and m Shakespeare's. No writer repeats himsel frequently. His comedy resembles Ben J in its eccentric strength, in its exhibitions ward human nature, and in its use of rather and conventional characters. The greedi avarice, the tyranny of unjust laws, and the n of poverty are drawn with a powerful hand luxuries and vices of a city life afford sc indignant and forcible invective. Genuine h or sprightliness Massinger had none. H logue is often coarse and indecorous, and characters are too depraved. His geni rather descriptive and rhetorical than impa or dramatic; yet there is a certain serious that impresses. The versification is smo mellifluous; in his early plays rhyme an are freely used; in the later, mainly blan

.amb said that his English style is purer from violent metaphors and harsh con- than that of any contemporary dramatist. ience of Spanish and Italian models is us ; he was skilled in his management of and showed mastery of stage mechanism. nt lines or short passages in the plays tter the devil's than a woman's slave ;' iath a thousand doors to let out life ;' do much, but beauty more ;' 'Ambition, te man a vice, is in a prince the virtue ;' ot in action is a vice ;' and 'When we orward, we go backward.' Massinger's an character is Camiola in the *Maid of* It is in her mouth (speaking to the Sicily) that Massinger puts a very frank ient, controversial rather than poetic, of sanct doctrine of the divine right of

ur leave I must not kneel, sir,
reply to this : but thus rise up
efence, and tell you, as a man,
vhen you are unjust, the deity
ou may challenge as a king, parts from you,)
ver read in holy writ or moral,
jects on their loyalty were obliged
their sovereign's vices.

too, it is who, when she hears that her mprisoned by his enemy and abandoned g, says—her loyalty all but forgotten—

Pray you stand off!
ot mutter treason to myself
t will break ; and yet I will not curse him ;
r king.

m 'A New Way to pay Old Debts.'

les Overreach. To my wish : we are private.
ot to make offer with my daughter
portion ; that were poor and trivial :
ord, I pronounce all that is mine,
or leases, ready coin or goods,
, my lord, comes to you ; nor shall you have
ive to induce you to believe
long, since every year I 'll add
g unto the heap, which shall be yours too.
Lovell. You are a right kind father.
You shall have reason
me such. How do you like this seat?
wooded and well watered, the acres
nd rich : would it not serve for change,
tain your friends in a summer progress?
inks my noble lord?
'Tis a wholesome air,
l built pile ; and she that 's mistress of it,
the large revenue.
She the mistress!
e so for a time ; but let my lord
that he but like it, and would have it ;
long 'tis his.
Impossible.
You do conclude too fast ; not knowing me,
engines that I work by. 'Tis not alone
y Allworth's lands, for those once Wellborn's
(As by her dotage on him I know they will be)
Shall soon be mine ; but point out any man's
In all the shire, and say they lie convenient
And useful for your lordship, and once more,
I say aloud, they are yours.
Lov. I dare not own
What 's by unjust and cruel means extorted :
My fame and credit are more dear to me
Than so to expose them to be censured by
The public voice.
Over. You run, my lord, no hazard :
Your reputation shall stand as fair
In all good men's opinions as now :
Nor can my actions, though condemned for ill,
Cast any foul aspersion upon yours.
For though I do contemn report myself

PHILIP MASSINGER.
After an Engraving by T. Cross, A.D. 1655.

As a mere sound, I still will be so tender
Of what concerns you in all points of honour,
That the immaculate whiteness of your fame,
Nor your unquestioned integrity,
Shall e'er be sullied with one taint or spot
That may take from your innocence and candour.
All my ambition is to have my daughter
Right honourable ; which my lord can make her :
And might I live to dance upon my knee
A young Lord Lovell, born by her unto you,
I write *nil ultra* to my proudest hopes.
As for possessions and annual rents,
Equivalent to maintain you in the port
Your noble birth and present state requires,
I do remove that burden from your shoulders,
And take it on mine own ; for though I ruin
The country to supply your riotous waste,
The scourge of prodigals (want) shall never find you.
Lov. Are you not frighted with the imprecations
And curses of whole families, made wretched
By your sinister practices?

Over. Yes, as rocks are
When foamy billows split themselves against
Their flinty ribs; or as the moon is moved
When wolves, with hunger pined, howl at her brightness,
I am of a solid temper, and, like these,
Steer on a constant course: with mine own sword,
If called into the field, I can make that right
Which fearful enemies murmured at as wrong.
Now, for these other piddling complaints,
Breathed out in bitterness; as, when they call me
Extortioner, tyrant, cormorant, or intruder
On my poor neighbour's right, or grand incloser
Of what was common to my private use;
Nay, when my ears are pierced with widows' cries,
And undone orphans wash with tears my threshold,
I only think what 'tis to have my daughter
Right honourable; and 'tis a powerful charm,
Makes me insensible of remorse or pity,
Or the least sting of conscience.
Lov. I admire
The toughness of your nature.
Over. 'Tis for you,
My lord, and for my daughter, I am marble;
Nay more, if you will have my character
In little, I enjoy more true delight
In my arrival to my wealth these dark
And crooked ways, than you shall e'er take pleasure
In spending what my industry hath compassed.
My haste commands me hence. In one word therefore,
Is it a match?

From 'The City Madam.'

Luke Frugal. No word, sir,
I hope, shall give offence: nor let it relish
Of flattery, though I proclaim aloud,
I glory in the bravery of your mind,
To which your wealth 's a servant. Not that riches
Is, or should be, contemned, it being a blessing
Derived from heaven, and by your industry
Pulled down upon you; but in this, dear sir,
You have many equals: such a man's possessions
Extend as far as yours; a second hath
His bags as full; a third in credit flies
As high in the popular voice: but the distinction
And noble difference by which you are
Divided from them is, that you are styled
Gentle in your abundance, good in plenty;
And that you feel compassion in your bowels
Of other's miseries (I have found it, sir;
Heaven keep me thankful for 't!) while they are cursed
As rigid and inexorable.
Sir John Frugal. I delight not
To hear this spoke to my face.
Luke. That shall not grieve you.
Your affability and mildness, clothed
In the garments of your thankful debtors' breath,
Shall everywhere, though you strive to conceal it,
Be seen and wondered at, and in the act
With a prodigal hand rewarded. Whereas, such
As are born only for themselves, and live so,
Though prosperous in worldly understandings,
Are but like beasts of rapine, that by odds
Of strength usurp and tyrannise o'er others
Brought under their subjection. . . .
Can you think, sir,
In your unquestioned wisdom, I beseech you,
The goods of this poor man sold at an outcry, a
His wife turned out of doors, his children forced
To beg their bread; this gentleman's estate
By wrong extorted, can advantage you? . . .
Or that the ruin of this once brave merchant,
For such he was esteemed, though now decayed,
Will raise your reputation with good men?
But you may urge (pray you, pardon me, my zeal
Makes me thus bold and vehement) in this
You satisfy your anger, and revenge
For being defeated. Suppose this, it will not
Repair your loss, and there was never yet
But shame and scandal in a victory,
When the rebels unto reason, passions, fought it.
Then for revenge, by great souls it was ever
Contemned, though offered; entertained by none
But cowards, base and abject spirits, strangers
To moral honesty, and never yet
Acquainted with religion.
Lord Lacy. Our divines
Cannot speak more effectually.
Sir John. Shall I be
Talked out of my money?
Luke. No, sir, but entreated
To do yourself a benefit, and preserve
What you possess entire.
Sir John. How, my good brother
Luke. By making these your beadsmen. When
eat,
Their thanks, next heaven, will be paid to your m
When your ships are at sea, their prayers will swe
The sails with prosperous winds, and guard them
Tempests and pirates; keep your warehouses
From fire, or quench them with their tears.
Sir John. No
Luke. Write you a good man in the people's he
Follow you everywhere.
Sir John. If this could be——
Luke. It must, or our devotions are but words.
I see a gentle promise in your eye,
Make it a blessed act, and poor me rich
In being the instrument.
Sir John. You shall prevail;
Give them longer day: but, do you hear? no talk
Should this arrive at twelve on the Exchange,
I shall be laughed at for my foolish pity,
Which money-men hate deadly. Take your own
But see you break not.

From 'The Great Duke of Florence.'

[GIOVANNI, the Grand-duke's nephew, takes leave of LIDIA, tutor's daughter.]

Lidia. Must you go, then,
So suddenly?
Giovanni. There 's no evasion, Lidia,
To gain the least delay, though I would buy it
At any rate. Greatness, with private men
Esteemed a blessing, is to me a curse;
And we, whom, for our high births, they conclude
The only freemen, are the only slaves:
Happy the golden mean! Had I been born
In a poor sordid cottage, not nursed up
With expectation to command a court,
I might, like such of your condition, sweetest,
Have ta'en a safe and middle course, and not,
As I am now, against my choice, compelled

grovelling on the earth, or raised
upon the pinnacles of state,
ıust either keep my height with danger,
ith certain ruin.
Your own goodness
;our faithful guard.
O Lidia! For had I been your equal,
ıave seen and liked with mine own eyes,
as now, with others. I might still,
ıout observation or envy,
e done, continued my delights
ı, that are alone, in my esteem,
ract of society: we might walk
y groves, or in choice gardens;
: variety of curious flowers
late nature's workmanship and wonders:
ı, for change, near to the murmur of
bbling fountain, I might hear you sing,
n the well-tuned accents of your tongue,
agination conceive
at melodious harmony a quire
sing above their Maker's praises.
, with chaste discourse, as we returned,
ıers to the broken wings of Time:
his I must part from.
ini. You forget
: imposed upon us.
One word more,
I come. And after this, when, with
l innocence of love and service,
wn ripe for hymeneal joys,
g you, but with a lawful flame,
ave been your husband.
Sir, I was,
am, your servant; but it was
ır from me in a thought to cherish
y hopes. If I had been the heir
globes and sceptres mankind bows to
ıt you had deserved me; as I am,
ınworthy, in my virgin zeal,
ı, as a partner of your bed,
equal to you; such a one
make it the study of her life,
he obedience of a wife, to please you;
ıave happy issue, and I live
r humblest handmaid!
am dumb, and can make no reply.
'our excellence will be benighted.
his kiss, bathed in tears,
you what I should say.

from 'The Emperor of the East.'

thou slow, thou rest of trouble, Death,
ıp a wretch's breath,
ls on thee, and offers her sad heart
y unto thy dart?
young nor fair; be, therefore, bold:
v hath made me old,
d, and wrinkled; all that I can crave
ıt in my grave.
live happy, hold long life a jewel;
me thou art cruel,
nd not my tedious misery
soon cease to be.
nd strike home, then! Pity unto me,
ıort hour's delay, is tyranny.

The following passage from the *Virgin Martyr* has by all critics from Charles Lamb onward been attributed not to Massinger but to his collaborator Dekker. It was in speaking of this fine scene that Lamb was moved to say that Dekker 'had poetry enough for anything' (see page 423); but the drama as a whole is, in Mr Bullen's words, 'more orderly and artistic than any of the plays that Dekker wrote alone':

From 'The Virgin Martyr.'

[ANGELO, a good spirit, attends DOROTHEA as a Page.]

Dorothea. My book and taper.
Angelo. Here, most holy mistress.
Dor. Thy voice sends forth such music, that I never
Was ravished with a more celestial sound.
Were every servant in the world like thee,
So full of goodness, angels would come down
To dwell with us: thy name is Angelo,
And like that name thou art. Get thee to rest;
Thy youth with too much watching is opprest.
Ang. No, my dear lady, I could weary stars,
And force the wakeful moon to lose her eyes,
By my late watching, but to wait on you.
When at your prayers you kneel before the altar,
Methinks I 'm singing with some quire in heaven,
So blest I hold me in your company.
Therefore, my most loved mistress, do not bid
Your boy, so serviceable, to get hence;
For then you break his heart.
Dor. Be nigh me still, then.
In golden letters down I 'll set that day
Which gave thee to me. Little did I hope
To meet such worlds of comfort in thyself,
This little, pretty body; when I, coming
Forth of the temple, heard my beggar-boy,
My sweet-faced, godly beggar-boy, crave an alms,
Which with glad hand I gave, with lucky hand!—
And when I took thee home, my most chaste bosom,
Methought, was filled with no hot wanton fire,
But with a holy flame, mounting since higher,
On wings of cherubins, than it did before.
Ang. Proud am I that my lady's modest eye
So likes so poor a servant.
Dor. I have offered
Handfuls of gold but to behold thy parents.
I would leave kingdoms, were I queen of some,
To dwell with thy good father; for, the son
Bewitching me so deeply with his presence,
He that begot him must do 't ten times more.
I pray thee, my sweet boy, shew me thy parents;
Be not ashamed.
Ang. I am not: I did never
Know who my mother was; but, by yon palace,
Filled with bright heavenly courtiers, I dare assure you,
And pawn these eyes upon it, and this hand,
My father is in heaven: and, pretty mistress,
If your illustrious hour-glass spend his sand
No worse, than yet it does, upon my life,
You and I both shall meet my father there,
And he shall bid you welcome.
Dor. A blessed day!
We all long to be there, but lose the way.

There are editions of Massinger (none complete) by Gifford (1805; new ed. 1813), Hartley Coleridge (with Ford's works, 1840), Cunningham (1867), and Symons (1887–89).

Beaumont and Fletcher,

two of the greatest Elizabethan dramatists, left in their joint work the most memorable outcome of a literary partnership, of a 'mysterious double personality.' Heretofore dramatic collaboration had been generally brief and incidental, confined to a few scenes or a single play. But Beaumont and Fletcher lived together for ten years, and wrote a series of dramas, passionate, romantic, and comic, with such perfect co-operation that their names, their genius, and their fame have been inseparably conjoined or indissolubly blended. Shakespeare inspired these kindred souls. They appeared when his dramatic supremacy was undisputed,

FRANCIS BEAUMONT.
From an Engraving by P. Audinet in the British Museum.

and, especially in the comedies, they could not but be touched by such a master-spirit. But Beaumont rendered enthusiastic homage to Ben Jonson, and several of his plays show abundant traces of Jonson's influence. Francis Beaumont was the younger by five years, and died nine years before his colleague. The son of a judge, a member of an ancient family settled at Gracedieu, in Leicestershire, he was born in 1584, and educated at Oxford. He became a student of the Inner Temple, probably to gratify his father, but does not seem to have prosecuted the study of the law. In 1602 he published a poetical expansion of a tale from Ovid, and became an intimate of Ben Jonson and the circle of wits who met at the Mermaid Tavern. He was buried on 9th March 1616, at the entrance to St Benedict's Chapel, Westminster Abbey. — John Fletcher was the son of that Dean of Peterborough who obtruded unwelcome ministrations on Mary Queen of Scots at the scaffold and died Bishop of London. He was born at Rye in 1579; was bred at Benet (Corpus), Cambridge; was left in poverty at his father's death; in 1607 produced the *Woman Hater;* and, dying of the plague in 1625, was buried in St Saviour's, Southwark.

Hazlitt said of these premature deaths: 'The bees were said to have come and built their hive in the mouth of Plato when a child; and the fable might be transferred to the sweeter accents of Beaumont and Fletcher. . . . One of these writers makes Bellario, the page, say to Philaster, who threatens to take his life: "'Tis not a life, 'tis but a piece of childhood thrown away." But here was youth, genius, aspiring hope, growing reputation, cut off like a flower in its summer pride, or like "the lily on its stalk green," which makes us repine at fortune, and almost at nature, that seem to set so little store by their greatest favourites. The life of poets is, or ought to be —judging of it from the light it lends to ours—a golden dream, full of brightness and sweetness, lapt in Elysium; and it gives one a reluctant pang to see the splendid vision, by which they are attended in their path of glory, fade like a vapour, and their sacred heads laid low in ashes, before the sand of common mortals has run out.'

Beaumont and Fletcher's works comprise in all fifty-two plays, a masque, and several minor poems; but it is difficult to allocate the authorship. Ward fails to trace any essential difference between the plays ascribed to both and those attributed to Fletcher alone, while he detects two styles in the plays written by Fletcher along with another than Beaumont. Beaumont's own verses are the more severe and regular in form. Dyce thus assigns the authorship of the plays, with very varying degrees of certainty: by Beaumont and Fletcher, *Four Plays in One*, *Wit at Several Weapons*, *Thierry and Theodoret*, *Maid's Tragedy*, *Philaster*, *King and no King*, *Cupid's Revenge*, *Little French Lawyer*, *Coxcomb*, *Laws of Candy*, *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*, and *The Scornful Lady;* by Beaumont alone, the *Masque;* by Fletcher and Massinger, *False One*, *Very Woman*, *The Lover's Progress;* by Fletcher and Rowley, *Queen of Corinth*, *Maid of the Mill*, *Bloody Brother;* by Fletcher and Shirley, *Noble Gentleman*, *Night Walker*, *Love's Pilgrimage;* by Fletcher and Shakespeare, *The Two Noble Kinsmen;* the remaining plays, including *The Faithful Shepherdess*, *The False One*, *Bonduca*, and *Wit without Money*, by Fletcher alone. Fletcher's collaborator in some of the later plays is, however, entirely uncertain. His own versification has many peculiar features which make his verse distinguishable from that of his contemporary dramatists. Chief of these is the frequency of double or feminine endings, in which he exceeds any other writer of our old drama. A marked metrical peculiarity was his fondness for ending a verse with an *emphatic* extra monosyllable—e.g.:

I charge thee, never charm mine eyes *more*.
: line from *The Humorous Lieutenant*, Act IV. sc. 2.)
quented deserts where the snow *dwells*.
(A single line from *Bonduca*.)

characteristic is the monotonous pause at
of the line. In more colloquial passages
is so irregular—through the introduction
dant syllables (in all parts of the line)—
barely distinguishable from prose. The
arrangement in the seventeenth-century
is very faulty; and Fletcher has only
o blame if modern editors cannot deter-
ether certain scenes should be printed as
prose. His easy, go-as-you-please free-
obtained by the sacrifice of rhythm.
er undoubtedly had a share in Shake-
Henry VIII. (see page 372). The touch of
are is felt with considerable certainty in
Noble Kinsmen (see page 372). There is
f music and a tread of thunder in some
assages to which no parallel can be found
of the companion dramas. Only three
e, during Fletcher's lifetime, published as
luctions. Two of these—*Philaster* and the
Tragedy—are, with the exception of the
sages in the *Two Noble Kinsmen*, the glory
llection. It seems odd that these plays
l by the name of Beaumont and Fletcher,
ng precedence to the younger and less
us writer. Dyce's opinion was that of
ree plays Beaumont had the greater
· that through natural courtesy Fletcher
ne name of his deceased associate before
and that future editors naturally followed
s arrangement. It would appear that on
le Beaumont possessed the deeper and
oughtful genius, Fletcher the gayer and
llic. There is a glad, exuberant music
May-morning light and freshness in the
Shepherdess, which Milton did not disdain
t as a model in the lyrical portions of
nd of which the *Endymion* of Keats is

Beaumont and Fletcher never sound
sea of passion; they are poets first
matists after; they display but little
f serious and consistent characterisation,
ey are much too fond of unnatural and
situations. And there is an unpleasantly
s element in many of the plays; even
st delightful pastoral the *Faithful Shep-*
s marred by deformities of this kind. 'A
ys Charles Lamb, 'is on the face of this

n reports that *Philaster* was the first play
ught the collaborators into esteem with
c, though they had produced several plays
appeared. It is somewhat improbable in
interesting in character and situations.
o, heir to the King of Sicily, who had
justly deposed by the King of Calabria,
is rights. The king's daughter Arethusa
ve with him:

Philaster. Madam, your messenger
Made me believe you wished to speak with me.
Arethusa. 'Tis true, Philaster; but the words are such
I have to say, and do so ill beseem
The mouth of woman, that I wish them said,
And yet am loath to speak them. Have you known
That I have aught detracted from your worth?
Have I in person wronged you? or have set
My baser instruments to throw disgrace
Upon your virtues?
Phi. Never, madam, you.
Are. Why, then, should you, in such a public place,
Injure a princess, and a scandal lay
Upon my fortunes, famed to be so great,
Calling a great part of my dowry in question?

JOHN FLETCHER.
From the Portrait (painter unknown) in National Portrait Gallery.

Phi. Madam, this truth which I shall speak will be
Foolish: but for your fair and virtuous self,
I could afford myself to have no right
To any thing you wished.
Are. Philaster, know,
I must enjoy these kingdoms.
Phi. Madam, both?
Are. Both, or I die: By fate, I die, Philaster,
If I not calmly may enjoy them both.
Phi. I would do much to save that noble life:
Yet would be loath to have posterity
Find in our stories, that Philaster gave
His right unto a sceptre and a crown
To save a lady's longing.
Are. Nay, then, hear:
I must and will have them, and more——
Phi. What more?
Are. Or lose that little life the gods prepared
To trouble this poor piece of earth withal.
Phi. Madam, what more?
Are. Turn, then, away thy face.
Phi. No.

Are. Do.
Phi. I can endure it. Turn away my face?
I never yet saw enemy that looked
So dreadfully, but that I thought myself
As great a basilisk as he; or spake
So horribly, but that I thought my tongue
Bore thunder underneath, as much as his;
Nor beast that I could turn from: shall I then
Begin to fear sweet sounds? a lady's voice,
Whom I do love? Say, you would have my life;
Why, I will give it you; for 'tis to me
A thing so loathed, and unto you that ask
Of so poor use, that I shall make no price
If you entreat, I will unmovedly hear.
Are. Yet for my sake, a little bend thy looks.
Phi. I do.
Are. Then know, I must have them and thee.
Phi. And me?
Are. Thy love; without which, all the land
Discovered yet will serve me for no use
But to be buried in.
Phi. Is't possible?
Are. With it, it were too little to bestow
On thee: Now, though thy breath do strike me dead,
(Which, know, it may) I have unript my breast.
Phi. Madam, you are too full of noble thoughts,
To lay a train for this contemnèd life,
Which you may have for asking: to suspect
Were base, where I deserve no ill: Love you!
By all my hopes, I do, above my life!
But how this passion should proceed from you
So violently, would amaze a man
That would be jealous.
Are. Another soul into my body shot
Could not have filled me with more strength and spirit
Than this thy breath. But spend not hasty time
In seeking how I came thus: 'tis the gods,
The gods, that make me so; and, sure, our love
Will be the nobler and the better blest,
In that the secret justice of the gods
Is mingled with it. Let us leave, and kiss;
Lest some unwelcome guest should fall betwixt us,
And we should part without it.
Phi. 'Twill be ill,
I should abide here long.
Are. 'Tis true; and worse
You should come often. How shall we devise
To hold intelligence, that our true loves,
On any new occasion, may agree
What path is best to tread?
Phi. I have a boy,
Sent by the gods, I hope, to this intent
Not yet seen in the court. Hunting the buck,
I found him sitting by a fountain's side,
Of which he borrowed some to quench his thirst,
And paid the nymph again as much in tears.
A garland lay him by, made by himself
Of many several flowers bred in the vale,
Stuck in that mystic order that the rareness
Delighted me: but ever when he turned
His tender eyes upon 'em, he would weep,
As if he meant to make 'em grow again.
Seeing such pretty helpless innocence
Dwell in his face, I asked him all his story:
He told me that his parents gentle died,
Leaving him to the mercy of the fields,
Which gave him roots; and of the crystal spring
Which did not stop their courses; and the sun,
Which still, he thanked him, yielded him his ligt
Then took he up his garland, and did show
What every flower, as country-people hold,
Did signify, and how all, ordered thus,
Exprest his grief; and, to my thoughts, did read
The prettiest lecture of his country-art
That could be wished: so that methought I coul
Have studied it. I gladly entertained
Him, who was as glad to follow; and have got
The trustiest, loving'st, and the gentlest boy
That ever master kept. Him will I send
To wait on you, and bear our hidden love.
(From Act I.

The jealousy of Philaster is unnatural; Eupl disguised as Bellario the page, is imitated Viola, yet her hopeless attachment to Phila touching:

My father oft would speak
Your worth and virtue; and, as I did grow
More and more apprehensive, I did thirst
To see the man so praised. But yet all this
Was but a maiden longing, to be lost
As soon as found; till, sitting in my window,
Printing my thoughts in lawn, I saw a god,
I thought (but it was you) enter our gates.
My blood flew out, and back again as fast
As I had puffed it forth and sucked it in
Like breath: then was I called away in haste
To entertain you. Never was a man
Heaved from a sheep-cote to a sceptre raised
So high in thoughts as I: you left a kiss
Upon these lips then, which I mean to keep
From you for ever: I did hear you talk,
Far above singing. After you were gone,
I grew acquainted with my heart, and searched
What stirred it so: alas! I found it love!
Yet far from lust; for could I but have lived
In presence of you, I had had my end.
For this I did delude my noble father
With a feigned pilgrimage, and dressed myself
In habit of a boy; and for I knew
My birth no match for you, I was past hope
Of having you; and, understanding well
That when I made discovery of my sex,
I could not stay with you, I made a vow,
By all the most religious things a maid
Could call together, never to be known,
Whilst there was hope to hide me from men's
For other than I seemed, that I might ever
Abide with you: then sat I by the fount
Where first you took me up. (Act v

The *Maid's Tragedy*, supposed to be about the same time, is a powerful but unp drama. Aspatia's purity is well contraste the guilty boldness of Evadne; and the soldier-like bearing and manly feeling of tius render the selfish sensuality of the kin hateful and disgusting. Unhappily whole and dialogues are disfigured by the vice of the theatre of Beaumont and F Coleridge said, somewhat unkindly, tha

ets were 'servile *jure divino* Royalists,' and
it all their women are represented with
: minds of strumpets, 'except a few irra-
nal humourists'—a judgment several critics
re jealously rebutted. As Mr St Loe Strachey
s, for dramatic interest, sustained and
ghtened by every resource of stagecraft,
aumont and Fletcher have no peers after
akespeare. Nobler poetry, deeper thoughts
d sentiments, may be found in the other
matists; but judged as plays, the *Maid's*
agedy and *Philaster* stand above all else that
ot Shakespeare's.

The later works of Fletcher are chiefly comic.
s plots are sometimes inartificial and loosely
nected, but he is always lively and entertain-
, and the dialogue is witty, elegant, and amusing.
t with all their excellences, nobody remembers
: plots of Beaumont and Fletcher's dramas.
akespeare's are ineffaceably stamped on the
mory, but those of Beaumont and Fletcher seem
rit in water.' Dryden held that they understood
d imitated the conversation of gentlemen much
tter than Shakespeare; and he tells us that
eir plays were, in his day, the most pleasant
d frequent entertainments of the stage—'two of
eirs being acted through the year for one of
akespeare's or Jonson's.' It was different some
ty years earlier. In 1627 the King's Company
ibed the Master of the Revels with £5 to
event the players of the theatre called the
ed Bull from performing the dramas of Shake-
eare. One cause of the preference for Beaumont
d Fletcher may have been the license of their
amas (suited to the perverted taste of the court
Charles II.), and the spirit of intrigue which
y adopted from the Spanish stage and natu-
ised on the English. 'We cannot deny,' said
llam, 'that the depths of Shakespeare's mind
re often unfathomable by an audience; the bow
s drawn by a matchless hand, but the shaft went
of sight. All might listen to Fletcher's pleas-
though not profound or vigorous language; his
ughts are noble, and tinged with the ideality of
ance; his metaphors vivid, though sometimes
forced; he possesses the idiom of English
hout much pedantry, though in many passages
strains it beyond common use; his versifica-
, though studiously irregular, is often rhyth-
al and sweet; yet we are seldom arrested by
king beauties. Good lines occur in every page,
: ones but rarely. We lay down the volume
h a sense of admiration of what we have read,
little of it remains distinctly in the memory.
tcher is not much quoted, and has not even
rded copious materials to those who cull the
uties of ancient lore.' His comic gift was
ch greater than his tragic power. Massinger
resses the reader more deeply, and has a
ral beauty not possessed by Beaumont and
tcher; in comedy he falls infinitely below them.
ough their characters are deficient in variety,
their knowledge of stage effect and contrivance,
their fertility of invention, and the airy liveliness of
their dialogue provide the charm of novelty and
interest. The *Knight of the Burning Pestle*, mainly
Beaumont's, is an admirable burlesque of the
taste of the citizens of London for false chivalry
and pseudo-romantic adventures, not without a
specific reference to Heywood's *Four Prentices of
London;* but it lacks the rich and genial humanity
of Shakespeare's comedies. The vast variety and
luxuriance of Beaumont and Fletcher's work lift it
above Jonson's, though neither of them had his
regularity and solidity, and brings them to the
borders of the 'magic circle' of Shakespeare. The
confidence and buoyancy of youth are visible in
their plays—they had not tasted of adversity,
like Jonson or Massinger; and they had not
the profoundly meditative spirit of their great
master.

Bonduca is a version of the story of the British
warrior-queen, Boadicea, Bonduca, or (better)
Boudicca. Caratach is the patriot now familiar
to us under the Romanised name of Caractacus
(Welsh, Caradawg). The play opens with a
scene in which Caratach enters from behind,
while Bonduca is speaking exultantly to Nennius
and other British warriors:

Bonduca. The hardy Romans!—oh, ye gods of Britain!
The rust of arms, the blushing shame of soldiers!
Are these the men that conquer by inheritance?
The fortune-makers? these the Julians,
That with the sun measure the end of nature,
Making the world but one Rome and one Cæsar?
Shame, how they flee! Cæsar's soft soul dwells in 'em,
Their mothers got 'em sleeping, Pleasure nursed 'em;
Their bodies sweat with sweet oils, love's allurements,
Not lusty arms. Dare they send these to seek us,
These Roman girls? Is Britain grown so wanton?
Twice we have beat 'em, Nennius, scattered 'em:
And through their big-boned Germans, on whose pikes
The honour of their actions sits in triumph,
Made themes for songs to shame 'em: and a woman,
A woman beat 'em, Nennius; a weak woman,
A woman beat these Romans!
Caratach [coming forward]. So it seems
A man would shame to talk so.
Bond. Who's that?
Car. I.
Bond. Cousin, do you grieve my fortunes?
Car. No, Bonduca;
If I grieve, 'tis the bearing of your fortunes:
You put too much wind to your sail: discretion
And hardy valour are the twins of honour,
And, nursed together, make a conqueror;
Divided, but a talker. 'Tis a truth,
That Rome has fled before us twice, and routed;
A truth we ought to crown the gods for, lady,
And not our tongues; a truth is none of ours,
Nor in our ends, more than the noble bearing;
For then it leaves to be a virtue, lady,
And we, that have been victors, beat ourselves,
When we insult upon our honour's subject.
Bond. My valiant cousin, is it foul to say
What liberty and honour bid us do,

And what the gods allow us?
Car. No, Bonduca;
So what we say exceed not what we do.
You call the Romans—fearful, fleeing Romans,
And Roman girls, the lees of tainted pleasures:
Does this become a doer? are they such?
Bond. They are no more.
Car. Where is your conquest, then?
Why are your altars crowned with wreaths of flowers?
The beasts with gilt horns waiting for the fire?
The holy Druidès composing songs
Of everlasting life to victory?
Why are these triumphs, lady? for a May-game?
For hunting a poor herd of wretched Romans?
Is it no more? Shut up your temples, Britons,
And let the husbandman redeem his heifers;
Put out your holy fires, no timbrel ring;
Let 's home and sleep; for such great overthrows
A candle burns too bright a sacrifice,
A glow-worm's tail too full a flame.—Oh, Nennius,
Thou hadst a noble uncle knew a Roman,
And how to speak him, how to give him weight
In both his fortunes!
Bond. By the gods, I think
You dote upon these Romans, Caratach.
Car. Witness these wounds, I do; they were fairly given:
I love an enemy; I was born a soldier;
And he that in the head on 's troop defies me,
Bending my manly body with his sword,
I make a mistress. Yellow-tressèd Hymen
Ne'er tied a longing virgin with more joy,
Than I am married to that man that wounds me:
And are not all these Roman? Ten struck battles
I sucked these honoured scars from, and all Roman;
Ten years of bitter nights and heavy marches
(When many a frozen storm sung through my cuirass,
And made it doubtful whether that or I
Were the more stubborn metal) have I wrought through,
And all to try these Romans. Ten times a-night
I have swam the rivers, when the stars of Rome
Shot at me as I floated, and the billows
Tumbled their watry ruins on my shoulders,
Charging my battered sides with troops of agues;
And still to try these Romans, whom I found
(And, if I lie, my wounds be henceforth backward,
And be you witness, gods, and all my dangers!)
As ready, and as full of that I brought,
(Which was not fear, nor flight) as valiant,
As vigilant, as wise to do and suffer,
Ever advanced as forward as the Britons,
Their sleeps as short, their hopes as high as ours,
Ay, and as subtle, lady. 'Tis dishonour,
And, followed, will be impudence, Bonduca,
And grow to no belief, to taunt these Romans.
Have not I seen the Britons——
Bond. What?
Car. Disheartened,
Run, run, Bonduca; not the quick rack swifter,
The virgin from the hated ravisher
Not half so fearful; not a flight drawn home,
A round stone from a sling, a lover's wish,
E'er made that haste that they have. By the gods,
I have seen these Britons, that you magnify,
Run as they would have out-run time, and roaring,
Basely for mercy roaring; the light shadows,
That in a thought scur o'er the fields of corn,
Halted on crutches to 'em.
Bond. Oh, ye powers,
What scandals do I suffer!
Car. Yes, Bonduca,
I have seen thee run too; and thee, Nennius;
Yea, run apace, both; then when Pœnius a Roman captain
(The Roman girl!) cut thorough your armèd carts,
And drove 'em headlong on ye, down the hill;
Then when he hunted ye, like Britain foxes,
More by the scent than sight; then did I see
These valiant and approvèd men of Britain,
Like boding owls, creep into tods of ivy,
And hoot their fears to one another nightly.
Nennius. And what did you then, Caratach?
Car. I fled too;
But not so fast,—your jewel had been lost then,
Young Hengo there; he trashed me, Nennius:
For, when your fears out-run him, then stept I,
And in the head of all the Roman fury
Took him, and with my tough belt to my back
I buckled him; behind him my sure shield;
And then I followed. If I say I fought
Five times in bringing off this bud of Britain,
I lie not, Nennius. Neither had you heard
Me speak this, or ever seen the child more,
But that the son of virtue, Pœnius,
Seeing me steer through all these storms of danger,
My helm still in my hand (my sword), my prow
Turned to my foe (my face), he cried out nobly,
'Go, Briton, bear thy lion's whelp off safely;
Thy manly sword has ransomed thee; grow strong,
And let me meet thee once again in arms;
Then, if thou stand'st, thou art mine.' I took his offer,
And here I am to honour him.
Bond. Oh, cousin,
From what a flight of honour hast thou checked me!
What wouldst thou make me, Caratach?
Car. See, lady,
The noble use of others in our losses.
Does this afflict you? Had the Romans cried this,
And, as we have done theirs, sung out these fortunes,
Railed on our base condition, hooted at us,
Made marks as far as the earth was ours, to show us
Nothing but sea could stop our flights, despised us,
And held it equal whether banqueting
Or beating of the Britons were more business,
It would have galled you.
Bond. Let me think we conquered.
Car. Do; but so think as we may be conquered;
And where we have found virtue, though in those
That came to make us slaves, let 's cherish it.
There 's not a blow we gave since Julius landed,
That was of strength and worth, but, like records,
They file to after ages. Our registers
The Romans are, for noble deeds of honour;
And shall we burn their mentions with upbraidings?
Bond. No more; I see myself. Thou hast made me cousin,
More than my fortunes durst, for they abused me,
And wound me up so high, I swelled with glory:
Thy temperance has cured that tympany,
And given me health again, nay more, discretion.
Shall we have peace? for now I love these Romans.
Car. Thy love and hate are both unwise ones, lady.

From 'The Maid's Tragedy.'

I thank thee, Dula. Would thou couldst instil
· mirth into Aspatia!
t sad thoughts in her breast do dwell;
mean between you would do well.
ıe is in love: hang me, if I were so,
run my country. I love too
· things that people in love do.
It were a timeless smile should prove my
ĸ;
ter hour for me to laugh,
e altar the religious priest
ing the offended powers
ce, than now. This should have been
nd all your hands have been employed
e a spotless offering
ımintor's bed, as we are now
ardon, Evadne; would my worth
as yours, or that the King, or he,
ught so! Perhaps he found me worthless;
lid so, in these ears of mine—
ılous ears—he poured the sweetest words
love could frame. And if I did want
safely may forgive that too,
lost none that I had from you.
ay, leave this sad talk, madam.
Would I could!
l I leave the cause.
e if you have not spoiled all Dula's mirth! . . .
gs] Lay a garland on my hearse
Of the dismal yew——
ıat 's one of your sad songs, madam.
ieve me, 'tis a very pretty one.
ow is it, madam?
gs] Lay a garland on my hearse
Of the dismal yew;
Maidens, willow branches bear;
Say I died true.
My love was false, but I was firm,
From my hour of birth;
Upon my buried body, lie
Lightly, gentle earth! . . .

od-night; may no discontent
t your love and you; but if there do,
ne, and I will guide your moan;
an artificial way to grieve,
ur sorrow waking. Love your lord
han I; but if you love so well,
may displease him; so did I.
last time you shall look on me.—
well; as soon as I am dead,
nd watch one night about my hearse;
a mournful story and a tear
it when I go to earth:
ing ivy clasp my coffin round,
y brow my fortune, let my bier
y virgins that shall sing by course
f maids and perjuries of men.
las! I pity thee. [*Enter Amintor.*
and be happy in your lady's love.
wrongs that you have done to me
orgotten in my death!
you no more, yet I will take
iss, and will not be denied. [*Kisses Amintor.*
ıe, my lord, and see the virgins weep
When I am laid in earth, though you yourself
Can know no pity. Thus I wind myself
Into this willow garland, and am prouder
That I was once your love—though now refused—
Than to have had another true to me.
So with my prayers I leave you, and must try
Some yet unpractised way to grieve and die.

(Act II. sc. i.)

The opening song from the *Two Noble Kinsmen* has been given above (page 373) as having 'the true Shakespearean ring.' The following scene (Act II. sc. i.) is one of those in which Coleridge detected Shakespeare's hand, and other critics have supported this view. Mr Sidney Lee and most recent authorities assign it to Fletcher's own pen. The Kinsmen are the heroes (to be pronounced Pal'amon and Ar-sight) of Chaucer's 'Knightes Tale' (see above at page 70); and of the story it is said in the introduction:

> It has a noble breeder and a pure,
> A learned; and a poet never went
> More famous yet 'twixt Po and Silver Trent:
> Chaucer, of all admired, the story gives,
> Then constant to eternity it lives.

The dialogue cited below takes place when the cousins are prisoners in Greece:

Palamon. How do you, noble cousin?
Arcite. How do you, sir?
Pal. Why, strong enough to laugh at misery,
And bear the chance of war yet; we are prisoners,
I fear for ever, cousin.
Arc. I believe it,
And to that destiny have patiently
Laid up my hour to come.
Pal. Oh, cousin Arcite,
Where is Thebes now? where is our noble country?
Where are our friends and kindreds? Never more
Must we behold those comforts, never see
The hardy youths strive for the games of honour,
Hung with the painted favours of their ladies,
Like tall ships under sail; then start amongst them,
And as an east wind leave them all behind us
Like lazy clouds, whilst Palamon and Arcite,
Even in the wagging of a wanton leg,
Outstript the people's praises, won the garlands
Ere they have time to wish them ours. Oh, never
Shall we two exercise, like twins of Honour,
Our arms again, and feel our fiery horses
Like proud seas under us! our good swords now
(Better the red-eyed god of war ne'er ware)
Ravished our sides, like age, must run to rust,
And deck the temples of those gods that hate us;
These hands shall never draw them out like lightning
To blast whole armies more!
Arc. No, Palamon,
Those hopes are prisoners with us; here we are,
And here the graces of our youths must wither
Like a too timely spring; here age must find us,
And, which is heaviest, Palamon, unmarried:
The sweet embraces of a loving wife
Loaden with kisses, armed with thousand Cupids,
Shall never clasp our necks; no issue know us,
No figures of ourselves shall we e'er see,

To glad our age, and like young eagles teach them
Boldly to gaze against bright arms, and say,
'Remember what your fathers were, and conquer!'
The fair-eyed maids shall weep our banishments,
And in their songs curse ever-blinded Fortune,
Till she for shame see what a wrong she has done
To youth and nature. This is all our world:
We shall know nothing here but one another;
Hear nothing but the clock that tells our woes.
The vine shall grow, but we shall never see it:
Summer shall come, and with her all delights,
But dead-cold Winter must inhabit here still.

Pal. 'Tis too true, Arcite. To our Theban hounds,
That shook the aged forest with their echoes,
No more now must we halloo; no more shake
Our pointed javelins, whilst the angry swine
Flies like a Parthian quiver from our rages,
Struck with our well-steeled darts! All valiant uses
(The food and nourishment of noble minds)
In us two here shall perish: we shall die
(Which is the curse of honour) lastly,
Children of Grief and Ignorance.

Arc. Yet, cousin,
Even from the bottom of these miseries,
From all that fortune can inflict upon us,
I see two comforts rising, two mere blessings,
If the gods please to hold here: a brave patience,
And the enjoying of our griefs together.
Whilst Palamon is with me, let me perish
If I think this our prison!

Pal. Certainly
'Tis a main goodness, cousin, that our fortunes
Were twined together; 'tis most true, two souls
Put in two noble bodies, let them suffer
The gall of hazard, so they grow together,
Will never sink; they must not; say they could,
A willing man dies sleeping, and all's done.

Arc. Shall we make worthy uses of this place
That all men hate so much?

Pal. How, gentle cousin?

Arc. Let's think this prison a holy sanctuary,
To keep us from corruption of worse men!
We are young, and yet desire the ways of honour,
That liberty and common conversation,
The poison of pure spirits, might, like women,
Woo us to wander from. What worthy blessing
Can be, but our imaginations
May make it ours? And here being thus together,
We are an endless mine to one another;
We are one another's wife, ever begetting
New births of love; we are father, friends, acquaintance;
We are, in one another, families;
I am your heir, and you are mine; this place
Is our inheritance; no hard oppressor
Dare take this from us: here, with a little patience,
We shall live long, and loving; no surfeits seek us;
The hand of War hurts none here, nor the seas
Swallow their youth. Were we at liberty,
A wife might part us lawfully, or business;
Quarrels consume us; envy of ill men
Crave[1] our acquaintance; I might sicken, cousin,
Where you should never know it, and so perish
Without your noble hand to close mine eyes,
Or prayers to the gods: a thousand chances,
Were we from hence, would sever us.

Pal. You have made me—
I thank you, cousin Arcite!—almost wanton
With my captivity: what a misery
It is to live abroad, and everywhere!
'Tis like a beast, methinks! I find the court here,
I am sure, a more content; and all those pleasures,
That woo the wills of men to vanity,
I see through now; and am sufficient
To tell the world, 'tis but a gaudy shadow,
That old Time, as he passes by, takes with him.
What had we been, old in the court of Creon,
Where sin is justice, lust and ignorance
The virtues of the great ones? Cousin Arcite,
Had not the loving gods found this place for us,
We had died, as they do, ill old men, unwept,
And had their epitaphs, the people's curses.
Shall I say more?

Arc. I would hear you still.

Pal. You shall.
Is there record of any two that loved
Better than we do, Arcite?

Arc. Sure there cannot.

Pal. I do not think it possible our friendship
Should ever leave us.

Arc. Till our deaths it cannot;
And after death our spirits shall be led
To those that love eternally.

(Act II. sc. i.)

[1] Dyce reads *grave*, in the sense of 'bury;' a needless alteration, surely. Other editors have read *reave*, *crase*, *cleave*, *car*, and *raze*.

From 'The Faithful Shepherdess.'

To CLORIN *in the wood, enter a* SATYR *with fruit.*

Satyr. Through yon same bending plain
That flings his arms down to the main,
And through these thick woods, have I run,
Whose bottom never kissed the sun,
Since the lusty spring began.
All to please my master Pan,
Have I trotted without rest,
To get him fruit; for at a feast
He entertains, this coming night,
His paramour the Syrinx bright:
But behold a fairer sight! [*Seeing Clor*
By that heavenly form of thine,
Brightest fair, thou art divine,
Sprung from great immortal race
Of the gods; for in thy face
Shines more awful majesty
Than dull weak mortality
Dare with misty eyes behold,
And live: therefore, on this mould
Lowly do I bend my knee,
In worship of thy deity.
Deign it, goddess, from my hand
To receive whate'er this land
From her fertile womb doth send
Of her choice fruits; and but lend
Belief to that the Satyr tells—
Fairer by the famous wells,
To this present day ne'er grew,
Never better, nor more true.
Here be grapes whose lusty blood
Is the learned poets' good,
Sweeter yet did never crown
The head of Bacchus; nuts more brown

Than the squirrel whose teeth crack them;
Deign, O fairest fair, to take them!
For these, black-eyed Dryope
Hath oftentimes commanded me
With my clasped knee to climb:
See how well the lusty time
Hath decked their rising cheeks in red,
Such as on your lips is spread!
Here be berries for a queen,
Some be red, some be green;
These are of that luscious meat
The great god Pan himself doth eat:
All these, and what the woods can yield,
The hanging mountain or the field,
I freely offer, and ere long
Will bring you more, more sweet and strong;
Till when, humbly leave I take,
Lest the great Pan do awake,
That sleeping lies in a deep glade,
Under a broad beech's shade.
I must go, I must run,
Swifter than the fiery sun. [*Exit.*

Clorin. And all my fears go with thee!
What greatness, or what private hidden power,
Is there in me to draw submission
From this rude man and beast? Sure I am mortal,
The daughter of a shepherd; he was mortal,
And she that bore me mortal; prick my hand
And it will bleed; a fever shakes me, and
The self-same wind that makes the young lambs shrink,
Makes me a-cold: my fear says I am mortal.
Yet I have heard (my mother told it me)
And now I do believe it, if I keep
My virgin flower uncropt, pure, chaste, and fair,
No goblin, wood-god, fairy, elf, or fiend,
Satyr, or other power that haunts the groves,
Shall hurt my body, or by vain illusion
Draw me to wander after idle fires;
Or voices calling me in dead of night
To make me follow, and so tole me on draw
Through mire and standing pools, to find my ruin.
Else why should this rough thing, who never knew
Manners nor smooth humanity, whose heats
Are rougher than himself and more misshapen,
Thus mildly kneel to me? Sure there 's a power
In that great name of virgin that binds fast
All rude uncivil bloods, all appetites
That break their confines. Then, strong Chastity,
Be thou my strongest guard; for here I 'll dwell
In opposition against fate and hell!

(From Act I. sc. i.)

. . . . . .

PERIGOT *and* AMORET.

Perigot. Stay, gentle Amoret, thou fair-browed maid.
Thy shepherd prays thee stay that holds thee dear,
Equal with his soul's good.
Amoret. Speak, I give
Thee freedom, shepherd, and thy tongue be still
The same it ever was, as free from ill
As he whose conversation never knew
The court or city: be thou ever true!
Peri. When I fall off from my affection,
Or mingle my clean thoughts with ill desires,
First let our great God cease to keep my flocks,
That being left alone without a guard,
The wolf, or winter's rage, summer's great heat,
And want of water, rots, or what to us
Of ill is yet unknown, fall speedily,
And in their general ruin let me go!
Amo. I pray thee, gentle shepherd, wish not so:
I do believe thee; 'tis as hard for me
To think thee false, and harder than for thee
To hold me foul.
Peri. Oh, you are fairer far
Than the chaste blushing morn, or that fair star
That guides the wandering seaman through the deep,
Straighter than straightest pine upon the steep
Head of an aged mountain; and more white
Than the new milk we strip before daylight
From the full-freighted bags of our fair flocks.
Your hair more beauteous than those hanging locks
Of young Apollo!
Amo. Shepherd, be not lost,
You are sailed too far already from the coast
Of our discourse.
Peri. Did you not tell me once
I should not love alone, I should not lose
Those many passions, vows, and holy oaths
I 've sent to heaven? Did you not give your hand,
Even that fair hand, in hostage? Do not then
Give back again those sweets to other men
You yourself vowed were mine.
Amo. Shepherd, so far as maiden's modesty
May give assurance, I am once more thine.
Once more I give my hand; be ever free
From that great foe to faith, foul jealousy.
Peri. I take it as my best good; and desire,
For stronger confirmation of our love,
To meet this happy night in that fair grove,
Where all true shepherds have rewarded been
For their long service: say, sweet, shall it hold?
Amo. Dear friend, you must not blame me if I make
A doubt of what the silent night may do. . . .
Maids must be fearful. . . .
Peri. Oh, do not wrong my honest simple truth;
Myself and my affections are as pure
As those chaste flames that burn before the shrine
Of the great Dian: only my intent
To draw you thither was to plight our troths,
With interchange of mutual chaste embraces,
And ceremonious tying of ourselves.
For to that holy wood is consecrate
A virtuous well, about whose flowery banks
The nimble-footed fairies dance their rounds
By the pale moonshine, dipping oftentimes
Their stolen children, so to make them free
From dying flesh and dull mortality.
By this fair fount hath many a shepherd sworn
And given away his freedom, many a troth
Been plight, which neither Envy nor old Time
Could ever break, with many a chaste kiss given
In hope of coming happiness: by this
Fresh fountain many a blushing maid
Hath crowned the head of her long-loved shepherd
With gaudy flowers, whilst he happy sung
Lays of his love and dear captivity.

(From Act I. sc. ii.)

The lyrical pieces scattered throughout Beaumont and Fletcher's plays are generally in the graceful style of the *Faithful Shepherdess:*

Melancholy—from 'Nice Valour.'

Hence, all you vain delights,
As short as are the nights
  Wherein you spend your folly!
There 's nought in this life sweet,
If man were wise to see 't,
  But only melancholy;
  O sweetest melancholy!

Welcome, folded arms, and fixed eyes,
A sigh that piercing mortifies,
A look that 's fastened to the ground,
A tongue chained up, without a sound!

Fountain heads, and pathless groves,
Places which pale passion loves!
Moonlight walks, when all the fowls
Are warmly housed, save bats and owls!
A midnight bell, a parting groan!
These are the sounds we feed upon;
Then stretch your bones in a still gloomy valley:
Nothing 's so dainty-sweet as lovely melancholy.

There are obvious resemblances between this lyric and Milton's *Penseroso*, which may have owed some suggestions to Fletcher.

Song—from 'The False One.'

Look out, bright eyes, and bless the air:
Even in shadows you are fair.
Shut-up beauty is like fire,
That breaks out clearer still and higher.
Though your beauty be confined,
  And soft Love a prisoner bound,
Yet the beauty of your mind
  Neither check nor chain hath found.
Look out nobly, then, and dare
Even the fetters that you wear.

The Power of Love—from 'Valentinian.'

Hear ye, ladies that despise
  What the mighty Love has done;
Fear examples, and be wise:
  Fair Calisto was a nun:
Leda, sailing on the stream,
  To deceive the hopes of man,
Love accounting but a dream,
  Doted on a silver swan:
Danaë in a brazen tower,
Where no love was, loved a shower.

Hear ye, ladies that are coy,
  What the mighty Love can do;
Fear the fierceness of the boy;
  The chaste moon he makes to woo;
Vesta, kindling holy fires,
  Circled round about with spies,
Never dreaming loose desires,
  Doting at the altar dies;
Ilion, in a short hour, higher
He can build, and once more fire.

To Sleep—from the Same.

Care-charming Sleep, thou easer of all woes,
Brother to Death, sweetly thyself dispose
On this afflicted prince: fall like a cloud
In gentle showers; give nothing that is loud
Or painful to his slumbers; easy, light,
And as a purling stream, thou son of Night,
Pass by his troubled senses, sing his pain
Like hollow murmuring wind, or silver rain
Into this prince gently, oh gently slide,
And kiss him into slumbers like a bride!

Song to Pan.

All ye woods, and trees, and bowers,
All ye virtues and ye powers
That inhabit in the lakes,
In the pleasant springs or brakes,
    Move your feet
    To our sound,
    Whilst we greet
    All this ground,
With his honour and his name
That defends our flocks from blame.

He is great and he is just,
He is ever good, and must
Thus be honoured. Daffadillies,
Roses, pinks, and loved lilies,
    Let us fling,
    Whilst we sing,
    Ever holy,
    Ever holy,
Ever honoured, ever young!
Thus great Pan is ever sung.

From 'The Bloody Brother.'

Take, O take those lips away,
  That so sweetly were forsworn;
And those eyes, the break of day,
  Lights that do mislead the morn;
But my kisses bring again,
Seals of love, though sealed in vain.

Hide, O hide those hills of snow,
  Which thy frozen bosom bears,
On whose tops the pinks that grow
  Are yet of those that April wears;
But first set my poor heart free,
Bound in those icy chains by thee.

The first stanza of the above is, of course, from *Measure*; the second was added by Fletcher.

A Drinking-Song—from the Same.

Drink to-day and drown all sorrow,
You shall perhaps not do it to-morrow,
But while you have it use your breath;
There is no drinking after death.

Wine works the heart up, wakes the wit
There is no cure 'gainst age but it:
It helps the headache, cough, and tisic,
And is for all diseases physic.

Then let us swill, boys, for our health,
Who drinks well loves the commonwea
And he that will to bed go sober
Falls with the leaf still in October.

Echoes of the last are found in many later drinkin 'Down among the Dead Men,' for example, and 'La the Flowing Bowl.' *Tisic* is a form from *phthisis*, consu

Francis Beaumont wrote also a number of miscellaneous pieces, collected and published after his death. But some of the poems attributed to him were by Donne, Jonson, Shirley, Carew, Waller, or other less-known writers. Beaumont's love-poem on the Ovidian story of Salmacis and Hermaphroditus was written when he was seventeen. He wrote verses to Jonson 'Upon his *Fox*,' 'Upon the *Silent Woman*,' and 'Upon his *Catiline*;' but his most celebrated non-dramatic work is the letter to Ben Jonson, which was originally published at the end of the play *Nice Valour* in the 1647 folio, with the following title: 'Mr Francis Beaumont's Letter to Ben Jonson, written before he and Master Fletcher came to London, with two of the precedent Comedies then not finished, which deferred their merry-meetings at the Mermaid.'

From the Letter to Ben Jonson.

The sun (which doth the greatest comfort bring
To absent friends, because the self-same thing
They know! they see, however absent) is
Here our best haymaker (forgive me this;
It is our country's style): in this warm shine
I lie, and dream of your full Mermaid wine.
Oh, we have water mixed with claret lees,
Drink apt to bring in drier heresies
Than beer, good only for the sonnet's strain,
With fustian metaphors to stuff the brain,
So mixed that, given to the thirstiest one,
'Twill not prove alms unless he have the stone.
I think with one draught man's invention fades:
Two cups had quite spoiled Homer's Iliads.
'Tis liquor that will find out Sutcliffe's wit,
Lie where he will, and make him write worse yet;
Filled with such moisture in most grievous qualms,
Did Robert Wisdom write his singing psalms;
And so must I do this: And yet I think
It is a potion sent us down to drink
By special Providence, keeps us from fights,
Makes us not laugh when we make legs to knights. bows
'Tis this that keeps our minds fit for our states,
A medicine to obey our magistrates:
For we do live more free than you; no hate,
No envy at one another's happy state
Moves us; we are all equal every whit:
Of land that God gives men here is their wit,
If we consider fully; for our best
And gravest men will with their main house-jest
Scarce please you; we want subtilty to do
The city tricks, lie, hate, and flatter too.
Here are none that can bear a painted show,
Strike when you wink, and then lament the blow;
Who, like mills set the right way for to grind,
Can make their gains alike with every wind;
Only some fellows with the subtlest pate
Amongst us may perchance equivocate
At selling of a horse, and that's the most.
Methinks the little wit I had is lost
Since I saw you; for wit is like a rest
Held up at tennis, which men do the best
With the best gamesters. What things have we seen
Done at the Mermaid! heard words that have been
So nimble, and so full of subtle flame,
As if that every one from whence they came
Had meant to put his whole wit in a jest,
And had resolved to live a fool the rest
Of his dull life; then when there hath been thrown
Wit able enough to justify the town
For three days past; wit that might warrant be
For the whole city to talk foolishly
Till that were cancelled; and when that was gone,
We left an air behind us, which alone
Was able to make the two next companies
Right witty—though but downright fools, more wise.

Matthew Sutcliffe (1550?-1629), Dean of Exeter and long a court favourite, wrote over a score of books in controversial theology; and Robert Wisdom, who died Archdeacon of Ely in 1568, contributed one psalm-translation to Sternhold and Hopkins's version, and wrote a few other hymns and elegiac verses, but was neither revered for his wisdom nor praised for his poetry. *Of land*, &c., there men's wit depends on their estates. *Main house-jest*, standing family joke, handed down from father to son. '*My rest is up*,' at tennis, bowls, and various games of cards and chance, was a phrase used to mean, 'My stake is laid: I take the chance.'

On the Tombs in Westminster.

Mortality, behold and fear;
What a change of flesh is here!
Think how many royal bones
Sleep within this heap of stones!
Here they lie had realms and lands,
Who now want strength to stir their hands;
Where, from their pulpits sealed with dust,
They preach, 'In greatness is no trust.'
Here 's an acre sown indeed
With the richest, royalest seed,
That the earth did e'er suck in
Since the first man died for sin.
Here the bones of birth have cried,
'Though gods they were, as men they died.'
Here are wands, ignoble things,
Dropt from the ruined sides of kings.
Here 's a world of pomp and state
Buried in dust, once dead by fate.

The following poem, credited to Beaumont, and not unlike his other work, was rejected by Dyce as being by a later hand:

An Epitaph.

Here she lies whose spotless fame
Invites a stone to learn her name:
The rigid Spartan that denied
An epitaph to all that died,
Unless for war, in charity
Would here vouchsafe an elegy.
She died a wife, but yet her mind,
Beyond virginity refined,
From lawless fire remained as free
As now from heat her ashes be.
Keep well this pawn, thou marble chest;
Till it be called for, let it rest;
For while this jewel here is set,
The grave is like a cabinet.

The best edition of Beaumont and Fletcher is that of Dyce (11 vols, 1843-46), which superseded its chief predecessor, that of Weber (1812). Ten of the principal plays are given in the two volumes edited by Mr St Loe Strachey ('Mermaid Series,' 1887). See A. W. Ward's *History of English Dramatic Literature* (2 vols. 1875); Fleay's *Shakespeare Manual*; G. C. Macaulay's *Francis Beaumont, a Critical Study* (1883); G. Rhys's edition of the *Lyric Poems* of the two poets (1897); and the bibliography by A. C. Potter in *Harvard Bibliographical Contributions* (1891).

William Rowley (c.1585–c.1642), actor and playwright, is known as having collaborated with Middleton, Dekker, Heywood, Webster, Massinger, and Ford. He seems to have been indifferent to dramatic fame: of the score of plays in which he had some share we know not what his share was. *A New Wonder, a Woman Never Vext; All's Lost by Lust; A Match at Midnight; A Shoomaker a Gentleman*—all written between 1632 and 1638—are the only plays which bear his name as sole author, but they are partly adaptations of older plays. His versification was harsh; but his fellow-dramatists valued his vigour and versatility both in tragedy and comedy. He rarely attained to pathos; his fund of humour was conspicuous—humour sometimes rich and true, sometimes passing into mere buffoonery. His name used to be specially associated with *The Witch of Edmonton*, published as 'a tragi-comedy by divers well esteemed poets, William Rowley, Thomas Dekker, John Ford, etc.' But probably Dekker had the main share in it, the farcical element being Rowley's. *The Birth of Merlin*, on whose title-page (1662) Shakespeare's name was unfortunately associated with Rowley's, is probably an old play remodelled, with an expansion of the comic element, by Rowley and others. In *The Old Law*, by Massinger, Middleton, and Rowley, Mr Bullen regards Act III. sc. i. as a characteristic specimen of Rowley's humour. This dread law, much as in Anthony Trollope's *Fixed Period*, was 'that every man living to fourscore years, and women to threescore, shall then be cut off as fruitless to the republic;' and Gnotho, anxious to be rid of his wife and marry a new one, bribes the parish clerk to falsify a date in the register in order to hasten the happy despatch:

Gnotho. You have searched o'er the parish-chronicle, sir?

Clerk. Yes, sir; I have found out the true age and date of the party you wot on.

Gnoth. Pray you, be covered, sir.

Clerk. When you have shewed me the way, sir.

Gnoth. O sir, remember yourself, you are a clerk.

Clerk. A small clerk, sir.

Gnoth. Likely to be the wiser man, sir; for your greatest clerks are not always so, as 'tis reported.

Clerk. You are a great man in the parish, sir.

Gnoth. I understand myself so much the better, sir; for all the best in the parish pay duties to the clerk, and I would owe you none, sir.

Clerk. Since you 'll have it so, I 'll be the first to hide my head.

Gnoth. Mine is a capcase: now to our business in hand. Good luck, I hope; I long to be resolved.

Clerk. Look you, sir, this is that cannot deceive you:
This is the dial that goes ever true;
You may say *ipse dixit* upon this witness,
And it is good in law too.

Gnoth. Pray you, let 's hear what it speaks.

Clerk. Mark, sir.—*Agatha, the daughter of Pollux*, (this is your wife's name, and the name of her father,) *born*——

Gnoth. Whose daughter say you?

Clerk. The daughter of Pollux.

Gnoth. I take it his name was Bollux.

Clerk. Pollux the orthography I assure you, sir; the word is corrupted else.

Gnoth. Well, on, sir,—of Pollux; now come on, Castor.

Clerk. Born in an. 1540, and now 'tis 99. By this infallible record, sir, (let me see,) she is now just fifty-nine, and wants but one.

Gnoth. I am sorry she wants so much.

Clerk. Why, sir? alas, 'tis nothing; 'tis but so many months, so many weeks, so many——

Gnoth. Do not deduct it to days, 'twill be the more tedious; and to measure it by hour-glasses were intolerable.

Clerk. Do not think on it, sir; half the time goes away in sleep, 'tis half the year in nights.

Gnoth. O, you mistake me, neighbour, I am loath to leave the good old woman; if she were gone now it would not grieve me; for what is a year, alas, but a lingering torment? and were it not better she were out of her pain? 'T must needs be a grief to us both.

Clerk. I would I knew how to ease you, neighbour!

Gnoth. You speak kindly, truly, and if you say but Amen to it, (which is a word that I know you are perfect in,) it might be done. Clerks are the most indifferent honest men,—for to the marriage of your enemy, or the burial of your friend, the curses or the blessings to you are all one; you say Amen to all.

Clerk. With a better will to the one than the other, neighbour: but I shall be glad to say Amen to any thing might do you a pleasure.

Gnoth. There is, first, something above your duty: [*Gives him money*] now I would have you set forward the clock a little, to help the old woman out of her pain.

Clerk. I will speak to the sexton; but the day will go ne'er the faster for that.

Gnoth. O, neighbour, you do not conceit me; not the jack of the clock-house; the hand of the dial, I mean. —Come, I know you, being a great clerk, cannot choose but have the art to cast a figure.

Clerk. Never, indeed, neighbour; I never had the judgment to cast a figure.

Gnoth. I 'll shew you on the back side of your book, look you,—what figure 's this?

Clerk. Four with a cipher, that 's forty.

Gnoth. So! forty; what 's this now?

Clerk. The cipher is turned into 9 by adding the tail, which makes forty-nine.

Gnoth. Very well understood; what is 't now?

Clerk. The 4 is turned into 3; 'tis now thirty-nine.

Gnoth. Very well understood; and can you do this again?

Clerk. O, easily, sir.

Gnoth. A wager of that! let me see the place of my wife's age again.

Clerk. Look you, sir, 'tis here, 1540.

Gnoth. Forty drachmas you do not turn that forty into thirty-nine!

Clerk. A match with you!

Gnoth. Done! and you shall keep stakes yourself: there they are.

Clerk. A firm match—but stay, sir, now I consider it, I shall add a year to your wife's age; let me see—*Scirophorion* the 17,—and now 'tis *Hecatombaion* the 11. If I alter this, your wife will have but a month to live by the law.

Gnoth. That 's all one, sir; either do it, or pay me my wager.

Clerk. Will you lose your wife before you lose your wager?

Gnoth. A man may get two wives before half so much money by 'em; will you do't?

Clerk. I hope you will conceal me, for 'tis flat corruption.

Gnoth. Nay, sir, I would have you keep counsel; for I lose my money by't, and should be laughed at for my labour, if it should be known.

Clerk. Well, sir, there!—'tis done; as perfect a 39 as can be found in black and white: but mum, sir,—there 's danger in this figure-casting.

Gnoth. Ay, sir, I know that: better men than you have been thrown over the bar for as little; the best is, you can be but thrown out of the belfry.

Enter the COOK, TAILOR, BAILIFF, *and* BUTLER.

Clerk. Lock close, here comes company; asses have ears as well as pitchers.

Cook. O Gnotho, how is't? here 's a trick of discarded cards of us! we were ranked with coats, as long as our old master lived.

Gnoth. And is this then the end of serving-men?

Cook. Yes, 'faith, this is the end of serving men: a wise man were better serve one God than all the men in the world.

Gnoth. 'Twas well spoke of a cook. And are all fallen into fasting-days and Ember-weeks, that cooks are out of use?

Tailor. And all tailors will be cut into lists and shreds; if this world hold, we shall grow both out of request.

Butler. And why not butlers as well as tailors? if they can go naked, let 'em neither eat nor drink.

Clerk. That 's strange, methinks, a lord should turn away his tailor, of all men:—and how dost thou, tailor?

Tail. I do so so; but, indeed, all our wants are long of this publican, my lord's bailiff; for had he been rent-gatherer still, our places had held together still, that are now seam-rent, nay cracked in the whole piece.

Bailiff. Sir, if my lord had not sold his lands that claim his rents, I should still have been the rent-gatherer.

Cook. The truth is, except the coachman and the footman, all serving-men are out of request.

Gnoth. Nay, say not so, for you were never in more request than now, for requesting is but a kind of a begging; for when you say, I beseech your worship's charity, 'tis all one as if you say, I request it; and in that kind of requesting, I am sure serving-men were never in more request.

Cook. Troth, he says true: well, let that pass, we are upon a better adventure. I see, Gnotho, you have been before us; we came to deal with this merchant for some commodities.

Clerk. With me, sir? any thing that I can.

But. Nay, we have looked out our wives already: marry, to you we come to know the prices, that is, to know their ages; for so much reverence we bear to age, that the more aged, they shall be the more dear to us.

Tail. The truth is, every man has laid by his widow; so they be lame enough, blind enough, and old enough, 'tis good enough.

Clerk. I keep the town-stock; if you can but name 'em, I can tell their ages to a day.

All. We can tell their fortunes to an hour, then.

Clerk. Only you must pay for turning of the leaves.

Cook. O, bountifully.—Come, mine first.

But. The butler before the cook, while you live; there 's few that eat before they drink in a morning.

Tail. Nay, then the tailor puts in his needle of priority, for men do clothe themselves before they either drink or eat.

Bail. I will strive for no place; the longer ere I marry my wife, the older she will be, and nearer her end and my ends.

Clerk. I will serve you all, gentlemen, if you will have patience.

Gnoth. I commend your modesty, sir; you are a bailiff, whose place is to come behind other men, as it were in the bum of all the rest.

Bail. So, sir! and you were about this business too, seeking out for a widow?

Gnoth. Alack! no, sir; I am a married man, and have those cares upon me that you would fain run into.

Bail. What, an old rich wife! any man in this age desires such a care.

Gnoth. 'Troth, sir, I 'll put a venture with you, if you will; I have a lusty old quean to my wife, sound of wind and limb, yet I 'll give out to take three for one at the marriage of my second wife.

Bail. Ay, sir, but how near is she to the law?

Gnoth. Take that at hazard, sir; there must be time, you know, to get a new. Unsight, unseen, I take three to one.

Bail. Two to one I 'll give, if she have but two teeth in her head.

Gnoth. A match; there 's five drachmas for ten at my next wife.

Bail. A match.

Cook. I shall be fitted bravely; fifty-eight, and upwards; 'tis but a year and a half, and I may chance make friends, and beg a year of the duke.

But. Hey, boys! I am made sir butler; my wife that shall be wants but two months of her time; it shall be one ere I marry her, and then the next will be a honey-moon.

Tail. I outstrip you all; I shall have but six weeks of Lent, if I get my widow, and then comes eating-tide, plump and gorgeous.

Gnoth. This tailor will be a man, if ever there were any.

Bail. Now comes my turn, I hope, goodman Finis, you that are still at the end of all, with a *so be it.* Well now, sirs, do you venture there as I have done; and I 'll venture here after you. Good luck, I beseech thee!

Clerk. Amen, sir.

Bail. That deserves a fee already—there 'tis; please me, and have a better.

Clerk. Amen, sir.

Cook. How, two for one at your next wife! is the old one living?

Gnoth. You have a fair match, I offer you no foul one; if death make not haste to call her, she 'll make none to go to him.

But. I know her, she 's a lusty woman; I 'll take the venture.

Gnoth. There 's five drachmas for ten at my next wife.

But. A bargain.

Cook. Nay, then we 'll be all merchants: give me.

Tail. And me.

But. What has the bailiff sped?

Bail. I am content; but none of you shall know my happiness.

Clerk. As well as any of you all, believe it, sir.

Bail. O, clerk, you are to speak last always.

Clerk. I 'll remember 't hereafter, sir. You have done with me, gentlemen?

Enter AGATHA.

All. For this time, honest register.

Clerk. Fare you well then; if you do, I 'll cry Amen to 't. [*Exit.*

Cook. Look you, sir, is not this your wife?

Gnoth. My first wife, sir.

But. Nay, then we have made a good match on 't; if she have no froward disease, the woman may live this dozen years by her age.

Tail. I 'm afraid she 's broken-winded, she holds silence so long.

Cook. We 'll now leave our venture to the event; I must a wooing.

But. I 'll but buy me a new dagger, and overtake you.

Bail. So we must all; for he that goes a wooing to a widow without a weapon, will never get her.

[*Exeunt all but Gnotho and Agatha.*

Gnoth. O wife, wife!

Agatha. What ail you, man, you speak so passionately?

Gnoth. 'Tis for thy sake, sweet wife: who would think so lusty an old woman, with reasonable good teeth, and her tongue in as perfect use as ever it was, should be so near her time?—but the Fates will have it so.

Aga. What 's the matter, man? you do amaze me.

Gnoth. Thou art not sick neither, I warrant thee.

Aga. Not that I know of, sure.

Gnoth. What pity 'tis a woman should be so near her end, and yet not sick!

Aga. Near her end, man! tush, I can guess at that;
I have years good yet of life in the remainder:
I want two yet at least of the full number;
Then the law, I know, craves impotent and useless,
And not the able women.

Gnoth. Ay, alas! I see thou hast been repairing time as well as thou couldst; the old wrinkles are well filled up, but the vermilion is seen too thick, too thick—and I read what 's written in thy forehead; it agrees with the church-book.

Aga. Have you sought my age, man? and, I prithee, how is it?

Gnoth. I shall but discomfort thee.

Aga. Not at all, man; when there 's no remedy, I will go, though unwillingly.

Gnoth. 1539. Just; it agrees with the book: you have about a year to prepare yourself.

Aga. Out, alas! I hope there 's more than so. But do you not think a reprieve might be gotten for half a score—and 'twere but five years, I would not care? an able woman, methinks, were to be pitied.

Gnoth. Ay, to be pitied, but not helped; no hope of that: for, indeed, women have so blemished their own reputations now-a-days, that it is thought the law will meet them at fifty very shortly.

Aga. Marry, the heavens forbid!

Gnoth. There 's so many of you, that, when you are old, become witches; some profess physic, and kill good subjects faster than a burning fever . . .; for these and such causes 'tis thought they shall not live above fifty.

Aga. Ay, man, but this hurts not the good old women.

Gnoth. I' faith, you are so like one another, that a man cannot distinguish 'em: now, were I an old woman, I would desire to go before my time, and offer myself willingly, two or three years before. O, those are brave women, and worthy to be commended of all men in th world, that, when their husbands die, they run to b burnt to death with 'em: there 's honour and credit give me half a dozen such wives.

Aga. Ay, if her husband were dead before, 'twere reasonable request; if you were dead, I could be conten to be so.

Gnoth. Fie! that 's not likely, for thou hadst tw husbands before me.

Aga. Thou wouldst not have me die, wouldst thou, husband?

Gnoth. No, I do not speak to that purpose; but I say what credit it were for me and thee, if thou wouldst; then thou shouldst never be suspected for a witch, a physician, a bawd, or any of those things: and then how daintily should I mourn for thee, how bravely should I see thee buried! when, alas, if he goes before, it cannot choose but be a great grief to him to think he has not seen his wife well buried. There be such virtuous women in the world, but too few, too few, who desire to die seven years before their time, with all their hearts.

Aga. I have not the heart to be of that mind; but, indeed, husband, I think you would have me gone.

Gnoth. No, alas! I speak but for your good and your credit; for when a woman may die quickly, why should she go to law for her death? Alack, I need not wish thee gone, for thou hast but a short time to stay with me: you do not know how near 'tis,—it must out; you have but a month to live by the law.

Aga. Out, alas!

Gnoth. Nay, scarce so much.

Aga. O, O, O, my heart! [*Swoons.*

Gnoth. Ay, so! if thou wouldst go away quietly, 'twere sweetly done, and like a kind wife; lie but a little longer, and the bell shall toll for thee.

Aga. O my heart, but a month to live!

Gnoth. Alas, why wouldst thou come back again for a month?—I 'll throw her down again—O, woman, 'tis not three weeks; I think a fortnight is the most.

Aga. Nay, then I am gone already. [*Swoons.*

Gnoth. I would make haste to the sexton now, but I 'm afraid the tolling of the bell will wake her again. If she be so wise as to go now—she stirs again; there 's two lives of the nine gone.

Aga. O, wouldst thou not help to recover me, husband?

Gnoth. Alas, I could not find in my heart to hold thee by thy nose, or box thy cheeks; it goes against my conscience.

Aga. I will not be thus frighted to my death;
I 'll search the church-records: a fortnight! 'tis
Too little of conscience, I cannot be so near;
O time, if thou be'st kind, lend me but a year! [*Exit.*

Gnoth. What a spite 's this, that a man cannot persuade his wife to die in any time with her good will! I have another bespoke already; though a piece of old beef will serve to breakfast, yet a man would be glad of a chicken to supper. The clerk, I hope, understands no Hebrew, and cannot write backward what he hath writ forward already, and then I am well enough.
'Tis but a month at most; if that were gone,
My venture comes in with her two for one:
'Tis use enough a' conscience for a broker—if he had a conscience. [*Exit.*

Jack of the clock-house, the figure that struck the clock-bell: *Sciropharion* and *Hecatombaion* are Greek names of the months, pedantically and absurdly introduced by the clerk; *coats* are court cards; *The End of Serving Men* is the title of an old ballad; *passionately* is sorrowfully; *bravely* here is finely.

John Ford.

great romantic tragedy of the seven-
ury is *The Broken Heart*. This is the
e of John Ford, a poet born twenty-two
than Shakespeare, and detained, by
ition, the nature of which escapes us,
g for the stage until long after that play-
ath. In another dramatist, Shirley, we
ntly see the splendour of Elizabethan
cend into weakness and incoherency;
not what we are called upon to witness
He, in his finest plays, and pre-eminently
ken Heart, reminds us less of the more
aracteristics of the English school than
amatic literatures—that of Greece in the
of France in the immediate future. We
asise that severity, we might almost say
ty, which distinguishes Ford from all
ish dramatists, and draws him nearer to
nd Rotrou in their devotion to dramatic

rd was baptised at Ilsington, near Ash-
South Devon, on the 17th of April 1586.
lmitted to the Middle Temple in 1602,
as probably the John Ford who had
d at Exeter College, Oxford, early in
1606, being twenty years of age, Ford
a collection of elegies on the Earl of
e, which he entitled *Fame's Memorial;*
me year appeared a masque, *Honor*
nt. These unimportant tracts are all
ssess of the youth of Ford; and his long-
silence has never been explained. It
uggested that some of his lost plays, par-
Murder of the Son upon the Mother (in
ssisted Webster) and *The Fairy Knight*
ker), may have been earlier than 1620,
f his philosophical treatise, *A Line of*
here is no proof of this. Ford reappears
hen *The Sun's Darling*, a masque he
n with Dekker, was acted at the Cock-
after this date, it is probable, he took up
sion of a playwright in earnest. *The*
Edmonton, a play by many hands, and his
rest, belongs to this period, but was not
til 1658.

not be sure that we trace the hand of
ny independent work of importance until
een forty and fifty years of age. His
edy of *The Lover's Melancholy* was acted
d published in 1629. These three great
'Tis Pity, the *Broken Heart*, and *Love's*
belong to 1633, and *Perkin Warbeck* to
e *Fancies Chaste and Noble* was printed
d *The Lady's Trial* in 1639. Ford's later
agedy called *Beauty in a Trance* (1653),
comedies were in existence until the
century, when they were burned, with
lse of irreparable value, by Warburton's
housekeeper. Ford took the anagram
nor' as a sort of armorial symbol, and
these words generally appear on his title-pages. Very little else is known of this poet, who appears to have led a retired life. Heywood (in 1635) wrote:

> Deep in a dump John Ford was alone got,
> With folded arms and melancholy hat.

When Jonson died, in 1637, Ford contributed a poem of the *Jonsonus Virbius*, and he wrote commendatory verses for Shirley's *Wedding*. These trifles exhaust what is known of the personal history of Ford, who may have died at any time between 1640 and 1660; the probable date is 1656. He would then be seventy years of age.

Charles Lamb, who was the earliest critic to perceive the value of Ford, boldly said that he 'was of the first order of poets.' But this generous praise may easily produce disappointment in those who pass from it to the writings of Ford. He is austere, dry, monotonous; weighty with sustained intellectual and moral passion; deprived of the music and fancy and changing play of graceful ornament which are the gala-robes of the great, popular poets. Ford is a curiously isolated figure, not supple, not various, but always furiously bent, like a stern charioteer, in one unaltered attitude, as he streams along upon the storm of violent emotion. Hence to those who seek for beauty in poetry, Ford has it to offer only in its most sombre and lurid varieties; and even the precision of his thought and the purity of his style are not to every taste. His highest performance in direct poetry is, doubtless, the episode of the nightingale and the lutanist, in the romantic comedy of the *Lover's Melancholy*, which should be compared with Crashaw's study on the same theme (page 678).

The play which deals with the ardours and agonies of Giovanni and Annabella is one of the most characteristic, if least pleasing, productions of the age. Here the suppressed horror which is so dear to the Elizabethan dramatists lights up the hollows of the human spirit in a way that is matchless for subtlety and intensity. The last scene in which the brother and sister appear is of the highest magnificence as tragedy, and has been justly praised by Mr Swinburne as the finest in Ford. Their subject, however, was so repulsive that neither to this great play nor to the less skilful *Love's Sacrifice* can full justice ever be done. It is natural to turn to more normal scenes in the correct but rather cold chronicle-play of *Perkin Warbeck*, or even to Ford's three graceful but somewhat ineffective comedies. But the real field for the unbiassed study of Ford's qualities is the incomparable tragedy of the *Broken Heart*, which remains to us as one of the purest monuments of seventeenth-century poetry. It is this play on which the attention of the general reader may with most safety be concentrated.

There is no play, then, in the English language which gives the impression of a fine French tragedy so completely as the *Broken Heart*, with its exact preservation of the unities, its serried action, its

observance of the point of honour, its rapid and ingenious evolution of exalted intrigue. Were it not for the dates, we could hardly account this accidental, but the latest possible year of composition for Ford's play is 1633, when Corneille had not finished composing *Clitandre*, the earliest of his tragedies. Yet the reader should none the less be prepared for a performance more in the French than in the English taste, and for a piece perhaps the most 'classic' in our repertory. Individual beauties, gushes of exquisite lyrical extravagance, are not in Ford's way. The construction with him is not less solid than it is subtle, and it is the concentrated subtilty on which the solidity is built. Racine might have envied the skill with which, from the very first, the fate of Ithocles and Calantha, apparently so secure and so fortunate, flutters in the closed hand of Orgilus. His revenge has a quiet resolution which is absolutely demoniac, and it moves, as a stage-passion should, in full sight of the audience, though unsuspected by the other characters.

The extreme consistency of Ithocles and Orgilus, as creations, throws into a certain disadvantage the more dimly-outlined Penthea and Calantha. When Ithocles dies there is a crisis in the plot so violent that we recover from it with difficulty. Penthea is dead and Orgilus assuaged; all the burden of the fifth act falls upon Calantha, whose part has hitherto been a vaguely passive one. The revelation of her ardent love for Ithocles, hitherto so modestly repressed, reawakens our sympathy, and the extraordinary merit of the fifth act consists in its revival, through the multiform passion of Calantha, of our interest in the dead Ithocles and Penthea, so that to the very last our emotions are centred on the beautiful, remorseful figure of Ithocles, for whom the play was certainly composed, and whose one error, followed though it be by a thousand excellent resolves, shatters the whole complicated structure of hope and happiness.

From 'The Broken Heart.'

Calantha. Being alone, Penthea, you have granted
The opportunity you sought, and might
At all times have commanded.
Penthea. 'Tis a benefit
Which I shall owe your goodness even in death for:
My glass of life, sweet princess, hath few minutes
Remaining to run down; the sands are spent;
For by an inward messenger I feel
The summons of departure short and certain.
Cal. You feed too much your melancholy.
Pen. Glories
Of human greatness are but pleasing dreams
And shadows soon decaying: on the stage
Of my mortality my youth hath acted
Some scenes of vanity, drawn out at length
By varied pleasures, sweetened in the mixture,
But tragical in issue: beauty, pomp,
With every sensuality our giddiness
Doth frame an idol, are unconstant friends,
When any troubled passion makes assault
On the unguarded castle of the mind.
Cal. Contemn not your condition for the proof
Of bare opinion only: to what end
Reach all these moral texts?
Pen. To place before ye
A perfect mirror, wherein you may see
How weary I am of a lingering life,
Who count the best a misery.
Cal. Indeed
You have no little cause; yet none so great
As to distrust a remedy.
Pen. That remedy
Must be a winding-sheet, a fold of lead,
And some untrod-on corner in the earth.—
Not to detain your expectation, princess,
I have an humble suit.
Cal. Speak; I enjoy it.
Pen. Vouchsafe, then, to be my executrix,
And take that trouble on ye to dispose
Such legacies as I bequeath impartially;
I have not much to give, the pains are easy;
Heaven will reward your piety, and thank it
When I am dead; for sure I must not live;
I hope I cannot.
Cal. Now, beshrew thy sadness,
Thou turn'st me too much woman. [*Weeps*
Pen. [*aside*] Her fair eyes
Melt into passion.—Then I have assurance
Encouraging my boldness. In this paper
My will was charactered; which you, with pardon,
Shall now know from mine own mouth.
Cal. Talk on, prithee;
It is a pretty earnest.
Pen. I have left me
But three poor jewels to bequeath. The first is
My youth; for though I am much old in griefs,
In years I am a child.
Cal. To whom that jewel?
Pen. To virgin-wives, such as abuse not wedlock
By freedom of desires, but covet chiefly
The pledges of chaste beds for ties of love,
Rather than ranging of their blood; and next
To married maids, such as prefer the number
Of honourable issue in their virtues
Before the flattery of delights by marriage:
May those be ever young!
Cal. A second jewel
You mean to part with?
Pen. 'Tis my fame, I trust
By scandal yet untouched: this I bequeath
To Memory, and Time's old daughter, Truth.
If ever my unhappy name find mention
When I am fallen to dust, may it deserve
Beseeming charity without dishonour!
Cal. How handsomely thou play'st with harmless spo
Of mere imagination! speak the last.
I strangely like thy will.
Pen. This jewel, madam,
Is dearly precious to me; you must use
The best of your discretion to employ
This gift as I intend it.
Cal. Do not doubt me.
Pen. 'Tis long agone since first I lost my heart:
Long I have lived without it, else for certain
I should have given that too; but instead
Of it, to great Calantha, Sparta's heir,

nd and by affection vow'd,
in holiest rites of love,
:her, Ithocles.
What saidst thou?
ɜ not, heaven-blest lady, to ambition
ıbly perfect as the prayers
uppliant can endow it:
princess, with an eye of pity;
ghost of what he late appeared
›re you.
Shall I answer here,
r too grossly?
First his heart
nders, scorched by your disdain,
re, poor man, to ope an eye
e looks, but with low-bent thoughts
presumption; as for words,
ıtter any but of service:
'eature loves ye.—Be a princess
s in blood; give him his doom,
p to comfort.
What new change
· behaviour that thou dar'st
›leasure?
I must leave the world,
ysium, and 'tis just
·other some advantage here;
t hopes, Ithocles is ignorant
: but if you please to kill him,
angry look or one harsh word,
soon conclude how strong a power
authority holds over
ıd.
You have forgot, Penthea,
ve a father.
But remember
though to me this brother
·u know, unkind, O, most unkind!
.lla, Philema, where are ye?—Lady,
·s in my silence.

(From Act III. sc. v.)

ıg from 'The Broken Heart.'

, pleasures, pomps, delights and ease,
t please
d senses, when the mind
›ubled, or by peace refin'd.
may flourish and decay,
s shine, but fade away.
may revel, yet it must
vn in a bed of dust.
· honours flow and waste,
lone doth change and last.
s mingled with contents prepare
r care.
nly reigns in death; though art
d no comfort for a Broken Heart.

m 'The Lover's Melancholy.'

Passing from Italy to Greece, the tales
›f an elder time have feigned
ir Tempe, bred in me
ing that paradise.
came; and living private,
ıintance of more sweet companions
inmates to my love, my thoughts,
frequented silent groves
valks. One morning early
This accident encountered me: I heard
The sweetest and most ravishing contention
That art and nature ever were at strife in.
Amethus. I cannot yet conceive what you infer
By art and nature.
Men. I shall soon resolve ye.
A sound of music touched mine ears, or rather
Indeed entranced my soul. As I stole nearer,
Invited by the melody, I saw
This youth, this fair-faced youth, upon his lute,
With strains of strange variety and harmony,
Proclaiming, as it seemed, so bold a challenge
To the clear quiristers of the woods, the birds,
That, as they flocked about him, all stood silent,
Wondering at what they heard. I wondered too.
Amet. And so do I; good, on!
Men. A nightingale,
Nature's best-skilled musician, undertakes
The challenge, and for every several strain
The well-shaped youth could touch, she sung her own;
He could not run division with more art
Upon his quaking instrument than she,
The nightingale, did with her various notes
Reply to: for a voice and for a sound,
Amethus, 'tis much easier to believe
That such they were than hope to hear again.
Amet. How did the rivals part?
Men. You term them rightly;
For they were rivals, and their mistress, harmony.—
Some time thus spent, the young man grew at last
Into a pretty anger, that a bird
Whom art had never taught cliffs, moods, or notes,
Should vie with him for mastery, whose study
Had busied many hours to perfect practice:
To end the controversy, in a rapture
Upon his instrument he plays so swiftly,
So many voluntaries and so quick,
That there was curiosity and cunning,
Concord in discord, lines of differing method
Meeting in one full centre of delight.
Amet. Now for the bird.
Men. The bird, ordained to be
Music's first martyr, strove to imitate
These several sounds; which when her warbling throat
Failed in, for grief down dropped she on his lute,
And brake her heart. It was the quaintest sadness,
To see the conqueror upon her hearse
To weep a funeral elegy of tears;
That, trust me, my Amethus, I could chide
Mine own unmanly weakness, that made me
A fellow-mourner with him.
Amet. I believe thee.
Men. He looked upon the trophies of his art,
Then sighed, then wiped his eyes, then sighed and cried,
'Alas, poor creature! I will soon revenge
This cruelty upon the author of it;
Henceforth this lute, guilty of innocent blood,
Shall never more betray a harmless peace
To an untimely end:' and in that sorrow,
As he was pashing it against a tree,
I suddenly stept in.
Amet. Thou hast discoursed
A truth of mirth and pity.

(From Act I. sc. i.)

There are editions of Ford by Gifford (1827; revised by Dyce, 1869) and Hartley Coleridge (1840); and see also Swinburne's *Essays and Studies* (1875).

EDMUND GOSSE.

James Shirley.

It has long been one of the commonplaces of literary history that the great series of Elizabethan and Jacobean dramatists, which began with Marlowe, closed with Shirley. He was the youngest of them all, having been born on the 18th of September 1596—after the death, that is, of almost all the members of the pre-Shakespearean generation. It is thought that Shirley's birthplace was the parish of St Mary Woolchurch, in the city of London. He was educated at Merchant Taylors' School, and at St John's College, Oxford, where he attracted the attention of Laud, who was then Master. Laud was very kind to Shirley, but dissuaded him from taking holy orders on account of a large wen which disfigured his left cheek. This affliction, greatly softened down, is yet perceptible in the Bodleian portrait. As early as 1618 Shirley published a poem, *Echo, or the Unfortunate Lovers*, of which no copy is now known to exist. It was probably, however, identical with the *Narcissus* printed in 1646, and if so, was one of the sensuous and philosophical narratives fashionable at that time, of which Shakespeare's *Venus and Adonis* is the most celebrated example. In this graceful exercise Shirley displays the influence of Marlowe and of Beaumont.

As was not unusual in the seventeenth century, Shirley transferred himself from one university to the other; 'he did spend some precious years at Catherine Hall,' Cambridge, where he took his degree. He stayed there, perhaps, until in 1623 he was appointed a master in St Albans Grammar-School. But in the meantime he had, in spite of Laud's objection, taken orders and been presented to a living, which, however, he resigned immediately, having become a convert to the Church of Rome. It is said that he continued to be a schoolmaster for about two years, but all this portion of Shirley's career is very indistinctly, and probably very inexactly, reported to us.

In his twenty-ninth year Shirley took seriously to the stage, doubtless as the only mode of making a livelihood open to him. His first play, *Love Tricks*, was licensed in February 1625, but was not printed until 1631, when it passed through the press as *The School of Compliment*. It was very popular, although, to a modern judgment, it seems weak both from a literary and a theatrical point of view. It imitates Shakespeare and Fletcher in the pastoral scenes, and has no particular individuality. Yet the style, fluent, urbane, and correct, is that which was to characterise Shirley throughout his long career. The first of Shirley's published plays, his comedy of *The Wedding*, 1629, has more merit of construction, and *The Grateful Servant*, 1630, placed the poet high among the dwindling band of dramatists who still kept up something of the great Elizabethan tradition. Of these survivors, Marston, Heywood, Chapman, and Dekker had long been silent, and the only serious rivals whom the new poet had to encounter were Ben Jonson, Massinger, and Ford.

Shirley was now resident in London, and he took a prominent part in the literary life of the capital. His temperament seems to have been, like his verse, graceful and gentle. Among his friends he counted Ford, Massinger, Randolph, Stanley, and Thomas May. He now took to the composition of tragedies, of which the earliest may have been *The Traitor*, acted in 1631 and published in 1635. He wrote other tragedies, and then turned back to the romantic comedies which best suited his talent. From 1631 to 1635 Shirley produced twelve consecutive comedies, closing with what is his finest work in this class, the admirable *Lady of Pleasure*. Shirley had by this time gained a high reputation for the modesty of his writings, and in July 1633, when registering *The Young Admiral*, the Master of the Revels volunteered a testimonial to that effect, in which Shirley was encouraged 'to pursue this beneficial and cleanly way of poetry.' Charles I. said that *The Gamester*, which was acted in 1633, was 'the best play he had seen for seven years.'

It is believed that Shirley went over to Dublin in the early part of 1636 to help Ogilby in working the new theatre which had been built in Werburgh Street. He seems to have remained in Ireland until 1639 or the beginning of 1640. Among the plays which he produced in Dublin, *St Patrick for Ireland* is the most original, or at least the most eccentric; the extremely self-contained dramatist appears on this one occasion to kick over the traces of a studied sobriety. Among the Irish plays, *The Royal Master* and *The Humorous Courtier* deserve special mention. Between Shirley's return from Dublin to London and the first ordinance for the suppression of stage plays, he was the foremost playwright in England, and is believed in this short time to have produced ten dramas. Of these last plays, *The Cardinal* is the best. Shirley, who was a pronounced Royalist, and had been valet of the chamber to Queen Henrietta Maria, lost all at the Rebellion. After the battle of Marston Moor he accompanied to France the Duke of Newcastle, whom he had aided in poetical composition; but he presently crept back to England, where Thomas Stanley protected him. He went back to his old trade of education, and started a successful school in Whitefriars. In 1646 he issued a collection of his poems. It would seem that he did not benefit from the Restoration. In the Great Fire of London, Shirley and his second wife fled from their house near Fleet Street, and, dying of terror and exposure on the same day, were buried in St Giles-in-the-Fields, in one grave, on the 29th of October 1666. We gather that Shirley had suffered from fire before, since his *The Grammar War* (1635), a didactic production, contains 'A lamentation upon the conflagration of the Muses' habitation.'

In the plays of Shirley, which are curiously

uniform in manner, we find grace, melody, and fancy. The violent elements of the great Elizabethan age seem to have been entirely absorbed, and only the gentle and playful ones left. Shirley wrote with pertinacious industry, and, although a great part of his work is probably lost, between forty and fifty of his tragedies, comedies, tragi-comedies, pastorals, and masques have come down to us. In this mass of writing—produced between 1625 and 1655, while English poetry was being subjected to a rapid and surprising transformation—there are no signs of change. From *The Wedding* to *The Sisters*, Shirley remains exactly the same suave, sweet-tongued, and florid poet, although the England of Shakespeare was shortly to become the England of Dryden. The plays of Shirley seem to have been popular on the stage, at all events in the early part of his career, and if we are inclined to consider them loosely constructed and thinly conceived in comparison with those of the great playwrights of the preceding generation, we have only to turn from them to those of his immediate contemporaries—such as Cartwright, Brome, and Jasper Mayne—to see that Shirley preserved far more than any other Commonwealth man the practical tradition of the stage. Of his comedies, the *Witty Fair One* and the *Lady of Pleasure* display his ornate and profuse fancy to the greatest advantage. In the *Traitor* he comes nearest to being a fine tragedian.

From 'The Traitor.'

Amidea. I have done; pray be not angry,
That still I wish you well: may heaven divert
All harms that threaten you; full blessings crown
Your marriage! I hope there is no sin in this;
Indeed I cannot choose but pray for you.
This might have been my wedding-day——
Oriana. Good heaven,
I would it were! my heart can tell, I take
No joy in being his bride, none in your prayers;
You shall have my consent to have him still:
I will resign my place, and wait on you,
If you will marry him.
Ami. Pray do not mock me,
But if you do, I can forgive you too.
Ori. Dear Amidea, do not think I mock
Your sorrow; by these tears, that are not worn
By every virgin on her wedding-day,
I am compell'd to give away myself:
Your hearts were promis'd, but he ne'er had mine.
Am not I wretched too?
Ami. Alas, poor maid!
We too keep sorrow alive then; but I prithee,
When thou art married, love him, prithee love him,
For he esteems thee well; and once a day
Give him a kiss for me; but do not tell him
'Twas my desire: perhaps 'twill fetch a sigh
From him, and I had rather break my heart.
But one word more, and heaven be with you all.—
Since you have led the way, I hope, my lord,
That I am free to marry too?
Pisano. Thou art.
Ami. Let me beseech you then, to be so kind,
After your own solemnities are done,
To grace my wedding; I shall be married shortly.
Pis. To whom?
Ami. To one whom you have all heard talk of,
Your fathers knew him well: one who will never
Give cause I should suspect him to forsake me;
A constant lover, one whose lips, though cold,
Distil chaste kisses: though our bridal bed
Be not adorn'd with roses, 'twill be green;
We shall have virgin laurel, cypress, yew,
To make us garlands; though no pine do burn,
Our nuptial shall have torches, and our chamber
Shall be cut out of marble, where we 'll sleep,
Free from all care for ever: Death, my lord,
I hope, shall be my husband. Now, farewell;
Although no kiss, accept my parting tear,
And give me leave to wear my willow here.

(From Act IV. sc. ii.)

Song from 'The Imposture.'

You virgins, that did late despair
To keep your wealth from cruel men,
Tie up in silk your careless hair,
Soft peace is come agen.

Now lovers' eyes may gently shoot
A flame that will not kill;
The drum was angry, but the lute
Shall whisper what you will.

Sing Io, Io! for his sake,
Who hath restor'd your drooping heads;
With choice of sweetest flowers, make
A garden where he treads:

Whilst we whole groves of laurel bring,
A petty triumph to his brow,
Who is the master of our spring,
And all the bloom we owe.

(From Act I. sc. ii.)

From 'The Lady of Pleasure.'

Steward. Be patient, madam; you may have your pleasure.
Lady Bornwell. 'Tis that I came to town for. I would not
Endure again the country conversation,
To be the lady of six shires! The men,
So near the primitive making, they retain
A sense of nothing but the earth; their brains,
And barren heads standing as much in want
Of ploughing as their ground. To hear a fellow
Make himself merry and his horse, with whistling
Sellinger's Round! To observe with what solemnity
They keep their wakes, and throw for pewter candlesticks!
How they become the Morris, with whose bells
They ring all in to Whitsun-ales; and sweat,
Through twenty scarfs and napkins, till the Hobbyhorse
Tire, and the Maid Marian, dissolv'd to a jelly,
Be kept for spoon-meat!
Stew. These, with your pardon, are no argument
To make the country life appear so hateful;
At least to your particular, who enjoy'd
A blessing in that calm, would you be pleas'd
To think so, and the pleasure of a kingdom;
While your own will commanded what should move
Delights, your husband's love and power join'd

To give your life more harmony. You liv'd there
Secure, and innocent, beloved of all;
Prais'd for your hospitality, and pray'd for:
You might be envied; but malice knew
Not where you dwelt. I would not prophesy,
But leave to your own apprehension,
What may succeed your change.
Lady B. You do imagine,
No doubt, you have talk'd wisely, and confuted
London past all defence. Your master should
Do well to send you back into the country,
With title of superintendent-bailiff.
[*Enter Sir Thomas Bornwell.*
Bornwell. How now? What 's the matter?
Stew. Nothing, sir.
Born. Angry, sweetheart?
Lady B. I am angry with myself,
To be so miserably restrain'd in things,
Wherein it doth concern your love and honour
To see me satisfied.
Born. In what, Aretina,
Dost thou accuse me? Have I not obey'd
All thy desires? against mine own opinion
Quitted the country, and removed the hope
Of our return, by sale of that fair lordship
We lived in? changed a calm and retired life
For this wild town, compos'd of noise and charge?
Lady B. What charge, more than is necessary for
A lady of my birth and education?
Born. I am not ignorant how much nobility
Flows in your blood; your kinsmen great and powerful
I' the state; but with this, lose not you [the] memory
Of being my wife. I shall be studious,
Madam, to give the dignity of your birth
All the best ornaments which become my fortune;
But would not flatter it, to ruin both,
And be the fable of the town, to teach
Other men loss of wit by mine, employ'd
To serve your vast expenses.
Lady B. Am I then
Brought in the balance? So, sir!
Born. Though you weigh
Me in a partial scale, my heart is honest,
And must take liberty to think you have
Obey'd no modest counsel, to affect,
Nay, study ways of pride and costly ceremony:
Your change of gaudy furniture, and pictures
Of this Italian master, and that Dutchman;
Your mighty looking-glasses, like artillery,
Brought home on engines; the superfluous plate,
Antique and novel; vanities of tires;
Fourscore-pound suppers for my lord, your kinsman,
Banquets for t' other lady aunt, and cousins,
And perfumes that exceed all: train of servants,
To stifle us at home, and shew abroad
More motley than the French or the Venetian,
About your coach, whose rude postillion
Must pester every narrow lane, till passengers
And tradesmen curse your choking up their stalls;
And common cries pursue your ladyship,
For hindering of their market.
Lady B. Have you done, sir?
Born. I could accuse the gaiety of your wardrobe,
And prodigal embroideries, under which
Rich satins, plushes, cloth of silver, dare
Not shew their own complexions; your jewels,
Able to burn out the spectators' eyes,
And shew like bonfires on you by the tapers:
Something might here be spar'd, with safety of
Your birth and honour, since the truest wealth
Shines from the soul, and draws up just admirers.—
I could urge something more.
Lady B. Pray do, I like
Your homily of thrift.
Born. I could wish, madam,
You would not game so much.
Lady B. A gamester too!
Born. But are not come to that acquaintance yet,
Should teach you skill enough to raise your profit.
You look not through the subtilty of cards,
And mysteries of dice; nor can you save
Charge with the box, buy petticoats and pearls,
And keep your family by the precious income;
Nor do I wish you should: my poorest servant
Shall not upbraid my tables, nor his hire,
Purchas'd beneath my honour. You make play
Not a pastime but a tyranny, and vex
Yourself and my estate by it.
Lady B. Good! proceed.
Born. Another game you have, which consumes more
Your fame than purse; your revels in the night,
Your meetings call'd THE BALL, to which repair,
As to the court of pleasure, all your gallants,
And ladies, thither bound by a subpœna
Of Venus, and small Cupid's high displeasure;
'Tis but the Family of Love translated
Into more costly sin! There was a PLAY on 't,
And had the poet not been bribed to a modest
Expression of your antic gambols in 't,
Some darks had been discover'd, and the deeds too:
In time he may repent, and make some blush,
To see the second part danced on the stage.
My thoughts acquit you for dishonouring me
By any foul act; but the virtuous know
'Tis not enough to clear ourselves, but the
Suspicions of our shame.
Lady B. Have you concluded
Your lecture?
Born. I have done; and howsoever
My language may appear to you, it carries
No other than my fair and just intent
To your delights, without curb to their modest
And noble freedom.

Sellinger's Round was a dance called after an actor named St Leger. *To throw* is here said of cock-throwing, an old Shrovetide pastime—the prize in this case being candlesticks. Robin Hood, Maid Marian, the hobby-horse, and the fool, all in more or less fantastic costumes, were the principal performers in the Old English May-day Morris-dances.

In *The Ball*, a comedy partly by Chapman, but chiefly by Shirley, a coxcomb (Bostock), crazed on the point of family, is admirably shown up. Sir Marmaduke Travers, by way of fooling him, tells him that he is rivalled in his suit of a particular lady by Sir Ambrose Lamount:

Bostock. Does she love any body else?
Travers. I know not,
But she has half a score, upon my knowledge,
Are suitors for her favour.
Bos. Name but one,
And if he cannot shew as many coats——

He thinks he has good cards for her, and likes
ıe well.
Be an understanding knight,
e my meaning; if he cannot shew
ı in heraldry——
I do not know how rich he is in fields,
s a gentleman.
Is he a branch of the nobility?
ıny lords can he call cousin? else
t be taught to know he has presumed,
l in competition with me.
You will not kill him?
You shall pardon me,
hat within me must not be provok'd;
e some living now, that have been kill'd
er matters.
Some living that have been kill'd!
I mean, some living that have been examples,
:onfront nobility; and I
;ible of my honour.
His name is
)rose——
Lamount, a knight of yesterday!
shall die to-morrow; name another.
Not so fast, sir, you must take some breath.
I care no more for killing half a dozen
of the lower house, I mean that are not
ed from nobility, than I do
my footman: an Sir Ambrose were
)f the sun, king Oberon should not save him,
queen Mab. [*Enter Sir Ambrose Lamount.*
Unluckily he 's here, sir.
Sir Ambrose,
es thy knighthood, ha?
unt. My imp of honour! well; I joy to see thee.
Sir Marmaduke tells me thou art suitor to
ıcina.
I have ambition
er servant.
Hast?
a brave knight, and I commend thy judgment.
Sir Marmaduke himself leans that way too.
Why did'st conceal it? come, the more the
ıerrier;
)uld never see you there.
I hope,
may live?
I 'll tell you, gentlemen,
as given us all one livery;
:hat lady too, you understand me,
) shall carry her, the Fates determine;
be knighted too.
That would be no addition to your blood.
I think it would not; so my lord told me.
ıow'st my lord, not the earl, my t'other
' there 's a spark!—his predecessors
atch'd into the blood; you understand:
me upon this lady, I proclaim
es; pray let 's together, gentlemen;—
e wise,—I say no more; she shall not
: a sigh, nor shall her love engage me
r a sword, I have vow'd that.
You did
before.
'Twere pity that one drop
heroic blood should fall to the ground:
Who knows but all your cousin lords may die?
Bos. As I believe them not immortal, sir.
Lam. Then you are gulf of honour, swallow all;—
May marry some queen yourself, and get princes,
To furnish the barren parts of christendom.

The following lyric is found in Shirley's masque, *The Contention of Ajax and Ulysses* (1659). It is said to have been greatly admired by Charles II.:

Death's Final Conquest.

The glories of our blood and state
Are shadows, not substantial things;
There is no armour against fate;
Death lays his icy hand on kings:
Scepter and crown
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,
And plant fresh laurels where they kill;
But their strong nerves at last must yield;
They tame but one another still:
Early or late
They stoop to fate,
And must give up their murmuring breath,
When they, pale captives, creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow,
Then boast no more your mighty deeds;
Upon Death's purple altar now,
See, where the victor-victim bleeds:
Your heads must come
To the cold tomb,
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet, and blossom in their dust.

Shirley's *Dramatic Works* were edited by Gifford and Dyce (6 vols. 1833); and there is a selection of five plays and one masque, with a prefatory memoir by the present writer (1888).

EDMUND GOSSE.

Minor Dramatists.—**Thomas Nabbes** (died about 1645) wrote poor tragedies, tolerable comedies, and rather good masques. *Microcosmus* and *Spring's Glory* are the best-known masques. Some of his miscellaneous poems are good. Mr Bullen published his works (except his prose continuation of Knolles's *Historie of the Turkes*) in his *Old English Plays* (1887).—**Nathaniel Field** (1587–1633) was a well-known actor who began to write for the stage about 1610, and produced *A Woman is a Weathercock*, *Amends for Ladies*, &c. He had the honour of being associated with Massinger in the composition of the *Fatal Dowry*.—**Henry Glapthorne**, at one time reputed 'one of the chiefest dramatic poets of the reign of Charles I.,' is but a minor dramatist though he is fluent and eloquent in style. Five of his plays are printed —*Albertus Wallenstein*, *The Hollander*, *Argalus and Parthenia* (his best effort, being part of the *Arcadia* dramatised), *Wit is a Constable*, *The Lady's Priviledge*. These and his poems were reprinted in two volumes in 1874.—**Richard Brome** (died about 1652) produced twenty-four popular plays, *The Northern Lass*, *The Jovial Crew*, *The*

Antipodes, *The City Wit*, *The Court Beggar*, &c., fifteen of which, believed to be written by himself independently, were reprinted in three vols. 1873. He had a share with Dekker in *The Lancashire Witches*. He was at one time servant to Ben Jonson. A skilful and successful craftsman, he had neither original power, poetic genius, nor literary culture.

Richard Brathwaite, minor poet, was probably born near Kendal in 1588; entered Oriel College, Oxford, in 1604; passed afterwards to Cambridge, and thence to London. In 1611 he published *The Golden Fleece*, a collection of poems; in 1614 three works, one of them a book of pastorals entitled *The Poet's Willow*, another *The Scholler's Medley;* and in 1615 the collection of satires, *A Strappado for the Devil*, in imitation of *The Abuses Whipt and Stript* of George Wither, his 'bonnie brother.' Other works are *Nature's Embassie*, *A Solemne Joviall Disputation*, *The Smoaking Age*, *The English Gentleman* (1630), *The English Gentlewoman* (1631), *Art asleepe, Husband?* (a collection of 'bolster lectures,' a seventeenth-century Mrs Caudle). After his first marriage Brathwaite lived the life of a country gentleman in Westmorland, and after his second in Yorkshire. He died near Richmond, 4th May 1673. Of his thirty books, the *Barnabæ Itinerarium*, or *Barnabee's Journal*, published in 1638 under the pseudonym 'Corymbæus,' has been often reprinted under the title of 'Drunken Barnaby's Four Journeys'—a facetious but rather aimless and tedious book in rhymed Latin and corresponding doggerel English verse. The best-known verse is:

> In my progress travelling northward
> Taking farewel of the southward,
> To Banbury came I, O profane one!
> Where I saw a puritane one
> Hanging of his cat on Monday
> For killing of a mouse on Sunday.

The Latin being:

> In progressu boreali
> Ut processi ab australi,
> Veni Banbury, O profanum!
> Ubi vidi Puritanum
> Felem facientem furem,
> Quod Sabbatho stravit murem.

The next verse is:

> To Oxford came I, whose companion
> Is Minerva, well Platonian:
> From whose seat do stream most seemly
> Aganippe, Hippocrene:
> Each thing there's the muse's minion,
> The horn at Queen's speaks pure Athenian.

The frequent allusions to strong ale, and to deep drinking and its joys and inconveniences, quite explain the epithet added in the reprints. In the seventh edition (by Haslewood, 1818) its authorship was first made known. See the life prefixed to the ninth edition (1820). An eleventh edition appeared in 1876.

Brathwaite's work was not all in the same vein. Of 'Drunken Barnaby' there is no trace in *The English Gentleman and English Gentlewoman*, collectively making a folio of three hundred pages, which is edifying, decorous, and 'high-toned' to a degree, and emulates Burton's *Anatomy* in the multitude and variety of its citations from Eusebius, Tully, Diogenes Laertius, Plutarch, Augustine, Seneca, St Basil, St Gregory of Nazianzus, Picus de Mirandula, and other authorities ancient or comparatively recent. Vanity, foppery, idleness, hot-headedness, and intemperance of any and every kind are wisely and wittily denounced. The corresponding defects in women are deprecated with equal warmth, and an even higher standard of perfect grace, courtesy, and purity established. And so careful is the author for happiness in wedded life that he warns the husband not to busy himself too much in dairying lest the wife be aggrieved at this encroachment on her province. Amorous poetry—including *Venus and Adonis*, though without giving Shakespeare's name—is sternly denounced. In the chapter called 'A select choice and recommendation of sundry bookes of instruction to the perusall of our English gentlewomen,' the authors recommended are SS. Hierom, Augustine, Ambrose, Hilary, Gregory (on the virtues of women), also Plato, Seneca, Cicero, 'etc.'; with the following postscript, which most unhappily omits to specify the works without which the library of no contemporary English lady was complete:

> But for as much as it is not given to most of you to bee Linguists, albeit many of their workes bee translated in your mother tongue, you may converse with sundry English Authors, whose excellent instructions will sufficiently store you in all points, and if usefully applied conferre no small benefit to your understanding. I shall not need particularly to name them to you, because I doubt not but you have made choice of such faithfull Reteiners and vertuous Bosome-friends constantly to accompany you.

Hear 'Drunken Barnaby' on the dangers and disgraces of drinking:

> Neither onely is restraint to be used in the choice and change of *meats*, but in the excessive use of *drinkes*. The reasons are two; the one is, it is an enemy to the knowledge of God; the other is this, it is held to be an enfeebler or impairer of the *memorative* parts; for you shall ever note that deepe drinkers have but shallow memories. Their common saying is, *Let us drowne care in healths:* which drowning of care makes them so forgetfull of themselves, as carried away with a brutish appetite, they onely intend their present delight, without reflexion to what is past, or due preparation to what may succeed. O restraine then this mighty assailant of *Temperance!* Bee ever your selves; but principally stand upon your guard, when occasion of *company* shall induce you; being the last we are to speake of.
>
> This *Company-keeping*, how much it hath depraved the hopefullest and towardliest wits, daily experience can witnesse. For many wee see civilly affected and temperately disposed, of themselves not subject to those violent or brain-sicke passions which the fumes of drinke beget;

till out of a too pliable disposition they enter the lists of *Good-fellowship* (as they commonly terme it) and so become estranged from their owne nature, to partake with *Zanies* in their distempered humour. So as in time by consorting with evill men they become exposed to all immoderate affections; such is the strength of custome. Whence it is that Saint *Basil* saith, *Passions rise up in a drunken man* (note the violence of this distemper) *like a swarme of Bees buzzing on every side.* Now you shall see him compassionately passionate, resolving his humour into teares; anon like a phrenticke man, exercising himselfe in blowes; presently, as if a calmer or more peaceable humour had seized on him, he expresseth his loving nature in congies and kisses. So different are the affections which this valiant *Mault-worme* is subject to; yet howsoever out of a desperate *Bravado* he binde it with oathes that he will stand to his tackling, he is scarce to be credited, for he can *stand* on no ground.

William Browne (1591–c. 1643) was a pastoral and descriptive poet, who, like Phineas and Giles Fletcher, adopted Spenser for his model, but less exclusively—for he loved Chaucer and Hoccleve, and was influenced by several of his own contemporaries. He was a native of Tavistock, and the beautiful scenery of Devonshire inspired his early strains. From Exeter College, Oxford, Browne passed to the Inner Temple, and then was tutor to Robert Dormer, the future Earl of Carnarvon. According to Anthony Wood, he was taken into the household of the Herberts at Wilton, and 'there got wealth and purchased an estate.' He was living at Dorking towards the close of 1643, and later than this we hear nothing of him. A William Browne died at Tavistock in 1643, and another in 1645, but it is not known for certain that either of them was the poet. Browne's works comprise *Britannia's Pastorals* (two books, 1613–16; third book in MS., first printed 1852) and a pastoral poem of inferior merit, *The Shepheards Pipe* (1614). In 1620 a masque by him was produced at court, called *The Inner Temple Masque;* but it was not printed till 1772, from a manuscript in Emmanuel College, Cambridge. As all Browne's poems were produced before he was thirty years of age, and the best when he was little more than twenty, we need not be surprised at their showing marks of juvenility and frequent echoes of previous poets, especially of Spenser. His pastorals obtained the approbation of Selden, Drayton, Wither, and Ben Jonson. *Britannia's Pastorals* are written in flowing heroic couplets, and contain much fine descriptive poetry. Browne had great facility of expression, studied nature closely, and knew by heart all the features of the Devon landscape. That he has failed in maintaining his ground must be attributed to his too great expansiveness, the desultory plan of his longer poems, and the lack of human interest. His shepherds and shepherdesses have nearly as little character as the 'silly sheep' they tend; the allegory is tedious; whilst pure description, that 'takes the place of sense,' even when inspired by a real love of nature, seldom permanently interests the larger number of readers. So completely had some of the poems of Browne vanished from memory that, but for a single copy of them possessed by Thomas Warton, and lent by him to be transcribed, little would have remained of those works which their author fondly hoped would

> Keep his name enroll'd past his that shines
> In gilded marble, or in brazen leaves.

Warton cites the following lines of Browne as containing a group of the same images as the morning picture in *L'Allegro* of Milton:

> By this had chanticleer, the village clock,
> Bidden the goodwife for her maids to knock;
> And the swart ploughman for his breakfast stay'd,
> That he might till those lands were fallow laid:
> The hills and valleys here and there resound
> With the re-echoes of the deep-mouth'd hound.
> Each shepherd's daughter, with her cleanly peal,
> Was come afield to milk the morning's meal,
> And ere the sun had climb'd the eastern hills,
> To gild the mutt'ring bourns and pretty rills,
> Before the lab'ring bee had left the hive,
> And nimble fishes which in rivers dive
> Began to leap, and catch the drowned fly,
> I rose from rest, not in felicity.

Browne celebrated the death of a friend under the name of Philarete in a pastoral poem. Milton took thence suggestions for *Lycidas;* there is an obvious—perhaps inevitable—similarity in some of the thoughts and images. On the other hand, Browne has been compared with Keats amongst the moderns; and Keats is known to have admired his Elizabethan prototype.

A Descriptive Sketch.

> O what a rapture have I gotten now!
> That age of gold, this of the lovely brow
> Have drawn me from my song! I onward run
> Clean from the end to which I first begun.
> But ye, the heavenly creatures of the West,
> In whom the virtues and the graces rest,
> Pardon! that I have run astray so long,
> And grow so tedious in so rude a song,
> If you yourselves should come to add one grace
> Unto a pleasant grove or such like place,
> Where here the curious cutting of a hedge:
> There, by a pond, the trimming of the sedge:
> Here the fine setting of well-shading trees:
> The walks there mounting up by small degrees,
> The gravel and the green so equal lie,
> It, with the rest, draws on your ling'ring eye:
> Here the sweet smells that do perfume the air,
> Arising from the infinite repair
> Of odoriferous buds and herbs of price,
> (As if it were another Paradise)
> So please the smelling sense, that you are fain
> Where last you walk'd to turn and walk again.
> There the small birds with their harmonious notes
> Sing to a spring that smileth as she floats:
> For in her face a many dimples show,
> And often skips as it did dancing go:
> Here further down an over-arched alley,
> That from a hill goes winding in a valley,

You spy at end thereof a standing lake,
Where some ingenious artist strives to make
The water (brought in turning pipes of lead
Through birds of earth most lively fashioned)
To counterfeit and mock the sylvans all,
In singing well their own set madrigal.
This with no small delight retains your ear,
And makes you think none blest but who live there.
Then in another place the fruits that be
In gallant clusters decking each good tree,
Invite your hand to crop some from the stem,
And liking one, taste every sort of them:
Then to the arbours walk, then to the bowers,
Thence to the walks again, thence to the flowers,
Then to the birds, and to the clear spring thence,
Now pleasing one, and then another sense.
Here one walks oft, and yet anew begin'th,
As if it were some hidden labyrinth.

Evening.

As in an evening when the gentle air
Breathes to the sullen night a soft repair,
I oft have sat on Thames' sweet bank to hear
My friend with his sweet touch to charm mine ear,
When he hath play'd, as well he can, some strain
That likes me, straight I ask the same again;
And he as gladly granting, strikes it o'er
With some sweet relish was forgot before,
I would have been content if he would play
In that one strain to pass the night away;
But fearing much to do his patience wrong,
Unwillingly have ask'd some other song:
So in this diff'ring key, though I could well
A many hours but as few minutes tell,
Yet lest mine own delight might injure you,
Though loath so soon, I take my song anew.

Night.

The sable mantle of the silent night
Shut from the world the ever-joysome light;
Care fled away, and softest slumbers please
To leave the court for lowly cottages;
Wild beasts forsook their dens on woody hills,
And sleightful otters left the purling rills;
Rooks to their nests in high woods now were flung,
And with their spread wings shield their naked young;
When thieves from thickets to the cross-ways stir,
And terror frights the lonely passenger;
When nought was heard but now and then the howl
Of some vild cur, or whooping of the owl. vile

The Sirens' Song.

(From *The Inner Temple Masque.*)

Steer hither, steer, your winged pines,
All beaten mariners,
Here lie Love's undiscover'd mines,
A prey to passengers;
Perfumes far sweeter than the best
Which make the Phœnix' urn and nest.
Fear not your ships,
Nor any to oppose you save our lips,
But come on shore,
Where no joy dies till love hath gotten more.

For swelling waves our panting breasts,
Where never storms arise,
Exchange; and be awhile our guests:
For stars gaze on our eyes.
The compass love shall hourly sing,
And as he goes about the ring,
We will not miss
To tell each point he nameth with a kiss.

Browne thus ingeniously draws illustrations f a rose:

Look as a sweet rose fairly budding forth
Bewrays her beauties to th' enamour'd morn,
Until some keen blast from the envious North
Kills the sweet bud that was but newly born;
Or else her rarest smells delighting
Make her herself betray,
Some white and curious hand inviting
To pluck her thence away.

So recently as 1852 a third part of *Britan Pastorals* was first printed, from the original m script in the library of Salisbury Cathedral. Th imperfect, this continuation is in some pass fully equal to the earlier portions. The follo is part of a description of Psyche:

Her cheekes the wonder of what eye beheld
Begott betwixt a lilly and a rose,
In gentle rising plaines devinely swelled,
Where all the graces and the loves repose.
Nature in this peece all her workes excelled,
Yet shewd her selfe imperfect in the close,
For she forgott (when she soe faire did rayse her)
To give the world a witt might duely prayse her.

When that she spoake, as at a voice from heaven
On her sweet words all eares and hearts attende
When that she sung, they thought the planetts se
By her sweet voice might well their tunes
mended;
When she did sighe, all were of joye bereaven;
And when she smyld, heaven had them all befrie
If that her voice, sighes, smiles, soe many thrilled
O had she kissed, how many had she killed!

Her slender fingers (neate and worthy made
To be the servants to soe much perfection)
Joyned to a palme whose touch woulde streight in
And bring a sturdy heart to lowe subjection.
Her slender wrists two diamond braceletts lade,
Made richer by soe sweet a soules election.
O happy braceletts! but more happy he
To whom those armes shall as a bracelett be!

Aubrey said Browne was the author o famous epitaph, 'Underneath this sable h usually attributed to Ben Jonson (see abo page 411); and Mr Bullen and other critics it is really Browne's.

Browne's works were edited in 1772 (3 vols. 12mo) by Davies; a complete edition, with a memoir, was published b Hazlitt (2 vols. Roxburghe Club, 1868).

Lady Elizabeth Carey, or CAREW daughter of a patroness of Spenser, Nash other poets, is believed to be the author of a winded poem, *The Tragedie of Marian the Queene of Jewry* (1613). She married Sir Th Berkeley, and died in 1635. But the po sometimes attributed to her mother, knov the same names, a daughter of Sir John Sy

›rpe, and wife of the heir of the first Lord
›n. The following chorus on revenge, from
is not without a certain noble dignity:

iirest action of our human life
corning to revenge an injury;
ho forgives without a further strife,
adversary's heart to him doth tie.
tis a firmer conquest truly said,
n the heart than overthrow the head.

a worthy enemy do find,
yield to worth it must be nobly done;
of baser metal be his mind,
›ase revenge there is no honour won.
would a worthy courage overthrow,
vho would wrestle with a worthless foe?

ıy our hearts are great, and cannot yield;
ause they cannot yield, it proves them poor:
hearts are tasked beyond their power, but seld
: weakest lion will the loudest roar.
's school for certain doth this same allow,
heartedness doth sometimes teach to bow.

›le heart doth teach a virtuous scorn.
scorn to owe a duty over-long;
›rn to be for benefits forborne;
scorn to lie; to scorn to do a wrong;
›rn to bear an injury in mind;
›rn a free-born heart slave-like to bind.

for wrongs we needs revenge must have,
·n be our vengeance of the noblest kind;
: his body from our fury save,
l let our hate prevail against our mind?
can 'gainst him a greater vengeance be,
make his foe more worthy far than he?

Marian scorned to leave a due unpaid,
would to Herod then have paid her love,
ıot have been by sullen passion swayed.
fix her thoughts all injury above
uous pride. Had Marian thus been proud,
famous life to her had been allowed.

l Herbert of Cherbury combined in a way the fame of soldier, statesman, poet, ilosopher; and though the brother of the George Herbert, became notorious (after his ıs the father of deism. Edward was born rch 1583 at Eyton, in Shropshire. In 1599, he had finally quitted his studies at Uni- College, Oxford, he married an heiress four der than himself. At James I.'s coronation made a Knight of the Bath; in 1608 he France, and in 1610 was at the recapture of In 1614 he was with Maurice of Orange, d through Germany and Italy, and got into attempting to recruit Protestant soldiers guedoc for the Duke of Savoy. Made a of the Privy Council, he was sent to France assador (1619), and tried negotiation be- ›ouis XIII. and his Protestant subjects in ıs dismissed, and was sore embarrassed by ıd law-suits. He was in 1624 made a peer nd, and in 1629 of England with the title of Herbert of Cherbury. When the civil war broke out he at first sided very half-heartedly with the royalists, but in 1644 surrendered to the parliamentarians. He died in London, 20th August 1648. His *De Veritate* (1624) is an anti-empirical theory of knowledge of four principal faculties or groups of faculties. One is the internal sense or conscience; another the external sense or perception; the third, reason; and the fourth, natural instinct, the source of divinely implanted primary truths, much resembles the common-sense of the Scottish philosophy. Truth is distinguished from revelation, from the probable, from the possible, and from the false. His *De Religione Gentilium* (not published till 1663), destined to be regarded as the 'charter of the deists,' and copied by Blount and others, proves that all religions recognise five main articles—that there is a supreme God, that He ought to be worshipped, that virtue and purity are the main part of that worship, that sins should be repented of, and that there are rewards and punishments in a future state. The *Expeditio Buckinghami Ducis* (1656) is a vindication of the ill-fated Rochelle expedition. The ill-proportioned *Life and Raigne of King Henry VIII.* (1649), digested into annals, glorifies Henry absurdly, and is on the whole prolix, though tales of sieges and ceremonials, such as the author's soul delighted in, are rendered with much graphic detail. In giving verbatim reports of speeches whose tenor he could only guess, Herbert allowed himself an ultra-Thucydidean freedom. How little modern historical canons appealed to this sincere and honest man is evident from the fact that he puts into the mouth of one of Henry's bishops, at a council held half a century ere he himself was born, a succinct and orderly statement and defence of those identical 'five articles' which it was Herbert's own especial glory to have formulated! His *Autobiography*, a brilliant picture of the man and of contemporary manners, is a masterpiece in its kind, but is disfigured by overweening self-glory. Oddly enough, it is on his exceptionally handsome person, his Quixotic exploits of bravery in the field, his valiant duels, and the admiration accordingly bestowed on him by fair ladies that he chiefly prides himself; there is little in the record about his philosophy or his theological views, though he really attached great importance to them. He was the friend of Donne, Selden, Ben Jonson, Grotius, and Gassendi. The *Poems*, Latin and English, reveal a representative of the 'metaphysical' school. Donne was his master, and the disciple is the more rugged and obscure. But some of the lyrics suggest Herrick; and resemblances to Browning and Tennyson have been pointed out. He has, according to Mr Churton Collins, the credit of having been the first to recognise (though he did not invent the measure; see page 308) the possibilities of the stanza of *In Memoriam;* he brought out its harmony and 'passed it almost perfect into Tennyson's hands.' The enthusiasm as well as sincerity of his nature is exemplified in the following reference to his

philosophy in the *Autobiography*, and suggests rather one who believes overmuch than the unbeliever—an inconsistency often pointed out by those who assailed his deism as an inadequate system of belief. Herbert's devout deism was of course very different from the profane and spiteful deism of Blount, who put much that was in Herbert to a use he never dreamt of:

Being thus doubtful in my chamber one fine day in the summer, my casement being open towards the south, the sun shining clear, and no wind stirring, I took my book *De Veritate* in my hands, and kneeling on my knees, devoutly said these words: 'O thou eternal God, author of this light which now shines upon me, and giver of all inward illuminations, I do beseech thee of thy infinite goodness to pardon a greater request than a sinner ought to make. I am not satisfied enough whether I shall publish this book *De Veritate;* if it be for thy glory, I beseech thee give me some sign from heaven; if not, I shall suppress it!' I had no sooner spoke these words, but a loud, though yet gentle noise came forth from the heavens (for it was like nothing on earth), which did so cheer and comfort me, that I took my petition as granted, and that I had the sign I demanded; whereupon also I resolved to print my book. This, how strange soever it may seem, I protest before the Eternal God is true; neither am I any way superstitiously deceived herein, since I did not only clearly hear the noise, but in the serenest sky I ever saw, being without all cloud, did, to my thinking, see the place from whence it came.

In his *Autobiography* he tells of the close relations established between himself and the Constable of France, the Duke de Montmorency, and of his hunting in the ducal forests:

That brave constable in France testifying now more than formerly his regard of me, at his departure from Merlou to his fair house at Chantilly, five or six miles distant, said, he left that castle to be commanded by me, as also his forests and chases, which were well stored with wild boar and stag, and that I might hunt them when I pleased. He told me also, that if I would learn to ride the great horse, he had a stable there of some fifty, the best and choicest as was thought in France; and that his escuyer, called Monsieur de Disancour, nor inferior to Pluvenel or Labrove, should teach me. I did with great thankfulness accept his offer, as being very much addicted to the exercise of riding great horses; and as for hunting in his forests, I told him I should use it sparingly, as being desirous to preserve his game. He commanded also his escuyer to keep a table for me, and his pages to attend me, the chief of whom was Monsieur de Mennon, who, proving to be one of the best horsemen in France, keeps now an academy in Paris; and here I shall recount a little passage betwixt him and his master, that the inclination of the French at that time may appear; there being scarce any man thought worth the looking on, that had not killed some other in duel.

Mennon desiring to marry a niece of Monsieur Disancour, who it was thought should be his heir, was thus answered by him: 'Friend, it is not time yet to marry; I will tell you what you must do: if you will be a brave man, you must first kill in single combat two or three men, then afterwards marry and engender two or three children, or the world will neither have got nor lost by you:' of which strange counsel, Disancour was no otherwise the author than as he had been an example, at least of the former part; it being his fortune to have fought three or four brave duels in his time.

And now, as every morning I mounted the great horse, so in the afternoons I many times went a hunting, the manner of which was this: The Duke of Montmorency having given orders to the tenants of the town of Merlou, and some villages adjoining, to attend me when I went a hunting, they, upon my summons, usually repaired to those woods where I intended to find my game, with drums and muskets, to the number of sixty or eighty, and sometimes one hundred or more persons; they entering the wood on that side with that noise, discharging their pieces and beating their said drums, we on the other side of the said wood having placed mastiffs and greyhounds, to the number of twenty or thirty, which Monsieur de Montmorency kept near his castle, expected those beasts they should force out of the wood: if stags or wild boars came forth, we commonly spared them, pursuing only the wolves, which were there in great number, of which are found two sorts; the mastiff wolf, thick and short, though he could not indeed run fast, yet would fight with our dogs; the greyhound wolf, long and swift, who many times escaped our best dogs, though when he were overtaken, easily killed by us, without making much resistance. Of both these sorts I killed divers with my sword while I stayed there.

One time also it was my fortune to kill a wild boar in this manner: the boar being roused from his den, fled before our dogs for a good space; but finding them press him hard, turned his head against our dogs, and hurt three or four of them very dangerously: I came on horseback up to him, and with my sword thrust him twice or thrice without entering his skin, the blade being not so stiff as it should be: the boar hereupon turned upon me, and much endangered my horse, which I perceiving, rid a little out of the way, and leaving my horse with my lackey, returned with my sword against the boar, who by this time had hurt more dogs; and here happened a pretty kind of fight, for when I thrust at the boar sometimes with my sword, which in some places I made enter, the boar would run at me, whose tusks yet by stepping a little out of the way I avoided, but he then turning upon me, the dogs came in, and drew him off, so that he fell upon them, which I perceiving, ran at the boar with my sword again, which made him turn upon me, but then the dogs pulled him from me again, while so relieving one another by turns, we killed the boar. At this chase Monsieur Disancour and Mennon were present, as also Mr Townsend, yet so as they did endeavour rather to withdraw me from, than assist me in the danger. Of which boar, some part being well seasoned and larded, I presented to my uncle Sir Francis Newport, in Shropshire, and found most excellent meat.

Herbert was a great stickler on the point of honour:

There happened during this siege [of Juliers by the allies against the Emperor in 1610] a particular quarrel betwixt me and the Lord of Walden, eldest son to the Earl of Suffolk, lord treasurer of England at that time, which I do but unwillingly relate, in regard of the great esteem I have of that noble family; howbeit, to avoid misreports, I have thought fit to set it down truly: that lord having been invited to a feast in Sir Horace Vere's quarters, where (after the Low Country manner) there was liberal drinking, returned not long after to Sir

ecil's quarters, at which time, I speaking him, upon some slight occasion, he took that me, which he would not have done at another nuch that he came towards me in a violent hich I perceiving, did more than half way but the company were so vigilant upon us any blow past we were separated; howbeit, made towards me, I thought fit the next day a challenge, telling him, that if he had any y to me, I would meet him in such a place as hould in-

Shortly r Thomas ne to me , and told rd would me on vith single l, said he, is second; ours? I it neither) nor my- t over any s with us; ; he might er borrow myself; s soon as l me the hould find on horse- on foot; both of together eldings to a wood, l he chose and the s of day morning: . I would place nor gh I knew to get a e than the n; and as for a second, I shall trust to your who, I know, will see fair play betwixt us, a come on his side: but he urging me again a second, I told him I could promise for myself, and that if I spoke to any of my the army to this purpose, I doubted least s might be discovered and prevented.

no sooner gone from me, but night drew on, olving in the mean time to rest under a fair ght; after this, tying my horse by the bridle er tree, I had not now rested two hours, when me fires nearer to me than I thought was so solitary a place, whereupon also having y to see the reason hereof, I got on horseback had not rode very far, when by the talk of s there, I found I was in the Scotch quarter, ing in a stable a very fair horse of service, I know whether he might be bought for any sum of money, but a soldier replying it captain's, Sir James Areskin's chief horse, I demanded for Sir James, but the soldier answering he was not within the quarter, I demanded then for his lieutenant, whereupon the soldier courteously desired him to come to me; this lieutenant was called Montgomery, and had the reputation of a gallant man; I told him that I would very fain buy a horse, and if it were possible, the horse I saw but a little before; but he telling me none was to be sold there, I offered to leave in his hands one hundred pieces, if he would lend me a good horse for a day or two, he to restore me the money again when I delivered him the horse in good plight, and did besides bring him some present as a gratuity.

LORD HERBERT OF CHERBURY.
From the Portrait by Larkin in the National Portrait Gallery.

The lieutenant, though he did not know me, suspected I had some private quarrel, and that I desired this horse to fight on, and thereupon told me, Sir, whosoever you are, you seem to be a person of worth, and you shall have the best horse in the stable; and if you have a quarrel and want a second, I offer myself to serve you upon another horse, and if you will let me go along with you upon these terms, I will ask no pawn of you for the horse. I told him I would use no second, and I desired him to accept one hundred pieces, which I had there about me, in pawn for the horse, and he should hear from me shortly again; and that though I did not take his noble offer of coming along with me, I should evermore rest much obliged to him; whereupon giving him my purse with the money in it, I got upon his horse, and left my nag besides with him.

Riding thus away about twelve o'clock at night to the wood from whence I came, I alighted from my horse and rested there till morning; the day now breaking I got on horseback, and attended the Lord of Walden with his second. The first person that appeared was a footman, who I heard afterwards was sent by the Lady of Walden, who as soon as he saw me, ran back again with all speed; I meant once to pursue him, but that I thought it better at last to keep my place. About two hours after Sir William St Leiger, now lord president of Munster, came to me, and told me he knew the cause of my being there, and that the business was discovered by the Lord Walden's rising so early that morning, and the suspicion that he meant to fight with me, and had Sir Thomas Payton with him, and that he would ride

to him, and that there were thirty or forty sent after us, to hinder us from meeting; shortly after many more came to the place where I was, and told me I must not fight, and that they were sent for the same purpose, and that it was to no purpose to stay there, and thence rode to seek the Lord of Walden; I stayed yet two hours longer, but finding still more company came in, rode back again to the Scotch quarters, and delivered the horse back again, and received my money and nag from Lieutenant Montgomery, and so withdrew myself to the French quarters, till I did find some convenient time to send again to the Lord Walden.

Being among the French, I remembered myself of the bravado of Monsieur Balagny, and coming to him told him I knew how brave a man he was, and that as he had put me to one trial of daring, when I was last with him in his trenches, I would put him to another; saying, I heard he had a fair mistress, and that the scarf he wore was her gift, and that I would maintain I had a worthier mistress than he, and that I would do as much for her sake as he, or any else, durst do for his. Balagny hereupon looking merrily upon me, said . . . that for his part, he had no mind to fight on that quarrel: I looking hereupon somewhat disdainfully on him, said he spoke more like a paillard than a cavalier; to which he answering nothing, I rode my ways, and afterwards went to Monsieur Terant, a French gentleman that belonged to the Duke of Montmorency, formerly mentioned; who telling me he had a quarrel with another gentleman, I offered to be his second, but he saying he was provided already, I rode thence to the English quarters, attending some fit occasion to send again to the Lord Walden: I came no sooner thither, but I found Sir Thomas Somerset with eleven or twelve more in the head of the English, who were then drawing forth in a body or squadron, who seeing me on horseback, with a footman only that attended me, gave me some affronting words, for my quarrelling with the Lord of Walden; whereupon I alighted, and giving my horse to my lackey, drew my sword, which he no sooner saw but he drew his, as also all the company with him; I running hereupon amongst them, put by some of their thrusts, and making towards him in particular, put by a thrust of his, and had certainly run him through, but that one Lieutenant Prichard, at that instant taking me by the shoulder, turned me aside; but I recovering myself again, ran at him a second time, which he perceiving, retired himself with the company to the tents which were near, though not so fast but I hurt one Proger, and some others also that were with him; but they being all at last got within the tents, I finding now nothing else to be done, got to my horse again, having received only a slight hurt on the outside of my ribs, and two thrusts, the one through the skirts of my doublet, and the other through my breeches, and about eighteen nicks upon my sword and hilt, and so rode to the trenches before Juliers, where our soldiers were.

Not long after this, the town being now surrendered, and every body preparing to go their ways, I sent again a gentleman to the Lord of Walden to offer him the meeting with my sword, but this was avoided not very handsomely by him (contrary to what Sir Henry Rich, now earl of Holland, persuaded him).

After having taken leave of his excellency Sir Edward Cecil, I thought fit to return on my way homewards as far as Dusseldorp. I had been scarce two hours in my lodgings when one Lieutenant Hamilton brought a letter from Sir James Areskin (who was then in town likewise) unto me, the effect wherof was, that in regard his Lieutenant Montgomery had told him that I had the said James Areskin's consent for borrowing his horse, he did desire me to do one of two things, which was, either to disavow the said words, which he thought in his conscience I never spake; or, if I would justify them, then to appoint time and place to fight with him. Having considered a while what I was to do in this case, I told Lieutenant Hamilton that I thought myself bound in honour to accept the more noble part of his proposition, which was to fight with him, when yet perchance it might be easy enough for me to say that I had his horse upon other terms than was affirmed; whereupon also giving Lieutenant Hamilton the length of my sword, I told him that as soon as ever he had matched it, I would fight with him, wishing further to make haste, since I desired to end the business as speedily as could be. Lieutenant Hamilton hereupon returning back, met in a cross street (I know not by what miraculous adventure) Lieutenant Montgomery, conveying divers of the hurt and maimed soldiers at the siege of St Juliers unto that town, to be lodged and dressed by the surgeons there; Hamilton hereupon calling to Montgomery, told him the effects of his captain's letter, together with my answer, which Montgomery no sooner heard, but he replied (as Hamilton told me afterwards), I see that noble gentleman chooseth rather to fight than to contradict me; but my telling a lie must not be an occasion why either my captain or he should hazard their lives: I will alight from my horse, and tell my captain presently how all that matter past; whereupon also he relating the business about borrowing the horse, in that manner I formerly set down, which as soon as Sir James Areskin heard, he sent Lieutenant Hamilton to me presently again, to tell me he was satisfied how the business past, and that he had nothing to say to me, but that he was my most humble servant, and was sorry he ever questioned me in that manner.

Lord Herbert's most famous poem is 'an Ode upon a question moved whether love should continue for ever,' and begins thus:

Having interr'd her Infant-birth,
The wat'ry ground, that late did mourn,
Was strew'd with flow'rs, for the return
Of the wish'd Bridegroom of the Earth.

The well-accorded Birds did sing
Their hymns unto the pleasant time,
And in a sweet consorted chime
Did welcome in the cheerful Spring.

To which, soft whistles of the Wind,
And warbling murmurs of a Brook,
And varied notes of leaves that shook,
An harmony of parts did bind.

While doubling joy unto each other
All in so rare consent was shown,
No happiness that came alone,
Nor pleasure that was not another.

When with a love none can express
That mutually happy pair,
Melander and Celinda fair,
The season with their loves did bless.

: two discuss the matter at some length, and is the conclusion of Melander's argument:

Nor here on earth then, or above,
Our good affection can impair,
For where God doth admit the fair
Think you that he excludeth Love?

These eyes again then eyes shall see,
And hands again these hands enfold,
And all chaste pleasures can be told
Shall with us everlasting be.

For if no use of sense remain,
When bodies once this life forsake,
Or they could no delight partake,
Why should they ever rise again?

And if every imperfect mind
Make love the end of knowledge here,
How perfect will our love be, where
All imperfection is refined!

Let then no doubt, Celinda, touch,
Much less your fairest mind invade:
Were not our souls immortal made
Our equal loves can make them such. . . .

So when from hence we shall be gone,
And be no more, nor you, nor I,
As one another's mystery,
Each shall be both, yet both but one.

This said, in her uplifted face,
Her eyes, which did that beauty crown,
Were like two stars, that having fall'n down,
Look up again to find their place.

While such a moveless silent peace
Did cease on their becalmèd sense,
One would have thought some Influence
Their ravish'd spirits did possess.

:e Remusat's monograph on Herbert (Paris, 1874), Churton ins's edition of the *Poems* (1881), Sidney Lee's edition of the *obiography* (1886), and Dr C. Güttler's *Herbert von Cherbury*, iticism of his psychological and religious philosophy (1900). *De Veritate* was translated into French in 1639. The only of his philosophical or religious works that was translated into lish was the *De Religione Gentilium* (translated in 1709). *De tis Errorum* and *De Religione Laici* were shorter tracts, also ting in a deistical direction.

George Herbert (1593–1633) was of noble h, but lives in history as a pious country gyman—'holy George Herbert,' who

The lowliest duties on himself did lay.

; father was descended from the Earls of Pemke, and the poet was born at Montgomery Castle Vales. His elder brother was the famous and rthodox Lord Herbert of Cherbury. George sed from Westminster in 1609 to Trinity lege, Cambridge; in 1614 was elected a fellow; l was public orator 1619–27. He was the mate friend of Sir Henry Wotton and Dr nne; and Lord Bacon is said to have enter- ied such a high regard for his learning and gment that he submitted his works to him ore publication. The poet was also in favour h King James, who gave him a sinecure office worth £120 per annum, which Queen Elizabeth had formerly given to Sir Philip Sidney. 'With this,' says Izaak Walton, 'and his annuity, and the advantages of his college, and of his oratorship, he enjoyed his genteel humour for clothes and court-like company, and seldom looked towards Cambridge unless the king were there; but then, he never failed.' The death of the king and of two powerful friends, the Duke of Richmond and the Marquis of Hamilton, destroyed Herbert's court hopes, and, induced thereto by Nicholas Ferrar and Laud, he took holy orders in 1630, and was made rector of Bemerton, in Wiltshire, where he passed the remainder of his life. After describing his marriage on the third day after his first interview with the lady, Izaak relates, with characteristic simplicity and minuteness, a quaint episode in the new incumbent's preparation for Bemerton: 'The third day after he was made rector of Bemerton, and had changed his sword and silk clothes into a canonical habit, he returned so habited with his friend Mr Woodnot to Bemerton; and immediately after he had seen and saluted his wife, he said to her: "You are now a minister's wife, and must now so far forget your father's house as not to claim a precedence of any of your parishioners; for you are to know that a priest's wife can challenge no precedence or place but that which she purchases by her obliging humility; and I am sure places so purchased do best become them. And let me tell you, I am so good a herald as to assure you that this is truth." And she was so meek a wife as to assure him it was no vexing news to her, and that he should see her observe it with a cheerful willingness.'

Herbert discharged his pastoral duties with saintly zeal and purity, but his strength was not equal to his self-imposed tasks, and he died in February 1633. Love and devotion to the mother-Church of England shines through all his poems. His principal work is *The Temple, or Sacred Poems and Private Ejaculations*. It was not printed till the year after his death, but was so well received that Walton says twenty thousand copies were sold in a few years. The poem on Virtue is one of his gems; but even there we find, as in all Herbert's poetry, disturbing conceits and oddities. Elsewhere we even have:

God gave thy soul brave wings; put not those feathers
Into a bed to sleep out all ill weathers.

Less audacious than his friend Donne, he yet permitted himself a kind of imagery that attracts some and repels others. James Montgomery said his *Temple* was 'devotion turned into masquerade.' Dr George Macdonald, on the other hand, holds that his use of homeliest imagery for highest thought ranks him with the highest kind of poets. His originality, his imaginative gift, his quaint humour, are undisputed. He is less sweet, less exquisite, has less of the ecstatic temper than Crashaw, but is terser, more English, more

genuine. In his own way he was very fastidious: his workmanship is elaborate, his rhythms are often intricate. He was a musician, and sang his own hymns to the lute or viol; one catches echoes of his music in the harmonious cadence of his verses. Crashaw and Vaughan, Charles the Martyr and Baxter the Puritan, Cowper and Coleridge, were amongst the warmest admirers of the *Temple* —more, perhaps, for the pregnancy and devoutness of his spiritual thoughts than for the purely poetic worth of his verse. His poetry alone would not have secured him so many loving readers had it not been for his single-minded and lovable character, enshrined in the pages of good old Walton;

GEORGE HERBERT.
From the Engraving by R. White in the British Museum.

his prose work, the *Country Parson;* and the warm and fervent piety which gave a charm to his life and breathes through all his writings.

Vertue.

Sweet day! so cool, so calm, so bright—
The bridall of the earth and skie;
The dews shall weep thy fall to-night;
For thou must die.

Sweet rose, whose hue, angrie and brave,
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,
Thy root is ever in its grave,
And thou must die.

Sweet spring, full of sweet days and roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie,
Thy music shews ye have your closes,
And all must die.

Onely a sweet and vertuous soul,
Like seasoned timber, never gives;
But though the whole world turn to coal,
Then chiefly lives.

The Pulley.

When God at first made man,
Having a glasse of blessings standing by,
'Let us,' said He, 'poure on him all we can;
Let the world's riches, which dispersed lie,
Contract into a span.'

So strength first made a way;
Then beautie flowed, then wisdome, honour, ple
When almost all was out, God made a stay;
Perceiving that, alone of all His treasure,
Rest in the bottome lay.

'For if I should,' said He,
'Bestow this jewell also on my creature,
He would adore my gifts instead of me,
And rest in Nature, not the God of Nature:
So both should losers be.

'Yet let him keep the rest,
But keep them, with repining restlessness;
Let him be rich and wearie that at least,
If goodnesse lead him not, yet wearinesse
May tosse him to my breast.'

Matins.

I cannot ope mine eyes
But Thou art ready there to catch
My mourning soul and sacrifice,
Then we must needs for that day make a matc

My God, what is a heart?
Silver, or gold, or precious stone,
Or starre, or rainbow, or a part
Of all these things, or all of them in one?

My God, what is a heart,
That Thou shouldst it so eye and wooe,
Pouring upon it all Thy art,
As if that Thou hadst nothing els to do?

Indeed, man's whole estate
Amounts, and richly, to serve Thee;
He did not heaven and earth create,
Yet studies them, not Him by whom they be.

Teach me Thy love to know;
That this new light which now I see
May both the work and workman shew;
Then by a sunne-beam I will climb to Thee.

Sunday.

O day most calm, most bright,
The fruit of this, the next world's bud,
The indorsement of supreme delight,
Writ by a Friend, and with His bloud;
The couch of Time, Care's balm and bay:
The week were dark but for thy light;
Thy torch doth shew the way.

The other dayes and thou
Make up one man, whose face *thou* art,
Knocking at heaven with thy brow:
The worky-daies are the back-part;
The burden of the week lies there,
Making the whole to stoop and bow,
Till thy release appeare.

Man had straight forward gone
To endlesse death: but thou dost pull
And turn us round, to look on One,
Whom, if we were not very dull,

We could not choose but look on still;
Since there is no place so alone,
The which he doth not fill.

Sundaies the pillars are
On which heaven's palace archèd lies:
The other days fill up the spare
And hollow room with vanities.
They are the fruitfull beds and borders
In God's rich garden: that is bare
Which parts their ranks and orders.

The Sundaies of man's life
Thredded together on Time's string,
Make bracelets to adorn the wife
Of the eternall glorious King:
On Sunday, heaven's gate stands ope;
Blessings are plentiful and rife,
More plentiful than hope.

This day my Saviour rose,
And did inclose this light for His;
That, as each beast his manger knows,
Man might not of his fodder misse:
Christ hath took in this piece of ground,
And made a garden there for those
Who want herbs for their wound.

The rest of our creation
Our great Redeemer did remove
With the same shake, which at His passion
Did the earth and all things with it move.
As Samson bore the doores away,
Christ's hands, though nailed, wrought our salvation,
And did unhinge that day.

The brightnesse of that day
We sullied by our foul offence:
Wherefore that robe we cast away,
Having a new at His expense,
Whose drops of bloud paid the full price,
That was required to make us gay,
And fit for paradise.

Thou art a day of mirth:
And where the week-daies trail on ground,
Thy flight is higher, as thy birth:
O let me take thee at the bound,
Leaping with thee from seven to seven,
Till that we both, being tossed from earth,
Flie hand in hand to heaven!

The Quip.

The merrie World did on a day
With his train-bands and mates agree
To meet together where I lay,
And all in sport to geere at me. jeer

First Beautie crept into a rose,
Which when I pluckt not, 'Sir,' said she,
'Tell me, I pray, whose hands are those?'
But Thou shalt answer, Lord, for me.

Then Money came, and chinking still,
'What tune is this, poore man?' said he;
'I heard in Musick you had skill:'
But Thou shalt answer, Lord, for me.

Then came brave Glorie puffing by
In silks that whistled, who but he!
He scarce allowed me half an eie:
But Thou shalt answer, Lord, for me.

Then came quick Wit and Conversation,
And he would needs a comfort be,
And, to be short, make an oration:
But Thou shalt answer, Lord, for me.

Yet when the houre of Thy designe
To answer these fine things shall come,
Speak not at large, say, I am Thine,
And then they have their answer home.

The Collar.

I struck the board, and cry'd, 'No more;
I will abroad.'
What, shall I ever sigh and pine?
My lines and life are free; free as the road,
Loose as the winde, as large as store.
Shall I be still in suit?
Have I no harvest but a thorn
To let me bloud, and not restore
What I have lost with cordiall fruit?
Sure there was wine
Before my sighs did drie it; there was corn
Before my tears did drown it;
Is the yeare onely lost to me?
Have I no bayes to crown it,
No flowers, no garlands gay? all blasted,
All wasted?
Not so, my heart; but there is fruit,
And thou hast hands.
Recover all thy sigh-blown age
On double pleasures; leave thy cold dispute
Of what is fit and not; forsake thy cage,
Thy rope of sands
Which pettie thoughts have made; and made to thee
Good cable, to enforce and draw,
And be thy law,
While thou didst wink and wouldst not see.
Away! take heed;
I will abroad.
Call in thy death's-head there, tie up thy fears;
He that forbears
To suit and serve his need
Deserves his load.
But as I rav'd and grew more fierce and wilde
At every word,
Methought I heard one calling, 'Childe;'
And I reply'd, 'My Lord.'

Herbert was decidedly High Church in sympathies, attached importance to the things Puritans made light of, and though he does not insist on asceticism for all, gives in the *Parson* quite painful prescriptions as to the extent to which fasting should be carried at the specified days and seasons. His native sagacity and insight are well shown in the chapter of the *Country Parson* suggestively called 'The Parson's Eye,' in which it will be noted that he assumes Gerson, chancellor of the University of Paris, to be the author of the *Imitatio Christi*:

The countrey parson, at spare times from action, standing on a hill and considering his flock, discovers two sorts of vices, and two sorts of vicious persons. There are some vices whose natures are alwayes clear and evident; as adultery, murder, hatred, lying, &c. There are other vices, whose natures, at least in the beginning,

are dark and obscure; as covetousnesse and gluttony. So likewise there are some persons who abstain not even from known sins: there are others, who when they know a sin evidently, they commit it not. It is true, indeed, they are long a-knowing it, being partiall to themselves, and witty to others who shall reprove them from it. A man may be both covetous and intemperate, and yet hear sermons against both, and himselfe condemn both in good earnest. And the reason hereof is, because the natures of these vices being not evidently discussed or known commonly, the beginnings of them are not easily observabled; and the beginnings of them are not observed, because of the suddain passing from that which was just now lawfull, to that which is presently unlawfull, even in one continued action. So, a man dining eats at first lawfully: but proceeding on, comes to do unlawfully, even before he is aware; not knowing the bounds of the action, nor when his eating begins to be unlawfull. So a man storing up mony for his necessary provisions, both in present for his family and in future for his children, hardly perceives when his storing becomes unlawfull: yet is there a period for his storing, and a point or center when his storing, which was even now good, passeth from good to bad.—Wherefore the parson, being true to his businesse, hath exactly sifted the definitions of all vertues and vices; especially canvassing those whose natures are most stealing, and beginnings uncertain. Particularly, concerning these two vices: not because they are all that are of this dark and creeping disposition, but for example sake, and because they are most common; he thus thinks:—

First, for covetousnes he lays this ground. Whosoever, when a just occasion cals, either spends not at all, or not in some proportion to God's blessing upon him, is covetous. The reason of the ground is manifest; because wealth is given to that end, to supply our occasions. Now, if I do not give every thing its end, I abuse the creature; I am false to my reason, which should guide me; I offend the supreme Judg, in perverting that order which He hath set both to things and to reason. The application of the ground would be infinite. But in brief, a poor man is an occasion; my countrey is an occasion; my friend is an occasion; my table is an occasion; my apparell is an occasion. If in all these and those more which concerne me, I either do nothing, or pinch, and scrape, and squeeze blood, indecently to the station wherein God hath placed me, I am covetous. More particularly, and to give one instance for all; If God have given me servants, and I either provide too little for them or that which is unwholsome, being sometimes baned [diseased] meat, sometimes too salt, and so not competent nourishment, I am covetous. I bring this example because men usually think that servants for their mony are as other things that they buy; even as a piece of wood which they may cut, or hack, or throw into the fire; and, so they pay them their wages, all is well.—Nay to descend yet more particularly; if a man hath wherewithall to buy a spade, and yet hee chuseth rather to use his neighbour's and wear out that, he is covetous. Nevertheless, few bring covetousness thus low, or consider it so narrowly; which yet ought to be done, since there is a justice in the least things, and for the least there shall be a judgment. Countrey people are full of these petty injustices, being cunning to make use of another, and spare themselves. And scholers ought to be diligent in the observation of these, and driving of their generall school-rules even to the smallest actions of life: which while they dwell in their bookes, they will never finde; but being seated in the countrey, and doing their duty faithfully, they will soon discover; especially if they carry their eyes ever open, and fix them on their charge, and not on their preferment.

Secondly, for gluttony, the parson lays this ground. He that either for quantity eats more than his health or imployments will bear, or for quality is licorous after dainties, is a glutton;—as he that eats more then his estate will bear, is a prodigall; and hee that eats offensively to the company, either in his order or length of eating, is scandalous and uncharitable. These three rules generally comprehend the faults of eating; and the truth of them needs no proof. So that men must eat, neither to the disturbance of their health, nor of their affairs, (which, being over-burdened or studying dainties too much, they cannot wel dispatch,) nor of their estate, nor of their brethren. One act in these things is bad, but it is the custom and habit that names a glutton. Many think they are at more liberty then they are, as if they were masters of their health; and so they will stand to the pain, all is well. But to eat to one's hurt comprehends, besides the hurt, an act against reason, because it is unnaturall to hurt oneself; and this they are not masters of. Yet of hurtfull things I am more bound to abstain from those which by my own experience I have found hurtfull, then from those which by a common tradition and vulgar knowledge are reputed to be so.—That which is said of hurtfull meats, extends to hurtfull drinks also. As for the quantity, touching our imployments, none must eat so as to disable themselves from a fit discharging either of divine duties, or duties of their calling. So that if after dinner they are not fit (or unweeldy) either to pray or work, they are gluttons. Not that all must presently work after dinner. For they rather must not work, especially students, and those that are weakly. But that they must rise so as that it is not meate or drink that hinders them from working. To guide them in this there are three rules. First, the custome and knowledge of their own body, and what it can well digest. The second, the feeling of themselves in time of eating; which because it is deceitfull (for one thinks in eating that he can eat more then afterwards he finds true). The third is the observation with what appetite they sit down. This last rule joyned with the first never fails. For knowing what one usually can digest, and feeling when I go to meat in what disposition I am, either hungry or not; according as I feele myself, either I take my wonted proportion or diminish of it. Yet phisicians bid those that would live in health, not keep an uniform diet, but to feed variously; now more, now lesse. And Gerson, a spirituall man, wisheth all to incline rather to too much, then to too little; his reason is, because diseases of exinanition are more dangerous then diseases of repletion. But the parson distinguisheth according to his double aime; either of abstinence a morall vertue, or mortification a divine. When he deals with any that is heavy and carnall, he gives him those freer rules. But when he meets with a refined and heavenly disposition, he carryes them higher, even somtimes to a forgetting of themselves; knowing there is One Who, when they forget, remembers for them. As when the people hungered and thirsted after our Saviour's doctrine, and tarryed so long at it that they would have fainted had they returned empty, He suffered

t not, but rather made food miraculously then suffered so good desires to miscarry.

Jacula Prudentum is a collection of about a thousand short sayings and proverbs from various quarters, many of them, as Herbert says, 'outlandish,' but some of them no doubt his own. Thus there are some from Burton (see page 440).

See Herbert's *Works in Prose and Verse*, with the Life by Izaak Walton and notes by Coleridge (1846); other editions by Nichol (1863), Grosart (1876), and Shorthouse (1882); and an excellent anonymous Life (S.P.C.K., 1893).

George Wither (1588–1667) was a voluminous author, in the midst of disasters that would have damped the spirit of any but an enthusiast. Some of his happiest strains were composed in prison; spite of stone walls and iron bars, his fancy was among the hills and plains, with shepherds hunting, or loitering with Poesy by rustling boughs and murmuring springs. There is a delightful freshness and natural vivacity in Wither's early poetry; though he became harsh, obscure, and affected when the brightness of youth passed from him. At his best he had great diversity of style and subject, and a gift of true poetical feeling and expression. Wither, born on the 11th of June 1588, at Bentworth, near Alton, in Hampshire, studied at Magdalen College, Oxford, and was entered at Lincoln's Inn. For his satire *Abuses Stript and Whipt* (1613) he was thrown into the Marshalsea, where he composed several of his best poems, and in particular his pastoral, *The Shepheards' Hunting*. In the civil war Wither took the popular side, and sold his paternal estate to raise a troop of horse for the Parliament. He rose to the rank of major, and in 1642 was made governor of Farnham Castle. During the struggles of that period the poet was made prisoner by the royalists and stood in danger of capital punishment, when Denham interfered for his brother-bard, alleging that as long as Wither lived he (Denham) would not be considered the worst poet in England. The joke was a good one if it saved Wither's life. He was afterwards Cromwell's major-general in Surrey, and Master of the Statute Office. From the sequestrated estates of the royalists Wither obtained a considerable fortune; but the Restoration came, and he was stripped of all his possessions. He remonstrated loudly and angrily; his remonstrances were voted libels, and for a satire on the Parliament of 1661 the unlucky poet was again thrown into prison. He was released, under bond for good behaviour, in 1663, and died in London on the 2nd of May 1667.

Wither's fame is derived chiefly from his early poems, written before he had come under Puritan influences or been embroiled in the war. The *Shepheards' Hunting* (in which Willy is his friend the poet William Browne, and Philarete is himself) was issued in 1615, as was also *Fidelia*. His *Motto*, a confession in two thousand lines of verse, appeared in 1621; his *Juvenilia*, a reprint of all his best work, in 1622. *Faire Virtue or the Mistresse of Philarete* (1622) displays Wither's genius in its transitional state. Certain portions of this collection of lyrics have extraordinary beauty, such as the opening lines descriptive of the poet's home in Hampshire, but the beauties are interspersed with long passages of the dullest and commonest kind, showing how rapidly Wither was losing his charm. Much of Wither's religious poetry is sweet, tender, and devout (though as he advanced in life much of it, like his version of the Lord's Prayer and the Creed, became little better than doggerel). *The Hymns and Songs of the Church* (1623) were set to music by Orlando Gibbons. *The Psalms of David translated* appeared in 1632, the *Emblems Ancient and Modern* in 1635. Among the two hundred and thirty hymns in *Hallelujah*, another collection—designed for persons and purposes as various as members of Parliament, jailers, poets, tailors, for sheep-shearings, for house-warmings—there are two or three still found in modern hymn-books, such as 'Behold the Sun that seemed but now,' 'The Lord is King and heareth.' Wither's satirical and controversial works were numerous but without merit.

Long before his death his poetry had fallen into oblivion. Pope in the *Dunciad* stigmatised him as 'wretched Withers'—'Withers' is a recognised spelling of the family name—and spoke of him as sleeping among the dull of ancient days, safe where no critics damn. Bishop Percy was kindlier, holding him 'not altogether devoid of genius.' But George Ellis, in his *Specimens of Early English Poets* (1790), was the first to call to mind 'that playful fancy, pure taste, and artless delicacy of sentiment, which distinguish the poetry of his early youth.' Sir Egerton Brydges, Southey, Hallam, and especially Charles Lamb (in the Essay of 1818) restored him to his place in the Temple of Fame. Wither's poem on Christmas affords a lively picture of the manners of the times. His *Address to Poetry*, the one cheering companion of his prison solitude, recounts the various charms and the 'divine skill' of his Muse, that had derived nourishment and delight from the 'meanest objects' of external nature—a daisy, a bush, or a tree; and, when these picturesque and beloved scenes of the country were denied him, could gladden even the vaults and shades of a prison.

From 'The Shepheards' Hunting.'

Philarete. Cheere thee, honest Willy, then,
And begin thy song agen.
Willy. Faine I would, but I doe feare
When againe my lines they heare,
If they yeeld they are my rimes,
They will faine some other crimes;
And 'tis no safe ventring-by
Where we see *Detraction* ly.
For doe what I can, I doubt,
She will picke some quarrell out;
And I oft have heard defended,
Little said, is soone amended.
Phil. See'st thou not in clearest dayes,
Oft thicke fogs cloud heav'ns rayes,

And that vapours which doe breath
From the earths grosse wombe beneath,
Seeme not to us with black steames,
To pollute thè sunnes bright beames,
And yet vanish into ayre,
Leaving it unblemisht faire?
So (my Willy) shall it bee
With *Detractions* breath on thee.
It shall never rise so hie,
As to staine thy poesie.
As that sunne doth oft exhale
Vapours from each rotten vale;
Poesie so sometime draines
Grosse conceits from muddy braines;
Mists of envy, fogs of spight,
Twixt mens judgements and her light:
But so much her power may do,
That shee can dissolve them to.
If thy verse doe bravely tower,
As shee makes wing, she gets power:
Yet the higher she doth sore,
Shee 's affronted still the more:
Till shee to the high'st hath past,
Then she rests with fame at last,
Let nought therefore thee affright:
But make forward in thy flight:
For if I could match thy rime,
To the very starres I 'de clime.
There begin again and flye
Till I reach'd Æternity.
But (alasse) my Muse is slow:
For thy place shee flags too low:
Yea, the more 's her haplesse fate,
Her short wings were clipt of late.
And poore I, her fortune ruing,
Am my selfe put up a muing.
But if I my cage can rid,
I 'le flye where I never did.
And though for her sake I 'me crost,
Though my best hopes I have lost,
And knew she would make my trouble
Ten times more then ten times double:
I should love and keepe her to,
Spight of all the world could doe.
For though banish't from my flockes,
And confin'd within these rockes,
Here I waste away the light,
And consume the sullen night,
She doth for my comfort stay,
And keepes many cares away.
Though I misse the flowry fields,
With those sweets the spring-tyde yeelds,
Though I may not see those groves
Where the shepheards chant their loves,
(And the lasses more excell,
Then the sweet voyc'd *Philomel*,)
Though of all those pleasures past
Nothing now remaines at last
But *Remembrance* (poore reliefe)
That more makes then mends my griefe:
Shee 's my mindes companion still,
Maugre envies evill will.
(Whence she should be driven to,
Wer 't in mortals power to do.)
She doth tell me where to borrow
Comfort in the midst of sorrow;
Makes the desolatest place
To her presence be a grace;
And the blackest discontents
To be pleasing ornaments.
In my former dayes of blisse,
Her divine skill taught me this,
That from every thing I saw,
I could some invention draw:
And raise pleasure to her height,
Through the meanest objects sight.
By the murmure of a spring,
Or the least boughes rusteling;
By a dazie whose leaves spred,
Shut when *Tytan* goes to bed;
Or a shady bush or tree,
She could more infuse in mee
Then all Natures beauties can
In some other wiser man.
By her helpe I also now
Make this churlish place allow
Some things that may sweeten gladnes,
In the very gall of sadnes.
The dull loannesse, the blacke shade,
That these hanging vaults have made;
The strange musicke of the waves,
Beating on these hollow caves;
This blacke den which rocks embosse
Over-growne with eldest mosse;
The rude portals that give light,
More to *Terror* then *Delight*;
This my chamber of *Neglect*,
Wall'd about with *Disrespect*;—
From all these and this dull ayre,
A fit object for *Despaire*,
She hath taught me by her might
To draw comfort and delight.
Therefore thou best earthly blisse,
I will cherish thee for this,
Poesie; thou sweet'st content
That e're heav'n to mortals lent:
Though they as a trifle leave thee
Whose dull thoughts cannot conceive thee,
Though thou be to them a scorne,
That to nought but earth are borne:
Let my life no longer be
Then I am in love with thee.
Though our wise ones call thee madnesse
Let me never taste of gladnesse
If I love not thy madd'st fits,
More then all their greatest wits.
And though some too seeming holy
Doe account thy raptures folly,
Thou dost teach me to contemne
What make *Knaves* and *Fooles* of them.

The Steadfast Shepherd.

Hence away, you Syrens, leave me,
And unclaspe your wanton armes;
Sugred words shall ne're deceive me,
(Though thou prove a thousand charmes.)
Fie, fie, forbeare;
No common snare
Could ever my affection chaine:
Your painted baits,
And poore deceits,
Are all bestowed on me in vaine.

I 'me no slave to such as you be;
Neither shall a snowy brest,
Wanton eye, or lip of ruby,
Ever robb me of my rest.
Goe, goe, display
Your beauties ray
To some ore-soone enamour'd swaine.
Those common wiles
Of sighs and smiles
Are all bestowed on me in vaine.

I have elsewhere vowed a dutie;
Turne away thy tempting eyes.
Shew not me a naked beautie,
Those impostures I despise.
My spirit lothes,
Where gawdy clothes
And fained othes may love obtaine.
I love her so
Whose looke sweares No;
That all your labours will be vaine.

Can he prize the tainted posies
Which on every brest are worne;
That may plucke the spotlesse roses
From their never-touched thorne?
I can goe rest
On her sweet brest
That is the pride of Cynthia's traine.
Then hold your tongues;
Your mermaid songs
Are all bestow'd on me in vaine.

Hee 's a foole that basely dallies
Where each peasant mates with him.
Shall I haunt the thronged vallies,
Whilst ther 's noble hils to climbe?
No, no; though clownes
Are skar'd with frownes,
I know the best can but disdaine:
And those Ile prove;
So shall your love
Be all bestowed on me in vaine.

Yet I would not daigne embraces
With the greatest-fairest shee,
If another shar'd those graces,
Which had beene bestowed on me.
I gave that one,
My love, where none
Shall come to robb me of my gaine.
Your fickle hearts
Makes teares, and arts,
And all, bestowed on me in vaine.

I doe scorne to vow a dutie
Where each lustfull lad may wooe.
Give me her whose sun-like beautie
Buzzards dare not soare unto.
Shee, shee it is
Affoords that blisse;
For which I would refuse no paine.
But such as you,
Fond fooles, adue;
You seeke to captive me in vaine.

Prowd she seem'd in the beginning,
And disdaind my looking on:
But that coy one in the winning,
Proves a true one being wonne.
What ere betide,
Shee 'l nere divide
The favour shee to me shall daigne.
But your fond love
Will fickle prove:
And all that trust in you are vaine.

Therefore know, when I enjoy one,
(And for love employ my breath),
Shee I court shall be a coy one,
Though I winne her with my death.
A favour there
Few ayme at dare.
And if perhaps some lover plaine,
Shee is not wonne,
Nor I undone,
By placing of my love in vaine.

Leave me then, you Syrens, leave me;
Seeke no more to worke my harmes:
Craftie wiles cannot deceive me
Who am proofe against your charmes.
You labour may
To lead astray
The heart that constant shall remaine:
And I the while
Will sit and smile,
To see you spend your time in vaine.

(From *The Mistresse of Philarete.*)

Christmas.

So now is come our joyfulst feast;
Let every man be jolly.
Each roome with yvie leaves is drest,
And every post with holly.
Though some churles at our mirth repine,
Round your forheads garlands twine,
Drowne sorrow in a cup of wine.
And let us all be merry.

Now all our neighbours chimneys smoke,
And Christmas blocks are burning;
Their ovens they with bak't-meats choke,
And all their spits are turning.
Without the doore let sorrow lie:
And if for cold it hap to die,
Weele bury 't in a Christmas pye,
And evermore be merry.

Now every lad is wondrous trimm,
And no man minds his labour.
Our lasses have provided them
A bag-pipe and a tabor.
Young men and mayds, and girles and boyes,
Give life to one anothers joyes:
And you anon shall by their noyse
Perceive that they are merry.

Ranke misers now doe sparing shun:
Their hall of musicke soundeth:
And dogs thence with whole shoulders run,
So all things there aboundeth.
The countrey-folke themselves advance;
For crowdy-mutton 's come out of France:
And Jack shall pipe, and Jyll shall daunce,
And all the towne be merry.

Ned Swash hath fetcht his bands from pawne,
And all his best apparell.
Brisk Nell hath bought a ruffe of lawne,
With droppings of the barrell.

And those that hardly all the yeare
Had bread to eat or raggs to weare,
Will have both clothes and daintie fare:
And all the day be merry.

Now poore men to the justices
With capons make their arrants, errands
And if they hap to faile of these,
They plague them with their warrants.
But now they feed them with good cheere,
And what they want, they take in beere:
For Christmas comes but once a yeare,
And then they shall be merry.

Good farmours in the countrey nurse
The poore, that else were undone.
Some land lords spend their money worse
On lust and pride at London.
There the roysters they doe play;
Drabb and dice their lands away,
Which may be ours another day:
And therefore lets be merry.

The clyent now his suit forbeares,
The prisoners heart is eased,
The debtor drinks away his cares,
And for the time is pleased.
Though others purses be more fat,
Why should we pine or grieve at that?
Hang sorrow, care will kill a cat,
And therefore lets be merry.

Harke how the wagges abrode doe call
Each other foorth to rambling.
Anon youle see them in the hall,
For nutts and apples scambling.
Harke how the roofes with laughters sound!
Annon they'l thinke the house goes round:
For they the sellars depth have found.
And there they will be merry.

The wenches with their wassell-bowles,
About the streets are singing:
The boyes are come to catch the owles,
The wild-mare in is bringing.
Our kitchin-boy hath broke his boxe,
And to the dealing of the oxe,
Our honest neighbours come by flocks,
And here they will be merry.

Now kings and queenes poore sheep-cotes have,
And mate with every body:
The honest now may play the knave,
And wise men play at noddy.
Some youths will now a mumming goe;
Some others play at Rowland-hoe,
And twenty other gameboyes moe:
Because they will be merry.

Then wherefore in these merry daies,
Should we, I pray, be duller?
No; let us sing some roundelayes,
To make our mirth the fuller.
And whilest thus inspir'd we sing,
Let all the streets with ecchoes ring:
Woods and hil's and every thing,
Beare witnesse we are merry.

(From the Miscellany appended to *The Mistresse of Philarete.*)

In Hampshire *crowdy* is a kind of pie; the *wild-mare*, a see-saw in Shakespeare, is here the Yule-log; *gameboyes* is gambols.

A Sonnet upon a Stolne Kisse.

Now gentle sleepe hath closed up those eyes,
Which waking kept my boldest thoughts in aw
And free accesse unto that sweet lip lies,
From whence I long the rosie breath to draw.
Me thinkes no wrong it were, if I should steal
From those two melting rubies one poore kisse
None sees the theft, that would the thiefe reve
Nor rob I her of ought which she can misse:
Nay, should I twenty kisses take away,
There would be little signe I had done so:
Why then should I this robbery delay?
Oh! she may wake, and therewith angry grow.
Well, if she do, Ile back restore that one,
And twenty hundred thousand more for lone

(From the Miscellany appended to *The Mistresse of Phil*

The Author's Resolution in a Sonnet.

Shall I, wasting in despaire
Dye because a woman 's fair?
Or make pale my cheeks with care,
Cause anothers Rosie are?
Be she fairer than the Day
Or the flowry Meads in May,
If she thinke not well of me,
What care I how faire she be?

Shall my seely heart be pin'd
Cause I see a woman kind?
Or a well disposed Nature
Joyned with a lovely feature?
Be she meeker, kinder than
Turtle-dove or Pellican:
If she be not so to me,
What care I how kind she be?

Shall a woman's Vertues move
Me to perish for her Love?
Or her wel deservings knowne
Make me quite forget mine own?
Be she with that Goodness blest
Which may merit name of best:
If she be not such to me,
What care I how good she be?

Cause her Fortune seems too high
Shall I play the fool and die?
She that beares a Noble mind,
If not outward helpes she find,
Thinks what with them he wold do,
That without them dares her wooe.
And unlesse that Minde I see
What care I how great she be?

Great, or good, or kind, or faire
I will ne're the more despaire:
If she love me (this beleeve)
I will die ere she shall grieve.
If she slight me when I wooe,
I can scorne and let her goe,
For if she be not for me
What care I for whom she be?

(From *Fidel*

The principal reprints of Wither's works are those of the Sp Society (1871–83). Professor Arber issued *Philarete* and *Fi* in his 'English Garner;' and Professor Henry Morley publish selection from the poems in 1891.

ncis Rous (1579–1659), who divides with)avid the honour of being the sweet psalmist Scottish people, was a Cornishman, born at her's house of Halton, near Saltash. At he was already known as a sonneteer, and he was twenty he had published *Thule or History*, a poem in imitation of Spenser. ıduated at Leyden too, and entered the :; but, settling in the country, produced n 1616 and 1627 a series of theological and nal works—*Meditations of Instruction*, *The)f Happines*, *The Oyl of Scorpions*, &c. s sent up to the House of Commons by in 1625, was conspicuous in Parliament, 1643 was made provost of Eton College. hdrew from the Presbyterian party, became g Independent, was a member of Cromwell's l of State, and a month or two before his vas by Cromwell created a Lord of Parlia-

He was a strenuous opponent both of and of Arminianism, and continued to write ical and political pamphlets and treatises— : *Mystical Marriage of the Soul to the r*, the *Heavenlie Academie*, &c.; and a · of his most important speeches have been ed. His translation of the Psalms (1643))t sanctioned by the English Parliament, :er being revised by himself (1646) and in a good many places by a Scottish com- was adopted both by the General Assembly e Scottish Parliament. Like the West- · Assembly's *Shorter Catechism*, also an ı production, the metrical translation of the became not merely part of the most ed spiritual inheritance of the Scottish but an important element in its intellectual on for more than two centuries. It served ; a kind of model for verse-writing to those ıd access to few more poetical standards, ıs only gradually extruded from its supre- s the vehicle of praise in the public worship chief Presbyterian communions after the of the nineteenth century. It is mostly in on' ballad metre, with some 'long' metre and a few 'peculiar' metres; is literal to over) the verge of unintelligibility, utterly the dignity of the original; and as verse h, uncouth, and generally hardly better than el. But it is terse, simple, sincere; has vourable comment from critics with no pre- ın for things Presbyterian or Scottish; was :d as an adequate rendering of the psalter ıtion far from illiterate; and was interwoven ıe most sacred associations of many genera- f earnest Christian people.

's version of the Psalms was printed in evised in 1646, and approved by the Long ıent, but never came into use in Eng- The first metrical version used in Scotland he Reformation till 1650 was the English Version' by Sternhold, Hopkins, and There was a version by King James and the Earl of Stirling (printed 1631), one by Mure of Rowallan (circulated in MS.), and one by Zachary Boyd (1646); but none of these was ever adopted for public worship. The General Assembly of the Kirk of Scotland, having Rous's version sent to them by the English Parliament, appointed a committee (including Zachary Boyd) to revise Rous's version for use in Scotland, taking advantage of Mure's and Boyd's versions; and in 1650 sanctioned the result of the committee's labours, still the standard version in Scotland. We give the last three verses of the Twenty-third Psalm in Rous's two versions, and that finally adopted by the Kirk of Scotland in 1650. Boyd's is given at page 515. A comparison will show how completely the so-called 'Scottish' version may still be regarded as the handiwork of the old English Roundhead.

Rous's Original Version, 1643.

And though I were even at death's doore,
yet would I feare none ill;
Thy rod, thy staffe do comfort me,
and thou art with me still.

Thou hast my table richly spread
in presence of my foe;
My head with oile thou dost anoint,
my cup doth overflow.

Thy grace and mercy all my daies
shall surely follow me;
And ever in the house of God
my dwelling place shall be.

Rous's own Revised Version, 1646.

Yea though I walk in death's dark vale
I 'le fear no evil thing;
Thou art with me, thy rod, thy staffe
to me do comfort bring.

Before me thou a table fitt'st
in presence of my foes:
My head thou dost with oile anoint,
my cup it overflowes.

Goodnesse and mercy all my life
shall surely follow me;
And in God's house for evermore
my dwelling place shall be.

Rous revised by the Scottish Committee, 1650.

Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,
yet will I fear none ill:
For thou art with me; and thy rod
and staff me comfort still.

My table thou hast furnished
in presence of my foes;
My head thou dost with oil anoint,
and my cup overflows.

Goodness and mercy all my life
shall surely follow me:
And in God's house for evermore
my dwelling-place shall be.

SCOTTISH LITERATURE.

James VI. to the Civil War.

WHEN the various racial and tribal elements in North Britain had been hammered into one monarchy, it was the Anglic stock of the Lowlands and not the Scotic of the West Highlands that obtained the upper hand under the Celtic line of kings; and it was their language—the Anglian, Northumbrian, or Northern English—spoken in the same form from the Forth to the Humber, that became the national language, and assisted in the process, not yet quite completed, of welding the several peoples of the north (Celtic, Anglic, Norse, and other) into one nation. The Highlander is yet very unlike the Lowlander in many points of temperament and character; but the national type is the essentially Anglo-Saxon, utterly un-Celtic Lowlander, hyper-English in his caution, 'dourness,' and undemonstrativeness. In Bede's mouth Scotta-land meant the land of the Irish settlers in Argyll, of the Scoti; but by-and-by the Southrons naturally came to regard as Scots all the subjects of the sovereign officially styled King of Scots, and called his whole country Scotland. Inevitable, too, it was that the Lowlanders, though Anglic to the bone, should, in contradistinction to the Southern English with whom they were so often at war, at length speak of themselves as Scots. But apparently they carefully avoided speaking of their language as Scottish. Till the sixteenth century the Scottish tongue in Lowland usage meant the Scotic Erse or Irish Gaelic of Argyll. It was not till a time of special embitterment in the long wars between the northern and southern kingdoms, when north of Tweed resentment against the Southrons had reached its highest pitch, that, as we have seen, a Lowlander was moved to speak of the Lowland vernacular as Scottis (see page 164). And long before this the influence of Southern English on this Lowland tongue was quite marked.

The charm and power of the poetry of Chaucer contributed very largely to make the English of the southern Midlands the literary language for the whole of the great southern kingdom, reducing alike the tongue of the northerners in Northumbria and of the southerners in Sussex and Hampshire to the rank of provincial dialects. Chaucer's power is seen in the fact that his combination of the native Midland English with the Norman-French, which for three hundred years had been the literary language of England, was henceforth, though to a very great extent French in vocabulary, to be regarded as the 'well of English undefiled.' In Scotland French never was the literary tongue, and though some Scots writers at times affected a pedantic Gallicism, the vernacular of the Lowlands never admitted anything like the same proportion of French words as did literary English; the words for which, in reading Lowland Scots, an Englishman requires a glossary are in the vast majority of cases words of pure English stock, fallen in England into desuetude. But on the vernacular benorth the Tweed Chaucer's influence was also powerful, and southern forms became more and more frequent in Scots prose and verse. The Reformation (see page 166) gave a prodigious impulse to the Anglicising process; and the period from the first Reformation to what in Scotland is called the Second Reformation may be regarded as the last age during which the northern vernacular, the Lowland Scots, was the national tongue of the country beyond the Tweed. Of Scottish national literature in the national tongue it might at the accession of James to the crown of England have been said—as a century later at the union of the kingdoms was said by the Scottish chancellor of the Scottish parliament and polity—'Now there's ane end of ane old song.' For from the union of the crowns it became the ambition of educated Scotsmen to write, and to be able to speak, the literary English of the court and of the south. And when in the beginning of the eighteenth century there was a revival of Lowland Scots it was not as a national tongue but as a provincial vernacular, admitted to literary use only for certain specific purposes. For the general purposes of literature English remained the vehicle; nobody now wrote *books* in Scotch. Even Burns wrote many poems in English; and his letters are invariably in English, and rather florid English (save on the two or three occasions when he wrote a facetious and extravagant jargon). Scott made admirable use of an eclectic and partially Anglicised Lowland Scots for dialogue in his novels and in some of his songs; but even in writing the history of Scotland for a Scottish boy, he would have regarded as absurd any attempt to indite the work in the Lowland vernacular he knew and loved so well. If not in James's reign, then during the commotions begun under his successor the Lowland Scots ceases to be the normal literary instrument of Scotsmen. The vernacular was reserved for increasingly restricted purposes and for secondary literary uses; in conversation even the educated

went on speaking at home a mixed dialect quite as much Scottish as English. But the language of the pulpit and the bar, as well as of books, approximated very closely to English, with northern words and frequent Scotticisms it might be; the transitional compounds of Scottish-English or English-Scottish are many, curious, and variously proportioned. By the middle of the seventeenth century many Scotsmen wrote passable English, though when they essayed to speak it their tongue bewrayed them—the Scottish 'accent' remained indefeasible; even to this day a perfectly English tongue in a Scottish mouth is sufficiently rare. But with the educated it is a matter of intonation and utterance, hardly at all of vocabulary or dialect.

The outstanding fact in the history of Scottish literature (see pages 167, 168) is that, from the later part of the sixteenth century and throughout the next, notable names are—in contrast with earlier profusion—sadly few in number. Against scores of famous English writers, including Spenser and Shakespeare, Sidney and Raleigh, Hooker and Bacon, it is difficult to choose a dozen Scotsmen as worth naming at all, even if one includes Montgomery and Ayton, the Earls of Stirling and Ancrum. Who but specialists read even Drummond now? Napier was a genius, but he does not belong to literature; Rutherford and Leighton are prized for their spiritual and devotional power. We set to the national credit all the Scottish authors who—like Drummond and most of the others in verse; like the amazing Sir Thomas Urquhart, the 'Bluidy Mackenzie,' and Fletcher of Saltoun in prose—wrote no longer Scotch, but as good English as they could compass. But even so, Scotland has little or nothing to set alongside the works of Hobbes, Milton, Jeremy Taylor, Bunyan, Dryden; nothing at all to give promise of a coming renascence—of Hume and Adam Smith, of Dugald Stewart, Smollett, Boswell, Henry Mackenzie, Burns, in the eighteenth century; or of Scott and Jeffrey, of Chalmers, Christopher North, Carlyle, in the nineteenth.

As Professor Masson testifies, he is but a poor Scotsman who, noting the literary insignificance of Scotland in the seventeenth century, forgets that it was then precisely that Scotland exerted its most decisive influence on the general history of the British islands, or doubts that the result was largely 'traceable to Scotland's obstinate perseverance so long in her own peculiar politico-ecclesiastical controversy, and to what had been argued or done in the course of it, on one side or the other, by such men as Andrew Melville, Alexander Henderson, Argyle, Montrose, Claverhouse, and Carstares.' The century may be roughly divided into two halves; and the barrenness of this most barren period is mitigated by the first appearance—or by the redaction in something like their present shape—of many of the Scottish ballads.

King James VI. and I. (1566–1625), the Scottish Solomon, would have been untrue to himself had he not even in boyhood cherished the ambition of gaining fame as an author. 'The wisest fool in Christendom' was exceptionally well educated, and had some literary aptitude: Macaulay, exaggerating antitheses as usual, affirmed that he was made up of two men—'a nervous drivelling fool, who acted,' and 'a witty well-read scholar, who wrote, disputed, and harangued.' But his writing, like his disputing and haranguing, was mostly tedious and to little purpose.

He began to publish when a boy of eighteen, and in the Scottish vernacular. *Ane Schort Treatise of Scottis Poesie* (1584) contained 'reulis and cautelis to be observit and eschewit,' absurd and arbitrary many of them; but all early literary criticism has historic value. The *Treatise* was followed by his *Essayes of a Prentise in the Divine Art of Poesie*, in which he doubtless illustrated as far as he could his rules and cautions, without too great success: the experiments comprised sonnets in Scottish; *Ane Schort Poeme of Tyme*, also in Scottish; *The Phœnix*, inspired by Pliny, in seven-line stanzas; and a close and fairly spirited translation of *L'Uranie* of Du Bartas, who, as ambassador from the King of Navarre, flattered the King of Scots to the top of his bent. A later volume of *Poeticall Exercises* contains more translations from Du Bartas, the king's extraordinary doggerel glorification of the battle of Lepanto in ballad metre, and a translation of the same into French by the admiring diplomat, as the work of 'the Apollo of our time'! This longest of James's poems (nearly a thousand lines) runs like this:

The Turquish Host in manner like
  Themselves they did array,
The which two Bashaas did command
  And order everie way.
For Portan Basha had in charge
  To governe all by land,
And Ali-Basha had by sea
  The only cheife command.

The *Schort Poeme of Tyme* belongs to a decidedly higher category:

As I was pansing in a morning aire, pensing, meditating
  And could not sleip nor nawayis take me rest,
Furth for to walk, the morning was sa faire,
  Athort the fields, it seemed to me the best.
  The East was cleare, whereby belyve I gest guessed
That fyrie Titan cumming was in sight,
Obscuring chast Diana by his light.

Who by his rysing in the azure skyes,
  Did dewlie helse all thame on earth do dwell. greet
The balmie dew through birning drouth he dryis,
  Which made the soile to savour sweit and smell,
  By dew that on the night before downe fell,
Which then was soukit up by the Delphienns heit
Up in the aire: it was so light and weit.

Whose hie ascending in his purpour Sphere
  Provoked all from Morpheus to flee :
As beasts to feid, and birds to sing with beir, birr, noise
  Men to their labour, bissie as the Bee :
  Yet ydle men devysing did I see
How for to dryve the tyme that did them irk,
By sindrie pastymes, quhill that it grew mirk.

Then woundred I to see them seik a wyle
  So willingly the precious tyme to tyne : lose
And how they did them selfis so farr begyle,
  To fashe of tyme, which of itself is fyne. trouble at —brief
  Fra tyme be past to call it bakwart syne
Is bot in vaine : therefore men sould be warr ware
To sleuth the tyme that flees fra them so farr. pursue

For what hath man bot tyme into this lyfe,
  Which gives him dayis his God aright to knaw?
Wherefore then sould we be at sic a stryfe,
  So spedelie our selfis for to withdraw
  Evin from the tyme, which is on nowayes slaw
To flie from us, suppose we fled it noght?
More wyse we were, if we the tyme had soght.

But sen that tyme is sic a precious thing,
  I wald we sould bestow it into that
Which were most pleasour to our heavenly King.
  Flee ydilteth, which is the greatest lat ; idleness
  Bot, sen that death to all is destinat,
Let us employ that tyme that God hath send us,
In doing weill, that good men may commend us.

James's metrical version of the Psalms (said to be mainly the Earl of Stirling's work) was not published till 1631. In 1901 Mr R. S. Rait, who had (in *The Royal Rhetorician*, 1900) reprinted the *Treatise*, the *Essays*, and the *Counterblast*, printed (in folio) nineteen unprinted poems and prose pieces from a volume of James's MSS. found in the Bodleian in 1900.

James's most noted prose publications, almost wholly in English as he understood it (not without pronounced Scotticisms), are the *Dæmonology* (1597), the *Basilicon Doron* (1599), and *A Counterblast against Tobacco* (1604); but he issued four *Meditations* on Scripture and a tractate on the Oath of Allegiance. The *Doron* was written for the instruction of his son Prince Henry a short time before the union of the crowns. Allowance being made for James's 'high' view of the royal prerogative, it is a shrewd, sensible, and well-worded treatise on the duties and responsibilities of kings. He instances the evil example of James V., 'who by his adulterie bred the wracke of his lawfull daughter and heire, in begetting that bastard, who unnaturally rebelled, and procured the ruine of his owne Soverane and sister;' and he denounces 'such famous invectives as Buchanans or Knoxes Chronicles, and if any of these infamous libels remaine untill your daies, use the law upon the keepers thereof.' In the preface to the *Dæmonology* the king displays his learning in maintaining the existence and criminality of witches, who he says abounded in Scotland :

Sorcery and Witchcraft.

The fearefull abounding at this time in this Countrey of these detestable slaues of the Diuel, the Witches or enchaunters, hath mooued mee (beloued Reader) to dispatch in post, this following Treatise of mine, not in any wise (as I protest) to serue for a shew of my learning and ingine, but onely (moued of conscience) to preasse thereby, so farre as I can, to resolue the doubting hearts of many; both that such assaults of Satan are most certainely practised, and that the instruments thereof merits most seuerely to be punished : against the damnable opinions of two principally in our aage, whereof the one called *Scot*, an Englishman, is not ashamed in publike Print to deny, that there can be such a thing as Witch-craft : and so maintaines the old errour of the Sadduces in denying of spirits ; The other called *Wierus*, a German Physition, sets out a publike Apologie for all these crafts-folkes, whereby, procuring for their impunitie, he plainely bewrayes himselfe to haue bene one of that profession. And for to make this Treatise the more pleasant and facill, I haue put it in forme of a Dialogue, which I haue diuided into three Bookes : The first speaking of Magie in generall, and Necromancie in speciall : The second, of Sorcerie and Witch-craft : and the third containes a discourse of all these kinds of spirits, and Spectres that appeares and troubles persons, together with a conclusion of the whole worke. My intention in this labour is onely to prooue two things, as I haue already said : The one, that such diuelish artes haue bene and are : The other, what exact triall and seuere punishment they merit : and therefore reason I, What kinde of things are possible to be performed in these Arts, and by what naturall causes they may be, not that I touch euery particular thing of the Diuels power, for that were infinite : but onely to speake scholastickely, (since this cannot be spoken in our language) I reason vpon *genus*, leauing *species* and *differentia* to bee comprehended therein : As for example, speaking of the power of Magiciens, in the first booke and sixt Chapter, I say, that they can suddenly cause be brought vnto them all kinds of daintie dishes by their familiar spirit ; since as a thiefe he delights to steale, and as a spirit he can subtilly and suddenly ynough transport the same. Now vnder this *genus* may be comprehended all particulars depending thereupon ; such as the bringing Wine out of a wall (as wee haue heard oft to haue bene practised) and such others ; which particulars are sufficiently prooued by the reasons of the generall.

How Witches Travel.

Philomathes. Bvt by what way say they, or thinke yee it possible they can come to these vnlawfull conuentions?

Epistemon. There is the thing which I esteeme their senses to be deluded in, and though they lie not in confessing of it, because they thinke it to be trew, yet not to be so in substance or effect : for they say that by diuers meanes they may conueene either to the adoring of their Master, or to the putting in practise any seruice of his committed vnto their charge : one way is naturall, which is naturall riding, going, or sailing, at what houre their master comes and aduertises them : and this way may be easily beleeued : another way is some-what more strange, and yet it is possible to bee trew : which is, by being caried by the force of the spirit which is their conducter, either aboue the earth, or aboue the Sea swiftly, to the place where they are to meete : which I

ded to bee likewise possible, in respect that as was carried by the Angel in that forme, to the *Daniel* lay; so thinke I, the diuell will be readie God, as well in that as in other things: which ore possible to him to doe, being a Spirit, then y wind, being but a naturall Meteore, to trans- one place to another, a solide body, as is com- l daily seene in practise: But in this violent y cannot be caried but a short bounds, agreeing ipace that they may retaine their breath: for longer, their breath could not remaine vnex- , their body being caried in such a violent and aner; as by example: If one fall off a small life is but in perill, according to the hard or g: but if one fall from an high and stay [steep] breath will be forcibly banished from the body, can win to the earth, as is oft seene by ex- And in this transporting they say themselues, are inuisible to any other, except amongst , which may also be possible in my opinion: deuill may forme what kinde of impressions in the aire, (as I haue said before, speaking of ıy may hee not farre easilier thicken and ob- ıe aire that is next about them, by contracting ɔgether, that the beames of any other mans eyes ·rce thorow the same, to see them? But the of their comming to their conuentions, is that thinke them deluded: for some of them say, transformed in the likenesse of a little beast hey will come and pierce through whatsoeuer hurch, though all ordinarie passages be closed, euer open the aire may enter in at: And some heir bodies lying still, as in an extasie, their be rauished out of their bodies, and caried to s; and for verifying thereof, will giue euident well by witnesses that haue seene their body elesse in the meane time, as by naming persons ı they met, and giuing tokens what purpose ıgst them, whom otherwise they could not ven: for this forme of iourneying, they affirme st, when they are transported from one coun- ɔther.

Counterblast James declares that many of s and gentry spent three and four hun- nds [Scots, it is to be hoped] a year on The man, he says, who introduced it was y hated,' meaning Raleigh. He seems to ıe Raleigh an injustice (small compared other sins against him!) in making him lucer of tobacco. It was almost certainly Hawkins who brought tobacco hither; igh had doubtless much to do with pro- s popularity by encouraging the growth mes concludes his *Counterblast* with these words: 'Smoking is a custome loathsome e, hatefull to the nose, harmefull to the ıngerous to the lungs, and in the blacke fume thereof, neerest resembling the hor- ian smoake of the pit that is bottomlesse.'

nder Hume (1560?–1609), a son of Hume, Baron Polwarth, studied at St and Paris for the Scottish bar, held some ɔointments, but in 1598 forsook the world he Church, and died the sternly Puritan minister of Logie in 1609. He published a volume of *Hymns or Sacred Songs* in the year 1599. The most finished poem is a description of a summer's day, which he calls the *Day Estivall*. The natural aspects of Scottish landscape are painted with truth and clearness, and the poem is instinct with devout feeling. It opens as follows:

O perfite light, which shaid away — shed, divided
The darkenes from the light,
And set a ruler ou'r the day, — over
Ane uther ou'r the night;

Thy glorie, when the day foorth flies,
Mair vively dois appeare, — lively
Nor at mid-day unto our eyes
The shining Sun is cleare.

The shaddow of the earth anon
Remooves and drawes by,
Sine in the East, when it is gon, — then
Appeares a clearer sky;

Quhilk Sunne perceaves the little larks,
The lapwing and the snyp;
And tunes their sangs like nature's clarks,
O'er midow, mure, and stryp.

The summer day of the poet is one of unclouded splendour:

The time sa tranquill is and still,
That na where sall ye find,
Saif on ane high and barren hill,
An air of peeping wind.

All trees and simples, great and small,
That balmy leif do beir;
Nor thay were painted on a wall,
Nae mair they move or steir.

The rivers fresh, the callor streames — cool
Ou'r rocks can softlie rin, — do
The water cleare like chrystall seames,
And makes a pleasant din.

The condition of the Scottish labourer would seem to have been then more comfortable than at present, and the climate of the country warmer, for Hume describes those working in the fields as stopping at midday, 'noon meat and sleep to take,' and refreshing themselves with 'caller wine' in a cave, and 'sallads steeped in oil.' As the poet lived four years in France, he was doubtless drawing on his Continental recollections for some of the features in this picture. At length 'the gloaming comes, the day is spent,' and the poet concludes in a strain of pious gratitude and joy:

What pleasour were to walke and see
Endlang a river cleare, — Along
The perfite forme of everie tree
Within the deepe appeare.

The salmon out of cruifs and creils,
Uphailed into skowts,
The bels and circles on the weills
Through lowpping of the trouts. — leaping

O then it were a seemely thing,
While all is still and calme,
The praise of God to play and sing,
With cornet and with shalme.

. . . . .

Throw all the land great is the gild
Of rustik folks that crie;
Of bleiting sheep fra they be fild,
Of calves and rowting ky. lowing kine

All labourers drawes hame at even,
And can till uther say,
Thankes to the gracious God of heauen,
Quhilk send this summer day.

Cruifs and creels, cruives and baskets, are frames of wooden spars and wickerwork contrivances in rivers for catching fish; *skowts* are boats; and *weills* are patches of deep dead-water at the bend of a stream.

The Triumph of the Lord is his account of the 'defait of the Spanish Navie.' He prefixes to his poem an exhortation to the Scottish youth to forswear profane sonnets, vain ballads, and fabulous romances (which we must think were not very much in demand); denounced popery; and published some sermons and a treatise on conscience. The *Hymns and Songs* were published by the Bannatyne Club in 1832; and there is the Rev. Menzies Fergusson's *Alexander Hume, an early Poet-Pastor of Logie* (Paisley, 1899).

Sir Robert Ayton (1570–1638), Scottish courtier and poet, was the son of Ayton of Kinaldie, near St Andrews, graduated at St Andrews, studied law at Paris, and was ambassador to the Emperor. James I. appointed him one of the gentlemen of the bed-chamber, and private secretary to his queen, besides conferring upon him the honour of knighthood. Ben Jonson told Drummond that Sir Robert loved him (Jonson) dearly. Aubrey says he was acquainted with all the wits in England, specially naming Hobbes of Malmesbury. He was a man of culture; wrote verses in French, Latin, and Greek; and was one of the first Scotsmen to write English, prose and verse, with tolerable purity. He was, indeed, one of the very earliest of the Cavalier poets; and Dryden accounted some of his verses as amongst the best of that age. He was buried in Westminster Abbey. *Diophantus and Charidora* is not a great poem, though better than his stilted and awkward Latin verses. The best known of his shorter poems—some of them wonderfully felicitous—is *Inconstancy Upbraided* (sometimes called *To an Inconstant Mistress*):

I loved thee once, I 'll love no more;
Thine be the grief as is the blame;
Thou art not what thou wast before,
What reason I should be the same?
He that can love unloved again,
Hath better store of love than brain:
God send me love my debts to pay,
While unthrifts fool their love away.

Nothing could have my love o'erthrown,
If thou hadst still continued mine;
Yea, if thou hadst remained thine own,
I might perchance have yet been thine.
But thou thy freedom did recall,
That it thou mightst elsewhere enthral;
And then, how could I but disdain
A captive's captive to remain?

When new desires had conquered thee,
And changed the object of thy will,
It had been lethargy in me,
Not constancy, to love thee still.
Yea, it had been a sin to go
And prostitute affection so,
Since we are taught no prayers to say
To such as must to others pray.

Yet do thou glory in thy choice,
Thy choice of his good-fortune boast;
I 'll neither grieve nor yet rejoice,
To see him gain what I have lost;
The height of my disdain shall be,
To laugh at him, to blush for thee;
To love thee still, but go no more
A begging at a beggar's door.

On rather slender authority another fa
poem (of which Burns made a rather poor S
version) has been credited to him, as has als
prototype of Burns's *Auld Lang Syne*. Pro
the poem *An Inconstant Mistress*, given t
was confounded with *Inconstancy Upbraided*,
above:

I do confess thou 'rt smooth and fair,
And I might have gone near to love thee;
Had I not found the slightest prayer
That lips could speak had power to move th
But I can let thee now alone,
As worthy to be loved by none.

I do confess thou 'rt sweet, yet find
Thee such an unthrift of thy sweets,
Thy favours are but like the wind,
Which kisses everything it meets,
And since thou canst love more than one,
Thou 'rt worthy to be kissed by none.

The morning rose that untouched stands,
Armed with her briers, how sweet she smell
But plucked and strained through ruder hands,
Her sweets no longer with her dwells;
But scent and beauty both are gone,
And leaves fall from her one by one.

Such fate ere long will thee betide,
When thou hast handled been a while,
Like fair flowers to be thrown aside;
And thou shalt sigh, when I shall smile,
To see thy love to every one
Hath brought thee to be loved by none.

The first verse (first of six) of *Old Long Sy*
as follows:

Should old acquaintance be forgot,
And never thought upon?
The flames of love extinguished,
And freely past and gone?

y kind heart now grown so cold,
that loving breast of thine,
thou canst never once reflect
old long-syne?

of the poems, with a memoir, by Dr Charles Rogers and Professor H. Walker's *Three Centuries of ure* (1893).

of Stirling—William Alexander of 67?–1640), made an earl by Charles I. ; a conspicuous Scottish courtier and onary as well as a fairly prolific poet. nstrie, in the house which afterwards o Sir Ralph Abercromby, he studied nd Leyden; travelled in France, Spain, and published *Aurora* (1604) and a ur *Monarchicke Tragedies — Darius us* (1604), *The Alexandræan Tragedy Julius Cæsar* (1607). The theme is he fall of ambition, and the method on of the Greek drama; the plays are style and contain some fine lyrics, but erly wearisome. He was knighted by 13 was attached to the household of les; in 1614 was made Master of Scotland, and published Part I. of oem *Doomesday* (not completed till received in 1621 the grant of 'Nova st tract in Canada and what now is States; in 1631 he was made sole ing James's version of the Psalms. ill his death he was the Secretary of otland; and in 1627–31 he was also r of the Signet, a Commissioner of nd a Judge of the Court of Session. pushed their conquests in America, er's grant of lands became valueless. ular as too self-seeking and avaricious, suspected and hated. In 1630 he was ount and in 1633 Earl of Stirling, in rl of Dovan (Burns's 'crystal Devon'), insolvent in London next year. His not dramatic, but their quatrains are ne songs, sonnets, elegies, and madri- the *Aurora* are marred by conceits, icy and ingenuity; his friendly rival, said he was a better poet than Tasso. poems Stirling did not include in his *reations with the Muses* (1637). The r play contains some passages rather esembling Shakespeare's; but as the a was almost certainly written some there is no ground for holding—as used at Shakespeare borrowed from Stirling. ssage in the *Tempest* was supposed— per critically (though in this case the *Tempest*, 1611 or thereabouts, would erivation)—to be also derived from the g. In his play of *Darius* the reflection,

epters let fraile greatnesse vaunt,
, no, but reeds, which (rais'd up) break,
flatt'ring shows our wits enchant,
are, ere of their pomp men speak;
Those golden palaces, those gorgeous halls,
With furniture superfluously faire,
Those stately courts, those skie-encountring walls,
Do vanish all like vapours in the ayre.
O! what affliction jealous greatnesse beares,
Which still must travell to hold others downe,
Whil'st all our guards not guard us from our feares;
Such toile attends the glory of a crowne!

inevitably recalls Shakespeare's lines:

> And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
> Leave not a rack behind!

The following is one of the Earl of Stirling's best sonnets:

I sweare, Aurora, by thy starrie eyes,
And by those golden lockes whose locke none slips,
And by the corall of thy rosie lippes,
And by the naked snowes which beautie dies,
I sweare by all the jewels of thy mind,
Whose like yet never worldly treasure bought,
Thy solide judgement and thy generous thought,
Which in this darkened age have clearely shin'd:
I sweare by those, and by my spotlesse love,
And by my secret yet most fervent fires,
That I have never nurs'd but chast desires,
And such as modestie might well approve.
Then since I love those vertuous parts in thee,
Shouldst thou not love this vertuous mind in me?

See the Glasgow edition of the Earl of Stirling's works (1870), the *Memorials* by Charles Rogers (1877), and Walker's *Three Centuries of Scottish Literature* (1893).

Robert Earl of Ancrum (1578–1654), son of Ker of Ancrum and grandson of Ker of Ferniehirst, enjoyed the favour of James and of Charles I., by whom he was promoted to various court appointments and made Earl of Ancrum. On Charles's execution he retired to Amsterdam, where he died in debt. He translated the Psalms, like others of his contemporaries; and the following sonnet, addressed to Drummond of Hawthornden in 1624 (as reproduced in Ker's *Correspondence*, 1875), shows how since the unions of the crowns the Scottish vernacular was being supplanted by English:

Sweet solitary life: lovely, dumb joy,
That need'st no warnings how to grow more wise
By other men's mishaps, nor the annoy
Which from sore wrongs done to one's self doth rise.
The morning's second mansion, Truth's first friend,
Never acquainted with the world's vain broils,
When the whole day to our own use we spend,
And our dear time no fierce ambition spoils.
Most happy state, that never tak'st revenge
For injuries received, nor dost fear
The Court's great earthquake, the griev'd truth of change,
Nor none of falsehood's savoury lyes dost hear;
Nor know'st Hope's sweet disease that charms our sense,
Nor it's sad cure, dear-bought Experience.

To the sonnet he appended this note: 'The date of this starved rhime and the place was the very Bedchamber where I could not sleep.' See his *Correspondence* with his son, the first Earl of Lothian (1875).

William Drummond of Hawthornden (1585–1649) rose as a poet above mere provincial fame, and was associated in friendship and genius with his great English contemporaries. His father, Sir John Drummond, was gentleman-usher to King James, and the poet seems to have inherited his reverence for royalty—few authors have been more outspoken in their loyalty. Having graduated at Edinburgh and studied civil law in France (1607–8), he succeeded his father in 1610 as second laird of Hawthornden—a perfect home for a poet. In all Scotland there are few more beautiful glens than the cliffs, caves, and wooded banks of the Esk at Hawthornden, hereafter to be known for Drummond's sake as 'classic Hawthornden;' and close by is the ornately sculptured Roslin Chapel, besung by Scott. Drummond was a most accomplished man, well read not merely in Greek and Latin literature, but in French, Italian, Spanish, and Hebrew. In 1613 he published *Tears on the Death of Mœliades*, or Henry, Prince of Wales. In 1616 appeared a volume of *Poems: Amorous, Funerall, Divine, Pastorall, in Sonnets, Songs, Sextains, Madrigals*, chiefly of love and sorrow. The death of his wife (1614), within a year of her marriage, was keenly felt; he did not marry again for eighteen years. *Forth Feasting, a Panegyric to the King's Most Excellent Majesty* (1617), congratulates James effusively and lengthily on his revisiting his native country of Scotland. Drummond spent his life mainly between poetry and mechanical experiments—the poet patented a new kind of pistol, a pike, a battering-ram, a telescope, a burning glass, an anemometer, and a condenser. He abhorred the Covenant, but was constrained to subscribe it, relieving his feelings by bitterly sarcastic verses. His affection for the royal cause and the king's person was so keen that grief for the royal martyr's death hastened his own. *Flowers of Zion* appeared in 1623: his prose works include a *History of the Five Jameses*, some royalist and polemical tracts, and *The Cypresse Grove*, a prose meditation on death, which Professor Masson pronounces 'superlatively excellent,' insomuch that there is, he thinks, nothing of the same length superior, if anything quite equal to it, in all Sir Thomas Browne or Jeremy Taylor—though the style is in places laboured. Drummond was intimate with Drayton; and his friendship with Ben Jonson was cemented by a memorable visit paid to him by Jonson at Hawthornden in the winter of 1618. On the 25th of September the magistrates of Edinburgh conferred the freedom of the city on Jonson, and on the 26th of October following he was entertained by the civic authorities to a banquet. During Jonson's stay at Hawthornden, the Scottish poet kept notes of the opinions expressed by the great dramatist, and chronicled some of his foibles and failings (see page 403). It should be remembered that his notes were private memoranda, never published by himself; and their truth has been partly confirmed from other sources. Drummond's poetry is sweet rather than strong; many of his sonnets are admirable and exquisite, and, as compared with his other poems, have fewer conceits and more natural feeling, elevation of sentiment, and grace of expression. He wrote a number of madrigals, epigrams, and other short pieces, some of which are rather coarse. The purity of his language, the harmony of his verse, and the play of fancy, musical sweetness, and melancholy mysticism are conspicuous features, but his range was manifestly limited. With more energy and force of mind he would have been a greater favourite with Ben Jonson—and with posterity. He shows pronounced traces of Italian influence; but he was more sensitive to natural scenery than any of his contemporaries, and he was one of the first to see and record the beauty of a snow-clad hill.

WILLIAM DRUMMOND OF HAWTHORNDEN.
From the Engraving prefixed to his Works (Edinburgh, 1711).

From 'Forth Feasting.'

What blustring Noise now interrupts my Sleep?
What ecchoing Shouts thus cleave my chrystal Deep,
And seem to call me from my wat'ry Court?
What Melody? What Sounds of Joy and Sport,
Are convey'd hither from each neighbouring Spring?
With what loud Rumours do the Mountains ring?
Which in unusual Pomp on Tip-toes stand,
And (full of Wonder) overlook the Land? [bright,
Whence comes these glitt'ring Throngs, these Meteors
This golden People glancing in my Sight?
Whence doth this Praise, Applause and Love, arise?
What Load-star East-ward draweth thus all Eyes?
Am I awake? Or have some Dreams conspir'd
To mock my Sense with what I most desir'd?
View I that living Face, see I those Looks,
Which with Delight were wont t' amaze my Brooks?

hat Worth, that Man divine,
ory, by these Banks of mine?
ue what long I wish'd in vain;
ved Prince is come again;
whose Zenith is the Pole,
ck Months are past, the Sun doth roll:
est to Sea-tossed Wights
Brothers show their chearing Lights:
hia's Wonders from her Woods,
is seen by *Memphis* Floods,
Sylvans cloud-like by her fly,
mphing Plaudits beat the Sky,
Serap's Priests (entranced) rave,
nian Stone her Shape ingrave;
ars they do mark the Time
lo's Bird came to their Clime.
Earth now deckt with Flow'rs be seen:
ath'd *Zephyres* curl the Meadows green,
eep Rubies in a Crimson Show'r,
dies Shoars they use to pour:
olden Storm the Fields adorn,
in'd when his Blew-ey'd Maid was born.
urs the Web of Day out-weave,
ght rise from her sable Cave.
ıy Billows, faint not to declare
mple as their Causes are:
hoarse, sound like *Arion's* Harp,
y flat, now sweetly sharp;
Nymphs, rise from your moist Repair;
Springs and Grots with Lillies fair;
-footed, get them hence, and pray
ıd Lakes come keep this Holy-day;
eath *Albania's* Hills do run,
rising or the setting Sun,
ıtern *Grampius'* mists, or *Ochel's* Snows:
Tay, *Tine* Tortoise-like that flows,
n, the *Dees*, the fertile *Spey*.
, which doth see our longest Day;
Sulphur, *Leave* with Mountains crown'd
ond for his floating Isles renown'd:
n, *Ken*, the Silver *Air*,
n, the *Ore* with rushy Hair,
ıtreaming *Nid*, loud bellowing *Clyde*,
no more our Kingdoms shall divide:
Annan, *Lid* with curled Streams,
Solway where they lose their Names,
proclaim our Joys and Feasts,
; bid all come and be our Guests:
ıeet in *Neptune's* azure Hall,
Sea-Gods keep this Festival;
l by our Currants be renown'd,
ut shall still this Day resound:
Love more to this Day appear,
henceforth begin our Year.
Flow'rs; to Sun-burnt Earth, the Rain;
air Winds amidst the Main,
o Pilgrims, which hot glances burn,
easing as thy blest Return.
ar Prince).

pitaph on Prince Henry.

er, see where enclosed lies
of Princes, fairest Frame,
, Place, could show to mortal Eyes,
it, Virtue, Miracle of Fame:
Part the Earth of him could claim
ıolds (hard like the Destinies)
For as to his brave Sp'rit, and glorious Name,
The one the World, the other fills the Skies.
Th' immortal *Amaranthus*, princely Rose,
Sad *Violet*, and that sweet Flow'r that bears
In Sanguine Spots the Tenor of our Woes,
Spread on this Stone, and wash it with your Tears.
Then go and tell from *Gades* unto *Inde*,
You saw where Earth's Perfections were confin'd.

Milton in his *Lycidas* introduced in the same way the fabled origin of the hyacinth:

> Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge
> Like to that sanguine flower, inscribed with woe.

To his Lute.

My Lute, be as thou wert when thou did grow
With thy green Mother in some shady Grove,
When immelodious Winds but made thee move,
And Birds their Ramage did on thee bestow. warbling
Since that dear Voice which did thy sounds approve,
Which wont in such harmonious Strains to flow,
Is reft from Earth to tune those Spheres above,
What are thou but a Harbinger of Woe?
Thy pleasing Notes be pleasing Notes no more,
But Orphans Wailings to their fainting Ear,
Each Stroke a Sigh, each Sound draws forth a Tear,
For which be silent as in Woods before:
Or if that any Hand to touch thee daign,
Like widow'd Turtle still her Loss complain.

The Praise of a Solitary Life.

Thrice happy he who by some shady Grove,
Far from the clam'rous World, doth live his own.
Though solitary, who is not alone,
But doth converse with that eternal Love:
O how more sweet is Birds harmonious Moan,
Or the hoarse Sobbings of the Widow'd Dove,
Than those smooth Whisperings near a Prince's Throne,
Which Good make doubtful, do the Evil approve!
O how more sweet is Zephyr's wholesome Breath,
And Sighs embalm'd, which new-born Flow'rs unfold,
Than that Applause vain Honour doth bequeath!
How sweet are Streams to poyson drunk in Gold!
The World is full of Horrors, Troubles, Slights,
Woods harmless Shades have only true Delights.

To a Nightingale.

Sweet Bird that sing'st away the early Hours,
Of Winters past or coming void of Care,
Well pleased with Delights which present are,
Fair seasons, budding Sprays, sweet-smelling Flow'rs:
To Rocks, to Springs, to Rills, from leavy Bow'rs,
Thou thy Creator's Goodness dost declare,
And what dear Gifts on thee he did not spare,
A Stain to humane Sense in Sin that low'rs.
What Soul can be so sick, which by thy Songs
(Attir'd in sweetness) sweetly is not driven
Quite to forget Earth's Turmoils, Spites and Wrongs,
And lift a reverent Eye and Thought to Heaven?
Sweet artless Songster, thou my Mind doest raise,
To Ayres of Spheres, yea and to Angels layes.

Sonnets.

In Mind's pure Glass when I my self behold,
And lively see how my best Days are spent,
What Clouds of Care above my Head are rol'd,
What coming Ill, which I cannot prevent:

My course begun I wearied do repent,
And would embrace what *Reason* oft hath told,
But scarce thus think I, when Love hath control'd
All the best Reasons *Reason* could invent.
Tho sure I know my Labour's End is Grief,
The more I strive that I the more shall pine,
That only Death shall be my last Relief:
Yet when I think upon that Face divine,
Like one with Arrow shot, in Laughter's place,
Maugre my Heart, I joy in my Disgrace.

I know that all beneath the *Moon* decays,
And what by Mortals in this World is brought,
In *Time's* great Periods shall return to nought;
That fairest *States* have fatal Nights and Days.
I know that all the Muses heavenly Lays,
With toil of Sp'rit, which are so dearly bought,
As *idle Sounds* of few or none are sought,
That there is nothing lighter than vain Praise.
I know frail *Beauty* like the purple Flower,
To which one Morn oft Birth and Death affords,
That Love a jarring is of Minds Accords,
Where *Sense* and *Will* bring under *Reason's* Power:
Know what I list, all this cannot me move,
But that (*alas*) I both must Write, and Love.

There is no ground, happily, for attributing to Drummond, as was done till quite lately, the coarse, clever, farcical macaronic, *Polemo-Middinia*, published anonymously in 1683, and probably written by an obscure pamphleteer and rhymester, Samuel Colvill, who was publishing his things between 1670 and 1690.

In this passage from the *Cypress Grove* we see Drummond dealing with one of the great problems of urn burial somewhat in the spirit and after the manner of Browne:

For to easy censure it would appear that the soul, if it can fore-see that divorcement which it is to have from the body, should not without great reason be thus over-grieved, and plunged in inconsolable and unaccustom'd sorrow: considering their near union, long familiarity and love, with the great change, pain, and ugliness, which are apprehended to be the inseparable attendants of death.

They had their being together, parts they are of one reasonable creature, the harming of the one is the weakning of the working of the other. What sweet contentments doth the soul enjoy by the senses? They are the gates and windows of its knowledge, the organs of its delight. If it be tedious to an excellent player on the lute to abide but a few months the want of one, how much more the being without such noble tools and engines be painful to the soul? And if two pilgrims which have wandred some few miles together, have a hearts-grief when they are near to part, what must the sorrow be at parting of two so loving friends and never-loathing lovers as are the body and soul?

Death is the violent estranger of acquaintance, the eternal divorcer of marriage, the ravisher of the children from the parents, the stealer of parents from their children, the interrer of fame, the sole cause of forgetfulness, by which the living talk of those gone away as of so many shadows or age-worn stories: all strength by it is enfeebled, beauty turned into deformity and rottenness, honour into contempt, glory into baseness. It is the reasonless breaker off of all actions, by which we enjoy no more the sweet pleasures of earth, nor contemplate the stately revolutions of the heavens. The sun perpetually setteth, stars never rise unto us: it in one moment robbeth us of what with so great toil and care in many years we have heaped together: by this are successions of linages cut short, kingdoms left heirless, and greatest states orphaned: it is not overcome by pride, soothed by flattery, tam'd by intreaties, brib'd by benefits, softned by lamentations, nor diverted by time. Wisdom, save this, can prevent and help every thing. By death we are exiled from this fair city of the world, it is no more a world unto us, nor we any more a people unto it. The ruines of phanes, palaces, and other magnificent frames, yield a sad prospect to the soul, and how should it without horror view the wrack of such a wonderful masterpiece as is the body?

Drummond's poems have been edited for the Maitland Club (1832), by Peter Cunningham (1833), W. D. Turnbull (1857), and W. C Ward (1894). See the Life by Professor Masson (1873) and the essay in *Edinburgh Sketches*; also Prof. H. Walker's *Three Centuries of Scottish Literature* (1893).

John Spottiswoode, successively Archbishop of Glasgow (consecrated 1610) and of St Andrews (1615) in the reign of James VI., was born in 1565. The son of the Superintendent (practically bishop) of Lothian, he was educated at the University of Glasgow, and became a parish minister in 1583. He went to London as King James's chaplain in 1603. A strenuous and active promoter of the king's scheme for the establishment of Episcopacy in Scotland, he stood high in the favour of James, as well as of Charles I., by whom he was made Lord Chancellor of Scotland in 1635. He reluctantly entered into the king's unwise measures for introducing a liturgy into Scotland, and became hateful to the Covenanting party. He was present in St Giles's Church in Edinburgh during the fateful Jenny Geddes riot. The Glasgow Assembly of 1638 deposed and excommunicated the archbishop, who retired to London and died there in 1639. He wrote, at the command of James, a *History of the Church of Scotland*, from 203 to 1625 A.D. When the king was told that some passages in such a work might possibly bear too hard upon the memory of his mother, he desired Spottiswoode to 'write and spare not;' and yet, says Bishop Nicolson, 'the historian ventured not so far with a commission as Buchanan did without one.' The history was published in London in 1655, and is fair on the whole, though not always impartial.

Destruction of Monasteries.

Whilst these things thus passed, John Knox returned from Geneva unto Scotland [1559], and joining with the Congregation, did preach to them at Perth. In his sermon he took occasion to speak against the adoration of images, shewing that the same tended to God's dishonour, and that such idols and monuments of superstition as were erected in churches ought to be pulled down, as being offensive to good and godly people. The sermon ended and the better sort gone to dinner, a priest, rather to try men's affections than out of any devotion, prepared to say Mass, opening a great case wherein was the history of divers saints exquisitely carved. A young boy that stood

that such boldness was insufferable, the priest a blow. The boy in an anger casting a stone at , happened to break one of the pictures: where- ir was presently raised, some of the common sort ›on the priest, others running to the altar and the images, so as in a moment all was pulled the church that carried any mark of idolatry. ›le upon the noise thereof assembled in great and invading the cloisters, made spoil of all d therein. The Franciscans had store of provi- ı of victuals and household-stuff: amongst the ıns the like wealth was not found; yet so much ; as might shew the profession they made of ɔ be feigned and counterfeit. The Carthusians, ;ed both those in wealth, were used in like yet was the prior permitted to take with him might carry of gold and silver plate. All the given to the poor, the rich sort forbearing to ith any part thereof. But that which was most was the speed they made in demolishing those For the Charter-house (a building of exceeding largeness) was not only ruined, but the stones er so quickly taken away, as in less than two e a vestige thereof was scarce remaining to be ıey of Couper in Fife hearing what was done at :nt in like manner to their church, and defaced ıages, altars, and other instruments of idolatry; : curate took so heavily, as the night following ›lent hands on himself. . . .

›blemen remained at that time in St Andrews; ıse they foresaw this their answer would not be pted, and feared some sudden attempt (for the :h her Frenchmen lay then at Falkland), they ıe lairds of Dun and Pittarrow, and others that religion in the countries of Angus and Mearns, sted them to meet at St Andrews the fourth day

Meanwhile they themselves went to the town whither all that had warning came, shewing wardness and resolution; and were not a little :d by John Knox, who, in a sermon made unto he same time, put them in mind of that he had t Perth, how there was no sincerity in the queen- lealing, and that conditions would not be kept ıd found. Therefore did he exhort them not to ›nger deluded with fair promises, seeing there eace to be hoped for at their hands, who took l of contracts and covenants solemnly sworn. ıuse there would be no quietness till one of the :re masters, and strangers expulsed out of the he wished them to prepare themselves either to n, or to live victorious.

exhortation the hearers were so moved, as they liately to the pulling down of altars and images, oyed all the monuments which were abused to n that town. The like they did the next day ıther, and from thence came directly to St

The bishop hearing what they had done in towns, and suspecting they would attempt the ›rmation in the city, came to it well accom- purpose to withstand them; but after he had affections of the townsmen, and found them all to the Congregation, he went away early the ıing towards Falkland to the queen.

ay being Sunday, John Knox preached in the urch, taking for his theme the history of the ıuching our Saviour's purging of the Temple; and applying the corruption which was at that time in Jerusalem to the present estate of the Church, and declaring what was the duty of those to whom God had given authority and power, he did so incite the auditors, as, the sermon being ended, they went all and made spoil of the churches, razing the monasteries of the Black and Grey friars to the ground.

James VI. and a Refractory Preacher.

The king perceiving by all these letters that the death of his mother was determined, called back his ambassadors, and at home gave order to the ministers to remember her in their public prayers, which they denied to do, though the form prescribed was most christian and lawful; which was, that it might please God to illuminate her with the light of his truth, and save her from the apparent danger wherein she was cast. Upon their denial, charges were directed to command all bishops, ministers, and other office-bearers in the Church to make mention of her distress in their public prayers, and commend her to God in the form appointed. But of all the number only Mr David Lindsay at Leith and the king's own ministers gave obedience. At Edinburgh, where the disobedience was most public, the king, purposing to have their fault amended, did appoint the third of February for solemn prayers to be made in her behalf, commanding the bishop of St Andrews to prepare himself for that day; which when the ministers understood, they stirred up Mr John Cowper, a young man not entered as yet in the function, to take the pulpit before the time and exclude the bishop. The king coming at the hour appointed, and seeing him in the place, called to him from his seat, and said, 'Mr John, that place is destined for another; yet since you are there, if you will obey the charge that is given, and remember my mother in your prayers, you shall go on.' He replying, 'that he would do as the Spirit of God should direct him,' was commanded to leave the place: and making as though he would stay, the captain of the guard went to pull him out; whereupon he burst forth in these speeches: 'This day shall be a witness against the king in the great day of the Lord:' and then denouncing a wo to the inhabitants of Edinburgh, he went down, and the bishop of St Andrews entering the pulpit did perform the duty required. The noise was great for a while amongst the people; but after they were quieted, and had heard the bishop (as he was a most powerful preacher) out of that text to Timothy discourse of the duty of Christians in praying for all men, they grieved sore to see their teachers so far overtaken, and condemned their obstinacy in that point. In the afternoon Cowper was called before the council, where Mr Walter Balcanquel and Mr William Watson, ministers of the town, accompanying him, for some idle speeches that escaped them at this time were both discharged from preaching in Edinburgh during his majesty's pleasure, and Cowper sent prisoner to Blackness.

See the edition of the history (modernised), with prefixed Life, published by the Spottiswoode Society, in three volumes, in 1847.

David Calderwood (1575–1650), a minister of the Kirk of Scotland at Crailing, in Roxburghshire, was in 1617 imprisoned and banished for protesting against royal encroachments on the Church's rights. In Holland he wrote in Latin *Altare Damascenum*, an impeachment of the Anglican Church-polity, in virtue of which he was quoted

by Dutch divines as 'Eminentissimus Calderwood.' On his return to Scotland, now minister at Pencaitland, he compiled an elaborate *History of the Kirk*. An abridgment, entitled *The True History of the Church of Scotland*, was printed in 1646; and the complete work, printed from the manuscript in the British Museum, was issued in eight volumes, Edinburgh, 1841–49, published by the Wodrow Society. Calderwood, an unyielding Presbyterian, does not err on the side of tenderness to Episcopalians or Erastians. This is his account of the various functions at the reception in Edinburgh of James VI.'s queen, Anne of Denmark, in 1590:

Upon Tuisday, the 19th of May, the queene made her entrie in Edinburgh. She came by the south side of the toun, by the West Port, in a coache. A young boy descending in a globe, which opened, delivered certane keyes, with a Bible and a Psalme Booke. Mr Johne Russell made an harangue in Latine, and the cannons of the castell were discharged. The nobles of Scotland and the Danish road before, and a traine of ladeis behind. The queene herself road in a coache drawin with eight hors, accompanied with the citicens in their gownes, and some of them careing a pale of purple velvet above the coache. At the strait of the Bow, Mr Hercules Rollocke, Maister of the Grammar Schoole, made an oratioun. At the Butter Trone, there were some young weomen coastlie apparrelled, standing upon a scaffold, playing upon organs, and singing of musicians. Mr Johne Craig's sonne, a young boy, had a short oratioun to her. At the Tolbuith were five youths, clothed in gentlewomen's apparell, one having a sword, another a ballance, the thrid a booke, the fourth a target, and other two with their signes, all representing Peace, Plentie, Policie, Justice, Liberallitie, and Temperance. Everie one expouned the significatioun of their owne signes. Therafter, the queene went into the kirk, and satt in the east end, in the loft, under a faire cannabie of velvet. Mr Robert Bruce made the sermoun, which being ended within halfe an houre, the queene is brought furth. Comming by the Croce, they see there Bacchus drinking, and casting glasses, violers playing, and musicians singing. At the Salt Trone was represented the king's genealogie; and at the root of the tree a young boy made an oratioun in Latine. At the port of the Nether Bow were represented the seven planets, and the weird givin in Latine; and a faire jewell, of a great price, called the A, was givin to the queene. All the way there went, before the honest men of the toun, twentie-foure youths clothed, some with cloth of silver, others with white taffetie, and golden chaines about their neckes, legges, and armes, and visoures on their faces, making them seeme Mores. The fore staires were covered with tapestrie or faire coverings. Mr Andrew Melvill made an oratioun to the ambassaders, to their great admiratioun. The king acknowledged that he had honoured him and his countrie that day, promised never to forgett it, and commanded to print it with all diligence. The day following it was delivered to the printer, with an epigramme of dedicatioun to the king, and entituled Στεφανίσκιον. Josephus Scaliger, after the sight of it, wrote to Mr Andrew and said, '*Profecto nos talia non possumus.*' Lipsius reading it, said, '*Re vera Andreas Melvinus est serio doctus.*' Upon Saturday, the 23d, the Danish ambassaders were banketted by the toun of Edinburgh in the Coine House.

The *weird* was a forecast of the future as indicated by the positions of the stars; the *Coine* or *Cunzie House* was the Mint of Scotland, in a close or lane off the Cowgate.

John Row (1568–1646), minister of Carnock, in Fife, wrote a *Historie of the Kirk of Scotland* from 1588 to August 1637, which, with a continuation to July 1639, by his son, of the same name, was edited in 1842 by David Laing for the Maitland and the Wodrow Societies.

Zachary Boyd (1585?–1653), a pious and learned divine of the Scottish Church, has had the unhappy fate to be handed down by tradition as the translator of Scripture into doggerel rhyme. One of the Boyds of Penkill, in Ayrshire, he studied at Glasgow, St Andrews, and Saumur (where his cousin, Boyd of Trochrig, afterwards Principal of Glasgow University, was then professor). He spent sixteen years in France, declined a chair at Saumur, and in 1623 became minister of the Barony Church in Glasgow; he was also rector and vice-chancellor of the university there, and to it left his books and a sum of money. He was a staunch Covenanter, disapproved Cromwell's supremacy, and, preaching before the victorious general in Glasgow Cathedral, 'railed at him to his face.' He wrote incessantly, and published *The Last Battell of the Soul in Death* (1629; republished 1831), prose meditations for the sick; a poem on Leslie's victory at Newburn (1640), the preliminary of the great civil war; numerous sermons and pamphlets; *The Garden of Zion* (2 vols. 1644), verse paraphrases of large parts of Scripture—the first volume mainly the kings of Judah, the second volume containing 'the bookes of Job, Ecclesiastes, and Song of Songs, all in English verse;' and *The Psalmes of David in Meeter* (1646). Among his manuscripts are, besides sermons, miscellaneous poems more or less sacred in substance, versions of *The Foure Evangels*, and *Zion's Flowers*, containing in 26,080 lines of verse the fall of Adam, Abel murdered, the Tower of Babel, Abraham and Isaac, Joseph and his brethren, and other ten scriptural stories or episodes, down to John the Baptist and the New Jerusalem in the Revelation, together with two edifying but not quite scriptural stories of the Gunpowder Plot and the world's vanities. Four of them were printed from the manuscript in 1855. The stories—belated miracle-plays or scriptural 'interludes'—are paraphrased into an imperfectly dramatic form, and are each detailed by some six or eight speakers. Thus in 'Jonah' 'the speakers' are: '1. The Lord. 2. Jonah. 3. The Shipmaster. 4. The Sailors. 5. The King of Ninive. 6. The men of Ninive.' And in 'John the Baptist' Herod, Herodias, and 'the hangman' take their respective parts as well as the Lord, Elizabeth, Gabriel, and John and his disciples. Common rumour credited him with having translated the whole of the Scriptures into verse, and his versions are alluded to as 'Zachary Boyd's Bible.' He was one of the com-

ttee appointed in 1648 to revise the version of
Psalms by the English Cromwellian, Francis
us, for use in the Church of Scotland; in some
nts this version, sung in Scotland from that date
the present day, more closely follows Boyd's
l Sir William Mure's than Rous's translation.
w very similar Boyd's is to Rous's and the
-and-wont 'Scottish version' may be seen by
nparing the renderings given at page 503
h Boyd's of the same three verses of Psalm
ii.:

Yea though through valley of death's shade
I walk; I 'le fear no ill,
For thou art with me, thy rod and
thy staffe me comfort still.

Thou set'st in presence of my foes
a table me before;
Mine head with oyl thou dost anoint,
my cup it runneth o're.

Goodnesse and mercy all the dayes
of my life surely shall
Me follow, and in the Lord's house
for ever I will dwell.

e version, though rude, had the merit of being
pretty close translation, and is at least not
tesque. The same cannot be said for the
nslations in which Zachary permits himself
re freedom—though even here there are scenes
idly conceived and lines not lacking in un-
niable vigour and uncouth lucidity. The follow-
part of the history of Jonah may be given
perhaps the *ne plus ultra* of unpoetic verse,
good man's efforts to make sacred story im-
ssive becoming, for lack of humour on his
t, a caricature far from solemnising in its
cts:

The Sailors. Now over boord hee throwne is by and by,
ere in the waters he doth sprawling ly:
re Jonah is, God's wrath for to appease,
n head and eares downe soused in the seas.
ut what is this that near him wee doe see,
e to a tower wambling on the sea; wallowing
nonster great, the Leviathan strong,
h beame like jawes which followes him along:
ttle space the whale did round him play,
waite his time, but in a short delay
wheel'd about, and in a trice wee sawe
living man he buri'd in his mawe.
Vaves rest content, the surges no more beate,
sea 's growne kind, the billowes no more threate,
is made quiet, clouds no more doe frowne,
rv'ns pleased well, doe with their smiles look downe,
ves swell'd before lye levell in their place,
hout a wrinkle, smooth as is the glasse:
wamblings now, the sea it is tranquill,
rv'ns lowre no more, all is both calme and still.
onah. I did rebell; heere is my day of Doome,
sts dainty seeme untill the reck'ning come:
s! too late, it now repenteth me,
t I refus'd to goe to Ninive;
ought to lurk, but now my miseries
clearely tell, God hath unvailed eyes,
And that hee will ov'rtake them by and by,
Who ev'r they bee that from his face doe fly:
I understood that God was good and kind,
But mongrell thoughts with foly pierc'd my mind,
Heere apprehended, I in prison ly,
What goods will ransome my captivity?
What house is this, where 's neither fire nor candle,
Where I no thing but guts of fishes handle?
I and my table are both heere within,
Where day ne'er dawn'd, where sun did never shine.
The like of this on earth man never saw,
A living man within a monster's mawe;
Buried under mountains which are high and steep,
Plung'd under water hundrethe fathomes deep.
Not so was Noah in his house of tree,
For through a window hee the light did see:
Hee sail'd above the highest waves, a wonder,
I and my boat are all the waters under.
Hee in his ark might goe and also come,
But I sit still in such a strait'ned roome,
As is most uncouth, head and feet together,
Among such grease as would a thousand smother:
I find no way now for my shrinking hence,
But heere to lye and die for mine offence.
Eight persons were in Noah's hulk together,
Comfortable they were each one to other,
In all the earth like unto mee is none,
Farre from all living I heere lye alone,
Where I entomb'd in melancholy sink,
Choak't, suffocat, with excremental stink:
This grieves mee most, that I for grievous sinne,
Incarc'rd lye within this floating in. inn
Within this cave with greefe my heart is gall'd,
Lord heare the sighs from my heart's centre hal'd;
Thou know'st how long I have been in this womb,
A living man within a living tomb;
O what a lodging! wilt thou in those vaults,
As in a Hell most dark, correct my faults?
I neither kno when day doth shine, or night
Comes for my rest, I 'm so depriv'd of sight;
Though that the judgement 's uncouth sure I share,
I of God's goodnesse never will despaire.
I 'le turne to him, and in those words will pray
Within this whale; what God indites I 'le say.

By reason of my trouble, I
to God who heard me cry'd,
Out of hell's belly did I cry,
Thou heard'st my voice, I cry'd.

For thou hast cast me in the deepe,
in midst ev'n of the sea,
Floods compast me, thy billowes all,
and waves past over me.

[Here follow, in the same common measure, seven verses more of pretty literal translation from Jonah ii. 1–9.]

Above all Gods O Lord thou dost excell,
I hope thou 'lt free me from this paunch of Hell,
And that thou wilt this monster now command,
That it disgorge me out upon the land.
O draw me out of this my moving cave,
And bring thy Jonah from this living grave,
O heare my prayers from this darksome place,
I with my teares flee to thy throne of grace.

It was inevitable that such poor doggerel should be parodied by still worse, especially on the part of

writers desiring, like Samuel Colvill in *The Whigg's Supplication* (1681), to throw ridicule on the Presbyterian clergy. And it is by the parodies falsely credited to him that poor Zachary is commonly remembered in Scotland to this day. Thus Colvill made Boyd deliberately put on record:

There was a man called Job
Dwelt in the land of Uz,
He had a good gift of the gob;
The same case happen us!

Another part of Job's story was declared to be:

Job's wife said to Job,
Curse God and die.
O no, you wicked scold,
No, not I.

Of Jacob, they put into Boyd's mouth this version:

And Jacob made for his wee Josie,
A tartan coat to keep him cosie;
And what for no? there was nae harm
To keep the lad baith saft and warm.

Boyd's manuscripts are in the library of Glasgow University. See the biographical notice prefixed to Neil's reprint of four of the poems from *Zion's Flowers* (1855).

Robert Baillie was born at Glasgow in 1599, and educated at the university of that city. In 1622 he received Episcopal ordination, and was shortly after presented to the parish of Kilwinning. In 1637 he refused to preach in favour of Laud's service-book, in 1638 sat in the famous General Assembly of Glasgow, in 1639 served as chaplain in the Covenanting army at Duns Law, and in 1640 was selected to go to London, with other commissioners, and draw up charges against Archbishop Laud. On his return to Scotland in 1642 he was appointed joint-professor of Divinity at Glasgow. In 1643 he was again sent to London as a delegate to the Westminster Assembly, and in 1649 was chosen by the Church to proceed to Holland and invite Charles II. to accept the Covenant and crown of Scotland. He performed his mission skilfully, and after the Restoration was made Principal of Glasgow University. A competent scholar, he corresponded (in Latin) with Voetius and other Continental scholars, and was master of thirteen languages, including Arabic and Ethiopic. His affectionate letters to Sharp showed that, even till after the 'great renunciation' had actually been accomplished, he refused to believe in the future archbishop's treachery to the Presbyterian cause. A representative of all that was best and most temperate in the Covenanting Church of his age, he died July 1662. His *Letters and Journals*, edited by David Laing (3 vols. Bannatyne Club, 1841-42), give a vivid picture of Scotland—political, ecclesiastical, academical, domestic—in a most confused and distracting time of feud, faction, and civil war; and his record of the Westminster Assembly and its proceedings is very valuable. He wrote in a Scotch which was very nearly provincial English, with many Scotticisms and not a few Scotch words. His first letter from London in 1640 to his wife at Kilwinning describes Strafford's first appearance before the Long Parliament:

I know thow does now long to hear from me. I wrote to thee on Saturday was eight days from Durham. That day we went to Darntoun, where Mr Alexander Henderson and Mr Robert Blair did preach to us on Sonday. At supper, on Sonday, the post with the Great Seall of England for our safe conduct, came to us, with the Earle Bristol's letter to Lowdoun, intreating us to make haste. On Monday we came, before we lighted, to Boroubrig, twentie-fyve myles. On Tuesday we rode three short posts, Ferribrig, Toxford, and Duncaster. There I was content to buy a bobin wastcoat. On Wednesday we came ane other good journey to Newwark on Trent, where we caused Dr Moyslie sup with us. On Thursday we came to Stamfoord; on Fryday to Huntingtown; on Saturday to Ware, where we rested the Sabbath, and heard the minister, after we were warned of the ending of the service, preach two good sermons. On Monday morning we came that tuentie myle to London before sun-ryseing; all weell, horse and men, as we could wish; diverse merchands and their servants with us, on little naigs; the way extreamlie foule and deep, the journies long and continued, sundrie of us unaccustomed with travell, we took it for God's singular goodness that all of us were so preserved; none in the companie held better out than I and my man, and our little noble naigs. From Killwinning to London I did not so much a stumble: this is the fruit of your prayers. I was also all the way full of courage, and comforted with the sense of God's presence with my spirit. We were by the way great expences; their inns are all like palaces; no marvell they extors their guests: for three mealls, course enough, we would pay, together with our horses, sixteen or seventeen pound Sterling. Some three dish of creevishes, like little partans, two and fourty shillings Sterling. Our lodgeings here were taken in the common garden: Rothes, Mr Archbald Johnstoun in one; Dumfermling, Mr Alexander Hendersoun in one; the three Barrouns in one; the three Burgesses in one; Lowdoun, whom we expect this night, in a fifth, where Mr Blair hes a chamber, I another, our men a third: our house maills everie week above eleven pound Sterling. The Citie is desyreous we should lodge with them; so, to-morrow I think we must flitt.

All things here goes as our heart could wish. The Lieutenant of Ireland came bot on Monday to toun late; on Tuesday rested; on Wednesday came to Parliament; bot ere night, he was caged. Intollerable pryde and oppression cryes to Heaven for a vengeance. The Lower House closed their doores; the Speaker keeped the keyes till his accusation was concluded. Thereafter, Mr Pym went up, with a number at his back, to the Higher House, and, in a prettie short speech, did, in name of the Lower House, and in name of the Commons of all England, accuse Thomas Earle of Strafford, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, of high treasone, and required his person to be arreisted till probation might be heard. So Pym and his back were removed; the Lords began to consult on that strange and unexpected motion. The word goes in haste to the Lord Lieutenant, where he was with the King: with speed he comes to the House; he calls rudelie at the doore; James Maxwell, keeper of the Black-Rod, opens; his Lordship, with a proud glouming countenance, makes towards his place at the boord-head: bot at once manie bids him void the House; so he

is forced in confusion to goe to doore till he was called. After consultation, being called in, he stands, bot is commanded to kneell, and, on his knees, to hear the sentence. Being on his knees, he is delyvered to the keeper of the Black-Rod, to be prisoner till he was cleared of these crymes the House of Commons did charge him with. He offered to speak, bot was commanded to be gone without a word. In the outer roome James Maxwell required him, as prisoner, to deliver his sword; when he had gotten it, he cryes, with a loud voyce, for his man to carrie my Lord Lieutenant s sword. This done, he makes through a number of people towards his coatch, all gazeing, no man capping to him, before whom that morning the greatest of England would have stood discovered: all crying, What is the matter? He said, A small matter I warrand yow! They replyed, Yes indeed, high treason is a small matter! Coming to the place where he expected his coatch, it was not there; so he behooved to returne that same way through a world of gazeing people. When at last he had found his coatch, and was entering, James Maxwell told him, Your Lordship is my prisoner, and must goe in my coatch; so he behooved to doe. For some dayes too manie went to visit him, bot since, the Parliament hes commanded his keeping to be straiter. Pursevants were dispatched to Ireland, to open all the ports, and to proclaime that all who had grievances might come over; also to fetch over Sir George Ratcliffe, who will be caused to depone manie things. The chief is, his intention with the Irish armie, and so manie as the King could make, to fall on the English lords, who are the countrie way; his cruell monopolies, whereby he sucked up, for his own use, the whole substance of Ireland. My Lord Montnoris, Sir John Clatworthie, the Chancellor, hes been chief informers. The King was much commoved; the Marqueis, by the deliverie of Pym his speech, did somewhat calme him. The Parliament of Ireland is sitting: a remonstrance from them, without anie knowledge of things done here, came this day to the King, which, they say, hes calmed him much, and turned his minde somewhat from the Deputie.

We were extreamlie welcome here. The Parliament hes granted ane hundred thousand pound Sterling, whereof we shall have near fourtie in present money, to pay our armie six weekes, without prejudice to exact what, according to our bargain, is more due to us from the four shyres. Burton, I hear, is come to toun; Bastwick and Prin are coming, as they were sent for; Lightoun hes been twyce heard, and on Fryday, is hoped, sall be absolved. Lincolne, on Saturday, did sitt in Parliament; and his petition, to have his cause discussed in Parliament, receaved. The King, in his first speech, did call us rebels; bot much murmuring being at that style, he thought good, two dayes thereafter, to make a speech to excuse that phrase, and to acknowledge us his subjects, to whom he had sent his Great Seall, and with whom he was in treatie, to settle a perfect agreement, with their consent and approbation.

On Tuysday last was here a fast: Mr Blair and I preached to our commissioners at home; for we had no cloathes for outgoing. Manie ministers used greater freedome than ever here was heard of. Episcopacie it self beginning to be cryed down, and a Covenant cried up, and the Liturgie to be scorned. The Toun of London, and a world of men, minds to present a petition, which I have seen, for the abolition of Bishops, Deanes, and all their aperteanances. It is thought good to delay it till the Parliament have pulled doun Canterburie and some prime Bishops, which they minde to doe so soon as the King hes a little digested the bitterness of his Lieutenant's censure. Hudge things are here in working: The mighty hand of God be about this great work! We hope this shall be the joyfull harvest of the teares that thir manie yeares hes been sawin in thir kingdomes. All here are wearie of Bishops. This day a committee of ten noblemen, and three of the most innocent Bishops, Carlile, Salisburie, Winchester, are appointed to cognosce by what meanes our pacification was broken, and who advysed the King, when he had no money, to enter in warre without consent of his State. We hope all shall goe weell above our hopes. I hope they will not neglect me; prayer is our best help: for albeit all things goes on here above our expectation; yet how soone, if God would but wink, might the devill, and his manifold instruments here watching, turn our hopes in fear! When we are most humble, and dependant on God, whose hand alone has brought this great work to the prèsent passe, we are then most safe. This day I have heard that Canterburie hes ane Apologie at the presse; if it be so, at once I will have more to doe.

R. BAYLIE.

London, November 18th [1640].

Darnton, *Derntoun*, &c., are contracted forms of Darlington; *creevishes* is one of many former English spellings of *crayfish*, all derived from the old French word now spelt *écrevisses*; *partans* is Scotch for crabs; *the Marqueis* is the Marquis of Hamilton; *Lightoun*, Archbishop Leighton; and *Canterburie*, Archbishop Laud.

William Lithgow, born at Lanark in 1582, had already visited the Shetlands, Bohemia, Switzerland, &c., when, in 1610, he set out on foot from Paris to Palestine and Egypt. His second tramp (1614–16) led him through North Africa from Tunis to Fez, and home by way of Hungary and Poland. In his last journey (1619–21) to Spain *viâ* Ireland he was seized as a spy at Malaga and tortured. At London, Gondomar, the Spanish ambassador, promised him reparation, but contented himself with promising. So Lithgow assaulted, or by another account was assaulted by, him in the king's anteroom, for which he was clapped into the Marshalsea. He died at Lanark, perhaps in 1645. He claimed to have walked more than 36,000 miles, and was as Protestant as he was greedy of money. His interesting but euphuistic *Rare Adventures and Painefvl Peregrinations* was published in a complete form in 1632 (12th ed. 1814), incompletely in 1614. Besides he wrote *The Siege of Breda* (1637), *Siege of Newcastle* (1645), *Poems* (ed. by Maidment, 1863), &c. Lithgow, like the Earls of Ancrum and Stirling and Drummond of Hawthornden, belonged to the first generation of Scotsmen who wrote, or aimed to write, English rather than the contemporary form of Scotch.

Sicilian Duellists.

And now having followed the Italian saying *Si meglior a star solo come mala accompaniato* [sic!], It is better for a man to be alone than in ill company, I traversed the kingdome to Trapundie [Trapani], seeking transportation for Africke, but could get none; and returning thence

overthwart the iland, I call to memory being lodged in the bourge of Saramutza belonging to a young baron, and being bound the way of Castello Francko, eight miles distant and appertaining to another young noble youth, I rose and marched by the breach of day, where it was my lucke, half way from either towne, to find both these beardlesse barons lying dead and new killed in the fields, and their horses standing tyed to a bush beside them; whereat being greatly moved, I approached them, and perceiving the bodies to be richly cled with silken stuffes, facily [facilely, easily] conjectured what they might be, my host having told me the former night that these two barones were at great discord about the love of a young noble woman; and so it was: for they had fought the combat for her sake, and for their own pride lay slaine here. For as fire is to gunpowder, so is ambition to the heart of man, which, if it be but touched with selfe-love, mounteth aloft and never bendeth downward till it be turned into ashes. And here it proved, for that ladies sake, that *troppo amore* turned to *presto dolore*. Upon which sight, to speake the truth, I searched both their pockets, and found their two silken purses full loaden with Spanish pistolls; whereat my heart sprung for joy; and taking five rings off their foure hands, I hid them and the two purses in the ground, half a mile beyond this place; and returning againe, leaped to one of their horses, and came galloping back to Saramutza; where, calling up my host, I told him the accident, who, when he saw the horse, gave a shout for sorrow, and running to the castle, told the lady the Baron's mother; where, in a moment, she, her children, and the whole town, runne all with me to the place; some cled, some naked, some on footte, and some on horse; where when come, grievous was it to behold their woful and sad lamentations. I, thus seeing them all mad and distracted of their wits with sorrow, left them without good night; and coming to my treasure, made speedy way to Castello Francko, where bearing them the like news, brought them all to the like distraction and flight of feet.

Ireland in 1619.

I remember I saw in Irelands North-parts two remarkable sights: The one was their manner of tillage, ploughs drawne by horse-tayls, wanting garnishing; they are only fastened with straw or wooden ropes to their bare rumps, marching all side for side, three or foure in a ranke, and as many men hanging by the ends of that untoward labour. It is as bad a husbandry, I say, as ever I found among the wildest savages alive; for the Caramins, who understand not the civill form of agriculture, yet they delve, hollow, and turn over the ground with manuall and wooden instruments: but they the Irish have thousands of both kingdomes daily labouring beside them, yet they can not learne, because they will not learne, to use garnishing, so obstinate they are in their barbarous consuetude, unless punishment and penalties were inflicted; and yet most of them are content to pay twenty shillings a yeare, before they wil change their custome.

The other as goodly sight I saw was women travayling or toyling at home, carry their infants about their necks and laying their dugges over their shoulders, would give sucke to the babes behinde their backes, without taking them in their armes. Such kind of breasts, me thinketh, were very fit to be made money-bags for East or West-Indian merchants, being more than halfe a yard long, and as well wrought as any tanner, in the like charge, could ever mollifie such leather.

As for any other customes they have, to avoyd prolixitie I spare, onely before my pen flee over seas I would gladly shake hands with some of our churchmen there; for better are the wounds of a friend, than the sweet smile of a flatterer; for love and trueth cannot dissemble. Many dissembling impudents intrude themselves in this high calling of God, who are not truely neither worthily thereunto called; the ground here arising either from a carnall or carelesse presumption, otherwise from needy, greedy, and lacke of bodily maintenance. Such is now the corruption of time, that I know here even mechanick men admitted in the place of pastors: yea, and rude-bred souldiers, whose education was at the musket-mouth, are become there both Lybian, grave, and unlearned church-men. Nay, besides them [un]professed, indeed professed schollers whose warbling mouthes, ingorged with spoonefuls of bruised Latine, seldome or never expressed, unless the force of quaffing spew it forth from their empty sculles; such, I say, interclude their doctrine between the thatch and the church-walls tops; and yet their smallest stipends shall amount to one, two, three, or foure hundred pounds a-year.

Whereupon you may demand mee, how spend they, or how deserve they this? I answer, Their deserts are nought, and the fruite thereof as naughtily spent; for sermons and prayers they never have any; neither never preached any, nor can preach. And although some could, as perhaps they seeming would, they shall have no auditour (as they say) but bare walls, the plants of their parishes being the rootes of mere Irish. As concerning their cariage in spending such sacrilegious fees, the course is thus.

The alehouse is their church, the Irish priests their consorts; their auditors be, Fill and fetch more; their text Spanish sack, their prayers carrousing, their singing of psalmes the whiffing of tobacco, their last blessing *aqua vitæ*, and all their doctrine sound drunkenness. And whensoever these parties meete, their parting is Dane-like, from a Dutch pot, and the minister still purse-bearer, defrayeth all charges for the priest. Arguments of religion, like Podolian Polonians, they succumbe; their conference only pleading mutuall forbearance; the minister affrayed of the priests' wood-carnes, and the priests ,as fearfull of the minister's apprehending or denoting them; contracting thereby a Gibeonized covenant; yea, and for more submission's sake, hee will give way to the priest to mumble masse in his church, where in all his life he never made prayer nor sermon.

Loe there are some of the abuses of our late weak and stragling ecclesiasticks there, and the soule-sunke sorrow of godless epicures and hypocrites. To all which, and much more, have I been an ocular testator, and sometimes a constrained consociat to their companeonry: yet not so much inforced, as desirous to know the behaviour and conversation of such mercenary Jebusites. Great God amend it, for it is a great pity to behold it: and if it continue so still, as when I saw them last, O farre better it were, that these ill-bestowed tythes, and church-wall rents, were distributed to the poore and needy, than to suffocate the swine-fed bellies of such idle and prophane parasites.

And here another general abuse I observed, that whensoever any Irish dye, the friend of the defunct (besides

other fees) paying twenty shillings to the English curate, shall get the corpse of the deceased to be buried within the church, yea often even under the pulpit-foot; and for lucre interred in God's sanctuary when dead, who, when alive, would never approach nor enter the gates of Sion, to worshipe the Lord, nor conforme themselves to true religion. Truely such, and the like abuses, and evill examples of lewd lives, have beene the greatest hinderance of that land's conversion; for such, like wolves, have been from time to time but stumbling-blocks before them; regarding more their own sensuall and licentious ends, than the glory of God, in converting of one soul unto his church.

Now as concerning the unconscionable carriage of the Hybernian clergy, ask mee, and there my reply. As many of them (for the most part) as are Protestant ministers have their wives, children, and servants invested Papists; and many of these church-men at the houre of their death, like dogges return back to their former vomit. Witness the late Viccar of Calin (belonging to the late and last Richard Earl of Desmond, who being on his deathbed, and having two hundred pounds a-year; finding him selfe to forsake both life and stipend, sent straight for a Romish priest, and received the Papall sacrament: confessing freely in my audience that he had been a Romane Catholick all his life, dissembling onely with his religion for the better maintaining of his wife and children. And being brought to his buriall place, he was interred in the church, with which he had played the ruffian all his life; being openly carried at mid-day with Jesuits, priests, and friers of his own nation, and after a contemptible manner, in derision of our profession and lawes of the kingdom.

Elsewhere in his travels he has described the Caramins as a tribe of savage Lybians in the north of Africa; hence Lybian applied to the Irish clergy is uncomplimentary. And in his sojourn in Poland, he has explained what the inhabitants of the province of Podolia had suffered from their next neighbours, the heathen Tartars. *Wood-carnes*, wild Irish kernes.

John Barclay, author of the *Argenis*, was born in 1582, at Pont-à-Mousson, in Lorraine, where his father, a Scotsman, was professor of Law. Owing, it is said, to persecution on the part of the Jesuits, he came with his father to England about 1603, and either in that year or two years later he published his *Euphormionis Satyricon*, a politico-satirical romance, chiefly directed against the Jesuits, supplements to which were the second part (1607), the *Apologia* (1611), and the *Icon Animorum* (1614). In 1616 he left England and went to Rome, where he died, a good Catholic, in 1621. In the same year appeared his *Argenis*, according to Cowper 'the best romance that ever was written.' It was written in Latin, and was translated into French, Spanish, Italian, Dutch, Polish, &c. There are three English versions, besides one entered at Stationers' Hall by Ben Jonson in 1623, but never published. The first published was by Le Grys and May in 1628; the last was by Clara Reeve in 1772. It resembles the *Arcadia* in its romantic adventures, the *Utopia* in its discussion of political problems, and, a seventeenth-century *roman à clef*, under disguised names and circumstances reviews the events and personages of European history during the later half of the sixteenth century. The story of the loves of Polyarchus and Argenis is really a political allegory, containing clever allusions to the state of Europe, more particularly of France during the time of the League; to Queen Elizabeth, Henri IV., and Philip II. It influenced Fénelon's *Télémaque*, may be said to have led the way to Calprenède, Scudéry, and Madame de la Fayette, and has merited the admiration of readers as dissimilar as Richelieu, Leibnitz, and Coleridge. See Dupond, *L'Argén's de Barclai* (1875).

Arthur Johnston (or JONSTON, Latinised *Jonstonus;* c. 1587–1641), remarkable among Scotsmen, along with George Buchanan, as a writer of Latin poetry who attained to European reputation. Born at Caskieben, near Aberdeen, he studied at Aberdeen, graduated in medicine at Padua (1610), and resided for about twenty years in France. On his return to Britain he obtained the patronage of Archbishop Laud, was appointed physician to Charles I., and became rector of King's College, Aberdeen. He wrote Latin elegies and epigrams, a paraphrase of the Song of Solomon, a collection of short poems (published in 1637) entitled *Musæ Aulicæ*, and (his greatest work) a complete version of the Psalms. He also edited and contributed to the *Deliciæ Poetarum Scotorum*, Latin poems by various Scottish authors. In Hallam's opinion: 'The Scots certainly wrote Latin with a good ear and considerable elegance of phrase. . . . I am inclined to think that Johnston's Psalms, all of which are in elegiac metre, do not fall short of those of Buchanan, either in elegance of style or correctness of Latinity.' Sir William Geddes is content to rank Johnston after, but close to, his great countryman. Editing a collection of the writers of Latin verse in Aberdeen, especially during the reigns of James I. and Charles I.—'the period when such verse was in Scotland the normal and recognised vehicle of poetic expression'—Sir William accounts Johnston as foremost 'of a cultured group of scholars such as no other city in Scotland, or even in the British Isles, could match at the period when they appeared.'

Principal Sir William Geddes edited a magnificent edition of the works of Johnston for the New Spalding Club (2 vols. 4to, 1892–95, in the *Musa Latina Aberdonensis*).

THE BALLADS:*

SCOTTISH AND ENGLISH.

BALLAD is, in ordinary use, a term for any narrative poem, usually in the simple measure of which a notable example is:

Lord William was buried in St Mary's kirk,
Lady Margret in Mary's quire;
Out o' the lady's grave grew a bonny red rose,
And out o' the knight's a briar.

Such poems may be written in the most civilised ages, by the most cultivated authors—by Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, or Sir Charles Hanbury Williams. But these and similar compositions are mere mimicries of what is more technically styled the ballad—the narrative *Volks-lied*, or popular tale in verse. Every Volks-lied, of course, or traditional poem is not a narrative ballad; it may be a personal lyric, or a begging song (*quête*), as in our songs of the Hogmanay season, the ancient Rhodian swallow song, and many French examples. The word 'ballad,' then, is here used for a traditional and popular narrative poem, usually of unknown authorship.

The sources whence we derive the Scottish and English ballads may be either printed books, or broadsheets, or manuscripts, or oral tradition. Very old printed sources of certain ballads exist. 'A Gest of Robyn Hode' may be 'anywhere from 1492 to 1534, the year of the death of Wynkyn de Worde,' the printer. Even after the renovations of printers and reciters, 'a considerable number of Middle English forms remain,' and Professor Child conceived that 'the little epic' may have been 'put together' (out of ballads) 'as early as 1400, or before. There are no firm grounds on which to base an opinion.' Nothing is certainly known as to the date of Robin Hood himself, if he was a real character. In *Piers Plowman* (c. 1377) Sloth says that he knows rhymes of Robin Hood better than his paternoster. It is not, then, perhaps, too arbitrary to regard Robin Hood ballads as a popular *genre*, and of considerable antiquity, in the middle of the fourteenth century, though the ballads as extant are later. Printed as early as the end of the fifteenth century, ballads continued to be published and hawked about, as by Shakespeare's Autolycus, to clowns who 'loved ballads but even too well.' Many of these would be modern, things written on public events and prodigies by persons of the lowest literary standing. Others would be really ancient traditional ballads, of unknown date and authorship. Collections of the broadsheets were made by amateurs, as by Mr Pepys; and there were manuscript collections, such as the famous folio edited with elegance by Bishop Percy, and with accuracy by Mr Furnivall. The eighteenth century saw the collections of Allan Ramsay, Herd, Pinkerton, and others (the editors often altering at will, except Ritson and, probably, Herd); while the nineteenth century opened with Scott's *Border Minstrelsy*, followed by Motherwell, Buchan, Jamieson, Kinloch, and others. Foreign savants have also made vast collections in almost every European land, and to these have been added gatherings out of Asiatic and savage regions.

The authorship of the traditional ballads has been matter of controversy. The present writer's contribution on ballads to the *Encyclopædia Britannica* was written in 1875, and has been criticised by Mr T. F. Henderson in *Scottish Vernacular Literature* (1898). Space does not afford room for a reply, nor is it necessary to specify the modifications which are here made in the older statement. We must begin by discriminating between at least three classes: (1) The historical ballads of relatively modern date, such as 'The Bonny Earl o' Moray' and 'The Queen's Marie,' which cannot be earlier than the reigns of James VI. and Mary Stuart respectively. (2) Such ballads as 'The Boy and the Mantle,' 'King Arthur and King Cornwall,' and 'The Marriage of Sir Gawain.' Concerning these, Professor Child says that they 'are clearly not of the same rise, and not meant for the same ears, as' the ballads in his first volume. 'They would come down by *professional* rather than domestic tradition, through *minstrels* rather than knitters and weavers.' Thus Professor Child distinguishes between ballads chanted by professional minstrels and ballads chanted by the populace for the populace. As to the authorship of the ballads of professional minstrels, it was more or less literary. 'The Boy and the Mantle' implies knowledge of a romance extant in three MSS. of the thirteenth century, a piece translated into Norse prose in 1217–63. The data occur in 'Perceval le Gallois' of the second half of the twelfth century, and also in the Welsh Triads. These data, briefly, are magical tests of chastity; and one of them is as old as an Egyptian popular tale recounted by Herodotus (ii. 111). Such magical tests are, of course, in origin purely popular, or even savage, but the setting and circumstances of this ballad are literary, being directly derived from the early mediæval Arthurian romances. From the same sources, and with adaptations from a *chanson de geste* of Charlemagne's voyage to Jerusalem, come 'Sir Gawain's Marriage' and 'King Arthur and King Cornwall.' There are, in these pieces, popular data of world-wide diffusion, such as impossible feats to be performed under peril of death, but the source of the ballads, *as they stand*, is literary: they are based

* Copyright 1901 by J. B. Lippincott Company, to the fourth paragraph on page 524, beginning "Several ballads," etc.

on romances widely circulated in manuscript. Some lowly professional minstrel was doubtless the author of ballads in this category.

The third class is more puzzling: it is the large class of traditional ballad narrative poems, such as 'The Elfin Knight,' 'Riddles,' 'Willie's Lady,' 'Young Tamlane,' and very many others. Professor Child does not attribute the diffusion of these to professional minstrels; and their data are popular, and underived (as in the second class) from known romances. What marks them as popular is their wonderfully wide diffusion, their close resemblance to prose *Märchen* (which are found all over the world, and are certainly not of literary authorship), with their folklore incidents, based on universal superstitions and customs. Despite their general uniformity and common character, these ballads occur in numerous variants, fragments of one being embedded in another, after the manner of *Märchen*, so that it is not possible to discover any one absolutely original form and type. This is the natural result of centuries of oral tradition; reciters had omitted, altered, transposed, modified, and modernised the language; introduced modern details of weapons, costume, and the like. Consequently, though there must have been an original author—literary or popular, amateur or professional—of each ballad, his date and name and condition remain unknown: these ballads as they exist are popular patchwork. As they exist they are the work of this, that, and the other maker and reciter: things fashioned by men of the people for the people, and by the people altered into scores of variants. In some cases a prose tale has been versified; in others, fragments of prose alternating with verse leave dubious the original shape, whether verse or prose, or a medley of both, as in 'Aucassin and Nicolete,' and in many East African ballad-stories (see Motherwell; 'Young Beichan and Susy Pie,' *Minstrelsy*, 1827, p. 15; and Steere's *Swahili Tales*, 1870, p. 7). It is in this sense that the so-called 'communistic' source of certain ballads is to be understood; in this sense they were made 'by the people, for the people.' They stand on much the same footing as the *Märchen* or popular tales of the world; to which no one dreams of assigning a professional or literary origin, for they are found in countries where there is no literature and no class of professional narrators or poets. From these tales the ballads only vary by the vehicle of verse. The date when they were first circulated in one kind of verse or another is not to be ascertained, though the familiar ballad measure is not certainly known to be older than the early fifteenth century.

The objection that the people does not versify applies only to the modern populace of civilised Europe. Mr Henderson says that 'the heart of the people . . . is now, and probably ever was, wholly untrained in the art of poetical expression.' This opinion is based on neglect of popular and savage literature. That the people does compose in poetry, from the Australian, African, and American tribes to the Gypsies of Spain and the Finns, is matter of indisputable certainty. The sagas prove the same fact for the Scandinavian race; and very old French writers speak of purely popular ditties on Roland. That the peasantry of early mediæval Scotland and England were incapable of what the peasants of modern Greece can do, or could do at the time of the War of Independence, it is hard to believe. They certainly preserved, recited, altered, mingled, and modernised ballads which are full of universal popular ideas and situations—ballads which are merely popular *Märchen* in rhyme. These processes of popular alteration and combination lasted, historically, at least till the end of the seventeenth century, as is proved by the numerous variants of the 'Queen's Marie,' based, with great departure from fact, on an historical incident of 1563. It is true that Professor Child regarded this as one of the latest of all ballads, and based, not on a tragedy of the court of Mary Stuart, but on an event of 1719 at the court of Peter the Great. The present writer, by arguments published in *Blackwood's Magazine* (vol. clviii.), was fortunate enough to alter Professor Child's theory, as he was so kind as to state in a private letter. Mr Henderson also accepts (as regards the date and place of the events out of which this ballad arose) the arguments which thus influenced Professor Child.

The theory of the large popular share in the origin and development of many ballads has its adversary in the hypothesis that most ballads are degraded adaptations, by professional minstrels, of literary *chansons de geste* (heroic early mediæval French epics) and of literary lays and romances. Scott himself wrote, as regards 'Lord Thomas and Fair Annie,' that, in his opinion, 'the further our researches are extended, the more we shall see ground to believe that the romantic ballads of later times are, for the most part, abridgments of the ancient metrical romances, narrated in a smoother stanza and a more modern language.' This corresponds with Scott's theory that *Märchen* are the residuum of higher and more literary myths, whereas many myths are *Märchen* organised and decorated by literary art, as in the *Odyssey* and the *Argonautica*.

Akin to Scott's is the view of Professor Courthope, who writes, in his *History of English Poetry* (i. 445): 'A vague idea prevails that, as the ballad is before all things popular in its character, it was evolved in some mysterious way out of the genius and traditions of the people themselves. But this was by no means the case. What the people contributed to the making of the ballads was no more than the taste and sentiment which characterise them.' And that is conceding a great deal. Mr Henderson says: 'In many ways the ballads bring us into immediate contact with the antique, pagan,

savage, superstitious, elemental characteristics of our race.' If *these* characteristics are not 'popular,' not 'primitive,' what can be called primitive and popular? But Mr Henderson seems to regard these characteristics as merely carried on from 'old forgotten romances,' which (though certainly composed by men of letters in full mediæval Christianity) somehow 'embalm the sentiments, passions, beliefs, forms of thought, and imaginative wonder and dread of our pagan ancestors.' What romances do all this? To do this is the function of the Folk, not of mediæval romancers. Mr Courthope goes on: 'They preserved them, it is true, in their memories, after they had been composed, but the matter not less than the form of the poem was, as a rule, furnished exclusively by the minstrel, who adapted the ancient traditions of the art, originally intended to please the tribal chieftain, or the feudal lord, to the temper of a popular audience. . . . The English ballads that have come down to us fall naturally into three classes: those which reflect the characteristics of the ancient *chanson de geste;* those which combine the features of the *chanson de geste* and the literary romance; and those which have a purely literary origin in the romance, lay, or *fabliau.*' Mr Courthope chooses 'The Battle of Otterburn' as an example of his first class; the Robin Hood ballads of the second; and in the third set he places 'Sir Aldingar,' 'Sir Cauline,' 'Earl Brand,' 'Child Waters,' and the like. In all these classes are 'plain traces of decline from a more ancient and nobler model.' 'As an almost invariable rule, the ballad, when composed in the first place for the purposes of amusement, reproduces, in a mould peculiar to itself, the subject-matter of the older gests, romances, or lays. The tales on which it is founded are rarely, if ever, the legacy of long oral tradition. . . .' Again: 'The ballad was usually a *précis* of a romance. . . .' Mr Gregory Smith also 'must consider the ballad as part of the literary débris of the Middle Ages' (*The Transition Period*, p. 186).

We have already remarked on a few samples of that class of ballads which may be regarded as *précis* of literary romances or *chansons de geste.* But the *matter* even of these is 'the legacy of oral tradition,' as Professor Child shows, contrary to the opinion of Mr Courthope, whose chapter on ballads does not display any special acquaintance with the comparative study of the world's ancient, traditional, and popular narratives in verse and prose. The fictitious literature, in prose or verse, of the Middle Ages is, we maintain, like the epics of Homer, really based throughout on popular tales, much older, and much more widely diffused, than written manuscripts. Often the professional and literary poet borrows, like Homer and the authors of the *chansons de geste* and the romances, from popular tales peculiar to no race of mankind. Occasionally the authors of ballads for the people have 'taken back their own' (as Molière said) from the hands of the professional literary class.

In perhaps more numerous cases the popular ballad does *not* 'reproduce, in a mould peculiar to itself, the subject-matter of the older gests, romances, or lays.' The ballad-maker works on the original data of world-wide popular tradition. Thus Professor Child writes (i. 98): 'The idea of the love-animated plants has been thought to be derived from the romance of Tristan, where it also occurs; agreeably to a general principle, somewhat hastily assumed, that when romances and popular ballads have anything in common, priority belongs to the romances.' This is Mr Courthope's principle; but too often it contains the reverse of the truth. The popular *Märchen* on which the *Odyssey* is based are found all over the world, and cannot have been derived by savages and peasants from the *Odyssey*, which Homer wove, as Fénelon remarks, out of old wives' fables. Thus, while old literature has borrowed from popular fancy, popular fancy now reclaims its own from literature, now works on original data that literature has neglected. There is not, as Mr Courthope holds, anything 'mysterious' in this theory, beyond the unsolved mystery of the remote origin and evolution of popular tales, and their wide diffusion. Given the regular stock of the incidents of *Märchen*, and given the primitive ideas and customs on which they rest, any member of the people, illiterate but poetical, could turn these data into rhyme. No professed literary man was needed. Once composed and chanted, the ballad became the property of the people, and was altered to taste by reciters, and broken into a crowd of variants. Nothing, of course, prevented a professed minstrel, or the author of the legend of a saint, from making prize either of the original data or of the ballad; and if the minstrel did so, *his* poem, in turn, might be corrupted and altered by popular reciters.

There has, in fact, been a come and go of popular data, of literary handling, and of degradation, especially notable in Cruikshank's 'Loving Ballad of Lord Bateman,' a cockney variant of a ballad really ancient, and of a still older legend (see Child's variants under 'Young Beichan'). The two schools of opinion—the popular, as represented here, and the literary, as represented by Mr Courthope—have both right on their side. The process favoured by Mr Courthope—namely, the popularisation of literary romances and *chansons de geste*—did exist. But these literary works were themselves elaborations of popular traditions, and in many cases the popular ballad author seems to have worked on popular materials, unhelped by any literary handling of them. A good example of the process is afforded by the familiar *contes* or popular tales of Charles Perrault, 'Cinderella,' and the rest. They were gathered by Perrault, under Louis XIV., from oral tradition, and were recast by him into literary shape. But this literary handling has hardly affected the surviving oral and popular forms of the same tales, as current either in France or other countries, European,

or Asiatic. On the other hand, French
ales have been adapted to their own habits
iers by Red Indians, just as some ballad-
dapted literary romances to popular taste.
two examples of ballads apparently quite
n origin may be given. Thus we have
Child's first ballad, 'Riddles Wisely
:d.' A girl lies with a knight, and then
to marry her. He will do so if she can
ertain riddles, and she succeeds. The
s old, and as popular, as the story of
r of Œdipus, and the riddles (*devinettes*)
e kind familiar to Basutos and Fijians.
be made the pivot of any sort of *Märchen*,
Märchen may, anywhere, be turned into
it is among Celts, Russians, Germans,
s. No literary intervention is required.
donnée (in 'The Elfin Knight') occurs in
saga of 'Graidhne and Diarmaid,' but
:e did it find its way into the *Gesta*
ni, a literary work which, again, can
the source of the Turkish variant, the
he Sanskrit, or the Tibetan. The *Gesta*
:eivably, be the source of our ballad, but
of the *Gesta* were contributed by popular
Lady Isabel,' again, is of wonderfully wide
on, and exists in mingled prose and verse.
an saves her own life by ingeniously slay-
ould-be murderer, who has already slain
omen, there is an element of the 'Blue-
ärchen. But Professor Bugge derives the
from the tale of 'Judith and Holofernes'
pocrypha. That tale may conceivably
tributed, but is itself probably only a
laptation of a *Märchen*. Holofernes is
the villain of the ballads is an elf. At
e is the usual come and go of literary
lar handling and data. 'Willie's Lady'
a piece of popular magic as old in litera-
heocritus in Idyll ii., or as Ovid (Metam.
15). If the idea is found in a romance
lo not know that it is) the ballad-maker
have borrowed from the romance a notion
liar in everyday folklore magic. The
the 'Fairy Queen' and 'Tamlane' does
omance, but it is also an article of world-
ılar belief. The retrieval of a lover lost
ınd appears in the literary romance of
here the lady, not the knight as in 'Tam-
on back. But the notion still persisting
, as it recently did in Scotland, there is
for holding that the romance of 'Orfeo'
the ballad of 'Tamlane.' On the other
analogous adventure of Thomas the
in the ballad of that name, is clearly
part, on the literary romance of 'Ogier
s,' which itself, again, has a popular
n. We might illustrate, at any length,
vient of the literary and popular elements
s. In 'Tamlane' some local poet or
s added local touches. The scene is
gh, where Ettrick and Yarrow meet;
and in one version the Earls of Moray (Randolph) and of March are parents of the lovers. But such localisations (which are common) are not usually original parts of the story. Nor do they fix a date. Randolph and the Cospatricks were well-known historical figures, and, at almost any time, might be accommodated to any romantic legend.

By a similar early accommodation does William of Malmesbury (*ob.* 1143) tell a story of Gunhild, daughter of King Cnut, which recurs in the ballad of 'Sir Aldingar.' William's version is adapted in a French metrical life of Edward the Confessor. But we are not to infer that the source of the ballad is necessarily literary, for, as Professor Child remarks, 'we cannot well doubt that William of Malmesbury is citing a ballad. . . . A ballad is known to have been made on a similar and equally fabulous adventure which is alleged in chronicle to have occurred to Gunhild's mother.' Mr Courthope (vol. i. p. 450) is apparently following Professor Child's historical account of the ballad of 'Sir Aldingar;' but in place of saying with Professor Child that William is 'citing a ballad,' he writes, 'William of Malmesbury perhaps derived his account from a Latin poem on the subject.' He gives no reason for preferring the hypothesis of 'a Latin poem' to Professor Child's theory of a ballad as William's source. Professor Child next gives analogous *Märchen* about illustrious ladies, running back as far as the middle of the seventh century; and suggests that this very ancient popular tale, intruded into history, 'is the root of the Scandinavian-English story.' Thus 'Sir Aldingar' does not, as Mr Courthope thinks, support his theory of the literary origin of ballads and of the absence of popular data. It does precisely the reverse; it is an example of the process by which a popular fable is attached to a series of historical characters, and is finally adopted by so respectable an historian as William of Malmesbury. Meanwhile the authority of Professor Child confirms our theory that, far from the literary history being the source of our ballad, a ballad is the source of the literary history in William of Malmesbury. The author of our 'Sir Aldingar' may have known and used the French 'Life of St Edward,' but the whole fable is popular and ancient. 'There is little or nothing in all these tales that can be historically authenticated, and much that is in plain contradiction with history. Putting history out of the question, there is no footing firmer than air for him who would essay to trace the order of the development.' Given the institution of trial by battle—a woman being represented by her champion—and given the world-wide delight in the success of weakness over strength (David and Goliath), then the data of 'Sir Aldingar' exist, and the legend is applied to many historical queens long before Gunhild. Whether our 'Sir Aldingar' has borrowed literary elements or not is unimportant.

There remain the historical ballads. Of these, such things as 'Kinmont Willie,' 'The Fire o'

Frendraught,' 'Edom o' Gordon,' 'The Queen's Marie,' 'The Bonny Earl o' Moray,' 'Jamie Telfer,' 'Johnnie Armstrong,' and many others cannot be earlier than the events which they celebrate, between the reigns of James V. and George II., when we have a ballad on Robin Oig Macgregor, a son of Rob Roy. They rest on recent history, handled with fair accuracy in 'Kinmont Willie,' with romantic distortion in 'The Queen's Marie,' 'The Bonny Earl o' Moray,' 'Edom o' Gordon,' and the lost ballad on the death of the Black Knight of Liddesdale (under David II.), cited by Hume of Godscroft. As to 'Johnnie Armstrong,' with its tale of royal treachery, it is probably the source of the account offered by Pitscottie and other Scottish historians. The tendency of the ballad-maker is to give apocryphal but romantic motives—jealousy and treachery, or revenge, as of Claverhouse for his kinsman at Drumclog—for real actions, and to exaggerate the rank of the characters. One of the Queen's Maries is substituted for an historical waiting-maid; Darnley takes the part actually played by a French apothecary. Tags and formulæ are introduced from older ballads. In the famous case of 'Sir Patrick Spens,' it is impossible to say certainly what historical event, of what date, is the basis of the poem, or whether Spens or Vans is the name of the hero, if hero there was (see Mr Henderson's *Vernacular Scottis Poetry*, pp. 350–355). 'The actual name of the hero of a ballad affords hardly a presumption as to who was originally the hero' (Child), and therefore is of little or no value, in itself, as to date. This is only another proof of the popular and mythopœic nature of the ballads as they have reached us, commonly in shapes later than the original, and altered, adapted, and interpolated by reciters. Whoever made them, the populace, by scores of touches, remade them, and made them its own, as the number of variations attests.

As to the literary merits of the best ballads, praise is superfluous: they charm all ranks in all ages. The vast superiority of the Scottish over the English ballads in vigour, poetic touch, and the moving of supernatural awe is the more remarkable as in literary poetry England proved no less superior to Scotland. There is but one exception: England has no rival of Burns, who represents the peasant element in song—to be sure, with the advantage of education and of familiarity with educated society. But, curiously, Burns had little appreciation of the ballads as distinct from the old lyrics of his countrymen. It was left for Scott, a man of gentle birth, to feel as his fathers had felt during the long centuries of war, and to recover the magnificent poetry of the men who kept the marches in old times.

It is unnecessary to indicate more than one authority on the subject of ballads. Professor Child, of Harvard, in his *English and Scottish Popular Ballads* (Houghton, Mifflin, & Co., Boston, 1883–98), has collected all known ballads, with all accessible variants, and has illustrated them with an extraordinary wealth of knowledge of many literatures. It might be suggested that he had rather less than his usual knowledge in the matter of savage poetry and *Märchen;* and that, in criticising the historical ballads, he made insufficient use of the MS. sources, and printed State papers of Scotland and England. In such matters, and in minute local topography, he welcomed such crumbs of knowledge as fell from poor men's tables, and industriously added notes and rectifications. Alas! he did not live to compose an essay on the general problems of ballad and *Märchen*. From casual remarks, of which many have been cited, we gather that he was a moderate and judicious friend of the popular rather than of the literary theory of the origins of the ballad, while fully recognising the many cases in which the ballad, as it stands, is a popularisation of literary *chansons de geste* and literary romances. Professor Child accumulated at Harvard a rich library of popular literature. He has erected his own enduring memorial, but to this one of his learned countrymen might add a volume on the problems of the ballad. These could not be solved, nor even perceived in their proper light, till the popular literature of all ages and of all mankind, civilised, barbaric, and savage, had been collected and compared by the industry of European, Oriental, and American men of learning. Literary origins can only be studied, like all other origins, in the light of a wide knowledge of the popular literature of the world, peasant, barbaric, and savage. The fallacy of supposing that a rite, or myth, or custom, or belief, or romantic incident is necessarily derived from its civilised or literary counterpart, and that popular examples of the same ideas are necessarily later, borrowed, and degenerate, has long been abandoned by anthropologists, and ought not to be accepted by literary students.

Several ballads which follow are taken from Scott's *Border Minstrelsy*. They are confessedly composed out of many variants, and patched, but they are the versions most familiarly known; and, again, *all* versions are patched and composite. We have no traditional ballad in its original shape. Meanwhile Scott's versions are arranged by a poet, as the rest are arranged by reciters. The first is one of the longer of fifteen (more or less complete) variants given by Professor Child.

'Young Beichan.'

In London was young Beichan born,
He longed strange countries for to see;
But he was taen by a savage Moor,
Who handled him right cruellie;

For he viewed the fashions of that land;
Their way of worship viewed he;
But to Mahound, or Termagant,
Would Beichan never bend a knee.

y shoulder they 've putten a bore ; fastening
y bore they 've putten a tree ; wooden shackle
have made him trail the wine 2
ices on his fair bodie.

asten him in a dungeon deep,
he could neither hear nor see ;
years they kept him there,
for hunger 's like to die.

r he had but ae daughter,
me was called Susie Pye ;
y day as she took the air,
eichan's prison she passed by.

ll, upon a day
ird young Beichan sadly sing ;
ids they all go masterless ;
vks they flee from tree to tree ;
ger brother will heir my land ;
igland again I 'll never see !'

long no rest she got,
Beichan's song for thinking on ;
wn the keys from her father's head,
the prison strong is gone.

as open'd the prison doors,
he open'd two or three,
ould come young Beichan at,
locked up so curiouslie.

she came young Beichan before,
onder'd he that may to see ; maid
her for some fair captive ;—
Lady, I pray, of what countrie ?'

ye any lands,' she said,
itles in your own countrie,
ould give to a lady fair,
rison strong to set you free ?'

ndon town I have a hall,
ther castles two or three ;
them all to the lady fair
ut of prison will set me free.'

the truth of your right hand,
ith of it give unto me,
seven years ye 'll no lady wed,
it be along with me.'

thee the truth of my right hand,
ith of it I 'll freely gie,
seven years I 'll stay unwed,
kindness thou dost show to me.'

has brib'd the proud warder
ckle gold and white monie ;
ten the keys of the prison strong,
e has set young Beichan free.

en him to eat the good spice-cake,
gi'en him to drink the blood-red wine ;
lden him sometimes think on her,
ae kindly freed him out of pine.

ken a ring from her finger,
Beichan half of it gave she :
to mind you of that love
dy bore that set you free.

'And set your foot on good ship-board,
And haste ye back to your own countrie ;
And before that seven years have an end,
Come back again, love, and marry me.'

But long ere seven years had an end,
She long'd full sore her love to see ;
For ever a voice within her breast
Said, 'Beichan has broke his vow to thee.'
So she 's set her foot on good ship-board,
And turn'd her back on her own countrie.

She sailed east, she sailed west,
Till to fair England's shore she came ;
Where a bonny shepherd she espied,
Feeding his sheep upon the plain.

'What news, what news, thou bonny shepherd ?
What news hast thou to tell to me ?'
'Such news I hear, ladie,' he says,
'The like was never in this countrie.

'There is a wedding in yonder hall,
Has lasted these thirty days and three ;
Young Beichan will not bed with his bride,
For love of one that 's yond the sea.'

She 's put her hand in her pocket,
Gi'en him the gold and white monie ;
'Hae, take ye that, my bonny boy,
For the good news thou tell 'st to me.'

When she came to young Beichan's gate,
She tirled softly at the pin ; 3
So ready was the proud porter
To open and let this lady in.

'Is this young Beichan's hall,' she said,
'Or is that noble lord within ?'
'Yea, he 's in the hall among them all,
And this is the day o' his weddin.'

'And has he wed anither love ?
And has he clean forgotten me ?'
And, sighin', said that gay ladie,
'I wish I were in my own countrie.'

And she has taen her gay gold ring,
That with her love she brake so free ;
Says, 'Gie him that, ye proud porter,
And bid the bridegroom speak to me.'

When the porter came his lord before,
He kneeled down low on his knee—
'What aileth thee, my proud porter,
Thou art so full of courtesie ?'

'I 've been porter at your gates,
It 's thirty long years now and three ;
But there stands a lady at them now,
The like o' her did I never see ;

'For on every finger she has a ring,
And on her mid finger she has three ;
And as mickle gold aboon her brow
As would buy an earldom to me.'

Its out then spak the bride's mother,
Aye and an angry woman was shee ;
'Ye might have excepted our bonny bride,
And twa or three of our companie.'

'O hold your tongue, thou bride's mother;
Of all your folly let me be;
She 's ten times fairer nor the bride,
And all that 's in your companie.

'She begs one sheave of your white bread, shave, slice
But and a cup of your red wine;
And to remember the lady's love,
That last reliev'd you out of pine.'

'O well-a-day!' said Beichan then,
'That I so soon have married thee!
For it can be none but Susie Pye,
That sailed the sea for love of me.'

And quickly hied he down the stair;
Of fifteen steps he made but three;
He 's ta'en his bonny love in his arms,
And kist, and kist her tenderlie.

'O hae ye ta'en anither bride?
And hae ye quite forgotten me?
And hae ye quite forgotten her,
That gave you life and libertie?'

She looked o'er her left shoulder,
To hide the tears stood in her e'e:
'Now fare thee well, young Beichan,' she says,
'I 'll try to think no more on thee.'

'O never, never, Susie Pye,
For surely this can never be;
Nor ever shall I wed but her
That 's done and dree'd so much for me.' borne

Then out and spak the forenoon bride,—
'My lord, your love it changeth soon;
This morning I was made your bride,
And another chose ere it be noon.' chosen

'O hold thy tongue, thou forenoon bride;
Ye 're ne'er a whit the worse for me;
And when ye return to your own countrie,
A double dower I 'll send with thee.'

He 's ta'en Susie Pye by the white hand,
And gently led her up and down;
And ay as he kist her red rosy lips,
'Ye 're welcome, jewel, to your own.'

He 's taen her by the milk-white hand,
And led her to yon fountain stane;
He 's changed her name from Susie Pye,
And he 's called her his bonny love, Lady Jane.

1 Mohammed and a (supposed) Mohammedan deity.

2 Variants are:

They made him draw the carts o' wine,
Which horse and owsn were wont to drie.

They 've made him to draw carts and wains,
Till he was sick and like to dee.

3 Rattled with a ring on a toothed iron peg attached to a door or gate.

This ballad is not selected for its poetical merit, but for its curious and instructive history. A little controversy has long existed as to the authorship of a cockney ditty, 'The Loving Ballad of Lord Bateman,' published for and illustrated by George Cruikshank. The ballad or parts of it have been claimed for Dickens or Thackeray, while the same doubt exists as to the authorship of the prose notes. Happily Thackeray left, in manuscript, a version of 'Lord Bateman' which is almost verbally the same as a version lent by Lady Rosalind Northcote, taken from the recitation of a blind old woman in Devonshire. Again, the verses regarded as peculiarly Thackerayan exist in a Scots version, preserved by Child (vol. i. p. 476). Thus the 'Loving Ballad' is purely popular, with cockney pronunciation indicated, and with one or two slight changes.

'The ballad story has beautiful repetitions in the ballads of other nations,' Norse, Spanish, and Italian. All turn on the forgetfulness of a lover who has loved in a far country, and the return of his lady just as he is about wedding a new love at home. Now, this is the *donnée* of the world-wide *Märchen* which, in Scotland, is 'The Black Bull o' Norroway,' and the idea may even be detected in the story of Jason and Medea (see 'A Far-travelled Tale' in the author's *Custom and Myth*). The *donnée*, then, is of unknown age and is purely popular. Now, this *donnée* intruded itself (c. 1300) into a late poetical legend of St Thomas of Canterbury, and was applied to his father, Gilbert Becket. Professor Child concludes that our ballad has probably been '*affected*' by the Becket form of the legend, 'but the ballad, for all that, is not derived from the legend. . . . The legend lacks some of the main points of the stories, and the ballad, in one version or other, has them.' Thus 'Young Beichan' illustrates the come and go of popular motive and literary handling, while the many variants show how generations of the people made the ballad their own. The literary school of critics would, if consistent, derive the ballad forms of 'Young Beichan' from the late and literary legend of Gilbert Becket.

Jamie Telfer of the Fair Dodhead.

It fell about the Martinmas tyde,
When our Border steeds get corn and hay,
The Captain of Bewcastle hath bound him to ryde,
And he 's ower to Tividale to drive a prey.

The first ae guide that they met wi',
It was high up in Hardhaughswire!
The second guide that they met wi',
It was laigh down in Borthwick Water.

'What tidings, what tidings, my trusty guide?'—
'Nae tidings, nae tidings, I hae to thee;
But gin ye 'll gae to the fair Dodhead,
Mony a cow's cauf I 'll let thee see.'

And when they cam to the fair Dodhead,
Right hastily they clam the peel; climbed into the tower
They loosed the kye out, ane and a',
And ranshackled the house right weel. ransacked

Now Jamie Telfer's heart was sair,
The tear aye rowing in his ee;
He pled wi' the Captain to hae his gear,
Or else revenged he wad be.

The Captain turned him round and leugh;
Said—'Man, there 's naething in thy house,
But ae auld sword without a sheath,
That hardly now would fell a mouse.'—

The sun wasna up, but the moon was down,
It was the gryming of a new-fa'n snaw, sprinkling
Jamie Telfer has run ten myles a-foot,
Between the Dodhead and the Stobs's Ha'.

And when he cam to the fair tower yate,
He shouted loud, and cried weel hie,
Till out bespak auld Gibby Elliot—
'Whae 's this that brings the fray to me?'—

'It 's I, Jamie Telfer, o' the fair Dodhead,
And a harried man I think I be!
There 's naething left at the fair Dodhead,
But a waefu' wife and bairnies three.'

'Gae seek your succour at Branksome Ha',
For succour ye 'se get nane frae me!
Gae seek your succour where ye paid black-mail,
For, man, ye ne'er paid money to me.'—

Jamie has turned him round about,
I wat the tear blinded his ee—
'I 'll ne'er pay mail to Elliot again,
And the fair Dodhead I 'll never see!

'My hounds may a' rin masterless,
My hawks may fly frae tree to tree,
My lord may grip my vassal lands,
For there again maun I never be!'—

He has turn'd him to the Tiviot side,
E'en as fast as he could drie,
Till he cam to the Coultart Cleugh,
And there he shouted baith loud and hie.

Then up bespak him auld Jock Grieve—
'Whae 's this that brings the fray to me!'
'It 's I, Jamie Telfer o' the fair Dodhead;
A harried man I trow I be.

'There 's naething left in the fair Dodhead,
But a greeting wife and bairnies three,
And sax poor ca's stand in the sta', calves—stall
A' routing loud for their minnie.'— lowing—mother

'Alack a wae!' quo' auld Jock Grieve,
'Alack! my heart is sair for thee!
For I was married on the elder sister,
And you on the youngest of a' the three.'

Then he has ta'en out a bonny black,
Was right weel fed with corn and hay,
And he 's set Jamie Telfer on his back,
To the Catslockhill to tak the fray.

And when he cam to the Catslockhill,
He shouted loud, and cried weel hie,
Till out and spak him William's Wat—
'O whae 's this brings the fray to me?'—

'It 's I, Jamie Telfer of the fair Dodhead,
A harried man I think I be!
The captain of Bewcastle has driven my gear;
For God's sake rise, and succour me!'

'Alas for wae!' quoth William's Wat,
'Alack, for thee my heart is sair!
I never cam by the fair Dodhead,
That ever I fand thy basket bare.'—

He 's set his twa sons on coal-black steeds,
Himsell upon a freckled gray,
And they are on wi' Jamie Telfer,
To Branksome Ha' to tak the fray.

And when they cam to Branksome Ha',
They shouted a' baith loud and hie,
Till up and spak him auld Buccleuch,
Said—'Whae 's this brings the fray to me?'—

'It 's I, Jamie Telfer of the fair Dodhead,
And a harried man I think I be!
There 's naught left in the fair Dodhead,
But a greeting wife and bairnies three.'—

'Alack for wae!' quoth the gude auld lord,
'And ever my heart is wae for thee!
But fye gar cry on Willie, my son,
And see that he come to me speedilie!

'Gar warn the water, braid and wide,
Gar warn it sune and hastilie!
They that winna ride for Telfer's kye,
Let them never look in the face o' me!

'Warn Wat o' Harden and his sons,
Wi' them will Borthwick Water ride;
Warn Gaudilands, and Allanhaugh,
And Gilmanscleugh, and Commonside.

'Ride by the gate of Priesthaughswire,
And warn the Currors o' the Lea;
As ye cum down the Hermitage Slack,
Warn doughty Willie o' Gorrinberry.'—

The Scotts they rade, the Scotts they ran,
Sae starkly and sae steadilie!
And aye the ower-word o' the thrang
Was—'Rise for Branksome readilie!'

The gear was driven the Frostylee up,
Frae the Frostylee unto the plain,
Whan Willie has look'd his men before,
And saw the kye right fast drivand.

'Whae drives thir kye?' 'gan Willie say,
'To make an outspeckle o' me?' laughing-stock
'It 's I, the captain o' Bewcastle, Willie;
I wanna layne my name for thee.'— deny, hide

'O will ye let Telfer's kye gae back?
Or will ye do aught for regard o' me?
Or by the faith of my body,' quo' Willie Scott, spend my
'I 'se ware my dame's cauf skin on thee!' wife's shoe-leather

'I winna let the kye gae back,
Neither for thy love, nor yet thy fear;
But I will drive Jamie Telfer's kye,
In spite of every Scott that 's here.'—

'Set on them, lads!' quo' Willie than;
'Fye, lads, set on them cruellie!
For ere they win to the Ritterford,
Mony a toom saddle there sall be!'— empty

[Then til 't they gaed, wi' heart and hand,
The blows fell fast as bickering hail; thrashing
And mony a horse ran masterless,
And mony a comely cheek was pale.]

But Willie was stricken ower the head,
And thro' the knapscap the sword has gane; head-piece
And Harden grat for very rage, wept
Whan Willie on the grund lay slane.

[But he 's ta'en aff his gude steel cap,
And thrice he 's waved it in the air—
The Dinlay snaw was ne'er mair white
Nor the lyart locks of Harden's hair.] bleached

'Revenge! revenge!' auld Wat 'gan cry;
'Fye, lads, lay on them cruellie!
We 'll ne'er see Teviotside again,
Or Willie's death revenged sall be.'

O mony a horse ran masterless,
The splinter'd lance flew on hie;
But or they wan to the Kershope ford,
The Scotts had gotten the victory.

John o' Brigham there was slane,
And John o' Barlow, as I heard say;
And thirty mae o' the Captain's men more
Lay bleeding on the grund that day.

The Captain was run through the thick of the thigh,
And broken was his right leg bane;
If he had lived this hundred years,
He had never been loved by woman again.

'Hae back the kye!' the Captain said;
'Dear kye, I trow, to some they be!
For gin I suld live a hundred years,
There will ne'er fair lady smile on me.'—

Then word is gone to the Captain's bride,
Even in the bower where that she lay,
That her lord was prisoner in enemy's land,
Since into Tividale he had led the way.

'I wad lourd have had a winding-sheet, rather
And helped to put it ower his head,
Ere he had been disgraced by the Border Scott
Whan he ower Liddel his men did lead!'—

There was a wild gallant amang us a',
His name was Watty wi' the Wudspurs, Mad-spurs
Cried—'On for his house in Stanegirthside,
If ony man will ride with us!'

When they cam to the Stanegirthside,
They dang wi' trees, and burst the door; banged —logs
They loosed out a' the Captain's kye,
And set them forth our lads before.

There was an auld wife ayont the fire,
A wee bit o' the Captain's kin—
'Whae dare loose out the Captain's kye,
Or answer to him and his men?'—

'It 's I, Watty Wudspurs, loose the kye,
I winna layne my name frae thee! hide, deny
And I will loose out the Captain's kye,
In scorn of a' his men and he.'—

Whan they cam to the fair Dodhead,
They were a wellcum sight to see!
For instead of his ain ten milk kye,
Jamie Telfer has gotten thirty and three.

And he has paid the rescue shot,
Baith wi' gowd and white monie;
And at the burial o' Willie Scott,
I wat was mony a weeping ee.

Scott is responsible for this fine riding b
but probably did no more than add to
here and there. This is probable, becau
represents the Dodhead as being near S
in Ettrick. Now, Telfer could not have co
in time the great distance from Singlee to E
holme, and he would probably have applie
aid to Scott of Tushielaw and Scott of Thirle
his neighbours, not to Elliot of Stobs, wh
very remote. In fact there is a Dodburn
therefore a Dodhead) on the southern si
Teviot, within touch of Stobs, but Scott
obviously unaware of the fact which make
events in the ballad possible. It may the
be inferred that he really received the ballad
tradition; had he invented it he would have
the topography plausible. No English r
would ride on a hasty foray from the March
Dodhead in Ettrick. Telfer would still fin
kin of Jock Grieve on the old farms in T
dale.

The Young Tamlane.

'O I forbid ye, maidens a',
That wear gowd on your hair,
To come or gae by Carterhaugh,
For young Tamlane is there.

'There 's nane that gaes by Carterhaugh,
But maun leave him a wad,
Either gowd rings or green mantles,
Or else their maidenheid.

'Now gowd rings ye may buy, maidens,
Green mantles ye may spin;
But gin ye lose your maidenheid,
Ye 'll ne'er get that agen.'—

But up then spake her, fair Janet,
The fairest o' a' her kin;
'I 'll cum and gang to Carterhaugh,
And ask nae leave o' him.'

Janet has kilted her green kirtle,
A little abune her knee;
And she has braided her yellow hair,
A little abune her bree.

And when she came to Carterhaugh,
She gaed beside the well;
And there she fand his steed standing,
But awa was himsell.

She hadna pu'd a red red rose,
A rose but barely three;
Till up and starts a wee wee man,
At lady Janet's knee.

Says—'Why pu' ye the rose, Janet?
What gars ye break the tree?
Or why come ye to Carterhaugh,
Withouten leave o' me?'—

Says—'Carterhaugh it is mine ain;
My daddie gave it me:
I 'll come and gang to Carterhaugh,
And ask nae leave o' thee.'

He 's taen her by the milk-white hand,
Among the leaves sae green.
And what they did, I cannot tell—
The green leaves were between.

He 's ta'en her by the milk-white hand,
Among the roses red;
And what they did I cannot say—
She ne'er return'd a maid.

When she cam to her father's ha',
She looked pale and wan;
They thought she 'd dreed some sair sickness, borne
Or been with some leman.

She didna comb her yellow hair,
Nor make meikle o' her head;
And ilka thing that ladye took
Was like to be her deid. death

It 's four and twenty ladies fair
Were playing at the ba';
Janet, the weightiest of them anes,
Was faintest o' them a'.

Four and twenty ladies fair
Were playing at the chess;
And out there came the fair Janet,
As green as any grass.

Out and spake an auld grey-headed knight,
Lay o'er the castle wa'—
'And ever, alas! for thee, Janet,
But we 'll be blamed a'!'—

'Now haud your tongue, ye auld grey knight,
And an ill deid may ye dee,
Father my bairn on whom I will,
I 'll father nane on thee.'—

Out then spak her father dear,
And he spak meik and mild—
'And ever, alas! my sweet Janet,
I fear ye gae with child.'—

'And if I be with child, father,
Mysell maun bear the blame;
There 's ne'er a knight about your ha'
Shall hae the bairnie's name.

'And if I be with child, father,
'Twill prove a wondrous birth;
For weel I swear I 'm not wi' bairn
To any man on earth.

'If my love were an earthly knight,
As he 's an elfin grey,
I wadna gie my ain true love
For nae lord that ye hae.'—

She prink'd hersell and prinn'd hersell,
By the ae light of the moon,
And she 's away to Carterhaugh,
To speak wi' young Tamlane.

And when she cam to Carterhaugh,
She gaed beside the well;
And there she saw the steed standing,
But away was himsell.

She hadna pu'd a double rose,
A rose but only twae,
When up and started young Tamlane,
Says—'Lady, thou pu's nae mae!

'Why pu' ye the rose, Janet,
Within this garden grene,
And a' to kill the bonny babe
That we got us between?'

'The truth ye 'll tell to me, Tamlane:
A word ye mauna lie;
Gin e'er ye was in haly chapel,
Or sained in Christentie?' blessed, baptised

'The truth I 'll tell to thee, Janet,
A word I winna lee:
A knight me got, and a lady me bore,
As well as they did thee.

'Randolph, earl Murray, was my sire,
Dunbar, earl March, is thine;
We loved when we were children small,
Which yet you well may mind.

'When I was a boy just turn'd of nine,
My uncle sent for me,
To hunt and hawk, and ride with him,
And keep him companie.

'There came a wind out of the north,
A sharp wind and a snell;
And a deep sleep came over me,
And frae my horse I fell.

'The queen of fairies keepit me
(And I 'm a fairy, lyth and limb), joint
In yon green hill to dwell;
Fair ladye, view me well.

'But we, that live in fairy-land,
No sickness know nor pain,
I quit my body when I will,
And take to it again.

'I quit my body when I please,
Or unto it repair;
We can inhabit at our ease,
In either earth or air.

'Our shapes and size we can convert
To either large or small;
An old nut-shell 's the same to us
As is the lofty hall.

'We sleep in rose-buds soft and sweet,
We revel in the stream;
We wanton lightly on the wind,
Or glide on a sunbeam.

'And all our wants are well supplied
From every rich man's store,
Who thankless sins the gifts he gets,
And vainly grasps for more.

'Then would I never tire, Janet,
In Elfish land to dwell;
But aye, at every seven years,
They pay the teind to hell; tithe
And I am sae fat and fair of flesh,
I fear 'twill be mysell.

'This night is Hallowe'en, Janet,
The morn is Hallowday;
And, gin ye dare your true love win,
Ye na hae time to stay.

'The night it is good Hallowe'en,
When fairy folk will ride;
And they that wad their true love win,
At Miles Cross they maun bide.'—

'But how shall I thee ken, Tamlane?
Or how shall I thee knaw,
Amang so many unearthly knights,
The like I never saw?'—

'The first company that passes by,
Say na, and let them gae;
The next company that passes by,
Say na, and do right sae;
The third company that passes by,
Then I 'll be ane o' thae.

'First let pass the black, Janet,
And syne let pass the brown;
But grip ye to the milk-white steed,
And pu' the rider down.

'For I ride on the milk-white steed,
And aye nearest the town;
Because I was a christen'd knight,
They gave me that renown.

'My right hand will be gloved, Janet,
My left hand will be bare;
And these the tokens I gie thee,
Nae doubt I will be there.

'They 'll turn me in your arms, Janet,
An adder and a snake;
But haud me fast, let me not pass,
Gin ye wad buy me maik. buy me back to be your mate

They 'll turn me in your arms, Janet,
An adder and an ask; eft, newt
They 'll turn me in your arms, Janet,
A bale that burns fast. fire, brand

'They 'll turn me in your arms, Janet,
A red-hot gad o' airn;
But haud me fast, let me not pass,
For I 'll do you no harm.

'First dip me in a stand o' milk,
And then in a stand o' water;
But haud me fast, let me not pass—
I 'll be your bairn's father.

'And, next, they 'll shape me in your arms
A tod, but and an eel;
But haud me fast, nor let me gang,
As you do love me weel.

'They 'll shape me in your arms, Janet,
A dove, but and a swan;
And, last, they 'll shape me in your arms
A mother-naked man:
Cast your green mantle over me—
I 'll be myself again.'—

Gloomy, gloomy, was the night,
And eiry was the way,
As fair Janet in her green mantle,
To Miles Cross she did gae.

The heavens were black, the night was da
And dreary was the place;
But Janet stood, with eager wish,
Her lover to embrace.

Betwixt the hours of twelve and one,
A north wind tore the bent;
And straight she heard strange elritch sou
Upon that wind which went.

About the dead hour o' the night,
She heard the bridles ring;
And Janet was as glad o' that
As any earthly thing.

[Their oaten pipes blew wondrous shrill,
The hemlock small blew clear;
And louder notes from hemlock large,
And bog-reed, struck the ear;
But solemn sounds, or sober thoughts,
The fairies cannot bear.

They sing, inspired with love and joy,
Like skylarks in the air;
Of solid sense, or thought that 's grave,
You 'll find no traces there.

Fair Janet stood, with mind unmoved,
The dreary heath upon;
And louder, louder wax'd the sound,
As they came riding on.

Will 'o Wisp before them went,
Sent forth a twinkling light;
And soon she saw the fairy bands
All riding in her sight.]

And first gaed by the black, black steed,
And then gaed by the brown;
But fast she gript the milk-white steed,
And pu'd the rider down.

She pu'd him frae the milk-white steed,
And loot the bridle fa'; let
And up there raise an erlish cry—
'He 's won among us a'!'—

They shaped him in fair Janet's arms,
An esk but and an adder; eft,
She held him fast in every shape—
To be her bairn's father.

They shaped him in her arms at last,
A mother-naked man;
She wrapt him in her green mantel,
And sae her true love wan!

Up then spake the Queen o' Fairies,
Out o' a bush o' bloom—
'She that has borrow'd young Tamlane,
Has gotten a stately groom.'—

Up then spake the Queen o' Fairies,
Out o' a bush o' rye—
'She 's ta'en awa the bonniest knight
In a' my cumpanie.

'But had I kenn'd, Tamlane,' she says,
'A ladye wad borrow'd thee—
I wad ta'en out thy twa grey een,
Put in twa een o' tree. wood

'Had I but kenn'd, Tamlane,' she says,
'Before ye came frae hame –
I wad ta'en out your heart o' flesh,
Put in a heart o' stane.

'Had I but had the wit yestreen
That I hae coft the day—
I 'd paid my kane seven times to hell tribute, customary payment
Ere you 'd been won away!'

This version is Scott's, a compound, as usual, f various oral or manuscript variants with some eak modern stanzas. The ideas, the winning of mortal from Fairyland and the process of olding him, or her, through a series of meta- norphoses, are extremely ancient (Apollodorus, *Bibliotheca*, iii. 13, 5, 6; the case of Peleus and Thetis). An instance of the fairy adventure is emembered in Glencoe, the events being of the ineteenth century. A tale, in prose or verse, on Tamlane was known to the author of *The Complaynt of Scotlande* (1549).

Robin Hood and the Curtal Frier.

In summer time, when leaves grow green,
And flowers are fresh and gay,
Robin Hood and his merry men
Were disposed to play.

Then some would leap, and some would run,
And some would use artillery;
'Which of you can a good bow draw,
A good archer for to be?

'Which of you can kill a buck,
Or who can kill a doe?
Or who can kill a hart of greece a fat hart
Five hundred foot him fro?'

Will Scadlocke he killd a buck,
And Midge he killd a doe,
And Little John killd a hart of greece,
Five hundred foot him fro.

'Gods blessing on thy heart,' said Robin Hood,
'That hath such a shot for me;
I would ride my horse a hundred miles,
To find one could match with thee.'

This caused Will Scadlocke to laugh,
He laught full heartily:
'There lives a curtal frier in Fountains Abby short-frocked
Will beat both him and thee.

'The curtal frier in Fountains Abby
Well can a strong bow draw;
He will beat you and your yeomèn,
Set them all on a row.'

Robin Hood he took a solemn oath,
It was by Mary free,
That he would neither eat nor drink
Till the frier he did see.

Robin Hood put on his harness good,
On his head a cap of steel,
Broad sword and buckler by his side,
And they became him weel.

He took his bow into his hand,
It was made of a trusty tree,
With a sheaf of arrows at his belt,
And to Fountains Dale went he.

And comming unto Fountains Dale,
No farther would he ride;
There he was aware of a curtal frier,
Walking by the water side.

The frier had on a harness good,
On his head a cap of steel,
Broad sword and buckler by his side,
And they became him weel.

Robin Hood lighted off his horse,
And tyed him to a thorn:
'Carry me over the water, thou curtal frier,
Or else thy life 's forlorn.'

The frier took Robin Hood on his back,
Deep water he did bestride,
And spake neither good word nor bad,
Till he came at the other side.

Lightly leapt Robin off the friers back;
The frier said to him again,
'Carry me over this water, fine fellow,
Or it shall breed thy pain.'

Robin Hood took the frier on 's back,
Deep water he did bestride,
And spake neither good word nor bad,
Till he came at the other side.

Lightly leapt the frier off Robin Hoods back;
Robin Hood said to him again,
'Carry me over this water, thou curtal frier,
Or it shall breed thy pain.'

The frier took Robin on 's back again,
And stept up to the knee;
Till he came at the middle stream
Neither good nor bad spake he.

And coming to the middle stream,
There he threw Robin in;
'And chuse thee, chuse thee, fine fellow,
Whether thou wilt sink or swim.'

Robin Hood swam to a bush of broom,
The frier to a wicker wand;
Bold Robin Hood is gone to shore,
And took his bow in his hand.

One of his best arrows under his belt
To the frier he let fly:
The curtal frier with his steel buckler
Did put that arrow by.

'Shoot on, shoot on, thou fine fellow,
Shoot as thou hast begun,
If thou shoot here a summers day,
Thy mark I will not shun.'

Robin Hood shot passing well,
Till his arrows all were gone;
They took their swords and steel bucklers,
They fought with might and main,

From ten o' th' clock that day
Till four i' th' afternoon;
Then Robin Hood came to his knees,
Of the frier to beg a boon.

'A boon, a boon, thou curtal frier,
I beg it on my knee:
Give me leave to set my horn to my mouth,
And to blow blasts three.'

'That I will do,' said the curtal frier,
'Of thy blasts I have no doubt;
I hope thou 'lt blow so passing well,
Till both thy eyes fall out.'

Robin Hood set his horn to his mouth,
He blew but blasts three;
Half a hundred yeomen, with bows bent,
Came raking over the lee.

'Whose men are these,' said the frier,
'That come so hastily?'
'These men are mine,' said Robin Hood;
'Frier, what is that to thee?'

'A boon, a boon,' said the curtal frier,
'The like I gave to thee;
Give me leave to set my fist to my mouth,
And to whute whutes three.' — hoot

'That will I do,' said Robin Hood,
'Or else I were to blame;
Three whutes in a friers fist
Would make me glad and fain.'

The frier set his fist to his mouth,
And whuted whutes three;
Half a hundred good ban-dogs — mastiffs, or bloodhounds
Came running over the lee.

'Here 's for every man of thine a dog,
And I my self for thee:'
'Nay, by my faith,' said Robin Hood,
'Frier, that may not be.'

Two dogs at once to Robin Hood did go,
The one behind, the other before;
Robin Hoods mantle of Lincoln green
Off from his back they tore.

And whether his men shot east or west,
Or they shot north or south,
The curtal dogs, so taught they were, — cur-tailed
They kept their arrows in their mouth.

'Take up thy dogs,' said Little John,
'Frier, at my bidding be;'
'Whose man art thou,' said the curtal frier,
'Comes here to prate with me?'

'I am Little John, Robin Hoods man,
Frier, I will not lie;
If thou take not up thy dogs soon,
I 'le take up them and thee.'

Little John had a bow in his hand,
He shot with might and main;
Soon half a score of the friers dogs
Lay dead upon the plain.

'Hold thy hand, good fellow,' said the curtal frier,
'Thy master and I will agree;
And we will have new orders taken,
With all the haste that may be.'

'If thou wilt forsake fair Fountains Dale,
And Fountains Abby free,
Every Sunday throghout the year,
A noble shall be thy fee:

'And every holy day throughout the year,
Changed shall thy garment be,
If thou wilt go to fair Nottingham,
And there remain with me.'

This curtal frier had kept Fountains Dale
Seven long years or more;
There was neither knight, lord, nor earl,
Could make him yield before.

This ballad is from a 'Garland' of 1663, the version in Percy's folio being fragmentary. The piece, says Professor Child, 'is in a genuinely popular style, and was made to sing, not to print.' There are traces of an earlier ballad as the common basis of the version given here and of that in the Percy folio.

Sir Patrick Spens.

The king sits in Dunfermline towne,
Drinking the blude-red wine;
'O whare will I get a skeely skipper,
To sail this new ship of mine?'

O up and spake an eldern knight,
Sat at the king's right knee,—
'Sir Patrick Spens is the best sailor,
That ever sailed the sea.'

Our king has written a braid letter,
And seal'd it with his hand,
And sent it to sir Patrick Spens,
Was walking on the strand.

'To Noroway, to Noroway,
To Noroway o'er the faem;
The king's daughter of Noroway,
'Tis thou maun bring her hame.'

The first word that sir Patrick read,
Sae loud loud laughed he;
The neist word that sir Patrick read,
The tear blinded his ee.

'O wha is this has done this deed,
And tauld the king o' me,
To send us out, at this time of the year,
To sail upon the sea?

'Be it wind, be it weet, be it hail, be it sleet,
Our ship must sail the faem;
The king's daughter of Noroway,
'Tis we must fetch her hame.'—

They hoysed their sails on Monenday morn, hoisted
Wi' a' the speed they may;
They hae landed in Noroway,
Upon a Wodensday.

They hadna been a week, a week,
In Noroway, but twae,
When that the lords o' Noroway
Began aloud to say—

'Ye Scottishmen spend a' our king's goud,
And a' our queenis fee.'—
'Ye lie, ye lie, ye liars loud!
Fu' loud I hear ye lie:

'For I brought as much white monie,
As gane my men and me, serve for
And I brought a half-fou of gude red goud, half-measure
Out o'er the sea wi' me.

'Make ready, make ready, my merrymen a'!
Our gude ship sails the morn,'—
'Now, ever alake, my master dear,
I fear a deadly storm!

'I saw the new moon, late yestreen,
Wi' the auld moon in her arm;
And, if we gang to sea, master,
I fear we 'll come to harm.'

They hadna sailed a league, a league,
A league but barely three,
When the lift grew dark, and the wind blew loud,
And gurly grew the sea.

The ankers brak, and the top-masts lap, sprang
It was sic a deadly storm;
And the waves cam o'er the broken ship,
Till a' her sides were torn.

'O where will I get a gude sailor,
To take my helm in hand,
Till I get up to the tall top-mast,
To see if I can spy land?'—

'O here am I, a sailor gude,
To take the helm in hand,
Till you go up to the tall top-mast;
But I fear ye 'll ne'er spy land.'

He hadna gane a step, a step,
A step but barely ane,
When a bout flew out of our goodly ship, bolt
And the salt sea it cam in.

'Gae, fetch a web o' the silken claith,
Another o' the twine, ropes
And wap them into our ship's side, pack
And let nae the sea come in.'—

They fetch'd a web o' the silken claith,
Another o' the twine,
And they wrapp'd them round that gude ship's side,
But still the sea cam in.

O laith, laith were our gude Scots lords
To weet their cork-heel'd shoon! wet
But lang or a' the play was play'd,
They wat their hats aboon.

And mony was the feather-bed
That flatter'd on the faem; tossed
And mony was the gude lord's son
That never mair cam hame.

The ladyes wrang their fingers white,
The maidens tore their hair,
A' for the sake of their true loves;
For them they 'll see nae mair.

O lang, lang may the ladyes sit,
Wi' their fans into their hand,
Before they see sir Patrick Spens
Come sailing to the strand!

And lang, lang may the maidens sit,
With their goud kaims in their hair, gold combs
A' waiting for their ain dear loves!
For them they 'll see nair.

O forty miles off Aberdeen,
'Tis fifty fathoms deep,
And there lies gude sir Patrick Spens,
Wi' the Scots lords at his feet.

This ballad was first printed by Percy (1765), and then by Herd ('Sir Andrew Wood') in 1769. Scott's version is a blend of two variants. Sir Andrew Wood has only been casually introduced, he being the most famous mariner under James III. and James IV. That the ballad is really traditional is proved by a fragment of a variant collected in 1829, which contains a formula found also in 'The Bonny Earl o' Moray'—an example of the popular method of diffusing and intermingling ballads. The expedition to Norway, under Sir Patrick, is not historical, and yields no date, though conceivably it may be a refraction from the well-remembered fact of the death of the Maid of Norway on her way to Scotland (1290). The marriage of James III. with a Danish princess (1469) involved no kind of tragedy. If one might conjecture, the death of the Maid, with its terrible consequences, floated vaguely in the popular memory, as did the Danish marriage of James III. A poet unconsciously 'combined his information,' altering the characters of the tragedy, or accepting the wreck from erroneous tradition. This may have occurred in the sixteenth century, and the Danish marriage of James VI. may have recalled the vague legends and prompted the poet. Like Professor Child, we 'do not feel compelled to regard the ballad as historical.'

Sir Aldingar.

Our king he kept a false stewàrde,
Sir Aldingar they him call;
A falser steward than he was one,
Servde not in bower nor hall.

He wolde have layne by our comelye queene,
Her deere worshippe to betraye:
Our queene she was a good womàn,
And evermore said him naye.

Sir Aldingar was wrothe in his mind,
With her hee was never content,
Till traiterous meanes he colde devyse,
In a fyer to have her brent.

There came a lazar to the kings gate,
A lazar both blinde and lame:
He tooke the lazar upon his backe,
Him on the queenes bed has layne.

'Lye still, lazàr, wheras thou lyest,
Looke thou goe not hence away;
Ile make thee a whole man and a sound
In two howers of the day.'

Then went him forth Sir Aldingar,
And hyed him to our king:
'If I might have grace, as I have space,
Sad tydings I could bring.'

'Say on, say on, Sir Aldingar,
Saye on the soothe to mee.'
'Our queene hath chosen a new new love,
And shee will have none of thee.

'If shee had chosen a right good knight,
The lesse had beene her shame;
But she hath chose her a lazar man,
A lazar both blinde and lame.'

'If this be true, thou Aldingar,
The tyding thou tellest to me,
Then will I make thee a rich rich knight,
Rich both of golde and fee.

'But if it be false, Sir Aldingar,
As God nowe grant it bee!
Thy body, I sweare by the holye rood,
Shall hang on the gallows tree.'

He brought our king to the queenes chambèr,
And opend to him the dore.
'A lodlye love,' king Harry says, loathly
'For our queene dame Elinore!

'If thou were a man, as thou art none,
Here on my sword thoust dye;
But a payre of new gallowes shall be built,
And there shalt thou hang on hye.'

Forth then hyed our king, I wysse,
And an angry man was hee;
And soone he found queene Elinore,
That bride so bright of blee. hue, complexion

'Now God you save, our queene, madame,
And Christ you save and see;
Here you have chosen a newe newe love,
And you will have none of mee.

'If you had chosen a right good knight,
The lesse had been your shame:
But you have chose you a lazar man,
A lazar both blinde and lame.

'Therfore a fyer there shall be built,
And brent all shalt thou bee.'—
'Now out alacke!' said our comly queene,
'Sir Aldingar 's false to mee.

'Now out alacke!' sayd our comlye queene,
'My heart with griefe will brast.
I had thought swevens had never been true; dr
I have proved them true at last.

'I dreamt in my sweven on thursday eve,
I my bed wheras I laye,
I dreamt a grype and a grimlie beast
Had carryed my crowne awaye;

'My gorgett and my kirtle of golde,
And all my faire head-geere:
And he wold worrye me with his tush
And to his nest y-beare:

'Saving there came a little gray hawke,
A merlin him they call,
Which untill the grounde did strike the grype,
That dead he downe did fall.

'Giffe I were a man, as now I am none,
A battell wold I prove,
To fight with that traitor Aldingar;
Att him I cast my glove.

'But seeing Ime able noe battell to make,
My liege, grant me a knight
To fight with that traitor, Sir Aldingar,
To maintaine me in my right.'

'Now forty dayes I will give thee
To seeke thee a knight therin:
If thou find not a knight in forty dayes
Thy bodye it must brenn.'

Then shee sent east, and shee sent west,
By north and south bedeene: forthwi
But never a champion colde she find,
Wolde fight with that knight soe keene.

Now twenty dayes were spent and gone,
Noe helpe there might be had;
Many a teare shed our comelye queene
And aye her hart was sad.

Then came one of the queenes damsèlles,
And knelt upon her knee,
'Cheare up, cheare up, my gracious dame,
I trust yet helpe may be.

'And here I will make mine avowe,
And with the same me binde;
That never will I return to thee,
Till I some helpe may finde.'

Then forth she rode on a faire palfràye
Oer hill and dale about:
But never a champion colde she finde,
Wolde fighte with that knight so stout.

And nowe the daye drewe on apace,
When our good queene must dye;
All woe-begone was that faire damsèlle,
When she found no helpe was nye.

All woe-begone was that faire damsèlle,
And the salt teares fell from her eye:
When lo! as she rode by a rivers side,
She met with a tinye boye.

A tinye boy she mette, God wot,
All clad in mantle of golde;
He seemed noe more in mans likenèsse,
Then a childe of four yeere olde.

'Why grieve you, damselle faire,' he sayd,
'And what doth cause you moane?'
The damsell scant wolde deigne a looke,
But fast she pricked on.

'Yet turne againe, thou faire damsèlle,
And greete thy queene from mee;
When bale is att hyest, boote is nyest,
Nowe helpe enoughe may bee.

'Bid her remember what she dreamt
In her bedd wheras shee laye;
How when the grype and the grimly beast
Wolde have carried her crowne awaye.

'Even then there came the little gray hawke,
And saved her from his clawes:
Then bidd the queene be merry at hart,
For heaven will fende her cause.'

Back then rode that faire damsèlle,
And her hart it lept for glee:
And when she told her gracious dame
A gladd woman then was shee.

But when the appointed day was come,
No helpe appeared nye:
Then woeful, woeful was her hart,
And the teares stood in her eye.

And nowe a fyer was built of wood;
And a stake was made of tree;
And now queene Elinor forth was led,
A sorrowful sight to see.

Three times the herault he waved his hand,
And three times spake on hye:
'Giff any good knight will fende this dame,
Come forth, or shee must dye.'

No knight stood forth, no knight there came,
No helpe appeared nye:
And now the fyer was lighted up,
Queen Elinor she must dye.

And now the fyer was lighted up,
As hot as hot might bee;
When riding upon a little white steed,
The tinye boy they see.

'Away with that stake, away with those brands,
And loose our comelye queene:
I am come to fight with Sir Aldingar,
And prove him a traitor keene.'

Forthe then stood Sir Aldingar,
But when he saw the chylde,
He laughed, and scoffed, and turned his backe,
And weened he had been beguylde.

'Now turne, now turne thee, Aldingar,
And eyther fighte or flee;
I trust that I shall avenge the wronge,
Thoughe I am so small to see.'

The boye pulld forth a well good sworde,
So gilt it dazzled the ee;
The first stroke stricken at Aldingar
Smote off his leggs by the knee.

'Stand up, stand up, thou false traitòr,
And fight upon thy feete,
For and thou thrive, as thou begin'st, an, if
Of height wee shall be meete.' equal

'A priest, a priest,' sayes Aldingàr,
'While I am a man alive.
A priest, a priest,' sayes Aldingàr,
'Me for to houzle and shrive. Give me the Sacrament and absolution

'I wolde have laine by our comlie queene,
But shee wolde never consent;
Then I thought to betraye her unto our kinge,
In a fyer to have her brent.

'There came a lazar to the kings gates,
A lazar both blind and lame:
I tooke the lazar upon my backe,
And on her bedd had him layne.

'Then ranne I to our comlye king,
These tidings sore to tell.
But ever alacke!' sayes Aldingar,
'Falsing never doth well.

'Forgive, forgive me, queene, madame,
The short time I must live.'
'Nowe Christ forgive thee, Aldingar,
As freely I forgive.'

'Here take thy queene, our king Harryè,
And love her as thy life,
For never had a king in Christentye
A truer and fairer wife.'

King Henrye ran to claspe his queene,
And loosed her full sone:
Then turnd to look for the tinye boye;
——The boye was vanisht and gone.

But first he had touchd the lazar man,
And stroakt him with his hand:
The lazar under the gallowes tree
All whole and sounde did stand.

The lazar under the gallowes tree
Was comelye, straight and tall;
King Henrye made him his head stewàrde
To wayte withinn his hall.

Concerning this ballad, as of literary origin, see the article above on Ballads (page 523).

Clerk Saunders.

Clerk Saunders and May Margaret
Walked ower yon garden green;
And sad and heavy was the love
That fell thir twa between.

'A bed, a bed,' Clerk Saunders said,
'A bed for you and me!'—
'Fye na, fye na,' said May Margaret,
'Till anes we married be;

'For in may come my seven bauld brothers,
Wi' torches burning bright;
They 'll say—" We hae but ae sister,
And behold she 's wi' a knight!"'—

'Then take the sword from my scabbard,
And slowly lift the pin;
And you may swear, and safe your aith,
Ye never let Clerk Saunders in.

'And take a napkin in your hand,
And tie up baith your bonny een;
And you may swear, and safe your aith,
Ye saw me na since late yestreen.'

It was about the midnight hour,
When they asleep were laid,
When in and came her seven brothers,
Wi' torches burning red.

When in and came her seven brothers,
Wi' torches burning bright;
They said, 'We hae but ae sister,
And behold her lying with a knight!'

Then out and spake the first o' them,
'I bear the sword shall gar him dee!'
And out and spake the second o' them,
'His father has nae mair than he!'

And out and spake the third o' them,
'I wot that they are lovers dear!'—
And out and spake the fourth o' them,
'They hae been in love this mony a year.'

Then out and spake the fifth o' them,
'It were great sin true love to twain!'—
And out and spake the sixth of them,
'It were shame to slay a sleeping man!'

Then up and gat the seventh o' them,
And never a word spake he;
But he has striped his bright brown brand
Out through Clerk Saunders' fair bodye.

stricken

Clerk Saunders he started, and Margaret she turn'd
Into his arms as asleep she lay;
And sad and silent was the night
That was atween thir twae.

And they lay still and sleeped sound,
Until the day began to daw;
And kindly to him she did say,
'It is time, true love, you were awa.'

But he lay still, and sleeped sound,
Albeit the sun began to sheen;
She looked atween her and the wa',
And dull and drowsie were his een.

Then in and came her father dear,
Said—'Let a' your mourning be;
I 'll carry the dead corpse to the clay,
And I 'll come back and comfort thee.'—

'Comfort weel your seven sons,
For comforted will I never be;
I ween 'twas neither knave nor loon
Was in the bower last night wi' me.'

The clinking bell gaed through the town,
To carry the dead corse to the clay;
And Clerk Saunders stood at May Margaret's wi
I wot, an hour before the day.

'Are ye sleeping, Margaret?' he says,
'Or are ye waking presentlie?
Give me my faith and troth again,
I wot, true love, I gied to thee.'

'Your faith and troth you sall never get,
Nor our true love sall never twin,
Until ye come within my bower,
And kiss me cheik and chin.'—

'My mouth it is full cold, Margaret,
It has the smell, now, of the ground;
And if I kiss thy comely mouth,
Thy days of life will not be lang.

'O, cocks are crowing a merry midnight,
I wot the wild fowls are boding day;
Give me my faith and troth again,
And let me fare me on my way.'—

'Thy faith and troth thou sall na get,
And our true love sall never twin,
Until ye tell what comes of women,
I wot, who die in strong traivelling?

'Their beds are made in the heavens high,
Down at the foot of our good Lord's knee,
Weel set about wi' gillyflowers!
I wot sweet company for to see.

'O, cocks are crowing a merry midnight,
I wot the wild fowl are boding day;
The psalms of heaven will soon be sung,
And I, ere now, will be miss'd away.'

Then she has ta'en a crystal wand,
And she has stroken her troth thereon;
She has given it him out at the shot-window,
Wi' mony a sad sigh and heavy groan.

'I thank ye, Marg'ret; I thank ye, Marg'ret;
And aye I thank ye heartilie;
Gin ever the dead come or the quick,
Be sure, Marg'ret, I 'll come for thee.'—

It 's hosen and shoon, and gown alone,
She climb'd the wall, and follow'd him,
Until she came to the green forest,
And there she lost the sight o' him.

'Is there ony room at your head, Saunders?
Is there ony room at your feet?
Or ony room at your side, Saunders,
Where fain, fain, I wad sleep?'—

'There 's nae room at my head, Marg'ret,
There 's nae room at my feet;
My bed it is full lowly now;
Amang the hungry worms I sleep.

'Cauld mould is my covering now,
But and my winding-sheet;
The dew it falls nae sooner down,
Than my resting-place is weet.

'But plait a wand o' bonny birk,
And lay it on my breast:
And shed a tear upon my grave,
And wish my saul gude rest.

'And fair Marg'ret, and rare Marg'ret,
And Marg'ret o' veritie,
Gin e'er ye love another man,
Ne'er love him as ye did me.'—

Then up and crew the milk-white cock,
And up and crew the gray;
Her lover vanish'd in the air,
And she gaed weeping away.

his ballad is cited from Scott, whose version is atchwork, but classical. The sequel is from eet William's Ghost,' but this ballad may once e had a similar sequel. The return of the dead r (or brother) has Scandinavian, Romaic, and glish analogies. Compare also 'The Clerks Sons o' Owsenford' and 'The Wife o' Usher's ll.'

The Wife o' Usher's Well.

There lived a wife at Usher's Well,
And a wealthy wife was she,
She had three stout and stalwart sons,
And sent them o'er the sea.

They hadna been a week from her,
A week but barely ane,
When word came back to the carline wife (aged)
That her three sons were gane.

They hadna been a week from her,
A week but barely three,
When word came to the carline wife
That her sons she 'd never see.

'I wish the wind may never cease,
Nor fishes in the flood,
Till my three sons come hame to me,
In earthly flesh and blood!'—

It fell about the Martinmas,
When nights are lang and mirk,
The carline wife's three sons cam hame,
And their hats were o' the birk.

It neither grew in syke nor ditch, (drain)
Nor yet in ony sheugh; (water-furrow)
But at the gates o' Paradise,
That birk grew fair eneuch.

. . . . .

'Blow up the fire, my maidens!
Bring water from the well!
For a' my house shall feast this night,
Since my three sons are well.'—

And she has made to them a bed,
She 's made it large and wide;
And she 's ta'en her mantle her about,
Sat down at the bedside.

. . . . .

Up then crew the red red cock,
And up and crew the gray;
The eldest to the youngest said,
'Tis time we were away.'—

The cock he hadna craw'd but ance,
And clapp'd his wings at a',
When the youngest to the eldest said,
'Brother, we must awa.—

'The cock doth craw, the day doth daw,
The channerin' worm doth chide; (complaining)
Gin we be mist out o' our place,
A sair pain we maun bide.

'Fare ye weel, my mother dear!
Fareweel to barn and byre!
And fare ye weel, the bonny lass,
That kindles my mother's fire.'

This poem of the return of the dead, disturbed by the grief of the living, was obtained, Scott says, from the recitation of an old woman at Kirkhill in West Lothian.

The Battle of Otterburn.

It fell about the Lammas tide,
When the muir-men win their hay,
The doughty Douglas bound him to ride
Into England, to drive a prey.

He chose the Gordons and the Græmes,
With them the Lindesays, light and gay,
But the Jardines wald not with him ride,
And they rue it to this day.

And he has burn'd the dales of Tyne,
And part of Bambrough shire;
And three good towers on Reidswire fells,
He left them all on fire.

And he march'd up to Newcastle,
And rode it round about;
'O wha 's the lord of this castle,
Or wha 's the lady o't?'

But up spake proud lord Percy then,
And O but he spake hie!
'I am the lord of this castle,
My wife 's the lady gay.'—

'If thou 'rt the lord of this castle,
Sae weel it pleases me!
For, ere I cross the Border fells,
The tane of us shall dee.'—

He took a lang spear in his hand,
Shod with the metal free,
And for to meet the Douglas there,
He rode right furiouslie.

But O how pale his lady look'd,
Frae aff the castle wa',
When down before the Scottish spear
She saw proud Percy fa'.

'Had we twa been upon the green,
And never an eye to see,
I wad hae had you, flesh and fell;
But your sword sall gae wi' me.'—

'But gae ye up to Otterbourne,
And wait there dayis three;
And, if I come not ere three dayis end,
A fause knight ca' ye me.'—

'The Otterbourne 's a bonnie burn;
'Tis pleasant there to be;
But there is nought at Otterbourne
To feed my men and me.

'The deer rins wild on hill and dale,
The birds fly wild from tree to tree;
But there is neither bread nor kale,
To fend my men and me. serve for

'Yet I will stay at Otterbourne,
Where you shall welcome be;
And, if you come not at three dayis end,
A fause lord I 'll ca' thee.'—

'Thither will I come,' proud Percy said,
'By the might of Our Ladye!'
'There will I bide thee,' said the Douglas,
My troth I plight to thee.'—

They lighted high on Otterbourne,
Upon the bent sae brown;
They lighted high on Otterbourne,
And threw their pallions down.

And he that had a bonnie boy,
Sent out his horse to grass;
And he that had not a bonnie boy,
His ain servant he was.

But up then spake a little page,
Before the peep of dawn—
'O waken ye, waken ye, my good lord,
For Percy 's hard at hand.'—

'Ye lie, ye lie, ye liar loud!
Sae loud I hear ye lie:
For Percy had not men yestreen
To dight my men and me. deal with

'But I have dreamed a dreary dream,
Beyond the Isle of Skye;
I saw a dead man win a fight,
And I think that man was I.'

He belted on his guid braid sword,
And to the field he ran;
But he forgot the helmet good,
That should have kept his brain.

When Percy with the Douglas met,
I wat he was fu' fain!
They swakked their swords, till sair they swat, swagged, swung
And the blood ran down like rain.

But Percy, with his good broad sword,
That could so sharply wound,
Has wounded Douglas on the brow,
Till he fell to the ground.

Then he called on his little foot-page,
And said—'Run speedilie,
And fetch my ain dear sister's son,
Sir Hugh Montgomery.'

'My nephew good,' the Douglas said,
'What recks the death of ane!
Last night I dream'd a dreary dream,
And I ken the day 's thy ain.

'My wound is deep; I fain would sleep;
Take thou the vanguard of the three,
And hide me by the braken bush,
That grows on yonder lilye lee.

'O bury me by the braken bush,
Beneath the blooming brier,
Let never living mortal ken
That ere a kindly Scot lies here.'

He lifted up that noble lord,
Wi' the saut tears in his ee;
He hid him in the braken bush,
That his merrie-men might not see.

The moon was clear, the day drew near,
The spears in flinders flew,
But mony a gallant Englishman
Ere day the Scotsmen slew.

The Gordons good, in English blood
They steep'd their hose and shoon;
The Lindsays flew like fire about,
Till all the fray was done.

The Percy and Montgomery met,
That either of other were fain;
They swapped swords, and they twa swat, sm
And aye the blood ran down between.

'Now yield thee, yield thee, Percy,' he said,
'Or else I vow I 'll lay thee low!'—
'To whom must I yield,' quoth Earl Percy,
'Now that I see it must be so?'—

'Thou shalt not yield to lord or loun,
Nor yet shalt thou yield to me;
But yield ye to the braken bush,
That grows upon yon lilye lee!'—

'I will not yield to a braken bush,
Nor yet will I yield to a brier;
But I would yield to Earl Douglas,
Or Sir Hugh the Montgomery, if he were he

As soon as he knew it was Montgomery,
He struck his sword's point in the gronde;
The Montgomery was a courteous knight,
And quickly took him by the honde.

This deed was done at Otterbourne
About the breaking of the day;
Earl Douglas was buried at the braken bush,
And the Percy led captive away.

Scott's version, though confessedly a blend
two variants, is followed as the most classi
The battle occurred on August 19, 1388, a
Froissart's account is easily accessible. A bal
on the theme is remarked on in *The Compla
of Scotlande* (1549). This probably had affini
with our ballad. It seems probable that a
resounding event may often have been circulat
and of course altered, in oral tradition, before
found its ballad poet; but, as daily experie
shows, oral tradition alters events of newspa
record with amazing rapidity. A notable exam
is Mr Alfred Austin's poem on Jameson's R
—eminently unhistorical though contempora

did fancy change facts in days before
-press.

Kinmont Willie.

'e na heard o' the fause Sakelde?
: ye na heard o' the keen Lord Scroope?
y hae ta'en bauld Kinmont Willie,
iribee to hang him up?

lie had but twenty men,
enty men as stout as he,
kelde had never the Kinmont ta'en,
ght score in his cumpanie.

ıd his legs beneath the steed,
ied his hands behind his back;
rded him, fivesome on each side,
ey brought him ower the Liddel-rack.

him thro' the Liddel-rack,
so thro' the Carlisle sands;
ught him to Carlisle castell,
ıt my Lord Scroope's commands.

ls are tied, but my tongue is free.
ıae will dare this deed avow?
r by the Border law?
ver to the bauld Buccleuch?'—

ıd thy tongue, thou rank reiver!
; never a Scot shall set ye free:
cross my castle yate,
ye shall take farewell o' me.'

ye that, my lord,' quo' Willie:
: faith o' my body, Lord Scroope,' he said,
yet lodged in a hostelrie,
aid my lawing before I gaed.' score

l is gane to the bauld Keeper,
ıksome Ha', where that he lay,
l Scroope has ta'en the Kinmont Willie,
n the hours of night and day.

'en the table wi' his hand,
'd the red wine spring on hie—
rist's curse on my head,' he said,
'enged of Lord Scroope I 'll be!

basnet a widow's curch? helmet, cap
ance a wand of the willow tree?
n a ladye's lilye hand,
English lord should lightly me? slight

e they ta'en him, Kinmont Willie,
the truce of Border tide?
tten that the bauld Buccleuch
er here on the Scottish side?

: they e'en ta'en him, Kinmont Willie,
ten either dread or fear?
tten that the bauld Buccleuch
:k a steed or shake a spear?

here war between the lands,
I wot that there is none,
ight Carlisle castell high, level, demolish
were builded of marble stone.

set that castell in a low,
ken it with English blood! slake
:vir a man in Cumberland
ken where Carlisle castell stood.

'But since nae war 's between the lands,
And there is peace, and peace should be;
I 'll neither harm English lad or lass,
And yet the Kinmont freed shall be!'—

He has call'd him forty Marchmen bauld,
I trow they were of his ain name,
Except Sir Gilbert Elliot call'd,
The Laird of Stobs, I mean the same.

He has call'd him forty Marchmen bauld,
Were kinsmen to the bauld Buccleuch;
With spur on heel, and splent on spauld, armour on shoulder
And gluves of green, and feathers blue.

There were five and five before them a',
Wi' hunting horns and bugles bright;
And five and five came wi' Buccleuch,
Like warden's men, array'd for fight:

And five and five, like a mason gang,
That carried the ladders lang and hie;
And five and five, like broken men;
And so they reach'd the Woodhouselee.

And as we cross'd the Bateable Land,
When to the English side we held,
The first o' men that we met wi',
Whae sould it be but fause Sakelde?

'Where be ye gaun, ye hunters keen?'
Quo' fause Sakelde; 'come tell to me!'
'We go to hunt an English stag,
Has trespass'd on the Scots countrie.'

'Where be ye gaun, ye marshal men?'
Quo' fause Sakelde; 'come tell me true!'
'We go to catch a rank reiver,
Has broken faith wi' the bauld Buccleuch.'

'Where are ye gaun, ye mason lads,
Wi' a' your ladders, lang and hie?'
'We gang to herry a corbie's nest, rob—raven's
That wons not far frae Woodhouselee.'

'Where be ye gaun, ye broken men?'
Quo' fause Sakelde; 'come tell to me!'
Now Dickie of Dryhope led that band,
And the never a word o' lear had he. instruction, culture

'Why tresspass ye on the English side?
Row-footed outlaws, stand!' quo' he; rolling-footed, ill-footed
The nevir a word had Dickie to say,
Sae he thrust the lance through his fause bodie.

Then on we held for Carlisle toun,
And at Staneshaw-bank the Eden we cross'd;
The water was great and meikle of spait, flood
But the nevir a horse nor man we lost.

And when we reach'd the Staneshaw-bank,
The wind was rising loud and hie;
And there the Laird garr'd leave our steeds,
For fear that they should stamp and nie.

And when we left the Staneshaw-bank,
The wind began full loud to blaw;
But 'twas wind and weet, and fire and sleet,
When we came beneath the castle wa'.

We crept on knees, and held our breath,
Till we placed the ladders against the wa';
And sae ready was Buccleuch himsell
To mount the first, before us a'.

He has ta'en the watchman by the throat,
He flung him down upon the lead—
'Had there not been peace between our land,
Upon the other side thou hadst gaed!—

'Now sound out, trumpets!' quo' Buccleuch;
'Let 's waken Lord Scroope, right merrilie!'
Then loud the warden's trumpet blew—
'*O wha dare meddle wi' me?*'

Then speedilie to work we gaed,
And raised the slogan ane and a',
And cut a hole thro' a sheet of lead,
And so we wan to the castle ha'.

They thought King James and a' his men
Had won the house wi' bow and spear;
It was but twenty Scots and ten
That put a thousand in sic a stear! stir, panic

Wi' coulters, and wi' fore-hammers,
We garr'd the bars bang merrilie,
Untill we cam to the inner prison,
Where Willie o' Kinmont he did lie.

And when we cam to the lower prison,
Where Willie o' Kinmont he did lie—
'O sleep ye, wake ye, Kinmont Willie,
Upon the morn that thou 's to die?'

'O I sleep saft, and I wake aft;
It 's lang since sleeping was fleyed frae me! frightened away
Gie my service back to my wife and bairns,
And a' gude fellows that spier for me.' ask

Then Red Rowan has hente him up,
The starkest man in Teviotdale—
'Abide, abide now, Red Rowan,
Till of my Lord Scroope I take farewell.

'Farewell, farewell, my gude Lord Scroope!
My gude Lord Scroope, farewell!' he cried—
'I 'll pay you for my lodging maill rent
When first we meet on the Border side.'—

Then shoulder high, with shout and cry,
We bore him down the ladder lang;
At every stride Red Rowan made,
I wot the Kinmont's airns play'd clang!

'O mony a time,' quo' Kinmont Willie,
'I have ridden horse baith wild and wood; mad
But a rougher beast than Red Rowan,
I ween my legs have ne'er bestrode.

'And mony a time,' quo' Kinmont Willie,
'I 've pricked a horse out ower the furs; over the furrows
But since the day I backed a steed,
I never wore sic cumbrous spurs!'

We scarce had won the Staneshaw-bank,
When a' the Carlisle bells were rung,
And a thousand men, in horse and foot,
Cam wi' the keen Lord Scroope along.

Buccleuch has turn'd to Eden water,
Even where it flow'd frae bank to brim,
And he has plunged in wi' a' his band,
And safely swam them through the stream.

He turn'd him on the other side,
And at Lord Scroope his glove flung he—
'If ye like na my visit in merry England,
In fair Scotland come visit me!'

All sore astonish'd stood Lord Scroope,
He stood as still as rock of stane;
He scarcely dared to trew his eyes,
When through the water they had gane.

'He is either himsell a devill frae hell,
Or else his mother a witch maun be;
I wad na have ridden that wan water
For a' the gowd in Christentie.'

The date of the event is April 13, 1596 (T
History of Scotland, ix. 430; Lord Scroope'
patch). Scott of Satchells (*History of the M
Scott*, 1688) either borrowed from the ball
if any one distrusts Sir Walter Scott, th
borrowed from Satchells! Sir Walter confe
combined and emended versions, and the
writer, like Professor Child, recognises his h
stanzas 10, 11, 12; perhaps we may add 17,
if not 46.

Mary Hamilton.

Marie Hamilton 's to the kirk gane,
Wi' ribbons in her hair;
The King thought mair o' Marie Hamilto
Than ony that were there.

Marie Hamilton 's to the kirk gane,
Wi' ribbons on her breast;
The King thought mair o' Marie Hamilton
Than he listen'd to the priest.

Marie Hamilton 's to the kirk gane,
Wi' gloves upon her hands;
The King thought mair o' Marie Hamilton
Than the Queen and a' her lands.

She hadna been about the King's court
A month, but barely one,
Till she was beloved by a' the King's court,
And the King the only man.

She hadna been about the King's court
A month, but barely three,
Till frae the King's court Marie Hamilton,
Marie Hamilton durst na be.

The King is to the Abbey gane,
To pu' the abbey tree,
To scale the babe frae Marie's heart;
But the thing it wadna be.

O she has row'd it in her apron,
And set it on the sea—
'Gae sink ye, or swim ye, bonny babe,
Ye's get na mair o' me.'

Word is to the kitchen gane,
And word is to the ha',
And word is to the noble room,
Amang the ladyes a',

That Marie Hamilton 's brought to bed,
And the bonny babe 's mist and awa'.

Scarcely had she lain down again,
And scarcely fa'n asleep,
When up then started our gude Queen,
Just at her bed-feet;
Saying—'Marie Hamilton, where 's your babe?
For I am sure I heard it greet.'

'O no, O no, my noble Queen?
Think no such thing to be;
'Twas but a stitch into my side,
And sair it troubles me.'

'Get up, get up, Marie Hamilton:
Get up, and follow me;
For I am going to Edinburgh town,
A rich wedding for to see.'

O slowly, slowly, raise she up,
And slowly put she on;
And slowly rode she out the way,
Wi' mony a weary groan.

The Queen was clad in scarlet,
Her merry maids all in green;
And every town that they cam to,
They took Marie for the Queen.

'Ride hooly, hooly, gentlemen, gently
Ride hooly now wi' me!
For never, I am sure, a wearier burd damsel
Rade in your cumpanie.'

But little wist Marie Hamilton,
When she rade on the brown,
That she was ga'en to Edinburgh town,
And a' to be put down.

'Why weep ye so, ye burgess wives,
Why look ye so on me?
O, I am going to Edinburgh town,
A rich wedding for to see.'

When she gaed up the tolbooth stairs, toll-house, jail
The corks frae her heels did flee;
And lang or e'er she cam down again,
She was condemn'd to die.

When she cam to the Netherbow port,
She laughed loud laughters three;
But when she cam to the gallows foot,
The tears blinded her e'e.

'Yestreen the Queen had four Maries,
The night she 'll hae but three;
There was Marie Seaton, and Marie Beaton,
And Marie Carmichael, and me.

'O, often have I dress'd my Queen,
And put gold upon her hair;
But now I 've gotten for my reward
The gallows to me my share.

'Often have I dress'd my Queen,
And often made her bed;
But now I 've gotten for my reward
The gallows tree to tread.

'I charge ye all, ye mariners,
When ye sail ower the faem,
Let neither my father nor mother get wit,
But that I 'm coming hame.

'I charge ye all, ye mariners,
That sail upon the sea,
Let neither my father nor mother get wit
This dog's death I 'm to die.

'For if my father and mother got wit,
And my bold brethren three,
O mickle wad be the gude red blude
This day wad be spilt for me!

'O little did my mother ken,
The day she cradled me,
The lands I was to travel in,
Or the death I was to die!'

Professor Child (vol. iii. 382–384) regarded this as 'one of the very latest of the Scottish ballads,' yet 'one of the very best.' Like Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe and Mr Courthope, he thought that it was based on the death of a Mary Hamilton for child-murder, at the court of Peter the Great, in March 1719. Professor Child's later published remarks on the objection of the present writer to this theory are in vol. v. p. 299 (compare *Blackwood's Magazine*, September 1895, p. 381 *et seq*). The facts of the Scottish case—an apothecary and a French maid of Mary's being the culprits—are in State Papers (Foreign), Elizabeth, December 21, 1563, p. 637. The apothecary occurs in a variant in the Abbotsford MSS. This could hardly have happened if, for some unknown reason, our ballad was based, about 1720, on a report of a contemporary event in Russia, and yet accommodated to the circumstances of Mary Stuart's reign. The apothecary is a clear trace of the historical facts of 1563. Professor Child therefore thinks the improbability of the modern date and origin of the ballad 'considerably greater' than the improbability of the chance coincidence of a child-murder by a real Mary Hamilton, a Russian maid of honour. There was no Hamilton among the Queen's Maries, who were Mary Seton, Mary Beaton, Mary Fleming, and Mary Livingstone, and the scandal about one of those ladies, circulated by John Knox, has been disproved by contemporary documents. Scott's patched version is selected as classical. The extraordinary number of variants, with the Duke of York and the Duke of Argyll introduced as fathers of the heroine, demonstrate the wide circulation, antiquity, and manifold corruption of the ballad. These things do not suit a ballad of 1720 based on a Russian scandal.

ANDREW LANG.

THE CIVIL WAR AND THE COMMONWEALTH.*

The Puritan Movement.

FROM Shakespeare to Milton—from Elizabeth to Cromwell—the parallelism of the two changes at once suggests the influence exercised upon literature by the external forces which control the religious and political life of the time. Whatever be the causes which lead to the production of great literature or great art at a given place or time, it may safely be averred that it demands the concurrence of a virile energy, strung to its highest pitch, with the moderating influence of ideas which impose limitations on the worker or the thinker, and preserve the sanity of those who act upon their contemporaries in the world of external achievement as well as in the world of mental conception. It was this combination which, on the one hand, sent forth the members of a single Athenian tribe to fight in one year in Cyprus, in Egypt, in Phœnicia, and on the soil of Greece itself, at a time when the most thorough political revolution had been carried out by constitutional methods unstained by the horrors of civil war; and, on the other hand, manifested itself alike in the counsels of Pericles, the graving-tool of Phidias, and the written word of Sophocles.

The Elizabethan age in England showed an energy as intense as that of Athens, displaying itself in a far wider field. With an outlook upon a new world still to be won to the use of civilised mankind, a religion—or rather, more than one religion—claiming not to be national but universal, the nobler Elizabethan found the boundary lines of thought and of moral rectitude pushed forward beyond the limits which had satisfied his ancestors. It is hardly strange that these 'spacious times' gave birth to the greatest of dramatists, who worked, 'not only for an age, but for all time,' and who, whilst he gave with unerring touch vitality to all his characters, limited their action by nothing less than the forces of nature herself, whether acting by external compulsion or by the influence of individual character.

Shakespeare's largeness of view was shared by the greatest of his contemporaries. It was on nature and her material laws that Bacon strove to found the new science. It was on nature and her moral laws that Hooker strove to found ecclesiastical peace. One voice, however, in the Elizabethan choir sounded a note apart. Shakespeare, Bacon, and Hooker alike deal with men and things as they are. Spenser aimed at depicting men as they ought to be, and it was the Spenserian tradition which was taken up by Milton in his earlier poems. With Milton, from the beginning, it is not the real individual man, acting in harmony with his own nature and controlled by the forces of the external world, but the individual man idealised looking forth on a world also idealised. So it is with the verses on the deaths of Bishops Andrewes and Felton (1626), with *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso* (1632?), and with *Comus* (1634). The last-named poem is especially characteristic of Milton's frame of mind at this period of his life. In it not merely is virtue exalted and vice scorned, but the inward purity of mind is represented, as by Plato and Spenser, as holding sway over the outward appearance:

> So dear to Heaven is saintly chastity
> That, when a soul is found sincerely so,
> A thousand liveried angels lackey her,
> Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt,
> And in clear dream and solemn vision
> Tell her of things that no gross ear can hear;
> Till oft converse with heavenly habitants
> Begin to cast a beam on the outward shape,
> The unpolluted temple of the mind,
> And turns it by degrees to the soul's essence
> Till all be made immortal.

The change in the poet's point of view from Perdita and Miranda to the lady of the *Comus* is obvious; and it is no less obvious that it is no mere deflection in the stream of literary taste with which we have to reckon. Milton was other than Shakespeare, primarily, of course, because the two men were born different, but also because the times in which they lived were different. The world was no longer in the Miltonic age a mystery and a wonder. The Western Continent was no longer

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the home of men whose heads grow beneath their shoulders, but the abode of very prosaic English colonists in Virginia and New England. England no longer confronted the world in arms, but was called on to work out her own domestic problems at home. The world had grown smaller, and the boundary of political action had been drawn closer. Puritanism, which had furnished to the Elizabethan one of the phenomena of which he had to take account, threatened in the reign of Charles to absorb all others. It is unnecessary to argue that Puritanism, conceived as an ecclesiastical system, with its unbending theology and its strict discipline, was hostile to literary effort. No great work was ever inspired by the tone of thought which expressed itself in the Admonition to Parliament or in the Westminster Confession. Even the moral restrictions of Puritanism were too sternly pressed to be congenial to the artistic nature. 'Touch not, taste not, handle not,' seems best answered by the flippant comment, 'Dost thou think because thou art virtuous there shall be no more cakes and ale?' Yet the essence of Puritanism did not lie in its prohibitions but in its aspirations, in its desire to avoid the excess and riot of the world around. It was this, for instance, that imposed on men like Baxter the name of Puritan. Baxter, as he himself tells us, 'never scrupled common prayers or ceremonies, nor spoke against Bishops, nor ever so much as prayed but by a book or form, being not even acquainted then with any that did otherwise; but only for reading Scripture when the rest were dancing on the Lord's Day, and for praying—by a form out of the end of the Common Prayer Book—in his house, and for reproving drunkards and swearers, and for talking sometimes a few words of Scripture and the life to come, he was reviled commonly by the name of Puritan, precisian, and hypocrite.'

The aims of such men were of necessity individualistic. They sought to strengthen and purify the soul rather than to increase the power of their country or to spread its influence abroad. For such the imposition of the stern Puritan discipline upon the conscience was almost a necessity lest, becoming merely self-centred, they should loosen the bonds which imposed some check on the divergencies of thought and action and hindered the dissolution of the nation into a thousand hostile sects. Yet, checked as it might be, the sense of individuality was there, and bore with increasing force upon the art as well as upon the mind of Milton.

Such a system of thought could not fail to be as repulsive to one order of minds as it was attractive to another. Hostility, not to the moral tendencies but to the intellectual fetters of Puritanism, developed itself amongst scholars at the universities, where the students of Patristic literature were familiarised with thoughts very different from those which inspired Calvinistic theology. The attack on that theology led to a somewhat uncertain progress in the direction of intellectual freedom, whilst those who carried it on sought, in their reverence for external forms of worship, for that fixed order which was accepted by their opponents as residing in the sphere of intellectual belief. The English world was entering on a period of unrest and controversy, and for the first time religious controversy, which had found its way into Spenser's *Shepherd's Calendar*, left its mark on a truly great poem in *Lycidas* (1637). The lines in which the Laudian system is attacked can hardly be regarded as enhancing the merits of that splendid verse, yet it must be acknowledged that in introducing them Milton had too fine an artistic sense to take notice of the more prominent subjects under discussion at the time, and contented himself with dwelling on the neglect of duty which he ascribed to a hireling clergy. The highest poetry refused to touch satirically on such topics as the position of the communion-table or the wearing of the surplice.

Yet, on the other side, reverence rendered it possible to touch on them, if only by a *tour de force*. The tendency to subordinate thought to words had shown itself in the quaintness of Donne and Andrewes, and it was but a step further in George Herbert when he subordinated thought to symbolism:

Mark you the floor? That square and speckled stone
Which looks so firm and strong
Is Patience:
And th' other black and grave, wherewith each one
Is checkered all along,
Humility.

The gentle rising, which on either hand
Leads to the Quire above,
Is Confidence:
But the sweet cement, which in one sure band
Ties the whole frame, is Love
And Charity.

Such lines appeal to a restricted audience. Later generations find more sympathy with the tolerant spirit of such men as Chillingworth or John Hales, but their writings are too far involved in the special controversies of the day to give them a hold on the universal intelligence of mankind. Sir Thomas Browne, on the other hand, rises into a higher atmosphere, and aims at reconciling faith and thought in words which find an echo in later times.

Deleterious as was the effect of controversy on the literature of the time, the individualistic tendency of the day was favourable to the production of work that has lived. The poetry of the second and third quarters of the seventeenth century is remarkable for its panegyrics on individual personages, of which *Lycidas* furnishes an early and perhaps the best example. The handling of the subject by Milton is as unlike what Shakespeare's would have been as it is possible to be. The personality of Edward King, the hero of the piece, is more than idealised, as it is not in any way brought before our eyes; and the beauty of his character is left to be inferred from its effect upon the mind of the poet, as the beauty of Helen was left to be inferred from the passion it excited. As with *Lycidas*, so with the sonnets, the controversial and the panegyrical are found in close connection with one another; but fortunately Milton for the most part reserved his most transient contentions for his prose and the more permanent for his poetry. The arguments about the abominations of Episcopacy or the demerits of King Charles—still more, the scurrilous assaults on his literary opponents—fall dead on the ear, whilst the proclamation of the principles of freedom which lighten up the sonnets *On the new Forcers of Conscience*, *To the Lord General Cromwell*, or *To Sir Henry Vane*, is of universal application, and is as fresh now as on the day when they were written. Not, indeed, that Milton kept his higher thoughts always in abeyance when he addressed himself to political or ecclesiastical argument, as is witnessed by many passages which might be selected out of works otherwise scurrilous and forbidding, and especially by the noble *Areopagitica*, in which reason appears instinct with imagination.

The tendency to idealise individuals was not of any sect or party. It is to be found as strongly on the Royalist as on the Parliamentary side—with this difference, that whereas Royalists preferred to make woman the theme of their verse, more especially by reason of her physical charms, the Parliamentarians preferred to dwell on the heroism and virtue of men. We have to set Carew's:

> He that loves a rosy cheek
> Or a coral lip admires,
> Or from star-like eyes doth seek
> Fuel to maintain his fires;
> As old Time makes these decay,
> So his flames must waste away.
>
> But a smooth and steadfast mind,
> Gentle thoughts, and calm desires,
> Hearts with equal love combined,
> Kindle never-dying fires:—
> Where these are not, I despise
> Lovely cheeks or lips or eyes;

or even Herrick's worship of the 'tempestuous petticoat,' against Milton's:

> Cromwell, our chief of men, who through a cloud
> Not of war only, but detractions rude,
> Guided by faith and matchless fortitude,
> To peace and truth thy glorious way hast ploughed,
> And on the neck of crowned Fortune proud
> Hast reared God's trophies, and this work pursued,
> While Darwen stream, with blood of Scots imbrued,
> And Dunbar field resounds thy praises loud,
> And Worcester's laureate wreath: yet much remains
> To conquer still; Peace hath her victories
> No less renowned than War: new foes arise,
> Threatening to bind our souls with secular chains.
> Help us to save free conscience from the paw
> Of hireling wolves whose gospel is their maw.

The echo in the concluding lines, written in 1652, of the scathing attack in the *Lycidas*, fifteen years before, on those who

> For their bellies' sake,
> Creep and intrude, and climb into the fold,

shows us Milton unchanging and unchangeable in his belief that it was possible to free the nobler work of men from earthly complications. So too, in 1654, a few months after the establishment of the Protectorate, he strove in his *Second Defence of the English People* to invest the coming Parliament in the ideal robes which he found suitable to the Protector. The character of his appeal to the voters on the eve of a general election is surely unparalleled before or since:

> 'Unless by true and sincere piety towards God and man,' he tells them, 'not vain and wordy, but efficacious and active, you drive from your souls all superstitions sprung from ignorance of true and solid religion, you will always have those who will

make you their beasts of burden and sit upon your backs and necks; they will put you up for sale as their easily gotten booty, all your victories in war notwithstanding, and make a rich income out of your ignorance and superstition. Unless you expel avarice, ambition, luxury from your minds, aye, and luxurious living also from your families, then the tyrant you thought you had to seek externally in the battlefield you will find in your own home—you will find within yourselves a still harder taskmaster, nay there will sprout daily out of your own vitals a numerous brood of intolerable tyrants. . . . Were you fallen into such an abyss of easy self-corruption, no one—not even Cromwell himself, nor a whole host of Brutuses, if they could come to life again, could deliver you if they would, or would deliver you if they could. For why should any one then assert for you the right of free suffrage, or the power of electing whom you will at the Parliament? Is it that you should be able, each of you, to elect in the cities men of your faction, or that person in the boroughs, however unworthy, who may have feasted yourselves most sumptuously or treated the country-people and the boors to the greatest quantity of drink? Then we should have our members of Parliament made for us, not by prudence and authority, but by faction and feeding; we should have vintners and hucksters for city taverns, and graziers and cattle men for the country districts. Should one entrust the Commonwealth to those to whom nobody would entrust a matter of private business? Know that as to be free is the same thing exactly as to be pious, wise, just, temperate, self-providing, abstinent from the property of other people, and, in fine, magnanimous and brave, so to be the opposite of all that is the same thing as being a slave; and by the customary judgment of God, and a thoroughly just law of retribution, it comes to pass that a nation that cannot rule and govern itself, but has surrendered itself in slavery to its own lusts, is surrendered also to other masters whom it does not like, and made a slave not only with its will, but also against its will.'

One reads no such election addresses now. For all that, Milton's burning words—a paraphrase of the saying in *Comus*, 'Love virtue, she alone is free'—are not for an age but for all time. The outward vestments of Puritanism were dropping away. The strict theologies of Calvinism were growing less in repute, and those who most firmly advanced the Puritan standard were growing weary of the doctrine of Parliamentary sovereignty under which its tender years had sheltered themselves. The assurance that constitutions, and, above all, success military and civil, are of small avail to a nation corrupt in heart and self-seeking in its aims is never out of place.

It is this which gives to Milton's political verse and to the better part of his prose a dignity and value which is shared by none of his contemporaries. In 1655, the year after this appeal was penned, Waller wrote of the external glories of the Protector:

> The sea 's our own; and now all nations greet,
> With bending sails, each vessel of our fleet;
> Your power resounds as far as winds can blow,
> Or swelling sails upon the globe may go;

or, better still, of Oliver's desire to succour others than those under his own government:

> Whether this portion of the world were rent
> By the rude ocean from the continent,
> Or thus created, it was sure designed
> To be the sacred refuge of mankind.
>
> Hither the oppressed shall henceforth resort,
> Justice to crave and succour at your court,
> And then your Highness, not for ours alone,
> But for the world's protector shall be known.

So too in Marvell's three panegyrics: the first, *An Horatian ode upon Cromwell's return from Ireland*, written in 1650, combines a strong appreciation of Cromwell's intellectual qualities, whilst retaining the belief that he had tricked Charles to his confusion; the second, *The first Anniversary of the Government under his Highness the Lord Protector*, written probably in the opening weeks of 1655, is an encomium upon Cromwell's character as well as a defence of his political system; whilst the third, *A poem upon the death of his late Highness the Lord Protector*, written after Cromwell's death in 1658, treads in Waller's steps, giving honour to the man

> Who planted England on the Flandrick shore,
> And stretched our frontier to the Indian ore.

It is possible that disappointment at the course taken by popular feeling drove Milton back into more ideal work. *Paradise Lost*, taken up seriously about the time of the great Protector's death, resumes the burden of *Comus*. Its central thought is the temptation of a single human soul—a masculine soul drawn down to its fate by woman's weakness. In *Samson Agonistes* and *Paradise Regained* we find the theme of temptation successfully resisted, which is, after all, no other than the theme of the triumphant virtue of the lady of the *Comus*. In the former poem the wiles of an evil-minded woman are defied. In the latter such influences, by the nature of the case, do not enter into consideration. In Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress* we have once more attention called to the struggle of the individual against evil and his escape therefrom; the man painfully emerging—the woman lingering behind and only freeing herself

under the conduct of Greatheart, whose character is said—and probably with truth—to have been moulded on that of Cromwell. The surroundings of the personages concerned are those of the Calvinistic theology; but the book lives, in spite of this, by the life-like presentation of the allegorical personages which enter upon the stage.

The Puritan manifestation in literature, like the Puritan manifestation in the State and nation, had run its triumphant course, though in literature as well as in the nation it was to continue to exercise, when mingled with other elements, a powerful influence. Its decline may be traced to many causes, but above all to the growth of a conviction that it exalted the few at the expense of the many. The highest aim of the Protectorate was the defence of the so-called 'people of God.' The highest aim of Puritan literature was the exaltation of the strong at the expense of the weak—of the pre-eminently good at the expense of the more moderately virtuous. It was not Milton's personal misogyny resulting in the substitution of Eve or Dalila for Juliet and Rosalind: it was the habit of looking for more than was to be achieved by human nature, till the search for ideal beauty and goodness led to contemptuous blindness to the beauty and goodness inherent in our mingled nature. Human nature took its revenge both in politics and literature. The age of Cromwell and Milton passed away, to be succeeded by the rule of Charles II. and the dramatists of the Restoration.

SAMUEL R. GARDINER.

John Selden.

John Selden (1584–1654) was one of the most illustrious scholars of his time, a learned jurist, a powerful publicist, and a conspicuous political personage. He was born 16th December 1584, of a respectable family, at Salvington, near Worthing, in Sussex. After being educated at Chichester and Oxford, he studied law in London, at Clifford's Inn and the Inner Temple. Here his learning secured for him the friendship of Camden, Spelman, Sir Robert Cotton, Ben Jonson, Browne, and also of Drayton, to whose *Polyolbion* he furnished notes. By Milton he is spoken of as 'the chief of learned men reputed in this land.' As a conveyancer and chamber-counsel he acquired wealth, yet found time for studies at once profound and wide in range. He wrote his first treatise, *Analecton Anglo-Britannicon* (1606), on the civil government of Britain before the Norman Conquest, when only twenty-two years of age. In 1610 appeared his *Jani Anglorum Facies Altera* (Eng. trans. 1683), on the history of the laws of England to the death of Henry II., and also *The Duello or Single Combat*, a history of trial by battle. His largest English work, *A Treatise on Titles of Honour*, was published in 1614, and still continues an authority. In 1617 his fame was extended, both at home and abroad, by his Latin work on the gods of the Syrians and the heathen deities mentioned in the Old Testament. In his *History of Tythes* (1618), by demolishing the divine right of the Church to that tax he gave great offence to the clergy. He was summoned to the king's presence, reprimanded, and (no doubt) confuted. He was, moreover, called before several members of the formidable High Commission Court, who extracted from him a written declaration of regret for what he had done, but without any retractation of his opinion. Several replies appeared, but to these he was not allowed to publish a rejoinder, and the Privy Council suppressed the work itself. In 1621 he suffered a brief imprisonment for advising the Parliament to repudiate King James's doctrine that their privileges were originally royal grants. In 1623 he was elected member for Lancaster; in 1626 for Great Bedwin, and in 1628 for Ludgershall, both in Wilts, and henceforward till his death he took a considerable part in public affairs.

He was sincerely attached to the cause of the Parliament, and as sincerely opposed to the views of the court party and the king; but he was above all things a constitutional lawyer, and derived his ideas of the rights of the subject from the history of the nation, and not from religious fanaticism or metaphysical considerations. Still, he 'loved his ease,' as Clarendon says, and so let things be done without protest of which he did not approve. Yet he often stood up to defend the liberty of the subject. In 1628 he was active in the proceedings of the Commons that issued in the Petition of Right, and the year after he was committed to the Tower with Eliot, Holles, and the rest. After eight months' rigorous imprisonment he was transferred to the Marshalsea, but soon after was released. In 1640 he was chosen member of the Long Parliament for the University of Oxford; and now, when the struggle between the king and the nation began to point towards the fatal rupture, he was suspected of not being zealous enough by such as were themselves perhaps over-zealous. Already in 1636 he had dedicated to the king his *Mare Clausum* (an answer to the *Mare Liberum* of Grotius and the Dutch claims to fish off the British coasts), and there is evidence that Charles personally looked on him with favour. Selden was one of the com-

mittee of twenty-four appointed to draw up a remonstrance, and at this point his path first diverged from that of Hyde, yet without their friendship being impaired. He vigorously opposed the policy that led to the expulsion of the bishops from the House of Lords, and finally to the abolition of Episcopacy. Yet he adhered in the main to the cause of the Parliament, driven by the arbitrariness of the king's later measures. He took no part in the impeachment of Strafford, and voted against the Attainder Bill; and, though he furnished precedents for the measures taken against Laud, had no share in his prosecution.

He was as hostile to the 'jure-divinoship' of Presbytery as to the high claims of Episcopacy, and was reputed an Erastian. He sat as a lay-member in the Assembly of Divines at Westminster (1643), and perplexed his clerical colleagues sadly with his irony and his learning. Whitelocke records that in the debates he 'spake admirably, and confuted divers of them in their own learning; and sometimes when they had cited a text of Scripture to prove their assertion he would tell them: "Perhaps in your little pocket Bibles with gilt leaves (which they would often pull out and read) the translation may be thus, but the Greek or Hebrew signifies thus and thus," and so would silence them.' He was reported to have said 'he trusted he was not mad enough or foolish enough to deserve the name of Puritan.'

He was appointed keeper of the rolls and records in the Tower in 1644; in 1645 he was appointed one of the twelve commissioners of the Admiralty, and elected master of Trinity Hall at Cambridge, an office he declined. In 1646 he subscribed the Covenant, and the year after the sum of £5000 was voted to him by Parliament in consideration of his services and sufferings; but it seems doubtful if the money was paid. He constantly employed his influence in behalf of learning and learned men, and performed great service to both universities; as one of the university visitors (from 1647), he always used his influence to moderate the tyranny of his fanatical colleagues. One of his last public acts was to join in the last effort for a reconciliation between the king and the Parliament. After the execution of Charles, of which it is certain he strongly disapproved as both unlawful and inexpedient, he took little share in public matters; and when requested by Cromwell to answer the *Eikon Basilike*, he refused. He died at Whitefriars, 30th November 1654, and was buried in the Temple Church, London.

In 1689 a collection of his sayings, entitled *Table-talk*, was published by his amanuensis, who claimed to have enjoyed for twenty years the opportunity of hearing his master's discourse, and to have committed faithfully to writing 'the excellent things that usually fell from him.' It is more by his *Table-talk* than by the works published in his lifetime that Selden is now generally known as a writer. The eulogy by Clarendon shows how highly Selden was respected even by his opponents, and emphasises the contrast between the embarrassed style of his published works and the ease of his spoken utterances: 'He was a person whom no character can flatter, or transmit any expressions equal to his merit and virtue. He was of so stupendous a learning in all kinds and in all languages—as may appear in his excellent writings—that a man would have thought he had been entirely conversant amongst books, and had never spent an hour but in reading and writing; yet his humanity, affability, and courtesy were such, that he would have been thought to have been bred in the best courts, but that his good-nature, charity, and delight in doing good

JOHN SELDEN.
From the Picture in the National Portrait Gallery.

exceeded that breeding. His style in all his writings seems harsh, and sometimes obscure, which is not wholly to be imputed to the abstruse subjects of which he commonly treated, out of the paths trod by other men, but to a little undervaluing the beauty of style, and too much propensity to the language of antiquity; but in his conversation he was the most clear discourser, and had the best faculty of making hard things easy and present to the understanding, of any man that hath been known.'

Many of the sententious remarks in Selden's *Table-talk* are exceedingly acute; others are humorous; while some embody propositions which, though affirmed in familiar conversation, he probably would not have seriously maintained. Marriage he pronounces 'a desperate thing: the frogs in Æsop were extreme wise; they had a great mind to some water, but they would not leap into the well, because they could not get

out again.' There are not a few satirical observations on the clergy, and plentiful indications of that cautious spirit which distinguished him throughout his career. Johnson, speaking of French Ana, said: 'A few of them are good, but we have one book of that kind better than any of them—Selden's *Table-talk*.' Coleridge declared, not without exaggeration, 'There is more weighty bullion sense in this book than I can find in the same number of pages of any uninspired writer.' The following are extracts from the *Table-talk*:

He that speaks ill of another, commonly before he is aware, makes himself such a one as he speaks against; for if he had civility or breeding, he would forbear such kind of language.

A gallant man is above ill words. An example we have in the old lord of Salisbury, who was a great wise man. Stone had called some lord about court, fool; the lord complains, and has Stone whipped; Stone cries: 'I might have called my lord of Salisbury fool often enough, before he would have had me whipped.'

Speak not ill of a great enemy, but rather give him good words, that he may use you the better if you chance to fall into his hands. The Spaniard did this when he was dying; his confessor told him, to work him to repentance, how the devil tormented the wicked that went to hell; the Spaniard replying, called the devil my lord: 'I hope my lord the devil is not so cruel.' His confessor reproved him. 'Excuse me,' said the Don, 'for calling him so; I know not into what hands I may fall; and if I happen into his, I hope he will use me the better for giving him good words.'

. . . . . .

Humility is a virtue all preach, none practise, and yet everybody is content to hear. The master thinks it good doctrine for his servant, the laity for the clergy, and the clergy for the laity.

There is *humilitas quædam in vitio* [a faulty excess of humility]. If a man does not take notice of that excellency and perfection that is in himself, how can he be thankful to God, who is the author of all excellency and perfection? Nay, if a man hath too mean an opinion of himself, 'twill render him unserviceable both to God and man.

Pride may be allowed to this or that degree, else a man cannot keep up his dignity. In gluttons there must be eating, in drunkenness there must be drinking; 'tis not the eating, nor 'tis not the drinking, that is to be blamed, but the excess. So in pride.

. . . . . .

A king is a thing men have made for their own sakes, for quietness-sake. Just as in a family one man is appointed to buy the meat: if every man should buy, or if there were many buyers, they would never agree; one would buy what the other liked not, or what the other had bought before, so there would be a confusion. But that charge being committed to one, he according to his discretion pleases all. If they have not what they would have one day, they shall have it the next, or something as good.

. . . . . .

It is a vain thing to talk of an heretic, for a man for his heart can think no otherwise than he does think. In the primitive times there were many opinions, nothing scarce, but some or other held. One of these opinions being embraced by some prince, and received into his kingdom, the rest were condemned as heresies; and his religion, which was but one of the several opinions, first is said to be orthodox, and so to have continued ever since the apostles.

. . . . . .

No man is wiser for his learning: it may administer matter to work in, or objects to work upon; but wit and wisdom are born with a man. Most men's learning is nothing but history duly taken up. If I quote Thomas Aquinas for some tenet, and believe it because the school-men say so, that is but history. Few men make themselves masters of the things they write or speak.

. . . . . .

Oracles ceased presently after Christ, as soon as nobody believed them: just as we have no fortune-tellers, nor wise-men [wizards], when nobody cares for them. Sometimes you have a season for them, when people believe them; and neither of these, I conceive, wrought by the devil.

. . . . . .

Dreams and prophecies do thus much good: they make a man go on with boldness and courage upon a danger or a mistress. If he obtains, he attributes much to them; if he miscarries, he thinks no more of them, or is no more thought of himself.

. . . . . .

Nothing is text but what is spoken of in the Bible, and meant there for person and place; the rest is application, which a discreet man may do well; but 'tis his scripture, not the Holy Ghost's.

First, in your sermons use your logic, and then your rhetoric: rhetoric without logic is like a tree with leaves and blossoms, but no root.

. . . . . .

Though some make slight of libels, yet you may see by them how the wind sits: as take a straw and throw it up into the air, you shall see by that which way the wind is, which you shall not do by casting up a stone. More solid things do not shew the complexion of the times so well as ballads and libels.

. . . . . .

A person of quality came to my chamber in the Temple, and told me he had two devils in his head (I wondered what he meant), and just at that time one of them bid him kill me. With that I began to be afraid, and thought he was mad. He said he knew I could cure him, and therefore entreated me to give him something, for he was resolved he would go to nobody else. I, perceiving what an opinion he had of me, and that 'twas only melancholy that troubled him, took him in hand, warranted him, if he would follow my directions, to cure him in a short time. I desired him to let me be alone about an hour, and then to come again; which he was very willing to. In the meantime I got a card, and lapped it up hand some in a piece of taffeta, and put strings to the taffeta and when he came, gave it to him to hang about hi neck; withal charged him that he should not disorde himself neither with eating nor drinking, but eat very little of supper, and say his prayers duly when he went to bed, and I made no question but he would be well in three or four days. Within that time I went to dinner to his house, and asked him how he did. He said he was much better, but not perfectly

well; for in truth he had not dealt clearly with me; he had four devils in his head, and he perceived two of them were gone with that which I had given him, but the other two troubled him still. 'Well,' said I, 'I am glad two of them are gone; I make no doubt to get away the other two likewise.' So I gave him another thing to hang about his neck. Three days after, he came to me to my chamber, and profest he was now as well as ever he was in his life, and did extremely thank me for the great care I had taken of him. I, fearing lest he might relapse into the like distemper, told him that there was none but myself and one physician more in the whole town that could cure the devils in the head, and that was Dr Harvey, whom I had prepared, and wished him, if ever he found himself ill in my absence, to go to him, for he could cure his disease as well as myself. The gentleman lived many years, and was never troubled after.

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To quote a modern Dutchman where I may use a classic author, is as if I were to justify my reputation, and I neglect all persons of note and quality that know me, and bring the testimonial of the scullion in the kitchen.

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They talk (but blasphemously enough) that the Holy Ghost is president of their general councils, when the truth is, the odd man is still the Holy Ghost.

. . . . . .

To preach long, loud, and damnation, is the way to be cried up. We love a man that damns us, and we run after him again to save us. If a man had a sore leg, and he should go to an honest judicious chirurgeon, and he should only bid him keep it warm, and anoint with such an oil (an oil well known) that would do the cure, haply he would not much regard him, because he knows the medicine beforehand an ordinary medicine. But if he should go to a surgeon that should tell him, Your leg will gangrene within three days, and it must be cut off, and you will die, unless you do something that I could tell you, what listening there would be to this man! Oh, for the Lord's sake, tell me what this is; I will give you any content for your pains.

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What a gentleman is, 'tis hard with us to define. In other countries he is known by his privileges; in Westminster-Hall he is one that is reputed one; in the court of honour, he that hath arms. The king cannot make a gentleman of blood. What have you said? Nor God Almighty: but he can make a gentleman by creation. If you ask which is the better of these two, civilly, the gentleman of blood, morally, the gentleman by creation may be the better; for the other may be a debauched man, this a person of worth.

Gentlemen have ever been more temperate in their religion than the common people, as having more reason, the others running in a hurry.

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The court of England is much altered. At a solemn dancing, first you had the grave measures, then the corrantoes and the galliards, and this is kept up with ceremony; at length to Trenchmore and the cushion-dance, and then all the company dance, lord and groom, lady and kitchen-maid, no distinction. So in our court, in Queen Elizabeth's time, gravity and state were kept up. In King James's time things were pretty well. But in King Charles's time, there has been nothing but Trenchmore and the cushion-dance, *omnium gatherum*, tolly-polly, hoite come toite.

. . . . . .

'Tis a fine thing for children to learn to make verse; but when they come to be men, they must speak like other men, or else they will be laughed at. 'Tis ridiculous to speak, or write, or preach in verse. As 'tis good to learn to dance, a man may learn his leg, learn to go handsomely; but 'tis ridiculous for him to dance when he should go.

'Tis ridiculous for a lord to print verses; 'tis well enough to make them to please himself. but to make them public is foolish. If a man in a private chamber twirls his band-strings, or plays with a rush to please himself, 'tis well enough; but if he should go into Fleet-street, and sit upon a stall, and twirl a band-string, or play with a rush, then all the boys in the street would laugh at him.

. . . . . .

Prayer should be short, without giving God Almighty reasons why he should grant this or that; he knows best what is good for us. If your boy should ask you a suit of clothes, and give you reasons, 'otherwise he cannot wait upon you, he cannot go abroad but he will discredit you,' would you endure it? You know it better than he; let him ask a suit of clothes.

If a servant that has been fed with good beef, goes into that part of England where salmon is plenty, at first he is pleased with his salmon, and despises his beef, but after he has been there a while, he grows weary of his salmon, and wishes for his good beef again. We have a while been much taken with this praying by the spirit; but in time we may grow weary of it, and wish for our Common-Prayer.

. . . . . .

The presbyter with his elders about him, is like a young tree fenced about with two, or three, or four stakes; the stakes defend it, and hold it up, but the tree only prospers and flourishes: it may be some willow stake may bear a leaf or two, but it comes to nothing. Lay-elders are stakes, the presbyter the tree that flourishes.

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Religion is like the fashion: one man wears his doublet slashed, another laced, another plain; but every man has a doublet. So every man has his religion. We differ about trimming.

Men say they are of the same religion for quietness sake; but if the matter were well examined you would scarce find three anywhere of the same religion in all points.

. . . . . .

There's all the reason in the world divines should not be suffered to go a hair beyond their bounds, for fear of breeding confusion, since there now be so many religions on foot. The matter was not so narrowly to be looked after when there was but one religion in Christendom: the rest would cry him down for an heretic, and there was nobody to side with him.

The following passage on the value of doubt and free inquiry is from the preface to Selden's *History of Tythes:*

For the old sceptiques that never would profess that they had found a truth, yet shewed the best way to

search for any, when they doubted as well of what those of the dogmatical sects too credulously received for infallible principles, as they did of the newest conclusions: they were indeed questionless too nice, and deceived themselves with the nimbleness of their own sophisms, that permitted no kind of established truth. But plainly he that avoids their disputing levity, yet, being able, takes to himself their liberty of inquiry, is in the only way that in all kinds of studies leads and lies open even to the sanctuary of truth; while others, that are servile to common opinion and vulgar suppositions, can rarely hope to be admitted nearer than into the base court of her temple, which too speciously often counterfeits her inmost sanctuary.

The chief of Selden's twenty-seven separate publications, besides those already mentioned, are *Marmora Arundeliana* (1624), on the marbles brought that year from Smyrna and Greece by the Earl of Arundel's agents; and three books on Hebrew law and usages, in which, as in all his biblical studies, he is inevitably more learned than critical. His works were collected by Dr Wilkins, and published in 1726 in three folio volumes. See the biography prefixed to that edition, Aiken's *Lives of Selden and Usher* (1811), G. W. Johnson's *Memoir* (1835), and S. H. Reynolds's introduction to the Clarendon Press edition of the *Table-talk* (1892).

John Hales (1584–1656), 'the Ever-memorable,' is usually classed with Chillingworth as a prominent defender of rational and tolerant principles in religion. Born at Bath, he was bred at Corpus Christi, Oxford, and became a fellow of Merton. He was highly distinguished for his knowledge of Greek, on which he was appointed lecturer at Oxford in 1612. Four years afterwards he went to Holland as chaplain to Sir Dudley Carleton, ambassador at The Hague; and on this occasion he attended for four months the meetings of the famous Synod of Dort (November 1618–May 1619), the proceedings of which are recorded in his published letters to Sir Dudley. Till this time he held the Calvinistic opinions in which he had been educated; but the arguments of the Arminian champion Episcopius, or his view of contentious orthodoxy and the conviction that neither side possessed a monopoly of truth, made him, in his own phrase as reported by the editor of the *Golden Remains*, 'bid John Calvin good-night.' His letters from Dort are characterised by Lord Clarendon as 'the best memorial of the ignorance, and passion, and animosity, and injustice of that convention.' Although the eminent learning and abilities of Hales would certainly have led to high preferment in the Church, he chose rather to live in studious retirement, and accordingly withdrew to Eton College, where he had a private fellowship under his friend Sir Henry Savile as provost. Yet he was no recluse: he delighted in the conversation of Chillingworth and Falkland, of Ben Jonson and Suckling. His famous *Tract concerning Schism and Schismatics* (c. 1636), in which the bad effects of episcopal ambition are freely discussed, greatly displeased Laud; but Hales defended himself so well in a letter and at a conference that Laud in 1639 gave him a prebendal stall at Windsor. In 1649 he was deprived of his offices for refusing to take the 'engagement,' or oath of fidelity to the Commonwealth of England, as then established without a king or House of Lords. His ejection reduced him to such straits that at length he was under the necessity of selling for £700 the greater part of his library, on which he had expended £2500, though from a spirit of independence he refused to accept the bounty of his friends. The learning, abilities, and amiable disposition of John Hales are spoken of in the highest terms not only by Clarendon, but by Pearson, Heylin, Marvell, and Stillingfleet. He is styled by Anthony Wood 'a walking library;' and Pearson considered him to be 'a man of as great a sharpness, quickness, and subtilty of wit as ever this or perhaps any nation bred. His industry did strive, if it were possible, to equal the largeness of his capacity, whereby he became as great a master of polite, various, and universal learning as ever yet conversed with books.' His extensive knowledge he cheerfully communicated to others; and his liberal, obliging, and charitable disposition made him a determined foe to intolerance in religious matters. Clarendon says that 'nothing troubled him more than the brawls which were grown from religion; and he therefore exceedingly detested the tyranny of the Church of Rome, more for their imposing uncharitably upon the consciences of other men, than for the errors in their own opinions.' Aubrey, who saw him at Eton after his sequestration, describes him as 'a pretty little man, sanguine, of a cheerful countenance, very gentle and courteous.'

The following is a fragment of a sermon, preached at The Hague in 1619, on the folly and wickedness of duelling, a subject on which Hales was in advance of some eminent Continental Christians of the present day:

Murther, though all be abominable, yet there are degrees in it, some is more hainous then other. Gross, malicious, premeditated, and wilful murther are by our laws, so far as humane wisdom can provide, sufficiently prevented: but murders done in haste, or besides the intent of him that did it, or in point of honour, and reputation, these find a little too much favour; or laws in this respect are somewhat defective, both in preventing that it be not done, and punishing it when it is done; men have thought themselves wiser then God, presuming to moderate the unnecessary severity (as they seem to think) of his laws. And hence it comes to pass, that in military companies, and in all great cities and places of mart and concourse, few moneths, yea, few weeks pass without some instance and example of bloudshed, either by sudden quarrel, or by challenge to duel and single combat. How many examples in a short space have we seen of young men, men of hot and fiery disposition, mutually provoking and disgracing each other, and then taking themselves bound in high terms of valour and honour, to end their quarrels by their swords? That therefore we may the better discover the unlawfulness of challenge and private combat, let us a little enquire and examine in what cases bloud may lawfully, and without offence, be shed; that so we may see where, amongst these, single combat may find its place. . . .

To come then unto the question of duels; both by the light of reason and by the practise of men it doth appear that there is no case wherein subjects may privately seek each others lives: there are extant the laws of the Jews, framed by God himself; the laws of the Roman Empire, made partly by the Ethnick, partly by Christian princes; a great part of the laws of Sparta and Athens (two warlike common-wealths, especially the former) lie dispersed in our books: yet amongst them all is there not a law or custom that permits this liberty to subjects: the reason of it, I conceive, is very plain; the principal thing, next under God, by which a common-wealth doth stand, is the authority of the magistrate, whose proper end is to compose and end quarrels between man and man, upon what occasion soever they grow; for were men peaceable, were men not injurious one to another, there were no use of government: wherefore to permit men in private to try their own rights, or to avenge their own wrongs, and so to decline the sentence of the magistrate, is quite to cut off all use of authority. Indeed it hath been sometimes seen that the event of a battel, by consent of both armies, hath been put upon single combat, to avoid further effusion of bloud; but combats betwixt subjects for private causes, till these latter ages of the world, was never allowed: yet, I must confess, the practise of it is very ancient: for Cain, the second man in the world, was the first duelist, the first that ever challenged the feild. In the fourth of Genesis the text saith, that Cain spake unto his brother, and when they were in the feild, he arose and slew him. The Septuagint, to make the sense more plain, do add another clause, and tell us what it was he said unto his brother, διέλθωμεν εἰς τὸ πεδίον, Let us go out into the feild; and when they were in the feild, he arose and slew him: Let us go out into the feild, it is the very form and proper language of a challenge. Many times indeed our gallants can formalize in other words, but evermore the substance and usually the very words are no other but these of Cain, Let us go out into the feild. Abel I perswade my self understood them not as a challenge; for had he so done, he would have made so much use of his discretion as to have refused it; yet can we not chuse but acknowledge a secret judgment of God in this, that the words of Cain should still be so religiously kept till this day, as a proem and introduction to that action, which doubtless is no other then what Cain's was. When therefore our gallants are so ready to challange the feild, and to go into the feild, let them but remember whose words they use, and so accordingly think of their action. Again, notwithstanding duels are of so antient and worshipful a parentage, yet could they never gain so good acceptance as to be permitted, much less to be counted lawful in the civil part of the world, till barbarism had over-ran it. About five or six hundred years after Christ, at the fall of the Roman Empire, aboundance of rude and barbarous people brake in and possest the civiller part of the world; who abolishing the ancient laws of the empire, set up many strange customs in their rooms. Amongst the rest, for the determining of quarrels that might arise in case of doubtful title, or of false accusation, or the like, they put themselves upon many unusual forms of trial; as, to handle red hot iron, to walk bare-foot on burning coals, to put their hands and feet in scalding water, and many other of the like nature, which are reckoned up by Hottoman, a French lawyer: for they presumed so far on Gods providence, that if the party accused were innocent, he might do any of these without any smart or harm. In the same cases, when by reason of unsufficient and doubtful evidence, the judges could not proceed to sentence, as sometimes it falls out, and the parties contending would admit of no reasonable composition, their manner was to permit them to try it out by their swords; that so the conquerour might be thought to be in the right. They permitted, I say, thus to do; for at the best 'twas but a permission to prevent farther mischeif; for to this end sometimes some known abuses are tolerated: so God permitted the Jews upon sleight occasions to put their wives away, because he saw that otherwise their exorbitant lusts would not be bounded within these limits which he in Paradise in the beginning had set.

There is an air of modernity in his essay on 'The Method of Reading Profane History,' from which this is a paragraph:

One thing more, ere I leave this head, I will admonish you of. It is a common scholical errour to fill our papers and note-books with observations of great and famous events, either of great battels, or civil broiles and contentions. The expedition of Hercules his off-spring for the recovery of Peloponnese, the building of Rome, the attempt of Regulus against the great serpent of Bagradas, the Punick Wars, the ruine of Carthage, the death of Cæsar, and the like. Mean while things of ordinary course and common life gain no room in our paper-books. Petronius wittily and sharply complain'd against scholemasters in his times; in which he wisely reproves the errour of those, who training up of youth in the practise of rhetorick never suffered them to practise their wits in things of use, but in certain strange supralunary arguments, which never fell within the sphere of common action. This complaint is good against divers of those who travel in history. For one of the greatest reasons that so many of them thrive so little, and grow no wiser men, is because they sleight things of ordinary course, and observe onely great matters of more note, but less use. How doth it benefit a man who lives in peace to observe the art how Cæsar managed wars? or by what cunning he aspired to the monarchy? or what advantages they were that gave Scipio the day against Hannibal? These things may be known, not because the knowledge of these things is useful, but because it is an imputation to be ignorant of them; their greatest use for you being onely to furnish out your discourse. Let me therefore advise you in reading to have a care of those discourses which express domestick and private actions, especially if they be such wherein your self purposes to venture your fortunes. For if you rectifie a little your conceit, you shall see that it is the same wisdome which manages private business and State affairs, and that the one is acted with as much folly and ease as the other. If you will not believe men, then look into our colledges, where you shall see that I say not the plotting for an Headship (for that is now become a court-business), but the contriving of a bursership of twenty nobles a year is many times done with as great a portion of suing, siding, supplanting, and of other court-like arts, as the gaining of the secretary's place; onely the difference of the persons it is which makes the one comical, the other tragical. To think that there is more wisdom placed in these specious matters then in private carriages, is the same errour as if you should think there

were more art required to paint a king then a countrey gentleman: whereas our Dutch pieces may serve to confute you, wherein you shall see a cup of Rhenish-wine, a dish of radishes, a brass pan, an Holland cheese, the fisher-men selling fish at Scheveling, or the kitchen-maid spitting a loin of mutton, done with as great delicacy and choiceness of art as can be expressed in the delineation of the greatest monarch in the world.

This is his account of a breeze (threatening to issue in a duel) in the Synod of Dort:

Upon Tuesday the ½½ of this present in the evening, for the debating of certain particular points of controversy belonging to the first Article, the Synod came together in private. It hath been lately questioned how Christ is said to be *fundamentum electionis*. The doctrine generally received by the Contra-Remonstrant in this point is that God first of all resolved upon the salvation of some singular persons, and in the second place upon Christ as a mean to bring this decree to pass. So that with them God the Father alone is the author of our election, and Christ only the executioner. Others on the contrary teach that Christ is so to be held *fundamentum electionis* as that he is not only the executioner of election, but the author and the procurer of it: for proof of which they bring the words of the Apostle to the Ephesians the first chapter, *elegit nos in Christo ante jacta mundi fundamenta*. The exposition of this text was the especial thing discust at this meeting: and some taught that Christ was *fundamentum electionis* because he was *primus electorum*, or because he is *fundamentum electorum*, but not *electionis*, or because he is *fundamentum beneficiorum*, which descend upon us; others brookt none of those restraints. D. Gomarus stands for the former sentence, and in defence of it had said many things on Friday. This night Martinius of Breme being required to speak his mind, signified to the Synod, that he made some scruple concerning the doctrine passant about the manner of Christs being *fundamentum electionis*, and that he thought Christ not only the effector of our election, but also the author and procurer thereof. Gomarus, who owes the Synod a shrewd turn, and then I fear me began to come out of debt, presently, as soon as Martinius had spoken, starts up and tells the Synod, *ego hanc rem in me recipio*, and therewithall casts his glove, and challenges Martinius with this proverb, *Ecce Rhodum, ecce saltum*, and requires the Synod to grant them a duel, adding that he knew Martinius could say nothing in refutation of that doctrine. Martinius, who goes in æquipace with Gomarus in learning and a little before him for his discretion, easily digested this affront, and after some few words of course, by the wisdom of the præses matters seemed to be a little pacified, and so according to the custom the Synod with prayer concluded. Zeal and devotion had not so well allayed Gomarus his choler, but immediately after prayers he renewed his challenge and required combat with Martinius again; but they parted for that night without blowes. Martinius, as it seemes, is somewhat favourable to some tenents of the Remonstrants concerning reprobation, the latitude of Christs merit, the salvation of infants, &c., and to bring him to some conformity was there a private meeting of the forreign divines upon Wednesday morning in my Lord Bishops lodging, in which thus much was obtained, that though he would not leave his conclusions, yet he promised moderation and temper in such manner, that there should be no dissention in the Synod by reason of any opinion of his.

His principal work, the *Golden Remains*, mainly sermons and miscellanies, was edited with a Life by Bishop Pearson (1657), reprinted and extended in 1673 and 1688. In 1765 an edition of his works was published by Lord Hailes, who modernised the language, greatly to the disgust of Dr Johnson. 'An author's language, sir,' said he, 'is a characteristical part of his composition, and is also characteristical of the age in which he writes. Besides, sir, when the language is changed, we are not sure that the sense is the same. No, sir; I am sorry Lord Hailes has done this.' See Tulloch's *Rational Theology in England*, vol. i. (1872).

Robert Sanderson (1587–1663), the son of the squire of Gilthwaite Hall, was born more probably at Sheffield than at Rotherham, was educated anyhow at Rotherham and at Lincoln College, Oxford (where he became fellow and reader in logic), and held the living of Boothby-Pagnell for forty years in spite of sequestration and a short imprisonment during the Civil War. In 1642 he was made Regius Professor of Divinity at Oxford, was ejected by the Parliamentary visitors of 1648, but was reinstated after the Restoration, and in October 1660 became Bishop of Lincoln. His *Logicæ Artis Compendium* (1615) was often reprinted, and was praised by Sir William Hamilton as 'the excellent work of an accomplished logician.' The *Sermons* of Sanderson are also admired for vigour and clearness of thought; he is the author of the second preface to the Prayer-Book ('It hath been the wisdom'); and in virtue of his *Nine Cases of Conscience Resolved* (1678) Sanderson has been ranked as the greatest of English casuists. The cases selected are questions of the Sabbath, the engagement (the royalist compact of 1647 between the king and the Scots against the Parliament), the liturgy, a rash vow, marrying with a recusant (i.e. a Roman Catholic), a bond taken in the king's name, unlawful love, a military life (under what conditions it is lawful), a matrimonial contract, and of usury. On some of these points most reasonable Christians would agree, as on some of them High Churchmen and Puritans would inevitably differ widely. He denies that marrying a daughter to a 'professed Papist' is in itself unlawful, but points out the many 'evil consequents' which render it inexpedient to conclude such a marriage; affirming that in one respect the danger is greater to marry with a Papist than with one of a worse religion, for that the main principle of his religion as a Papist is more destructive of the comfort of a conjugal society than are the principles of most heretics, 'yea, than those of Pagans or atheists' (viz. the doctrine that there is no salvability but in the Church). How far the Churchman of that date might differ from the Puritan may be seen from his answer to two of the questions raised about the Sabbath:

I. Concerning the name *Sabbatum* or Sabbath I thus conceive: 1. That in Scripture, antiquity, and all ecclesiastical writers, it is constantly appropriated to the

day of the Jews' Sabbath or Saturday, and not at all till of late years used to signify our Lord's Day or Sunday. 2. That to call Sunday by the name of the Sabbath-day, *rebus sic stantibus*, may for sundry respects be allowed in the Christian Church without any great inconveniency; and that therefore men otherwise sober and moderate ought not to be censured with too much severity, neither charged with Judaism, if sometimes they so speak. 3. That yet for sundry other respects it were perhaps much more expedient if the word Sabbath in that notion were either not at all or else more sparingly used.

II. Concerning the name *Dominica*, or the Lord's Day: 1. That it was taken up in memory of our Lord Christ's resurrection, and the great work of our redemption accomplished therein. 2. That it hath warrant from the Scripture, Apoc. i. 10, and hath been of long continued use in the Christian Church, to signify the first day of the week or Sunday.

III. Concerning the name *Dies Solis* or Sunday: 1. That it is taken from the courses of the planets, as the names of the other days are: the reason whereof is to be learned from astronomers. 2. That it hath been used generally, and of long time, in most parts of the world. 3. That it is not justly chargeable with heathenism; and that it proceedeth from much weakness at the least, if not rather superstition, that some men condemn the use of it as profane, heathenish, or unlawful.

IV. Of the fitness of the aforesaid three names compared one with another. First, that according to the several matter or occasions of speech each of the three may be fitter in some respect, and more proper to be used than either of the other two. As, viz. 1. The name Sabbath, when we speak of a time of rest indeterminate and in general, without reference to any particular day; and the other two, when we speak determinately of that day which is observed in the Christian Church. Of which two again, 2. That of the Lord's Day is fitter in the theological and ecclesiastical; and, 3. That of Sunday in the civil, popular, and common use. Secondly. Yet so as that none of the three be condemned as utterly unlawful, whatsoever the matter or occasion be; but that every man be left to his Christian liberty herein, so long as superior authority doth not restrain it. Provided ever, that what he doth herein, he do it without vanity or affectation in himself, or without uncharitable judging or despising his brother that doth otherwise than himself doth. . . .

To the Third Question. In this matter, touching recreations to be used on the Lord's Day, much need not be said, there being little difficulty in it, and his Majesty's last declaration in that behalf having put it past disputation. I say then,

1. For the thing. That no man can reasonably condemn the moderate use of lawful recreations upon the Lord's Day, as simply and *de toto genere* unlawful.

2. For the kind. Albeit there can be no certain rules given herein, as in most indifferent things it cometh to pass by reason of the infinite variety of circumstances to fit with all particular cases, but that still much must be left to private discretion: yet for some directions in this matter, respect would be had in the choice of our recreations, 1. To the public laws of the state. Such games or sports as are by law prohibited, though in themselves otherwise lawful, being unlawful to them that are under the obedience of the law. 2. To the condition of the person. Walking and discoursing with men of liberal education is a pleasant recreation: it is no way delightsome to the ruder sort of people, who scarce account any thing a sport which is not loud and boisterous. 3. To the effects of the recreations themselves. Those being the meetest to be used which give the best refreshing to the body, and leave the least impression in the mind. In which respect, shooting, leaping, pitching the bar, stool-ball, &c. are rather to be chosen than dicing, carding, &c.

3. For the use. That men would be exhorted to use their recreation and pastimes upon the Lord's Day in godly and commendable sort. For which purpose, amongst others, these cautions following would be remembered: 1. That they be used with great moderation, as at all other times, so especially and much more upon the Lord's Day. 2. That they be used at seasonable times, not in time of divine service, nor at such hours as are appointed by the master of the house whereunto they belong for private devotions within his own house. His Majesty's declaration limiteth men's liberty this way till after evensong be ended. 3. That they be so used as that they may rather make men the fitter for God's service the rest of the day, and for the works of their vocations the rest of the week, than any way hinder or disable them thereunto, by over-wearying the body or immoderately affecting the mind. 4. That they use them not doubtingly; for whatsoever is not of faith is sin. He therefore that is not satisfied in his own judgment that he may lawfully and without sin use bodily recreations on the Lord's Day, ought by all means to forbear the use thereof, lest he should sin against his own conscience. 5. That they be severer towards themselves than towards other men in the use of their Christian liberty herein, not making their own opinion or practice a rule to their brethren. In this as in all indifferent things a wise and charitable man will in godly wisdom deny himself many times the use of that liberty, which in a godly charity he dare not deny to his brother.

Thomas Hobbes.

Thomas Hobbes, called from his birthplace 'the Malmesbury philosopher,' was born 5th April 1588. Of him it may safely be said that no thinker or writer of the seventeenth century attracted more attention in his own time, and that few exercised a wider or more marked influence on speculation in the following age. His mother's alarm at the approach of the Spanish Armada is said to have hastened his birth and to have been the cause of a constitutional timidity which beset him through life. After studying for five years at Magdalen Hall in Oxford, where his mind was not stirred by the usual courses of Aristotelian logic and physics, he travelled in 1610 through France, Italy, and Germany as tutor to Lord William Cavendish, afterwards second Earl of Devonshire. On returning to England he continued to reside with him as his secretary; and he became intimate with Lord Bacon, Lord Herbert of

Cherbury, and Ben Jonson. He now studied the classical historians and poets, and produced a translation of Thucydides (1628). His pupil and friend dying in 1628, two years after his father, Hobbes spent eighteen months at Paris, and perhaps also at Venice, as tutor to the son of Sir Gervase Clifton. In 1631 he undertook to superintend the education of his first pupil's son, the third Earl of Devonshire, with whom he set off in 1634 on a three years' tour through France and Italy. At Florence he became intimate with Galileo, the astronomer, and elsewhere held communication with notable scholars and thinkers. After his return to England in 1637 he resided in the Earl's family at Chatsworth in Derbyshire. He now devoted himself to study, interrupted, however, by the political contentions of the times. His pamphlet *De Corpore Politico* seemed to 'bring him into danger of his life,' and he deemed it necessary in the autumn of 1640 to retire to Paris, where he lived on terms of intimacy with Mersenne, Gassendi, and other learned men of the day.

THOMAS HOBBES.
From the Picture by J. M. Wright in the National Portrait Gallery.

Here he engaged in a controversy about the quadrature of the circle; and in 1647 he was appointed mathematical instructor to Charles, Prince of Wales, then in the French capital. Already he had commenced the publication of those works which he sent forth in succession with the view of curbing the spirit of freedom in England by showing the philosophical foundation of despotic monarchy. The first of them was originally printed in Latin at Paris, in 1642, under the title of *Elementa Philosophica de Cive*, and was translated into English, in 1650, as *Philosophical Rudiments concerning Government and Society*. The principles maintained in it were more fully discussed in his larger work, *Leviathan: or the Matter, Form, and Power of a Commonwealth, Ecclesiastical and Civil* (1651). Man is here represented as a selfish and ferocious animal, requiring the strong hand of despotism to keep him in check; and all notions of right and wrong are made to depend upon views of self-interest alone. Of this Selfish System of moral philosophy Hobbes was indeed the great champion, both in the *Leviathan* and more particularly in his small *Treatise on Human Nature*, published in 1650. The freedom with which theological subjects were handled in the *Leviathan*, its rationalistic criticism of Scripture, and its reduction of religion to a department of state morality, as well as its offensive political views, occasioned a great outcry against the author, particularly among the royalist clergy. This led Charles to dissolve his connection with the philosopher, who, according to Lord Clarendon, 'was compelled secretly to fly out of Paris, the justice having endeavoured to apprehend him, and soon after escaped into England (1651), where he never received any disturbance.' In 1653 he resumed his relations with the Devonshire household, but remained always in London, and became intimate with Selden, Cowley, and Dr Harvey, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood. In 1654 he published a short but admirably clear and comprehensive *Letter upon Liberty and Necessity*, where the doctrine of the self-determining power of the will is opposed with a subtlety and profundity unsurpassed in any subsequent writer on that much agitated question—indeed, he was one of the first to expound clearly the doctrine of philosophical necessity. On this subject a long controversy took place between him and Bishop Bramhall of Londonderry. Here he fought with the skill of a master; but in a mathematical dispute with Dr Wallis, professor of geometry at Oxford, which lasted twenty years, he fairly went beyond his depth; he had not begun to study mathematics till the age of forty, and, like other late learners, greatly overestimated his

knowledge. He supposed himself to have discovered the quadrature of the circle, and dogmatically upheld his claim in the face of the clearest refutation. In this controversy personal feeling, according to the custom of the time, appeared without disguise. Hobbes having published a sarcastic piece entitled *Six Lessons to the Professors of Mathematics in Oxford*, Wallis retorted by administering, in 1656, *Due Correction for Mr Hobbes, or School-discipline for not Saying his Lessons Right.* Here he debates with the philosopher in this unceremonious strain: 'It seems, Mr Hobbes, that you have a mind to *say your lesson*, and that the mathematic professors of Oxford should *hear* you. You are too old to learn, though you have as much need as those that be younger, and yet will think much to be whipt. What moved you to say your lessons in English, when the books against which you do chiefly intend them were written in Latin? Was it chiefly for the perfecting your natural rhetoric, whenever you thought it convenient to repair to Billingsgate? You found that the oyster-women could not teach you to rail in Latin. . . . Sir, those persons needed not a sight of *your ears*, but could tell by the *voice* what kind of creature brayed in your books: you dared not have said this to their faces.' When Charles II. was restored to the throne he conferred on Hobbes an annual pension of £100, very irregularly paid; but, notwithstanding this and other marks of the royal favour, much odium continued to prevail against him and his doctrines. The *Leviathan* and *De Cive* were censured in Parliament in 1666, and also drew forth many printed replies. Among the authors of these the most distinguished was Lord Clarendon, whose *Brief View and Survey of the Dangerous and Pernicious Errors to Church and State, in Mr Hobbes's Book, entitled Leviathan*, was posthumously published in 1676. In 1672, in his eighty-fifth year, Hobbes wrote his own Life in Latin verse! He next appeared as a translator of Homer, publishing a version of four books of the *Odyssey*, which was so well received that in 1675 he completed his translation, as well as one of the whole *Iliad*. Here, according to Pope, 'Hobbes has given us a correct explanation of the sense in general; but for particulars and circumstances, he continually lops them, and often omits the most beautiful.' Yet three large editions were required within less than ten years. His prose version of Thucydides—his first work, and awkwardly literal—was long the standard English translation. This work was undertaken by him 'from an honest desire of preventing, if possible, those disturbances in which he was apprehensive that his country would be involved, by shewing, in the history of the Peloponnesian war, the fatal consequences of intestine troubles.' At Hardwick and Chatsworth, where he spent the remainder of his days, Hobbes continued to write books, the principal of which, *Behemoth, or a History of the Civil Wars from 1640 to 1660*, issued surreptitiously from the press just before his death at Hardwick Hall, 4th December 1679, in his ninety-second year. He is buried in the chancel of Hault-Hucknall church, near Chesterfield.

Hobbes is described by Lord Clarendon as one for whom he 'had always had a great esteem, as a man who, besides his eminent parts of learning and knowledge, hath been always looked upon as a man of probity and a life free from scandal.' It was a saying of Charles II. in reference to the opposition which the doctrines of Hobbes met from the clergy, that 'he was a bear against whom the Church played their young dogs in order to exercise them.' In his later years he became morose and impatient of contradiction, growing infirmities and too much solitude increasing his natural arrogance and contempt for the opinions of other men. He at no time read extensively: Homer, Virgil, Thucydides, and Euclid were his favourite authors; and he used to say that, 'if he had read as much as other men, he should have been as ignorant as they.' Macaulay pronounced his style 'more precise and luminous than has ever been employed by any other metaphysical writer.' In date Hobbes falls between Bacon and Locke, but in philosophic ideas and temper he is widely separated from either. It is by his contributions to scientific psychology, ethics, and political theory that he takes rank as a profound original thinker. His ethical theory, based on pure selfishness and the arbitrary prescriptions of a sovereign power, negatively determined ethical speculation in England for a hundred years; all the great moralists wrote, directly or indirectly, as his opponents. But his political absolutism is the most famous part of his speculations. The state of nature, he argues, is a state of war and insecurity. Moved by a desire to escape from the intolerable evils of such a condition, human beings enter into a species of contract by which they surrender their individual rights, and constitute a state under an absolute sovereignty. The sovereign power need not be monarchical, but, whatever form it assumes, it is absolute and irresponsible. Hobbes was regarded by his contemporaries and the writers of the next age as the prince of unbelievers, a sort of father of lies, and even, erroneously, as an atheist. Among those who ranged themselves against his philosophy were Cumberland, Cudworth, Shaftesbury, Clarke, Butler, Hutcheson, Lord Kames, Adam Smith, Dugald Stewart, and Stewart's successor, Thomas Brown.

From the Introduction to 'Leviathan.'

Nature, the art whereby God hath made and governs the world, is by the 'art' of man, as in many other things, so in this also imitated, that it can make an artificial animal. For seeing life is but a motion of limbs, the beginning whereof is in some principal part within, why may we not say that all 'automata' (engines that move themselves by springs and wheels as doth a watch) have an artificial life? For what is

the heart but a 'spring,' and the nerves but so many 'strings,' and the joints but so many 'wheels,' giving motion to the whole body, such as was intended by the artificer? 'Art' goes yet further, imitating that rational and most excellent work of nature, 'man.' For by art is created that great 'Leviathan' called a 'Commonwealth,' or 'State,' in Latin *Civitas*, which is but an artificial man; though of greater stature and strength than the natural, for whose protection and defence it was intended; and in which the sovereignty is an artificial 'soul,' as giving life and motion to the whole body; the magistrates, and other officers of judicature and execution, artificial 'joints;' reward and punishment, by which fastened to the seat of the sovereignty every joint and member is moved to perform his duty, are the 'nerves,' that do the same in the body natural; the wealth and riches of all the particular members are the 'strength;' *salus populi*, the people's safety, its 'business;' counsellors, by whom all things needful for it to know are suggested unto it, are the 'memory;' equity, and laws, an artificial 'reason' and 'will;' concord, 'health;' sedition, 'sickness;' and civil war, 'death.' Lastly, the pacts and covenants, by which the parts of this body politic were at first made, set together, and united, resemble that 'fiat,' or the 'let us make man,' pronounced by God in the creation. To describe the nature of this artificial man, I will consider—First, the matter thereof, and the artificer; both which is 'man.' Secondly, how and by what covenants it is made; what are the rights and just power or authority of a 'sovereign;' and what it is that 'preserveth' or 'dissolveth' it. Thirdly, what is a 'Christian commonwealth.' Lastly, what is the 'kingdom of darkness.'

On the State of War Universal.

So that in the nature of man, we find three principal causes of quarrel. First, competition; secondly, diffidence; thirdly, glory. The first maketh men invade for gain, the second for safety, and the third for reputation. The first use violence, to make themselves masters of other men's persons, wives, children, and cattle; the second, to defend them; the third, for trifles, as a word, a smile, a different opinion, and any other sign of undervalue, either direct in their persons, or by reflection in their kindred, their friends, their nation, their profession, or their name.

Hereby it is manifest that during the time men live without a common power to keep them all in awe, they are in that condition which is called war; and such a war as is of every man, against every man. For 'war' consisteth not in battle only, or the act of fighting; but in a tract of time wherein the will to contend by battle is sufficiently known: and therefore the notion of 'time' is to be considered in the nature of war, as it is in the nature of weather. For as the nature of foul weather lieth not in a shower or two of rain, but in an inclination thereto of many days together; so the nature of war consisteth not in actual fighting, but in the known disposition thereto during all the time there is no assurance to the contrary. All other time is 'peace.'

Whatsoever therefore is consequent to a time of war, where every man is enemy to every man, the same is consequent to the time wherein men live without other security than what their own strength and their own invention shall furnish them withal. In such condition there is no place for industry, because the fruit thereof is uncertain, and consequently no culture of the earth; no navigation, nor use of the commodities that may be imported by sea; no commodious building; no instruments of moving and removing such things as require much force; no knowledge of the face of the earth; no account of time; no arts; no letters; no society; and, which is worst of all, continual fear and danger of violent death; and the life of man, solitary, poor, nasty, brutish, and short.

It may seem strange to some man that has not well weighed these things, that Nature should thus dissociate and render men apt to invade and destroy one another; and he may therefore, not trusting to this inference, made from the passions, desire perhaps to have the same confirmed by experience. Let him therefore consider with himself, when taking a journey, he arms himself, and seeks to go well accompanied; when going to sleep, he locks his doors; when even in his house, he locks his chests; and this when he knows there be laws, and public officers, armed, to revenge all injuries shall be done him; what opinion he has of his fellow-subjects, when he rides armed; of his fellow-citizens, when he locks his doors; and of his children and servants, when he locks his chests. Does he not there as much accuse mankind by his actions as I do by my words? But neither of us accuse man's nature in it. The desires and other passions of man are in themselves no sin. No more are the actions that proceed from those passions, till they know a law that forbids them; which till laws be made they cannot know, nor can any law be made till they have agreed upon the person that shall make it.

It may peradventure be thought there was never such a time nor condition of war as this; and I believe it was never generally so over all the world, but there are many places where they live so now. For the savage people in many places of America, except the government of small families, the concord whereof dependeth on natural lust, have no government at all, and live at this day in that brutish manner, as I said before. Howsoever, it may be perceived what manner of life there would be where there were no common power to fear, by the manner of life which men that have formerly lived under a peaceful government, use to degenerate into in a civil war.

But though there had never been any time wherein particular men were in a condition of war one against another; yet in all times kings and persons of sovereign authority, because of their independency, are in continual jealousies and in the state and posture of gladiators; having their weapons pointing, and their eyes fixed on one another; that is, their forts, garrisons, and guns upon the frontiers of their kingdoms; and continual spies upon their neighbours; which is a posture of war. But because they uphold thereby the industry of their subjects, there does not follow from it that misery which accompanies the liberty of particular men.

To this war of every man, against every man, this also is consequent—that nothing can be unjust. The notions of right and wrong, justice and injustice, have there no place. Where there is no common power, there is no law: where no law, no injustice. Force and fraud are in war the two cardinal virtues. Justice and injustice are none of the faculties neither of the body nor mind. If they were, they might be in a man

that were alone in the world, as well as his senses and passions. They are qualities that relate to men in society, not in solitude. It is consequent also to the same condition, that there be no propriety, no dominion, no 'mine' and 'thine' distinct; but only that to be every man's that he can get, and for so long as he can keep it. And thus much for the ill condition which man by mere nature is actually placed in; though with a possibility to come out of it, consisting partly in the passions, partly in his reason.

The passions that incline men to peace are fear of death; desire of such things as are necessary to commodious living; and a hope by their industry to obtain them. And reason suggesteth convenient articles of peace, upon which men may be drawn to agreement. These articles are they which otherwise are called the Laws of Nature: whereof I shall speak more particularly in the two following chapters. (From *Leviathan*.)

On Antiquity.

In that part which treateth of a Christian commonwealth there are some new doctrines which, it may be, in a state where the contrary were already fully determined, were a fault for a subject without leave to divulge, as being an usurpation of the place of a teacher. But in this time, that men call not only for peace, but also for truth, to offer such doctrines as I think true, and that manifestly tend to peace and loyalty, to the consideration of those that are yet in deliberation, is no more but to offer new wine to be put into new casks, that both may be preserved together. And I suppose that then, when novelty can breed no trouble nor disorder in a state, men are not generally so much inclined to the reverence of antiquity as to prefer ancient errors before new and well-proved truth.

There is nothing I distrust more than my elocution [i.e. power of literary expression, style], which nevertheless I am confident, excepting the mischances of the press, is not obscure. That I have neglected the ornament of quoting ancient poets, orators, and philosophers, contrary to the custom of late time, whether I have done well or ill in it, proceedeth from my judgment, grounded on many reasons. For first, all truth of doctrine dependeth either upon reason or upon Scripture, both which give credit to many, but never receive it from any writer. Secondly, the matters in question are not of fact, but of right, wherein there is no place for witnesses. There is scarce any of those old writers that contradicteth not sometimes both himself and others; which makes their testimonies insufficient. Fourthly, such opinions as are taken only upon credit of antiquity are not intrinsically the judgment of those that cite them, but words that pass, like gaping, from mouth to mouth. Fifthly, it is many times with a fraudulent design that men stick their corrupt doctrine with the cloves of other men's wit. Sixthly, I find not that the ancients they cite took it for an ornament to do the like with those that wrote before them. Seventhly, it is an argument of indigestion, when Greek and Latin sentences unchewed come up again, as they use to do, unchanged. Lastly, though I reverence those men of ancient time that either have written truth perspicuously, or set us in a better way to find it out ourselves: yet to the antiquity itself I think nothing due. For if we will reverence the age, the present is the oldest. If the antiquity of the writer, I am not sure that generally they to whom such honour is given were more ancient when they wrote than I am that am writing. But if it be well considered, the praise of ancient authors proceeds not from the reverence of the dead, but from the competition and mutual envy of the living.

To conclude, there is nothing in this whole discourse, nor in that I writ before of the same subject in Latin, as far as I can perceive, contrary either to the Word of God or to good manners; or to the disturbance of the public tranquillity. Therefore I think it may be profitably printed, and more profitably taught in the universities, in case they also think so to whom the judgment of the same belongeth. For seeing the universities are the fountains of civil and moral doctrine, from whence the preachers and the gentry, drawing such water as they find, use to sprinkle the same (both from the pulpit and in their conversation) upon the people, there ought certainly to be great care taken to have it pure, both from the venom of heathen politicians and from the incantation of deceiving spirits. And by that means the most men, knowing their duties, will be the less subject to serve the ambition of a few discontented persons in their purposes against the state, and be the less grieved with the contributions necessary for their peace and defence; and the governors themselves have the less cause to maintain at the common charge any greater army than is necessary to make good the public liberty against the invasions and encroachments of foreign enemies.

And thus I have brought to an end my Discourse of Civil and Ecclesiastical Government, occasioned by the disorders of the present time, without partiality, without application, and without other design than to set before men's eyes the mutual relation between protection and obedience; of which the condition of human nature and the laws divine, both natural and positive, require an inviolable observation. And though in the revolution of states there can be no very good constellation for truths of this nature to be born under (as having an angry aspect from the dissolvers of an old government, and seeing but the backs of them that erect a new), yet I cannot think it will be condemned at this time either by the public judge of doctrine or by any that desires the continuance of public peace. And in this hope I return to my interrupted speculation of bodies natural, wherein, if God give me health to finish it, I hope the novelty will as much please as in the doctrine of this artificial body it useth to offend. For such truth as opposeth no man's profit nor pleasure is to all men welcome. (From the conclusion of *Leviathan*.)

Pity and Indignation.

Pity is imagination or fiction of future calamity to ourselves, proceeding from the sense of another man's calamity. But when it lighteth on such as we think have not deserved the same, the compassion is greater, because then there appeareth more probability that the same may happen to us; for the evil that happeneth to an innocent man may happen to every man. But when we see a man suffer for great crimes, which we cannot easily think will fall upon ourselves, the pity is the less. And therefore men are apt to pity those whom they love; for whom they love they think worthy of good, and therefore not worthy of calamity. Thence it is also that men pity the vices of some persons at the first sight

only, out of love to their aspect. The contrary of pity is hardness of heart, proceeding either from slowness of imagination, or some extreme great opinion of their own exemption from the like calamity, or from hatred of all or most men.

Indignation is that grief which consisteth in the conception of good success happening to them whom they think unworthy thereof. Seeing therefore men think all those unworthy whom they hate, they think them not only unworthy of the good-fortune they have, but also of their own virtues. And of all the passions of the mind, these two, indignation and pity, are most raised and increased by eloquence; for the aggravation of the calamity, and extenuation of the fault, augmenteth pity; and the extenuation of the worth of the person, together with the magnifying of his success, which are the parts of an orator, are able to turn these two passions into fury.

(From *Human Nature.*)

Emulation and Envy.

Emulation is grief arising from seeing one's self exceeded or excelled by his concurrent, together with hope to equal or exceed him in time to come, by his own ability. But envy is the same grief joined with pleasure conceived in the imagination of some ill-fortune that may befall him.

(From *Human Nature.*)

Laughter.

There is a passion that hath no name; but the sign of it is that distortion of the countenance which we call laughter, which is always joy: but what joy, what we think, and wherein we triumph when we laugh, is not hitherto declared by any. That it consisteth in wit, or, as they call it, in the jest, experience confuteth; for men laugh at mischances and indecencies, wherein there lieth no wit nor jest at all. And forasmuch as the same thing is no more ridiculous when it groweth stale or usual, whatsoever it be that moveth laughter, it must be new and unexpected. Men laugh often—especially such as are greedy of applause from everything they do well—at their own actions performed never so little beyond their own expectations; as also at their own jests: and in this case it is manifest that the passion of laughter proceedeth from a sudden conception of some ability in himself that laugheth. Also, men laugh at the infirmities of others by comparison wherewith their own abilities are set off and illustrated. Also men laugh at jests the wit whereof always consisteth in the elegant discovering and conveying to our minds some absurdity of another; and in this case also the passion of laughter proceedeth from the sudden imagination of our own odds and eminency; for what is else the recommending of ourselves to our own good opinion, by comparison with another man's infirmity or absurdity? For when a jest is broken upon ourselves, or friends, of whose dishonour we participate, we never laugh thereat. I may therefore conclude that the passion of laughter is nothing else but sudden glory arising from a sudden conception of some eminency in ourselves, by comparison with the infirmity of others, or with our own formerly; for men laugh at the follies of themselves past, when they come suddenly to remembrance, except they bring with them any present dishonour. It is no wonder, therefore, that men take heinously to be laughed at or derided—that is, triumphed over. Laughing without offence must be at absurdities and infirmities abstracted from persons, and when all the company may laugh together; for laughing to one's self putteth all the rest into jealousy and examination of themselves. Besides, it is vain-glory, and an argument of little worth, to think the infirmity of another sufficient matter for his triumph.

(From *Human Nature.*)

The Necessity of the Will.

The question is not, whether a man be a free agent, that is to say, whether he can write or forbear, speak or be silent, according to his will; but whether the will to write, and the will to forbear, come upon him according to his will, or according to anything else in his own power. I acknowledge this liberty, that I can *do* if I *will*; but to say, I can *will* if I *will*, I take to be an absurd speech.

[In answer to Bishop Bramhall's assertion, that the doctrine of free-will 'is the belief of all mankind, which we have not learned from our tutors, but is imprinted in our hearts by nature.']—It is true, very few have learned from tutors, that a man is not free to will: nor do they find it much in books. That they find in books, that which the poets chant in the theatres, and the shepherds on the mountains, that which the pastors teach in the churches, and the doctors in the universities, and that which the common people in the markets and all mankind in the whole world do assent unto, is the same that I assent unto—namely, that a man hath freedom to do if he will; but whether he hath freedom to will is a question which it seems neither the bishop nor they ever thought on. A wooden top that is lashed by the boys, and runs about sometimes to one wall, sometimes to another, sometimes spinning, sometimes hitting men on the shins, if it were sensible of its own motion, would think it proceeded from its own will, unless it felt what lashed it. And is a man any wiser when he runs to one place for a benefice, to another for a bargain, and troubles the world with writing errors and requiring answers, because he thinks he does it without other cause than his own will, and seeth not what are the lashings that cause that will?

(From *Of Liberty and Necessity.*)

On Precision in Language.

Seeing that truth consisteth in the right ordering of names in our affirmations, a man that seeketh precise truth had need to remember what every name he useth stands for, and to place it accordingly, or else he will find himself entangled in words as a bird in lime-twigs—the more he struggles, the more belimed. And therefore in geometry, which is the only science that it hath pleased God hitherto to bestow on mankind, men begin at settling the significations of their words; which settling of significations they call definitions, and place them in the beginning of their reckoning.

By this it appears how necessary it is for any man that aspires to true knowledge to examine the definitions of former authors; and either to correct them where they are negligently set down, or to make them himself. For the errors of definitions multiply themselves according as the reckoning proceeds, and lead men into absurdities, which at last they see, but cannot avoid without reckoning anew from the beginning, in which lies the foundation of their errors. From whence it happens that they which trust to books do as they that cast up many little sums into a greater, without considering whether those little sums were rightly cast up or not; and at last, finding the error visible, and not mistrusting their first grounds, know not which way to clear themselves, but spend time in fluttering over their

books, as birds that, entering by the chimney, flutter at the false light of a glass window, for want of wit to consider which way they came in. So that in the right definition of names lies the first use of speech, which is the acquisition of science, and in wrong or no definitions lies the first abuse; from which proceed all false and senseless tenets, which make those men that take their instruction from the authority of books, and not from their own meditation, to be as much below the condition of ignorant men as men endued with true science are above it. For between true science and erroneous doctrines, ignorance is in the middle. Natural sense and imagination are not subject to absurdity. Nature itself cannot err; and as men abound in copiousness of language, so they become more wise or more mad than ordinary. Nor is it possible without letters for any man to become either excellently wise, or, unless his memory be hurt by disease or ill constitution of organs, excellently foolish. For words are wise men's counters—they do but reckon by them—but they are the money of fools, that value them by the authority of an Aristotle, a Cicero, or a Thomas, or any other doctor whatsoever, if but a man. (From *Leviathan*.)

Cognate is the famous saying, 'Words are wise men's counters, they do but reckon by them; but they are the money of fools.' A very short specimen of Hobbes's poetry may suffice. His translation of the *Iliad* begins thus:

O Goddess, sing what woe the discontent
Of Thetis' son brought to the Greeks; what souls
Of heroes down to Erebus it sent,
Leaving their bodies unto dogs and fowls;
Whilst the two princes of the army strove,
King Agamemnon and Achilles stout.
That so it should be was the will of Jove,
But who was he that made them first fall out?
Apollo; who, incensed by the wrong
To his priest Chryses by Atrides done,
Sent a great pestilence the Greeks among;
Apace they died and remedy was none.

The standard edition of Hobbes is that by Sir W. Molesworth (16 vols., 1839-46); Professor H. Morley published editions of *Leviathan* in 1881, and again in 1885. See the monograph by Professor Croom Robertson (1886), and three papers in Sir J. Fitzjames Stephens's *Horæ Sabbaticæ* (1891-93).

Sir Robert Filmer (1590?–1653) is for all time the classical representative—in England, if not for all the world—of the extreme theory of the divine right of kings. One finds him referred to in this capacity where one least expects it—in Gustave Flaubert's *Bouvard et Pécuchet*, for example. He was the son of a Kentish knight, and was born at East Sutton, and studied at Cambridge. He published a series of political treatises in favour of extreme or unlimited monarchical power. The first of these seems to have appeared in 1646, and the latest and most celebrated, the *Patriarcha*, in 1679. The germ of his theory is the proposition that the father of a family is the divinely ordained type of a ruler, and that his power is absolute. Accordingly, Filmer taught, a king's acts should be subject to no check or control whatsoever; his will is the only right source of law. Hence he is not in any sense answerable to his subjects for his doings; for them either to depose him or even to criticise his conduct is criminal and immoral. His argument was answered by Algernon Sidney and by John Locke, who says that so much 'glib nonsense was never put together in well-sounding English.' It cannot certainly be said that the ability of Filmer's statement covers the monstrousness of his thesis. But Dr Gairdner holds that his view of English constitutional history is more correct than that of his chief opponents, and that his fundamental doctrine is not more absurd than Rousseau's of a social compact. And it should be remembered to his credit that, unlike many of his contemporaries who held similar views of government, he protested against the abominations of the witch mania. The following is part of the argument of the *Patriarcha*:

If any desire the direction of the New Testament, he may find our Saviour limiting and distinguishing royal power, by giving to Cæsar those things that were Cæsar's, and to God those things that were God's. *Obediendum est in quibus mandatum Dei non impeditur.* We must obey where the commandment of God is not hindered; there is no other law but God's law to hinder our obedience. . . .

When the Jews asked our blessed Saviour whether they should pay tribute, he did not first demand what the law of the land was, or whether there was any statute against it, nor enquired whether the tribute were given by consent of the people, nor advised them to stay their payment till they should grant it; he did no more but look upon the superscription, and concluded, This image you say is Cæsar's, therefore give it to Cæsar. Nor must it here be said that Christ taught this lesson only to the conquered Jews, for in this he gave direction for all nations, who are bound as much in obedience to their lawful kings as to any conquerour or usurper whatsoever.

Whereas being subject to the higher powers, some have strained these words to signifie the laws of the land, or else to mean the highest power, as well aristocratical and democratical as regal: it seems St Paul looked for such interpretation, and therefore thought fit to be his own expositor, and to let it be known that by power he understood a monarch that carried a sword: Wilt thou not be afraid of the power? that is, the ruler that carrieth the sword, for he is the minister of God to thee . . . for he beareth not the sword in vain. It is not the law that is the minister of God, or that carries the sword, but the ruler or magistrate; so they that say the law governs the kingdom, may as well say that the carpenters rule builds an house, and not the carpenter; for the law is but the rule or instrument of the ruler. And St Paul concludes, for this cause pay you tribute also, for they are God's ministers attending continually upon this very thing. Render therefore tribute to whom tribute is due, custom to whom custom. He doth not say, give as a gift to God's minister; but ἀπόδοτε, render or restore tribute, as a due. Also St Peter doth most clearly expound this place of St Paul, where he saith, Submit yourselves to every ordinance of man, for the Lord's sake, whether it be to the king as supreme, or unto governours, as unto them that are sent by him. Here the very self-same word (supreme, or ὑπερεχούσαις) which St Paul coupleth with power, St Peter conjoyneth with the king, βασιλεῖ ὡς ὑπερέχοντι, thereby to manifest that king and power are both one.

Robert Herrick.

One of the most exquisite of our lyrical poets is Robert Herrick, born in Cheapside, London, in August 1591; fifteen months later his father, a goldsmith, died of a fall from a window, not without suspicion of suicide. He was put to school probably at Westminster, and in 1607 was apprenticed to an uncle, also a goldsmith; but during 1613–20 he was at Cambridge, migrating in 1616 from St John's to Trinity Hall. Classical influences, especially of Martial, are to be traced in much of his work. He associated in London with the jovial spirits of the age. He 'quaffed the mighty bowl' with Ben Jonson, but could not, he tells us, 'thrive in frenzy' like rare Ben, who seems to have excelled all his 'fellow-compotators' at the Mermaid in deep drinking as in high thinking. The recollection of these 'brave translunary scenes' inspired Herrick to this effect:

Ah Ben!
Say how or when
Shall we, thy guests,
Meet at those lyrick feasts
Made at the Sun,
The Dog, the Triple Tunne?
Where we such clusters had
As made us nobly wild, not mad;
And yet each verse of thine
Out-did the meate, out-did the frolick wine.

My Ben!
Or come agen,
Or send to us
Thy wit's great over-plus.
But teach us yet
Wisely to husband it;
Lest we that tallent spend;
And having once brought to an end
That precious stock, the store
Of such a wit, the world sho'd have no more.

Having taken holy orders, he was presented by Charles I. in 1629 to the vicarage of Dean Prior, near Totnes, in Devonshire. After eighteen years' residence in this sequestered parish, he was ejected from his living by the storms of the Civil War, which, as Jeremy Taylor says, 'dashed the vessel of the Church and State all in pieces.' Whatever regret the poet may have felt on being turned adrift on the world, he could have experienced little on parting with his parishioners, for he describes them much as Crabbe does the natives of Suffolk, among whom he was cast, as a 'wild amphibious race,' rude 'almost as salvages,' and 'churlish as the seas.' Herrick gives us a glimpse of his own character:

Borne I was to meet with age,
And to walke life's pilgrimage:
Much I know of time is spent;
Tell I can't what 's resident.
Howsoever, cares adue;
Ile have nought to say to you;
But Ile spend my comming houres
Drinking wine & crown'd with flowres.

This light and genial temperament would enable the poet to ride out the storm in composure. Many of his lighter pieces were written as early as 1610–12, a large proportion of them before 1629. Some of his pieces may have seen the light as early as 1635; in a miscellaneous collection—*Wit's Recreations*—without assignment of authorship, published in 1640, are sixty-two pieces that he subsequently included in *Hesperides*. About the time that he lost his vicarage Herrick appears to have published his works. His *Noble Numbers, or Pious Pieces*, are dated 1647; his *Hesperides, or the Works, both Humane and Divine, of Robert Herrick, Esquire*, 1648; and both came out in the same volume early in the latter year. The clerical prefix to his name seems now to have been abandoned, like the clerical habit, by the poet; and there are certainly many pieces in the second volume which, even in that lax age, could not be considered to become one ministering at the altar. Herrick lived in Westminster, and may have been supported or subsidised by the wealthy royalists; in 1662 he was restored to Dean Prior, and there he was buried on 15th October 1674. How he was received by the 'rude salvages,' or how he felt on quitting the gaieties of the capital to resume his clerical duties and seclusion, is not recorded; but, being over seventy, he may well have grown tired of canary sack and tavern jollities. He had an open eye for the pleasures of a country life, if we may judge from his works and the fondness with which he dwells on old English festivals and rural customs. Yet on the whole he wearied of the country, even 'loathed' Devonshire, and pined for the town and its pleasures. Though his rhymes were sometimes wild, he says his life was chaste, and he repented of his errors:

For those my unbaptizèd rhimes,
Writ in my wild unhallowèd times,
For every sentence, clause, and word,
That 's not inlaid with thee, (my Lord)
Forgive me, God, and blot each line
Out of my book that is not thine;
But if, 'mongst all, thou find'st here one
Worthy thy benediction,
That one of all the rest shall be
The glory of my work, and me.

The poet might have evinced the depth of his contrition by blotting out the unbaptised rhymes himself, or by not reprinting them; but the vanity of the author seems to have triumphed over the penitence of the Christian. The religious poems may have been written later than the least decorous verses, though we cannot be sure of it. Even in the secular section the arrangement is chaotic, and there is no chronological sequence whatever. There may be some slight significance in the fact that the 'Welcome to Sack' stands after the 'Farewell to Sack,' while the 'Welcome' seems the more

hearty outcome, illustrates the more permanent temper. Though some of the religious pieces —'The Litany,' 'Jephthah's Daughter,' and 'A Thanksgiving,' for example — are masterpieces, most of the sacred poems are weak or formal. The special charm of Herrick lies in his secular poems; and his most secular poems are sheer paganism and epicureanism. Depth and passion are not his forte: Mr Gosse has to admit that Herrick approaches the mysteries of life and death with 'airy frivolity, easy-going callousness of soul.' His careless gaiety and sensuousness are at least genuine, are his natural element; his pictures of English life are unforced, fresh, and natural; his love-poems are tender, seem heartfelt and natural, and reveal a real undertone of melancholy; the conceits and similes are sometimes overstrained, and the humour forced; but in sweetness of melody and in harmony of sound with sense Herrick has no equal amongst his Caroline contemporaries. Only his epigrams are poor and gross and thoroughly unworthy of him.

The arrangement of the secular pieces is chaotic and incongruous, offering to us a medley of poems to friends, amatory poems, epigrams, fairy fancies, odes, and short poems on all manner of subjects. Some of them are so difficult to harmonise with the devotional vein of his sacred pieces, even if we conceive the author a man of very varied moods, that it has been argued the sacred poems were in time of writing separated by a quarter of a century from his less decorous ones. But they were all published together.

Herrick's poems lay neglected for many years, were republished at the very end of the eighteenth century, but were hardly re-established in general esteem till well on in the nineteenth century; many of his shorter lyrics are now known to everybody, and some of them have been set to modern music. 'Cherry Ripe' (the idea and words of which are partly Campion's—see page 401) and 'Gather ye Rose-buds while ye may' delightfully combine playful fancy and natural feeling. Those 'To Blossoms,' 'To Daffodils,' and 'To Primroses' have even a touch of pathos that wins its way to the heart. Other gems are 'To Anthea,' 'The Mad Maid's Song,' 'The Night-piece to Julia' ('Her eyes the glow-worm lend thee'), and 'To Electra' ('Tis evening, my sweet'). Shakespeare and Jonson had scattered such delicate fancies and snatches of lyrical melody among their plays and masques; and Herrick may have been directly influenced by the songs of Marlowe, Greene, and Fletcher. It has been debated whether he formed himself after any classical models. There is in his songs and anacreontics an unforced gaiety and natural tenderness that show he wrote chiefly from the spontaneous impulses of his own thoroughly artistic, pleasure-loving temperament. Herrick's choice of words, when he is in his happiest vein, is perfect; his versification is harmony itself. His verses bound and flow like some exquisite lively melody that echoes nature by wood and dell, and presents new beauties at every turn and winding. The strain is short and sometimes fantastic; but the notes linger in the mind, and take their place for ever in the memory.

Mr Swinburne has pointed out that the first great age of lyric poetry in England was the one great age of our dramatic poetry, but that the lyric school advanced as the dramatic school declined; 'the lyrical record that begins with the author of *Euphues* and *Endymion* grows fuller if not brighter through a whole series of constellations till it culminates in the crowning star of Herrick,' whose master was undoubtedly Marlowe. The last of his line, Herrick is the first of English song-writers; 'he lives simply by virtue of his songs; his more ambitious or pretentious lyrics are merely magnified and prolonged and elaborated songs. Elegy or litany, epicede or epithalamium, his work is always a song-writer's: nothing more but nothing less than the work of the greatest song-writer ever born of English race.' 'Ye have been fresh and green' is a sweeter and better song than 'Gather ye Rose-buds;' 'The Mad Maid's Song' can only be compared with William Blake's poems. Yet Herrick has his 'brutal blemishes,' and seems to have deliberately relieved the monotony of 'spices and flowers, condiments and kisses,' by admitting rank and intolerable odours. Though his 'sacred verse at its worst is as offensive as his secular verse at its worst,' 'neither Herbert nor Crashaw could have bettered'—

> We see Him come and know Him ours,
> Who with His sunshine and His showers
> Turns all the patient ground to flowers.

To Meadows.

Ye have been fresh and green,
  Ye have been fill'd with flowers;
And ye the walks have been
  Where maids have spent their houres.

You have beheld how they
  With wicker arks did come,
To kiss and beare away
  The richer couslips home.

Y'ave heard them sweetly sing,
  And seen them in a round;
Each virgin, like a spring,
  With hony-succles crown'd.

But now, we see none here,
  Whose silv'rie feet did tread,
And with dishevell'd haire
  Adorn'd this smoother mead.

Like unthrifts, having spent
  Your stock, and needy grown,
Y'are left here to lament
  Your poore estates alone.

To Blossoms.

Faire pledges of a fruitfull tree,
Why do yee fall so fast?
Your date is not so past,
But you may stay yet here a while,
To blush and gently smile,
And go at last.

What! were yee borne to be
An houre or half's delight,
And so to bid goodnight?
'Twas pitie nature brought yee forth
Meerly to shew your worth,
And lose you quite.

ROBERT HERRICK.
From Frontispiece to the *Hesperides* (1648).

But you are lovely leaves, where we
May read how soon things have
Their end, though ne'r so brave:
And after they have shewn their pride,
Like you awhile, they glide
Into the grave.

To Daffodils.

Faire daffadills, we weep to see
You haste away so soone;
As yet the early-rising sun
Has not attained his noone:
Stay, stay,
Untill the hasting day
Has run
But to the even-song;
And having prayd together, we
Will go with you along.

We have short time to stay, as you;
We have as short a spring;
As quick a growth to meet decay,
As you, or anything:
We die,
As your hours doe; and drie
Away
Like to the summers raine,
Or as the pearles of mornings dew,
Ne'r to be found againe.

To the Virgins, to make much of their Time

Gather ye rose-buds while ye may,
Old Time is still a-flying,
And this same flower that smiles to-day,
To-morrow will be dying.

The glorious lamp of heaven, the sun,
The higher he 's a-getting,
The sooner will his race be run,
And neerer he 's to setting.

That age is best which is the first,
When youth and blood are warmer;
But, being spent, the worse, and worst
Times, still succeed the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time,
And while ye may, goe marry;
For, having lost but once your prime,
You may for ever tarry.

To Anthea, who may command him any thi

Bid me to live, and I will live
Thy Protestant to be:
Or bid me love, and I will give
A loving heart to thee.

A heart as soft, a heart as kind,
A heart as sound and free,
As in the whole world thou canst find,
That heart Ile give to thee.

Bid that heart stay, and it will stay,
To honour thy decree:
Or bid it languish quite away,
And 't shall doe so for thee.

Bid me to weep, and I will weep,
While I have eyes to see:
And having none, yet I will keep
A heart to weep for thee.

Bid me despaire, and Ile despaire,
Under that cypresse tree:
Or bid me die, and I will dare
E'en death, to die for thee.

Thou art my life, my love, my heart,
The very eyes of me:
And hast command of every part,
To live and die for thee.

Cherry Ripe.

Cherrie-ripe, ripe, ripe, I cry,
Full and faire ones—come and buy.
If so be you ask me where
They doe grow?—I answer: There,
Where my Julia's lips doe smile;
There 's the land, or cherry-ile;
Whose plantations fully shew
All the yeere where cherries grow.

A Rock of Rubies and the Quarrie of Pearls.

Some ask'd me where the rubies grew,
And nothing did I say,
But with my finger pointed to
The lips of Julia.

Some asked how pearls did grow, and where;
Then spake I to my girle,
To part her lips, and shew'd them there
The quarrelets of pearl.

Upon Julia's Recovery.

Droop, droop no more, or hang the head,
Ye roses almost wither'd;
New strength and newer purple get
Each here declining violet;
O primroses! let this day be
A resurrection unto ye;
And to all flowers ally'd in blood,
Or sworn to that sweet sister-hood,
For health on Julia's cheek hath shed
Clarret and creame commingled;
And these her lips doe now appeare
As beames of coral, but more cleare.

The Bag of the Bee.

About the sweet bag of a bee,
Two Cupids fell at odds;
And whose the pretty prize shu'd be,
They vow'd to ask the gods.

Which Venus hearing, thither came,
And for their boldness stript them;
And taking thence from each his flame,
With rods of mirtle whipt them.

Which done, to still their wanton cries,
When quiet grown sh'ad seen them,
She kist and wip'd their dove-like eyes,
And gave the bag between them.

The Kiss—A Dialogue.

1. Among thy fancies, tell me this:
What is the thing we call a kisse?
2. I shall resolve ye, what it is.

It is a creature born and bred
Between the lips, (all cherrie red,)
By love and warme desires fed;
Chor.—And makes more soft the bridal bed.

1. It is an active flame, that flies
First to the babies of the eyes, pupils
And charms them there with lullabies;
Chor.—And stils the bride too, when she cries.

2. Then to the chin, the cheek, the eare
It frisks and flyes: now here, now there;
'Tis now farre off, and then 'tis nere;
Chor.—And here, and there, and every where.

1. Has it a speaking virtue?—2. Yes.
1. How speaks it, say?—2. Do you but this,
Part your joyn'd lips, then speaks your kisse;
Chor.—And this loves sweetest language is.

1. Has it a body?—2. Ay, and wings,
With thousand rare encolourings;
And as it flies, it gently sings,
Chor.—Love honie yeelds, but never stings.

Corinna's going a-Maying.

Get up, get up for shame, the blooming morne
Upon her wings presents the god unshorne.
See how Aurora throwes her fair
Fresh-quilted colours through the aire;
Get up, sweet slug-a-bed, and see
The dew bespangling herbe and tree.
Each flower has wept, and bow'd toward the east,
Above an houre since, yet you are not drest,
Nay! not so much as out of bed?
When all the birds have mattens said,
And sung their thankfull hymnes: 'tis sin,
Nay, profanation to keep in,
When as a thousand virgins on this day,
Spring sooner than the lark to fetch in May.

Rise, and put on your foliage, and be seene
To come forth, like the spring time, fresh and greene,
And sweet as Flora. Take no care
For jewels for your gowne or haire;
Fear not, the leaves will strew
Gemms in abundance upon you;
Besides, the childhood of the day has kept,
Against you come, some orient pearls unwept.
Come, and receive them while the light
Hangs on the dew-locks of the night:
And Titan on the eastern hill
Retires himselfe, or else stands still
Till you come forth. Wash, dresse, be briefe in praying;
Few beads are best when once we goe a-Maying.

Come, my Corinna, come; and, comming, mark
How each field turns a street, each street a parke
Made green, and trimm'd with trees; see how
Devotion gives each house a bough,
Or branch; each porch, each doore, ere this,
An arke, a tabernacle is,
Made up of white thorn neatly enterwove;
As if here were those cooler shades of love.
Can such delights be in the street
And open fields, and we not see 't?
Come, we 'll abroad, and let 's obay
The proclamation made for May:
And sin no more, as we have done, by staying,
But, my Corinna, come, let 's goe a-Maying.

There 's not a budding boy or girle, this day,
But is got up, and gone to bring in May.
A deale of youth, ere this, is come
Back, and with white-thorn laden home.
Some have despatcht their cakes and creame
Before that we have left to dreame;
And some have wept, and woo'd, and plighted troth,
And chose their priest, ere we can cast off sloth:
Many a green-gown has been given;
Many a kisse, both odde and even;
Many a glance too has been sent
From out the eye, love's firmament;

Many a jest told of the keyes betraying
This night, and locks pickt; yet w' are not a-Maying.

Come, let us goe, while we are in our prime,
And take the harmlesse follie of the time.
We shall grow old apace, and die
Before we know our liberty.
Our life is short, and our dayes run
As fast away as do's the sunne;
And as a vapour, or a drop of raine
Once lost, can ne'er be found againe;
So when or you or I are made
A fable, song, or fleeting shade;
All love, all liking, all delight
Lies drown'd with us in endlesse night.
Then, while time serves, and we are but decaying,
Come, my Corinna, come, let 's goe a-Maying.

Twelfth-night, or King and Queen.

Now, now the mirth comes,
With the cake full of plums,
Where beane 's the king of the sport here;
Beside we must know,
The pea also
Must revel as queene in the court here.

Begin then to chuse,
(This night as ye use)
Who shall for the present delight here;
Be a king by the lot,
And who shall not
Be Twelfe-day queene for the night here.

Which knowne, let us make
Joy-sops with the cake;
And let not a man then be seen here,
Who unurg'd will not drinke,
To the base from the brink,
A health to the king and the queene here.

Next crown the bowle full
With gentle lamb's-wooll;
Add sugar, nutmeg, and ginger,
With store of ale, too;
And thus ye must doe
To make the wassaile a swinger.

Give them to the king
And queene wassailing;
And though with ale ye be wet here;
Yet part ye from hence,
As free from offence,
As when ye innocent met here.

The Bellman.

Along the dark and silent night,
With my lantern and my light,
And the tinkling of my bell,
Thus I walk, and thus I tell:
Death and dreadfulnesse call on
To the gen'rall session;
To whose dismall bare, we there
All accompts must come to cleere.
Scores of sins w'ave made here, many;
Wip't out few (God knowes) if any.
Rise, ye debters, then, and fall
To make paiment while I call.
Ponder this, when I am gone;
By the clock 'tis almost one.

Upon a Child that Died.

Here she lies, a pretty bud,
Lately made of flesh and blood,
Who as soone fell fast asleep,
As her little eyes did peep.
Give her strewings, but not stir
The earth that lightly covers her.

Epitaph upon a Child.

Virgins promis'd, when I dy'd,
That they wo'd each primrose-tide
Duely morne and ev'ning come,
And with flowers dresse my tomb:
Having promis'd, pay your debts,
Maids, and here strew violets.

To finde God.

Weigh me the fire; or canst thou find
A way to measure out the wind;
Distinguish all those floods that are
Mixt in the watrie theater;
And taste thou them as saltlesse there,
As in their channell first they were.
Tell me the people that do keep
Within the kingdomes of the deep;
Or fetch me back that cloud again,
Beshiver'd into seeds of raine.
Tell me the motes, dusts, sands, and spear
Of corn, when summer shakes his ears;
Shew me that world of starres, and whence
They noiselesse spill their influence:
This if thou canst, then shew me Him
That rides the glorious cherubim.

To Primroses, filled with Morning Dew.

Why doe ye weep, sweet babes? Can tears
Speak griefe in you,
Who were but borne
Just as the modest morne
Teem'd her refreshing dew?
Alas! you have not known that shower
That marres a flower,
Nor felt th' unkind
Breath of a blasting wind;
Nor are ye worne with yeares,
Or warpt as we,
Who think it strange to see
Such pretty flowers, like to orphans young,
To speak by teares before ye have a tongue.

Speak, whimp'ring younglings, and make known
The reason why
Ye droop and weep;
Is it for want of sleep,
Or childish lullabie?
Or that ye have not seen as yet
The violet?
Or brought a kisse
From that sweet-heart to this?
No, no; this sorrow shewn
By your teares shed,
Would have this lecture read:

That things of greatest, so of meanest worth,
Conceiv'd with grief are, and with teares brought forth.

Grace for a Child.

Here a little child I stand,
Heaving up my either hand;
Cold as paddocks though they be,
Here I lift them up to Thee,
For a benizon to fall
On our meat, and on us all. Amen.

A Thanksgiving for his House.

Lord, Thou hast given me a cell
Wherein to dwell;
A little house, whose humble roof
Is weatherproof;
Under the spars of which I lie
Both soft and drie.
Where Thou my chamber for to ward
Hast set a guard
Of harmlesse thoughts, to watch and keep
Me while I sleep.
Low is my porch, as is my fate,
Both void of state;
And yet the threshold of my doore
Is worn by th' poore,
Who hither come, and freely get
Good words or meat.
Like as my parlour, so my hall,
And kitchin 's small;
A little butterie, and therein
A little byn,
Which keeps my little loafe of bread
Unchipt, unflead.
Some brittle sticks of thorne or briar
Make me a fire,
Close by whose living coale I sit,
And glow like it.
Lord, I confesse, too, when I dine,
The pulse is Thine,
And all those other bits that bee
There plac'd by Thee.
The worts, the purslain, and the messe
Of water-cresse,
Which of Thy kindnesse Thou hast sent:
And my content
Makes those, and my beloved beet
To be more sweet.
'Tis Thou that crown'st my glittering hearth
With guiltlesse mirth;
And giv'st me wassail bowles to drink,
Spic'd to the brink.
Lord, 'tis Thy plenty-dropping hand
That soiles my land: manures
And giv'st me for my bushell sowne
Twice ten for one:
Thou mak'st my teeming hen to lay
Her egg each day:
Besides my healthfull ewes to beare
Me twins each yeare:
The while the conduits of my kine
Run creame (for wine).
All these, and better, Thou dost send
Me to this end:
That I should render for my part
A thankful heart,
Which, fir'd with incense, I resigne
As wholly Thine:
But the acceptance—that must be,
My Christ, by Thee.

His Litanie, to the Holy Spirit.

In the houre of my distresse,
When temptations me oppresse,
And when I my sins confesse,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When I lie within my bed,
Sick in heart and sick in head,
And with doubts discomforted,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the house doth sigh and weep,
And the world is drown'd in sleep,
Yet mine eyes the watch do keep;
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the artlesse doctor sees
No one hope, but of his fees,
And his skill runs on the lees;
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When his potion and his pill,
Has, or none, or little skill,
Meet for nothing, but to kill;
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the passing-bell doth tole,
And the furies in a shole
Come to fright a parting soule;
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the tapers now burne blew,
And the comforters are few,
And that number more then true;
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the priest his last hath praid,
And I nod to what is said,
'Cause my speech is now decaid;
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When (God knowes) I 'm tost about,
Either with despaire, or doubt;
Yet before the glasse be out,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the tempter me pursu'th
With the sins of all my youth,
And halfe damns me with untruth;
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the flames and hellish cries
Fright mine eares, and fright mine eyes,
And all terrors me surprize;
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the Judgment is reveal'd,
And that open'd which was seal'd,
When to thee I have appeal'd;
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

Herrick's Poems have been edited by Nott (1810), T. Maitland (Lord Dundrennan, 1823), Dr Grosart (3 vols. 1876), Pollard (1891, with a preface by A. C. Swinburne), and Professor Saintsbury (1893). See also F. T. Palgrave's *Chrysomela* (a selection, 1877), Gosse's *Seventeenth Century Studies* (1883), and a German monograph by E. Hale (Halle, 1892).

Francis Quarles (1592–1644) wrote more like a divine or contemplative recluse than a busy man of the world who held various public posts. Born at the manor-house of Stewards, Romford, he took his B.A. in 1608 from Christ's College, Cambridge, and then entered Lincoln's Inn. He was cup-bearer at Heidelberg to Elizabeth of Bohemia 1613-19, secretary to Archbishop Ussher 1629–33, and chronologer from 1639 to the city of London. He espoused the cause of Charles I., and was so harassed by the Roundhead party, who injured his property and plundered him of his books and rare manuscripts, that his death was attributed to the affliction and ill-health caused

FRANCIS QUARLES.
From the Picture by W. Dobson in the National Portrait Gallery.

by these disasters. Notwithstanding his loyalty, the works of Quarles have a tinge of Puritanism and ascetic piety that might have mollified the rage of his persecutors. His poems include *A Feast for Wormes set forth in a Poeme of the History of Jonah* (1620); *Hadassa: History of Queene Ester* (1621); *Job Militant* (1624); *Sion's Elegies* (1625); *Argalus and Parthenia* (1629, on the story from Sidney's *Arcadia*); *Historie of Samson* (1631); *Divine Emblems* (1635); and *Hieroglyphikes of the Life of Man* (1638), the two last quaintly illustrated. The *Emblems* were wonderfully popular, but rather with the people than the cultured or well-born. Even in his own time Anthony Wood sneered at him, though a staunch royalist, as 'an old puritanicall poet . . . the sometime darling of our plebeian judgments.' After the Restoration, when things sacred and serious were usually neglected or made the subject of ribald jests, Quarles seems to have been entirely lost to the public. Even Pope, who had he really studied him, could not have overlooked his vivid fancy and point, notices only his bathos and absurdity, and says, referring to the engraved emblems, that he 'is saved by beauties not his own.' The more catholic taste of modern times has, not without recalcitrants, admitted the divine emblemist into the 'laurelled fraternity of poets,' where, if he does not occupy a conspicuous place, he is at least sure of his due measure of attention. Charles Lamb hesitated whether Quarles was not to be preferred to Wither, and did not hesitate to rank him as the wittier of the two. Thoreau said he 'uses language sometimes as greatly as Shakespeare.' Yet he is not quoted or discussed at all in such a representative work as Ward's *English Poets*. 'Emblems,' combining the graphic and poetic arts, to inculcate lessons of morality and religion, had been tried with success by Henry Peacham (c. 1576–1643), author of the *Compleat Gentleman*, by Wither, and by others. Quarles found his model in Hermann Hugo (1588–1629), a Jesuit of Brussels, who was almoner to Spinola on the battlefield, and died of plague in the Spanish camp. From Hugo's *Pia Desideria* Quarles directly copied a great part of his prints and mottoes, and inevitably followed the thought to some extent, in the later books mainly paraphrasing Hugo; but the best in his verses is all his own. His style is that of his age—studded with conceits, often extravagant, *outré*, and ridiculous. But amidst his contortions he shows real power, and true wit mixed with the false. His epigrammatic union of wit and devotion made him in some measure a precursor of Young and his *Night Thoughts*.

Flowers.

As when a lady, walking Flora's bowre,
Picks here a pinke, and there a gillyflowre,
Now plucks a violet from her purple bed,
And then a primrose, the yeere's maiden-head,
There nips the bryer, here the lover's pansy,
Shifting her dainty pleasures with her fancy,
This on her arms, and that she lists to weare
Upon the borders of her curious haire;
At length a rose-bud, passing all the rest,
She plucks, and bosoms in her lilly brest.

(From the *History of Ester.*)

The Shortness of Life.

And what 's a Life?—a weary pilgrimage,
Whose glory in one day doth fill the stage
With childhood, manhood, and decrepit age.

And what 's a life?—the flourishing array
Of the proud summer meadow, which to day
Wears her green plush, and is to morrow hay.

Reade on this diall how the shades devour
My short-liv'd winter's day! houre eats up houre;
Alas, the totall 's but from eight to foure.

Behold these lilies (which thy hands have made
Fair copies of my life, and open laid
To view) how soon they droop, how soon they fade.

not that diall, night will blind too soon ;
ıag'd day already points to noon ;
mple is my suit ! how small my boon !

I beg this slender inch, to while
ıe away, or falsely to beguile
ughts with joy: here 's nothing worth a smile.

Mors Tua.

: faire that withers at a blast ?
strong that ayery breath can cast ?
: wise that knowes not how to live ?
rich that nothing hath to give ?
: young that 's feeble, weake, and wan ?
:, strong, wise, so rich, so young is man.
; man, that Death (a parting blast)
fair flower, and makes him earth at last ;
is man, that with a gasping breath
s, and bequeathes his strength to Death ;
; man, that if with Death he strive,
lom cannot teach him how to live ;
man, that (all his debts being paid)
h 's the winding-sheet wherein he 's laid ;
is man, that, broke with care and sorrow,
enough to-day to dye to-morrow :
;'st thou, then, thou worm of five foot long ?
ither fair, nor strong, nor wise, nor rich, nor young.

(From *A Feast for Wormes.*)

The Vanity of the World.

'ld, thou ly'st ; thou canst not lend
The least delight :
ırs cannot gain a Friend,
They are so slight :
ıing pleasures make an end
To please at night :
the wants that thou supply'st,
hou vaunt'st, and yet thou vy'st [ly'st.
ven ; fond earth, thou boasts ; false world, thou

ling tongue te's golden tales
Of endlesse treasure ;
tie offers easie sales
Of lasting pleasure ;
'st the conscience what she ails,
And swear'st to ease her :
ıone can want where thou supply'st :
ıone can give where thou deny'st.
ıd world, thou boasts ; false world, thou ly'st.

l-advised eare regards
What earth can say ?
s are gold, but thy rewards
Are painted clay :
ing can but pack the cards,
Thou canst not play :
: at weakest, still thou vy'st ;
ıd then revy'd, deny'st : re-vied
not what thou seem'st ; false world, thou ly'st.

bosome seems a mint
Of new-coined treasure ;
e, that has no stint,
No change, no measure ;
l cask, but nothing in 't,
Nor wealth, nor pleasure :
h ! that falsely thus comply'st
ı ; vain man ! that thus rely'st
; vain man, thou dot'st ; vain earth, thou ly'st.

What mean dull souls, in this high measure,
To haberdash
In earth's base wares, whose greatest treasure
Is drosse and trash ?
The height of whose inchaunting pleasure
Is but a flash ?
Are these the goods that thou supply'st
Us mortalls with ? Are these the high'st ?
Can these bring cordiall peace ? false world, thou ly'st.

(From the *Emblems.*)

Delight in God only.

I love—and have some cause to love—the earth :
She is my Maker's creature, therefore good :
She is my mother, for she gave me birth ;
She is my tender nurse, she gives me food ;
But w. at 's a creature, Lord, compared with Thee ?
Or what 's my mother or my nurse to me ?

I love the aire : her dainty sweets refresh
My drooping soul, and to new sweets invite me ;
Her shrill-mouthed quire sustains me with their flesh,
And with their polyphonian notes delight me :
But what 's the aire or all the sweets that she
Can blesse my soul withall compared to Thee ?

I love the sea : she is my fellow-creature,
My carefull purveyer ; she provides me store :
She walls me round ; she makes my diet greater ;
She wafts my treasure from a forrein shore :
But, Lord of oceans, when compared with Thee,
What is the ocean or her wealth to me ?

To heaven's high citie I direct my journey,
Whose spangled suburbs entertain mine eye ;
Mine eye, by contemplation's great atturney,
Transcends the crystall pavement of the skie :
But what is heaven, great God, compared to Thee ?
Without thy presence, heaven 's no heaven to me.

Without thy presence earth gives no refection ;
Without thy presence sea affords no treasure ;
Without thy presence air 's a rank infection ;
Without thy presence heaven it self 's no pleasure :
If not possessed, if not enjoyed in Thee,
What 's earth, or sea, or air, or heaven to me ?

The highest honours that the world can boast,
Are subjects farre too low for my desire ;
The brightest beams of glory are at most
But dying sparkles of thy living fire :
The loudest flames that earth can kindle, be
But nightly glow-worms, if compared to Thee.

Without thy presence, wealth are bags of cares ;
Wisdome but folly ; joy, disquiet-sadnesse ;
Friendship is treason, and delights are snares ;
Pleasures but pain, and mirth but pleasing madnesse ;
Without thee, Lord, things be not what they be,
Nor have they being, when compared with Thee.

In having all things, and not Thee, what have I ?
Not having Thee, what have my labours got ?
Let me enjoy but Thee, what farther crave I ?
And having Thee alone, what have I not ?
I wish nor sea nor land ; nor would I be
Possesst of heaven, heaven unpossest of Thee.

(From the *Emblems.*)

Decay of Life.

The day grows old, the low-pitcht lamp hath made
No lesse than treble shade,
And the descending damp doth now prepare
To uncurl bright Titan's hair;
Whose western wardrobe now begins to unfold
Her purples, fringed with gold,
To cloath his evening glory, when the alarms
Of rest shall call to rest in restlesse Thetis' arms.

Nature now calls to supper, to refresh
The spirits of all flesh;
The toyling plowman drives his thirsty teams,
To taste the slippery streams:
The droyling swineheard knocks away, and feasts
His hungry whining guests:
The boxbill ouzle and the dappled thrush
Like hungry rivals meet at their beloved bush.

And now the cold autumnal dews are seen
To cobweb every green;
And by the low shorn rowins doth appear aftermath
The fast declining year:
The saplesse branches doff their summer suits
And wain their winter fruits; garner
And stormy blasts have forced the quaking trees
To wrap their trembling limbs in suits of mossy freez.

(From the *Hieroglyphikes.*)

In an elegy on a friend he has these fine lines:

No azure dapples my bedarkened skies;
My passion has no April in her eyes.

See Dr A. G. Grosart's complete edition of Quarles's Works (3 vols., Chertsey Worthies Library, 1874).

Henry King (1592–1669), born at Worminghall, Bucks, and educated at Westminster and Christ Church, Oxford, was the son of a Bishop of London, and himself in 1642 became Bishop of Chichester. He was expelled by the Parliament in 1643; his estates were sequestrated and his library seized; but he was reinstated at the Restoration. His poems are largely elegiac—on his wife, Prince Henry, King Charles I. and 'murdered' Royalists, Gustavus Adolphus, 'my ever desired friend Dr Donne,' 'my dead friend Ben Jonson,' and other less-known intimates and contemporaries. There are also translations of the Psalms and devotional poems. His *Poems and Psalms*, edited by Archdeacon Hannah (1843), was but a selection; a promised volume to contain the rest of the English poems was never published.

The Dirge.

What is th' existence of mans life
But open war, or slumber'd strife?
Where sickness to his sense presents
The combat of the elements:
And never feels a perfect peace
Till deaths cold hand signs his release.

It is a storm, where the hot blood
Out-vies in rage the boyling flood;
And each loud passion of the mind
Is like a furious gust of wind,
Which beats his bark with many a wave,
Till he casts anchor in the grave.

It is a flower, which buds, and growes,
And withers as the leaves disclose;
Whose spring and fall faint seasons keep,
Like fits of waking before sleep:
Then shrinks into that fatal mold
Where its first being was enroll'd.

It is a dream, whose seeming truth
Is moraliz'd in age and youth;
Where all the comforts he can share,
As wandring as his fancies are;
Till in a mist of dark decay
The dreamer vanish quite away.

It is a diall, which points out
The sun-set as it moves about;
And shadowes out in lines of night
The subtile stages of times flight;
Till all obscuring earth hath laid
The body in perpetual shade.

It is a weary enterlude
Which doth short joyes, long woes include.
The world the stage, the prologue tears,
The acts vain hope and vary'd fears:
The scene shuts up with loss of breath,
And leaves no epilogue but death.

Some poems attributed to him were really Quarles. The following little poem, printed a long accepted as his, appears also among t poems of Francis Beaumont, but is more in Kin characteristic vein:

Sic Vita.

Like to the falling of a starre,
Or as the flights of eagles are;
Or like the fresh springs gawdy hew,
Or silver drops of morning dew;
Or like a wind that chafes the flood,
Or bubbles which on water stood:
Even such is man, whose borrow'd light
Is streight call'd in, and paid to night.
The wind blowes out; the bubble dies;
The spring entomb'd in autumn lies;
The dew dries up; the starre is shot;
The flight is past; and man forgot.

Thomas Carew (c. 1594–1639) was the fo runner of a numerous class of poets—courtie of a gay and gallant school, who to perso accomplishments, rank, and education united taste and talent for the conventional poetry th most popular and cultivated. A taint of sensuali and irreligion often lurked under the flowery su face of their poetry. Carew was capable, indee of far higher things; in him, as in Suckling, w see glimpses of real poetic gift, and he was mu more careful of the form and finish of his vers than Suckling. Of Cornish ancestry, the young son of Sir Matthew Carew, a master in Chancer Carew was sent to Merton College, Oxford, ar passed thence to the Middle Temple. He w sent to be with Sir Dudley Carleton in Floren and afterwards at The Hague; he visited th French court with Lord Herbert of Cherbur and finally he became gentleman of the priv

chamber and sewer in ordinary to Charles I. His after-life was that of a courtier—witty, affable, accomplished, heedless, and epicurean. Clarendon says—charitably and hopefully—that he 'died with the greatest remorse for that licence, and with the greatest manifestation of Christianity that his best friends could desire.' His poems were not collected until after his death, which probably occurred in 1639.

The poems of Carew are short and occasional. The only exception is a masque, written by command of the king, entitled *Cœlum Britannicum*. This is partly in prose; the lyrical pieces were set to music by Dr Henry Lawes, the poetical musician of that age; and the scenery was designed by Inigo Jones. Carew's short amatory lyrics were exceedingly popular, and are now the only things of his that are read. Thirty or forty years later he would have fallen into the frigid style of the court poets after the Restoration; but at the time he wrote the passionate and imaginative vein of the Elizabethan period was not wholly exhausted. This main quality is a certain Rubens-like intensity and glow of colour. The 'genial and warm tints' of the elder muse still coloured the landscape, and these were reflected back by Carew, who forms a very interesting link between the Elizabethans and the age after himself. He came under the influence of Donne, and he abounds in extravagant conceits, even on grave elegiac subjects. In his Epitaph on the Daughter of Sir Thomas Wentworth he says:

> And here the precious dust is laid,
> Whose purely temper'd clay was made
> So fine that it the guest betray'd.
>
> Else the soul grew so fast within,
> It broke the outward shell of sin,
> And so was hatch'd a Cherubin.
>
> . . . . .
>
> So though a virgin, yet a Bride
> To every grace, she justified
> A chaste Polygamy, and died.

Archbishop Trench protested against Carew's being grouped with Waller but below him: 'he is immensely his superior,' he thinks; 'in many of Carew's lighter pieces there is an underlying vein of earnestness which is wholly wanting in the other.' Even those who deny him pathos or natural feeling admit him to have been at least a most accomplished writer of polished *vers d'occasion*. The following famous song, Edward FitzGerald said, is 'exaggerated, like all in Charles's time, but very beautiful.' It was extensively imitated, answered, and argued out in similar strains, and even burlesqued: there is a long series of songs beginning 'Ask me no more,' 'Tell me no more,' 'I tell you true,' 'I ask thee whence,' and the like.

Song.

> Ask me no more where Jove bestows,
> When June is past, the fading rose?
> For in your Beauty's orient deep,
> These flowers, as in their causes, sleep.
>
> Ask me no more, whither do stray
> The golden atoms of the day?
> For in pure love heaven did prepare
> Those powders to enrich your hair.
>
> Ask me no more, whither doth haste
> The Nightingale, when May is past?
> For in your sweet dividing throat
> She winters, and keeps warm her note.
>
> Ask me no more, where those stars 'light
> That downward fall in dead of night?
> For in your eyes they sit, and there
> Fixed become as in their sphere.
>
> Ask me no more, if east or west
> The Phœnix builds her spicy nest?
> For unto you at last she flies,
> And in your fragrant bosom dies.

The Compliment.

> I do not love thee for that fair
> Rich fan of thy most curious hair;
> Though the wires thereof be drawn
> Finer than the threads of lawn.
> And are softer than the leaves
> On which the subtle spinner weaves.
>
> I do not love thee for those flowers
> Growing on thy cheeks—Love's bowers;
> Though such cunning hath them spread,
> None can part their white and red:
> Love's golden arrows thence are shot,
> Yet for them I love thee not.
>
> I do not love thee for those soft
> Red coral lips I 've kissed so oft;
> Nor teeth of pearl, the double guard
> To speech, whence music still is heard;
> Though from those lips a kiss being taken,
> Would Tyrants melt, and Death awaken.
>
> I do not love thee, oh! my fairest,
> For that richest, for that rarest
> Silver pillar, which stands under
> Thy round head, that globe of wonder;
> Though that neck be whiter far
> Than towers of polish'd ivory are.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> I love not for those eyes, nor hair,
> Nor cheeks, nor lips, nor teeth so rare;
>
> . . . . . .
>
> Nor for thy hand nor foot so small;
> But wouldst thou know, dear Sweet?—for All!

Song.

> Would you know what 's soft? I dare
> Not bring you to the down or air;
> Nor to stars to shew what 's bright,
> Nor to snow to teach you white.
>
> Nor, if you would Music hear,
> Call the Orbs to take your ear;
> Nor to please your sense bring forth
> Bruised Nard or what 's more worth.
>
> Or on food were your thoughts placed,
> Bring you Nectar, for a taste:
> Would you have all these in one?
> Name my Mistress, and 'tis done.

Mediocrity in Love Rejected.

Give me more Love, or more Disdain;
The torrid or the frozen zone
Bring equal ease unto my pain,
The temperate affords me none:
Either extreme, of love or hate,
Is sweeter than a calm estate.

Give me a storm; if it be Love,
Like Danae in that golden shower,
I swim in pleasure; if it prove
Disdain, that torrent will devour

THOMAS CAREW.

By permission, from the Portrait of 'Two Gentlemen' in the Royal Collection at Windsor.

My vulture hopes; and he 's possessed
Of Heaven that 's but from Hell released.
Then crown my joys or cure my pain;
Give me more Love, or more Disdain.

Disdain Returned.

He that loves a rosy cheek,
Or a coral lip admires,
Or from starlike eyes doth seek
Fuel to maintain his fires;
As old Time makes these decay,
So his flames must waste away.

But a smooth and steadfast mind,
Gentle thoughts and calm desires;
Hearts with equal love combined,
Kindle never-dying fires.
Where these are not, I despise
Lovely cheeks, or lips, or eyes.

No tears, Celia, now shall win
My resolved heart to return;
I have search'd thy soul within,
And find nought but pride and scorn;
I have learn'd thy arts, and now
Can disdain as much as thou.

Some Power, in my revenge, convey
That Love to her I cast away.

The Spring.

Now that the Winter 's gone, the Earth hath l
Her snow-white robes, and now no more the fro
Candies the grass, or calls an icy cream
Upon the silver lake or crystal stream;
But the warm sun thaws the benumbed earth,
And makes it tender; gives a sacred birth
To the dead swallow; wakes in hollow tree
The drowsy Cuckoo and the Humble-bee;
Now do a choir of chirping minstrels sing,
In triumph to the world, the youthful Spring.
The valleys, hills, and woods, in rich array,
Welcome the coming of the long'd-for May.

Now all things smile: only my Love doth lou
Nor hath the scalding noon-day Sun the power
To melt that marble ice, which still doth hold
Her heart congeal'd, and makes her pity cold.
The ox, which lately did for shelter flie
Into the stall, doth now securely lie
In open field; and love no more is made
By the fire-side, but in the cooler shade.
Amyntas now doth by his Cloris sleep
Under a Sycamore, and all things keep
Time with the season: only she doth carry
June in her eyes, in her heart January.

Carew's Poems (1640) have been edited by W. C. Hazlitt (1 J. W. Ebsworth (1893), and Arthur Vincent ('Muses Library,' 1

William Strode (1602–45), born near Ply ton, Devon, from Westminster passed to Ch Church, Oxford, and became canon thereof public orator, as well as doctor of divinity. must have known Lyly's 'Cupid and my Campa (page 315).

Answer to 'The Lover's Melancholy.'

Return, my joys! and hither bring
A tongue not made to speak, but sing,
A jolly spleen, an inward feast;
A causeless laugh without a jest;
A face which gladness doth anoint;
An arm for joy, flung out of joint;
A sprightful gait that leaves no print,
And makes a feather of a flint;
A heart that 's lighter than the air;
An eye still dancing in its sphere;
Strong mirth which nothing shall control;
A body nimbler than a soul;
Free wandering thoughts not tied to muse,
Which, thinking all things, nothing choose,
Which, ere we see them come, are gone:
These life itself doth feed upon.
Men take no care but only to be jolly;
To be more wretched than we must, is folly.

Kisses.

My love and I for kisses played:
She would keep stakes—I was content;
But when I won, she would be paid;
This made me ask her what she meant.
'Pray, since I see,' quoth she, 'your wrangling vein
Take your own kisses; give me mine again.'

illiam Habington (1605-54) was born and at Hindlip Hall, Worcestershire, a house more priest's holes than any other in England. ife presents few incidents, though he came of :e of Catholic conspirators. His father lay x years in the Tower over Babington's con- :y; his uncle was hanged for his share in the plot. The poet's mother atoned in some ure for this disloyalty, for she is said to have the writer of the famous letter to Lord :eagle which averted the execution of the Gun- :er Plot. The poet was educated at St Omer's, leclined to become a Jesuit. About 1631 he ied Lucy Herbert, youngest daughter of the Lord Powis, whom he had celebrated under ıame of Castara. His collected poems—also ed *Castara*—were published in 1634-40, the ne consisting of 'The Mistress,' 'The Wife,' 'The Holy Man.' These titles include each al copies of verses, and the same design was vards adopted by Cowley. The short life of oet seems to have glided quietly away, cheered ıe society and affection of his Castara. He no stormy passions to agitate him, and no y imagination to control or subdue. His y is of the same unruffled description—placid, :r, and often elegant, but studded with con- to show his wit and fancy. When he talks of lows wearing a 'green plush,' of the fire of al love purifying an infected city, and of a ious feast so rich that heaven must have d showers of sweetmeats, as if

> Heaven were
> Blackfriars, and each star a confectioner—

re astonished to find one who could ridicule madness of quaint oaths' and the 'fine rheto- f clothes' in the gallants of his day, fall into absurd and tasteless puerilities. Habington all the vices of the 'metaphysical' school, ɔting its occasional and sometimes studied tiousness. He tells us himself (in his preface) 'if the innocency of a chaste muse shall be acceptable, and weigh heavier in the balance :eem, than a fame begot in adultery of study, ubt I shall leave no hope of competition.' of a pure attachment he says that 'when builds upon the rock of Chastity, it may ; contemn the battery of the waves and tenings of the wind; since Time, that makes ckery of the firmest structures, shall itself be ted before that be demolished.'

Description of Castara.

Like the violet which alone
Prospers in some happy shade,
My Castara lives unknown,
To no looser eye betrayed;
For she 's to herself untrue,
Who delights i' th' public view.

Such is her beauty, as no arts
Have enriched with borrowed grace;
Her high birth no pride imparts,
For she blushes in her place.
Folly boasts a glorious blood;
She is noblest, being good.

Cautious, she knew never yet
What a wanton courtship meant;
Nor speaks loud, to boast her wit,
In her silence eloquent:
Of herself survey she takes,
But 'tween men no difference makes.

She obeys with speedy will
Her grave parents' wise commands;
And so innocent, that ill
She nor acts nor understands:
Women's feet run still astray,
If once to ill they know the way.

She sails by that rock, the court,
Where oft Honour splits her mast;
And retiredness thinks the port,
Where her fame may anchor cast:
Virtue safely cannot sit,
Where vice is enthroned for wit.

She holds that day's pleasure best,
Where sin waits not on delight;
Without mask, or ball, or feast,
Sweetly spends a winter's night:
O'er that darkness, whence is thrust
Prayer, and sleep oft governs lust.

She her throne makes reason climb,
While wild passions captive lie:
And each article of time
Her pure thoughts to heaven fly:
All her vows religious be,
And her love she vows to me.

Epistle to a Friend.

I hate the country's dirt and manners, yet
I love the silence; I embrace the wit
And courtship, flowing here in a full tide,
But loathe the expense, the vanity and pride.
No place each way is happy. Here I hold
Commerce with some who to my care unfold,
After a due oath ministered, the height
And greatness of each star shines in the state,
The brightness, the eclipse, the influence.
With others I commune who tell me whence
The torrent doth of foreign discord flow;
Relate each skirmish, battle, overthrow,
Soon as they happen; and by rote can tell
Those German towns even puzzle me to spell.
The cross or prosperous fate of princes they
Ascribe to rashness, cunning, or delay;
And on each action comment, with more skill
Than upon Livy did old Machiavel.
O busy folly! Why do I my brain
Perplex with the dull policies of Spain,
Or quick designs of France? Why not repair
To the pure innocence o' th' country air,
And neighbour thee, dear friend? who so dost give
Thy thoughts to worth and virtue, that to live
Blest, is to trace thy ways. There might not we
Arm against passion with philosophy;

And by the aid of leisure so control
Whate'er is earth in us, to grow all soul?
Knowledge doth ignorance engender, when
We study mysteries of other men,
And foreign plots. Do but in thy own shade—
Thy head upon some flowery pillow laid,
Kind nature's housewifery—contemplate all
His stratagems, who labours to enthral
The world to his great master, and you 'll find
Ambition mocks itself, and grasps the wind.
Not conquest makes us great. Blood is too dear
A price for glory: Honour doth appear
To statesmen like a vision in the night,
And, juggler-like, works o' th' deluded sight.
Th' unbusied only wise: for no respect
Endangers them to error; they affect
Truth in her naked beauty, and behold
Man with an equal eye, not bright in gold
Or tall in title; so much him they weigh
As virtue raiseth him above his clay.
Thus let us value things: and since we find
Time bend us toward earth, let 's in our mind
Create new youth; and arm against the rude
Assaults of age; that no dull solitude
O' th' country dead our thoughts, nor busy care
O' th' town make us to think, where now we are,
And whither we are bound. Time ne'er forgot
His journey, though his steps we numbered not.

Thomas Randolph (1605–35) wrote miscellaneous poems and six plays, all edited by W. C. Hazlitt in 1875. He was born at Newnham-cum-Badby, near Daventry, Northamptonshire; from Westminster passed in 1623 to Trinity College, Cambridge; and in 1629 was elected a fellow. He was early distinguished for talents that procured him the friendship of Ben Jonson and the other wits of the day. Ben enrolled him among his adopted sons; but Randolph fell into intemperate habits, and the fine promise of his genius was cut short by his death in his thirtieth year at Blatherwick, in his native county. His poems are bright and sometimes humorous: *Aristippus* and *The Conceited Peddler* are academic interludes; *The Jealous Lover* is a cleverly written but very artificial comedy; *The Muse's Looking-glass* is a satire, in pseudo-dramatic form, on the several vices, and the virtues find occasion to join in a dance; *Amyntas* is a pastoral play on materials derived from Tasso and other Italians, though the plot is Randolph's own.

Upon his Picture.

When age hath made me what I am not now,
And every wrinkle tells me where the plough
Of time hath furrowed; when an ice shall flow
Through every vein, and all my head be snow;
When Death displays his coldness in my cheek,
And I myself in my own picture seek,
Not finding what I am, but what I was;
In doubt which to believe, this or my glass;
Yet though I alter, this remains the same
As it was drawn, retains the primitive frame
And first complexion; here will still be seen
Blood on the cheek, and down upon the chin:
Here the smooth brow will stay, the lively eye,
The ruddy lip, and hair of youthful dye.
Behold what frailty we in man may see,
Whose shadow is less given to change than he!

To a Lady admiring herself in a Looking-gla

Fair lady, when you see the grace
Of beauty in your looking-glass;
A stately forehead, smooth and high,
And full of princely majesty;
A sparkling eye, no gem so fair,
Whose lustre dims the Cyprian star;
A glorious cheek, divinely sweet,
Wherein both roses kindly meet;
A cherry lip that would entice
Even gods to kiss at any price;
You think no beauty is so rare
That with your shadow might compare;
That your reflection is alone
The thing that men most dote upon.
Madam, alas! your glass doth lie,
And you are much deceived; for I
A beauty know of richer grace—
Sweet, be not angry—'tis your face.
Hence, then, O learn more mild to be,
And leave to lay your blame on me:
If me your real substance move,
When you so much your shadow love,
Wise nature would not let your eye
Look on her own bright majesty;
Which had you once but gazed upon,
You could except yourself love none:
What then you cannot love, let me;
That face I can, you cannot see.
'Now you have what to love,' you 'll say,
'What then is left for me, I pray?'
My face, sweet heart, if it please thee;
That which you can, I cannot see:
So either love shall gain his due,
Yours, sweet, in me, and mine in you.

James Howell (1594?–1666), whose collec of *Familiar Letters* is still an English classic, the son of the minister of Abernant, in Caermarth shire, and having been educated at Hereford Jesus College, Oxford, went to London in que employment. Appointed steward to a patent-g manufactory, he went abroad in 1616 to pro materials and engage workmen. In the cours his four years' travels he visited Holland, Flan France, Spain, and Italy; brought capable w men from Middelburg, Venice, and elsewh and, being of an acute and inquisitive turn, up a store of useful observations on men manners, besides acquiring an extensive kn ledge of modern languages. His connection the glass company soon after ceased, and he a visited France as the travelling companion young gentleman. After this he was sent to S (1622) as agent for the recovery of an En vessel which had been seized in Sardinia on charge of smuggling; but his good hopes of taining redress being destroyed by the breal off of Prince Charles's proposed marriage the Infanta, he returned to England in 1624.

next office was that of secretary to Lord Scrope, Lord-President of the North; and in 1627 he was chosen by the corporation of Richmond in Yorkshire to be one of their representatives in Parliament. In 1632 he visited Copenhagen as secretary to the English ambassador, and prepared the Latin orations of condolence with the Danish king on the loss of his mother. At Nottingham in 1642 he was appointed a clerk to the Privy Council; but being 'prodigally inclined,' according to Anthony Wood, 'and therefore running much into debt,' he was imprisoned eight years in the Fleet, by order of a committee of Parliament. Here he remained, supporting himself by translating and composing a variety of works. In 1661 he became historiographer-royal, the first who ever enjoyed that title; and having continued his literary vocation till his death on 3rd November 1666, he may be accounted after Markham (page 398) as one of the earliest Englishmen to make a livelihood by his pen. His forty-one publications comprise translations from Italian, French, and Spanish; controversies, pamphlets, and books on history, politics, and philological questions. His *Instructions for Forreine Travel* (1642) was reprinted by Professor Arber in 1869; his new editions of Cotgrave's French dictionary are interesting to lexicographers; he published a description of London and a history of all the battles between England and Scotland, apologues, *A Trance or News from Hell*, and *The Party of Beasts* (an allegory). But this witty and entertaining writer is now chiefly remembered for his *Epistolæ Ho-Elianæ, or Familiar Letters, Domestic and Foreign, divided into Sundry Sections, partly Historical, Political, and Philosophical* (published in four instalments, in 1645, 1647, 1650, and 1655). The letters are dated from various places at home and abroad; but most of them seem to have been composed as a deliberate literary undertaking in the Fleet Prison, though many of them were no doubt based on his actual letters or notes of some kind, and not solely drawn from memory. His remarks on the leading events and characters of the time, as well as the description of what he saw in foreign countries, and the reflections with which his letters abound, are entertaining reading; though a large proportion of his learning is second hand, many of his most interesting facts are taken straight from books, and inaccurate statements are frequent; and the interest is rather autobiographical than historical. They set a fashion of fictitious letter-writing, and Defoe seems to have known them well. The letters are marked by lucidity, vivacity, and variety; are quite exceptional in that or any age; and have generally been voted one of the most amusing volumes extant. Montaigne's essays and Howell's letters were Thackeray's 'bedside books,' constantly in use. Hallam judged Howell rather harshly, declaring he 'had no wit, but abundance of conceit, flat and commonplace enough.' Certainly the letters are extraordinarily unequal in interest, some being obviously mere compendiums of such books as he could lay hands on at the time.

Letter from Venice.

These wishes come to you from Venice, a place where there is nothing wanting that heart can wish: renowned Venice, the admiredst city in the world; a city that all Europe is bound unto, for she is her greatest rampart against that huge eastern tyrant, the Turk, by sea; else I believe he had over-run all Christendom by this time. Against him this city hath perform'd notable exploits, and not only against him, but divers others: she hath restored emperors to their thrones, and popes to their chairs, and with her gallies often preserv'd St Peter's bark from sinking: for which, by way of reward, one of his successors espous'd her to the sea, which marriage is solemnly renew'd every year in solemn procession by the Doge and all the Clarissimos, and a gold ring cast into the sea out of the great galeass, call'd the Bucentoro, wherein the first ceremony was perform'd by the pope himself, above three hundred years since, and they say it is the self-same vessel still, tho' often put upon the careen and trimm'd. This made me think on that famous ship at Athens; nay, I fell upon an abstracted notion in philosophy, and a speculation touching the body of man, which being in perpetual flux, and a kind of succession of decays, and consequently requiring, ever and anon, a restoration of what it loseth of the virtue of the former aliment, and what was converted after the third concoction into a blood and fleshy substance, which, as in all other sublunary bodies that have internal principles of heat, useth to transpire, breathe out, and waste away through invisible pores, by exercise, motion, and sleep, to make room still for a supply of new nouriture: I fell, I say, to consider whether our bodies may be said to be of like condition with this Bucentoro, which, tho' it be reputed still the same vessel, yet I believe there 's not a foot of that timber remaining which it had upon the first dock, having been, as they tell me, so often planked and ribbed, caulked and pierced. In like manner, our bodies may be said to be daily repaired by new sustenance, which begets new blood, and consequently new spirits, new humours, and, I may say, new flesh; the old, by continual deperdition and insensible transpirations, evaporating still out of us, and giving way to fresh; so that I make a question whether, by reason of these perpetual reparations and accretions, the body of man may be said to be the same numerical body in his old age that he had in his manhood, or the same in his manhood that he had in his youth, the same in his youth that he carried about with him in his childhood, or the same in his childhood which he wore first in the womb. I make a doubt whether I had the same identical individually numerical body, when I carried a calf-leather sachel to school in Hereford, as when I wore a lambskin hood in Oxford; or whether I have the same mass of blood in my veins, and the same flesh now in Venice, which I carry'd about me three years since, up and down London streets, having, in lieu of beer and ale, drunk wine all this while, and fed upon different viands. Now, the stomach is like a crucible, for it hath a chemical kind of vertue to transmute one body into another, to transubstantiate fish and fruits into flesh within and about us: but tho' it be questionable whether I wear the same flesh which is fluxible, I am sure my hair is not the same; for you may remember

I went flaxen-haired out of England, but you shall find me returned with a very dark brown, which I impute not only to the heat and air of those hot countries I have eat my bread in, but to the quality and difference of food. But you will say that hair is but an excrementitious thing, and makes not to this purpose; moreover, methinks I hear you say that this may be true only in the blood and spirits, or such fluid parts, not in the solid and heterogeneal parts. But I will press no further at this time this philosophical notion, which the sight of Bucentoro infused into me, for it hath already made me exceed the bounds of a letter, and, I fear me, to trespass too much upon your patience; I leave the further disquisition of this point to your own contemplations, who are a far riper philosopher than I, and have waded deeper into and drank more of Aristotle's well. But, to conclude, tho' it be doubtful whether I carry about me the same body or no in all points that I had in England, I am well assur'd I bear still the same mind, and therein I verify the old verse:

'*Cœlum non animum mutant qui trans mare currunt.*'

'The air but not the mind they change,
Who in outlandish countries range.'

For what alterations soever happen in this microcosm, in this little world, this small bulk and body of mine, you may be confident that nothing shall alter my affections, specially towards you, but that I will persevere still the same—the very same J. H.

VENICE, *25th June* 1621.

Letter from Rome.

I am now come to Rome, and Rome, they say, is every man's country; she is called *Communis Patria*, for every one that is within the compass of the Latin Church finds himself here, as it were, at home, and in his mother's house, in regard of interest in religion, which is the cause that for one native there be five strangers that sojourn in this city; and without any distinction or mark of strangeness, they come to preferments and offices, both in church and state, according to merit, which is more valued and sought after here than anywhere.

But whereas I expected to have found Rome elevated upon seven hills, I met her rather spreading upon a flat, having humbled herself, since she was made a Christian, and descended from those hills to Campus Martius; with Trastevere, and the suburbs of Saint Peter, she hath yet in compass about fourteen miles, which is far short of that vast circuit she had in Claudius his time; for Vopiscus writes she was then of fifty miles' circumference, and she had five hundred thousand free citizens in a famous cense that was made, which, allowing but six to every family in women, children, and servants, came to three millions of souls; but she is now a wilderness in comparison of that number. The pope is grown to be a great temporal prince of late years, for the State of the Church extends above 300 miles in length, and 200 miles in breadth; it contains Ferrara, Bologna, Romagnia, the Marquisate of Ancona, Umbria, Sabina, Perugia, with a part of Tuscany, the patrimony, Rome herself, and Latium. In these there are above fifty bishoprics; the pope hath also the duchy of Spoleto, and the exarchate of Ravenna; he hath the town of Benevento in the kingdom of Naples, and the country of Venisse, called Avignon, in France. He hath title also good enough to Naples itself; but, rather than offend his champion, the king of Spain, he is contented with a white mule, and purse of pistoles about the neck, which he receives every year for a herriot or homage, or what you will call it; he pretends also to be lord-paramount of Sicily, Urbin, Parma, and Maseran; of Norway, Ireland, and England, since King John did prostrate our crown at Pandulfo his legate's feet.

The state of the apostolic see here in Italy lieth 'twixt two seas, the Adriatic and the Tyrrhene, and it runs through the midst of Italy, which makes the pope powerful to do good or harm, and more capable than any other to be an umpire or an enemy. His authority being mixed 'twixt temporal and spiritual, disperseth itself into so many members, that a young man may grow old here before he can well understand the form of government.

The consistory of cardinals meet but once a week, and once a week they solemnly wait all upon the pope. I am told there are now in Christendom but sixty-eight cardinals, whereof there are six cardinal bishops, fifty-one cardinal priests, and eleven cardinal deacons. The cardinal bishops attend and sit near the pope, when he celebrates any festival; the cardinal priests assist him at mass; and the cardinal deacons attire him. A cardinal is made by a short breve or writ from the pope in these words: *Creamus te socium regibus, superiorem ducibus, et fratrem nostrum:* 'We create thee a companion to kings, superior to dukes, and our brother.' If a cardinal bishop should be questioned for any offence, there must be twenty-four witnesses produced against him. The Bishop of Ostia hath most privilege of any other, for he consecrates and instals the pope, and goes always next to him. All these cardinals have the repute of princes, and besides other incomes, they have the annats of benefices to support their greatness.

For point of power, the pope is able to put 50,000 men in the field, in case of necessity, besides his naval strength in gallies. We read how Paul III. sent Charles III. 12,000 foot and 500 horse. Pius V. sent a greater aid to Charles IX.; and for riches, besides the temporal dominions he hath in all the countries before named, the datary or despatching of bulls. The triennial subsidies, annats, and other ecclesiastical rights mount to an unknown sum; and it is a common saying here, that as long as the pope can finger a pen, he can want no pence. Pius V. notwithstanding his expenses in buildings, left four millions in the Castle of Saint Angelo in less than five years; more, I believe, than this Gregory XV. will, for he hath many nephews; and better is it to be the pope's nephew, than to be a favourite to any prince in Christendom.

Touching the temporal government of Rome, and oppidan affairs, there is a pretor and some choice citizens, who sit in the Capitol. Among other pieces of policy, there is a synagogue of Jews permitted here (as in other places of Italy) under the pope's nose, but they go with a mark of distinction in their hats; they are tolerated for advantage of commerce, wherein the Jews are wonderful dexterous, though most of them be only brokers and Lombardeers; and they are held to be here, as the cynic held women to be, *malum necessarium*. . . .

Present Rome may be said to be but a monument of Rome past, when she was in that flourish that St Austin desired to see her in. She who tamed the world, tamed herself at last, and falling under her own weight, fell to be a prey to time; yet there is a providence seems to have a care of her still; for though her air be not so good, nor her circumjacent soil so kindly as it was, yet

th wherewith to keep life and soul together still, ecclesiastical courts, which is the sole cause of her ng now; so that it may be said, when the pope o be her head, she was reduced to her first prin-; for as a shepherd was founder, so a shepherd is overnor and preserver. . . .

4 Sept. 1621.

well tells the story of the 'Pied Piper of Hame-nuch as it is given by Browning, who may aken it hence or from Verstegan; he shows in tters that popular opinion in England inclined belief that Raleigh had deliberately fibbed the gold-mines he pretended to go in search that last disastrous expedition; he reports urder of Buckingham by Felton when the reached him; describes the languages and ons of all countries in the world, as far as he find out about them; has many pious and gical reflections, some naughty stories, and statements as facts which are manifest fables the lady, commemorated by Coryate also, as a punishment for discourtesy to a poor n bore 365 children at a birth); gives a com-statistical account of the Low Countries, and a y of the Inquisition; propounds a scheme of g reform, and intersperses not a few poems ymns, most highly unpoetic. His notion of nce may be seen from his saying, 'I pity than hate Turk or Infidel . . . if I hate any, ose Schismaticks that puzzle the sweet peace Church, so that I could be content to see an aptist go to Hell on a Brownist's back.' An nt of the wine countries of the world begins Greece, Spain, and Portugal, and then goes France.

On Wines.

nce, participating of the climes of all the countries her, affords wines of quality accordingly; as, to-the Alps and Italy, she hath a luscious rich wine Frontiniac. In the country of Provence, towards renees in Languedoc, there are wines congustable hose of Spain: one of the prime sort of white is that of Beaume; and of clarets, that of Orleans, it be interdicted to wine the king's cellar with it, ect of the corrosiveness it carries with it. As in , so in all other wine-countries, the white is called nale, and the claret or red wine is called the male, e commonly it hath more sulphur, body, and heat the wines that our merchants bring over upon the f Garonne, near Bordeaux, in Gascony, which is eatest mart for wines in all France. The Scot, e he hath always been a useful confederate to against England, hath (among other privileges) f pre-emption of first choice of wines in Bordeaux; also permitted to carry his ordnance to the very f the town, whereas the English are forced to leave t Blay, a good way distant down the river. There rd green wine, that grows about Rochelle, and the thereabouts, which the cunning Hollander some-sed to fetch, and he hath a trick to put a bag of or some other infusions, into it—as he doth brim-n Rhenish—to give it a whiter tincture and more ess; then they re-embark it for England, where it passeth for good Bachrag [Bacharach], and this is called stuming of wines. In Normandy there 's little or no wine at all grows; therefore the common drink of that country is cider, specially in low Normandy. There are also many beer-houses in Paris and elsewhere; but though their barley and water be better than ours, or that of Germany, and though they have English and Dutch brewers among them, yet they cannot make beer in that perfection.

The prime wines of Germany grow about the Rhine, specially in the Psalts [Pfalz] or Lower Palatinate about Bachrag, which hath its etymology from *Bacchi ara;* for in ancient times there was an altar erected there to the honour of Bacchus, in regard of the richness of the wines. Here, and all France over, 'tis held a great part of incivility for maidens to drink wine until they are married, as it is in Spain for them to wear high shoes or to paint till then. The German mothers, to make their sons fall into a hatred of wine, do use, when they are little, to put some owls' eggs into a cup of Rhenish, and sometimes a little living eel, which twingling in the wine while the child is drinking, so scares him, that many come to abhor and have an antipathy to wine all their lives after. From Bachrag the first stock of vines which grow now in the Grand Canary Island were brought, which, with the heat of the sun and the soil, is grown now to that height of perfection, that the wines which they afford are accounted the richest, the most firm, the best bodied, and lastingst wine, and the most defecated from all earthly grossness, of any other whatsoever; it hath little or no sulphur at all in 't, and leaves less dregs behind, though one drink it to excess. French wines may be said but to pickle meat in the stomachs, but this is the wine that digests, and doth not only breed good blood, but it nutrifieth also, being a glutinous substantial liquor: of this wine, if of any other, may be verified that merry induction, 'that good wine makes good blood, good blood causeth good humours, good humours cause good thoughts, good thoughts bring forth good works, good works carry a man to heaven—ergo, good wine carrieth a man to heaven.' If this be true, surely more English go to heaven this way than any other; for I think there 's more Canary brought into England than to all the world besides. I think also, there is a hundred times more drunk under the name of Canary wine than there is brought in; for Sherries and Malagas, well mingled, pass for Canaries in most taverns, more often than Canary itself; else I do not see how 'twere possible for the vintner to save by it, or to live by his calling, unless he were permitted sometimes to be a brewer. When Sacks and Canaries were brought in first among us, they were used to be drunk in aqua-vitæ measures, and 'twas held fit only for those to drink who were used to carry their legs in their hands, their eyes upon their noses, and an almanac in their bones; but now they go down every one's throat, both young and old, like milk.

The countries that are freest from excess of drinking are Spain and Italy. If a woman can prove her husband to have been thrice drunk, by the ancient laws of Spain she may plead for a divorce from him. Nor indeed can the Spaniard, being hot-brained, bear much drink, yet I have heard that Gondomar was once too hard for the king of Denmark, when he was here in England. But the Spanish soldiers that have been in the wars of Flanders will take their cups freely, and the Italians also. When I lived t' other side the Alps, a gentleman told me a merry tale of a Ligurian soldier, who had got drunk in

Genoa; and Prince Doria going a-horseback to walk the round one night, the soldier took his horse by the bridle, and asked what the price of him was, for he wanted a horse. The prince, seeing in what humour he was, caused him to be taken into a house and put to sleep. In the morning he sent for him, and asked him what he would give for his horse. 'Sir,' said the recovered soldier, 'the merchant that would have bought him last night of your Highness went away betimes in the morning.' The boonest companions for drinking are the Greeks and Germans; but the Greek is the merriest of the two, for he will sing, and dance, and kiss his next companions; but the other will drink as deep as he. If the Greek will drink as many glasses as there be letters in his mistress's name, the other will drink the number of his years; and though he be not apt to break out in singing, being not of so airy a constitution, yet he will drink often musically a health to every one of these six notes, *ut, re, mi, fa, sol, la;* which, with his reason, are all comprehended in this hexameter:

'Ut relivet miserum fatum solitosque labores.'

The fewest draughts he drinks are three—the first to quench the thirst past, the second to quench the present thirst, the third to prevent the future. I heard of a company of Low Dutchmen that had drunk so deep, that beginning to stagger, and their heads turning round, they thought verily they were at sea, and that the upper chamber where they were was a ship, insomuch that, it being foul windy weather, they fell to throw the stools and other things out of the window, to lighten the vessel, for fear of suffering shipwreck.

On Tobacco.

To usher in again old Janus, I send you a parcel of Indian perfume which the Spaniard calls the holy herb, in regard of the various virtues it hath, but we call it tobacco; I will not say it grew under the King of Spain's window, but I am told it was gather'd near his gold-mines of Potosi (where they report that in some places there is more of that ore than earth), therefore it must needs be precious stuff: if moderately and seasonably taken (as I find you always do), 'tis good for many things; it helps digestion taken a while after meat, it makes one void rheum, break wind, and keeps the body open: a leaf or two being steeped o'er night in a little white-wine is a vomit that never fails in its operation: it is a good companion to one that converseth with dead men; for if one hath been poring long upon a book, or is toil'd with the pen, and stupified with study, it quickeneth him, and dispels those clouds that usually o'erset the brain. The smoke of it is one of the wholesomest scents that is, against all contagious airs, for it o'er-masters all other smells, as K. James, they say, found true, when being once a-hunting, a shower of rain drove him into a pig-sty for shelter, where he caus'd a pipe-full to be taken on purpose: it cannot endure a spider or a flea, with such-like vermin, and if your hawk be troubled with any such, being blown into his feathers, it frees him: it is good to fortify and preserve the sight, the smoke being let in round about the balls of the eyes once a-week, and frees them from all rheums, driving them back by way of repercussion; being taken backward 'tis excellent good against the cholique, and taken into the stomach, 'twill heat and cleanse it; for I could instance in a great lord (my Lord of Sunderland, President of York), who told me, that he taking it downward into his stomach, it made him cast up an imposthume, bag and all, which had been a long time engendering out of a bruise he had received at football, and so preserv'd his life for many years. Now to descend from the substance of the smoke to the ashes, 'tis well known the medicinal virtues thereof are very many; but they are so common, that I will spare the inserting of them here: but if one would try a petty conclusion how much smoke there is in a pound of tobacco, the ashes will tell him: for let a pound be exactly weigh'd, and the ashes kept charily and weigh'd afterwards, what wants of a pound weight in the ashes cannot be deny'd to have been smoke, which evaporated into air. I have been told that Sir Walter Rawleigh won a wager of Queen Elizabeth upon this nicety. The Spaniards and Irish take it most in powder or smutchin, and it mightily refreshes the brain, and I believe there 's as much taken this way in Ireland as there is in pipes in England; one shall commonly see the serving-maid upon the washing-block, and the swain upon the plough-share, when they are tir'd with labour, take out their boxes of smutchin and draw it into their nostrils with a quill, and it will beget new spirits in them with a fresh vigour to fall to their work again. In Barbary and other parts of Afric, 'tis wonderful what a small pill of tobacco will do; for those who use to ride post thro' the sandy desarts, where they meet not with anything that 's potable or edible, sometimes three days together, they use to carry small balls or pills of tobacco, which being put under the tongue, it affords them a perpetual moisture and takes off the edge of the appetite for some days.

If you desire to read with pleasure all the virtues of this modern herb, you must read Dr Thorus's *Petologia* [Raphael Thorius, *Hymnus Tabaci sive de Peto*, 1644], an accurate piece couch'd in a strenuous heroic verse, full of matter, and continuing its strength from first to last; insomuch, that for the bigness it may be compar'd to any piece of antiquity, and, in my opinion, is beyond βατραχομυομαχία [*The Battle of the Frogs and the Mice*, erroneously attributed to Homer] or γαλεωμυομαχία [*The Battle of the Cats and the Mice*, a burlesque poem by the twelfth-century Greek, Theodorus Prodromus].

So I conclude these rambling notions, presuming you will accept this small argument of my great respects to you: if you want paper to light your pipe, this letter may serve the turn; and if it be true what the poets frequently sing, that affection is fire, you shall need no other than the clear flames of the donor's love to make ignition, which is comprehended in this distich:

'*Ignis amor si fit, tobaccum accendere nostrum,*
Nulla petenda tibi fax nisi dantis amor.'

'If love be fire, to light this Indian weed,
The donor's love of fire may stand instead.'

FLEET, 1 *Jan.* 1646.

On Learning in England.

The subject of this letter may peradventure seem a paradox to some, but not, I know, to your lordship, when you have pleased to weigh well the reasons. Learning is a thing that hath been much cried up and coveted in all ages, especially in this last century of years, by people of all sorts, tho' never so mean and mechanical: every man strains his fortunes to keep his children at school; the cobler will clout it till midnight, the porter will carry burdens till his bones crack again, the plough-man will pinch both back and belly to give

his son learning; and I find that this ambition reigns nowhere so much as in this island. But under favour this word learning is taken in a narrower sense among us than among other nations; we seem to restrain it only to the book; whereas, indeed, any artisan whatsoever (if he know the secret and mystery of his trade) may be called a learned man: a good mason, a good shoemaker, that can manage St. Crispin's lance handsomely, a skilful yeoman, a good shipwright, &c., may all be called learned men; and indeed the usefullest sort of learned men; for without the two first we might go barefoot, and lie abroad as beasts, having no other canopy than the wild air; and without the two last we might starve for bread, have no commerce with other nations, or ever be able to tread upon a continent. These, with such-like dextrous artisans, may be termed learned men, and the more behoveful for the subsistence of a country, than those Polymathists that stand poring all day in a corner upon a moth-eaten author, and converse only with dead men. The Chinese (who are the next neighbours to the rising sun on this side of the hemisphere, and consequently the acutest) have a wholesome piece of policy, that the son is always of the father's trade; and 'tis all the learning he aims at: which makes them admirable artisans; for, besides the dextrousness and propensity of the child, being descended lineally from so many of the same trade, the father is more careful to instruct him, and to discover to him all the mystery thereof. This general custom or law keeps their heads from running at random after book-learning, and other vocations. I have read a tale of Rob. Grosthead [Grosseteste], Bishop of Lincoln, that being come to this greatness, he had a brother who was a husbandman, and expected great matters from him in point of preferment; but the bishop told him that if he wanted money to mend his plow or his cart, or to buy tacklings for his horses, with other things belonging to his husbandry, he should not want what was fitting; but wish'd him to aim no higher, for a husbandman he found him, and a husbandman he would leave him.

The extravagant humour of our country is not to be altogether commended, that all men should aspire to book-learning: there is not a simpler animal, and a more superfluous member of state, than a mere scholar, than only a self-pleasing student; he is—*Telluris inutile pondus.*

From Howell's *Instructions for Forreine Travel*, which, like his Letters, contains many acute observations on men and things, we extract this on the

Tales of Travellers.

Others have a custom to be always relating strange things and wonders (of the humour of Sir John Mandeville), and they usually present them to the hearers through multiplying-glasses, and thereby cause the thing to appear far greater than it is in itself; they make mountains of mole-hills, like Charenton Bridge echo, which doubles the sound nine times. Such a traveller was he that reported the Indian fly to be as big as a fox, China birds to be as big as some horses, and their mice to be as big as monkeys; but they have the wit to fetch this far enough off, because the hearer may rather believe it than make a voyage so far to disprove it.

Every one knows the tale of him who reported he had seen a cabbage under whose leaves a regiment of soldiers were sheltered from a shower of rain. Another who was no traveller, yet the wiser man, said he had passed by a place where there were 400 brasiers making of a caldron—200 within and 200 without, beating the nails in; the traveller asking for what use that huge caldron was, he told him: 'Sir, it was to boil your cabbage.'

Such another was the Spanish traveller, who was so habituated to hyperbolise and relate wonders, that he became ridiculous in all companies, so that he was forced at last to give order to his man, when he fell into any excess this way, and report anything improbable, he should pull him by the sleeve. The master falling into his wonted hyperboles, spoke of a church in China that was ten thousand yards long; his man, standing behind, and pulling him by the sleeve, made him stop suddenly. The company asking: 'I pray, sir, how broad might that church be?' he replied: 'But a yard broad; and you may thank my man for pulling me by the sleeve, else I had made it foursquare for you.'

The following may serve as a specimen of his poetry, from a farewell letter to a dying friend:

This Life 's at longest but one Day;
He who in youth posts hence away,
Leaves us i' th' morn: He who hath run
His race till Manhood parts at Noon:
And who at seventy odd forsakes this Light,
He may be said to take his leave at Night.

See Arber's edition of the *Instructions* (1869), and the edition of the *Epistolæ* by Joseph Jacobs (1890).

John Earle (1601?–65), a native of York, studied at Oxford, was deprived of his living in 1643, was Chaplain and Clerk of the Closet to Charles II. in exile, became successively Bishop of Worcester and of Salisbury, and was a very successful miscellaneous writer. He had great learning and eloquence, was extremely agreeable and facetious in conversation, and was a man of so many excellences that, in the language of Walton, there had lived since the death of Richard Hooker no man 'whom God had blessed with more innocent wisdom, more sanctified learning, or a more pious, peaceable, primitive temper.' He dealt very tenderly with the Nonconformists, and, according to Clarendon, he was among the few excellent men who never had and never could have an enemy. He wrote some poems; but his principal work is *Microcosmographie, or a Peece of the World Discovered in Essayes and Characters* (1628), a marvellous storehouse of wit and humour. Collections of 'characters' were long exceedingly common and popular—some two hundred such have been catalogued—and form a link between the 'humours' of the old comedy on the one hand, and the familiar essay and novel of the eighteenth century on the other. Earle's is by far the most notable. 'An undeniable wit, a real gift of finished if biting satire, a constant rattle of telling epigram, make him at his best—and he often is at his best—as good reading as the heart of man can desire;' so said the *Athenæum* criticising a recent edition of the *Microcosmographie*, and pointing out at the same time Earle's skill in handling sentiment and his touches of poetry. Among the characters

drawn are those of a raw preacher, an antiquary, a reserved man, a college butler, a carrier, a player, a pot-poet, a university dun, and a plain country fellow.

A Pot-Poet

Is the dreggs of wit; yet mingled with good drinke may have some relish. His inspirations are more reall then others; for they doe but faine a God, but hee has his by him. His verses run like the tap, and his invention as the barrell, ebs and flowes at the mercy of the spiggot. In thin drinke hee aspires not above a ballad, but a cup of sacke inflames him, and sets his Muse and nose a fire together. The presse is his mint, and stamps him now and then a sixe pence or two in reward of the baser coyne his pamphlet. His workes would scarce sell for three halfe pence, though they are given oft for three shillings, but for the pretty title that allures the country gentleman: and for which the printer maintaines him in ale a fortnight. His verses are like his clothes, miserable cento's and patches, yet their pace is not altogether so hobling as an almanacks. The death of a great man or the burning of a house furnish him with an argument, and the nine Muses are out strait in mourning gowne, and Melpomine cryes Fire, Fire. His other poems are but briefs in rime, and like the poore Greekes collections to redeeme from captivity. He is a man now much imploy'd in commendations of our navy, and a bitter inveigher against the Spaniard. His frequent'st workes goe out in single sheets, and are chanted from market to market, to a vile tune, and a worse throat: whilst the poore country wench melts like her butter to heare them. And these are the stories of some men of Tiburne, or a strange monster out of Germany: or sitting in a baudy-house, hee writes Gods judgements. Hee ends at last in some obscure painted cloth, to which himselfe made the verses, and his life like a canne too full spils upon the bench. He leaves twenty shillings on the score, which my hostesse looses.

A Plain Country Fellow

Is one that manures his ground well, but lets himselfe lie fallow and until'd. Hee has reason enough to doe his businesse, and not enough to bee idle or melancholy. Hee seemes to have the judgement of Nabuchadnezar: for his conversation is among beasts, and his tallons none of the shortest, only he eates not grasse, because hee loves not sallets. His hand guides the plough, and the plough his thoughts, and his ditch and land-marke is the very mound of his meditations. He expostulates with his oxen very understandingly, and speaks Gee and Ree better then English. His mind is not much distracted with objects: but if a goode fat cowe come in his way, he stands dumbe and astonisht, and though his haste bee never so great, will fixe here halfe an houres contemplation. His habitation is some poore thatcht roofe, distinguisht from his barn by the loope-holes that let out smoak, which the raine had long since washt thorow, but for the double seeling of bacon on the inside, which has hung there from his grandsires time, and is yet to make rashers for posterity. His dinner is his other worke, for he sweats at it as much as at his labour: he is a terrible fastner on a piece of beefe, and you may hope to stave the guard off sooner. His religion is a part of his copy-hold, which hee takes from his land-lord, and referres it wholly to his discretion. Yet if hee give him leave, he is a good Christian to his power; that is, comes to church in his best clothes, and sits there with his neighbours, where he is capable onely of two prayers, for raines and faire weather. Hee apprehends Gods blessings onely in a good yeere or a fat pasture, and never praises him but on good ground. Sunday he esteemes a day to make merry in, and thinkes a bag-pipe as essentiall to it as evening-prayer, where hee walkes very solemnly after service with his hands coupled behind him, and censures the dauncing of his parish. His complement with his neighbour is a good thumpe on the backe; and his salutation commonly some blunt curse. Hee thinks nothing to bee vices but pride and ill husbandrie, for which hee wil gravely disswade youth, and has some thriftie hobnayle proverbes to clout his discourse. He is a niggard all the weeke except onely market-day, where if his corne sell well, hee thinkes hee may be drunke with a good conscience. His feete never stincke so unbecomingly as when hee trots after a lawyer in Westminster-hall, and even cleaves the ground with hard scraping, in beseeching his worship to take his money. Hee is sensible of no calamitie but the burning of a stacke of corne or the over-flowing of a medow, and thinkes Noahs flood the greatest plague that ever was, not because it drowned the world, but spoyl'd the grasse. For Death hee is never troubled, and if hee get in but his Harvest before, let it come when it wil he cares not.

A Criticke

Is one that has speld over a great many of bookes, and his observation is the orthographie. Hee is the surgeon of old authors, and heales the wounds of dust and ignorance. He converses much in fragments and *Desunt multa's*, and if he piece it up with two lines, he is more proud of that booke then the authour. Hee runnes over all sciences to peruse their syntaxis, and thinkes all learning compris'd in writing Latine. Hee tastes styles, as some discreeter palats doe wine; and tels you which is genuine, which sophisticate and bastard. His owne phrase is a miscellany of old words, deceas'd long before the Cæsars, and entoomb'd by Varro, and the modern'st man hee followes is Plautus. Hee writes *omneis* at length, and *quicquid*, and his gerund is most inconformable. Hee is a troublesome vexer of the dead, which after so long sparing must rise up to the judgement of his castigations. He is one that makes all bookes sell dearer, whilst he swels them into folios with his comments.

The *Microcosmographie* passed through three editions in 1628, was often reprinted, was edited by Dr Philip Bliss in 1811, reprinted by Arber in 1868 and 1891, by S. T. Irwin in 1897, and elaborately edited by A. S. West in 1898. The first edition has but fifty-four characters, the sixth (1635) had seventy-eight.

Owen Felltham, or FELTHAM (1602–78?), author of *Resolves; Divine, Morall, and Politicall*, was of a good Suffolk family, and lived for some years as chaplain in the Northamptonshire house of the Earl of Thomond at Great Billing, where Felltham died and was buried. The *Resolves* appeared about 1620, being a hundred short essays. To the second edition (1628) a 'seconde centurie' was added. He wrote an account of the Low Countries in 1652, and some rather interesting poems. His *Resolves* fell almost completely into oblivion from 1709 (the date of the twelfth edition)

till 1806, when they were reprinted by Cumming. Hallam and others have condemned Felltham's prose as obscure and affected; he strains after conceits, and the comparison with Bacon's Essays, often made, is not to the advantage of Felltham. But he has a fine vein of observation and reflection, not without frequent felicities of expression.

Of Thoughtfulness in Misery.

I like of Solon's course, in comforting his constant friend; when, taking him up to the top of a turret, overlooking all the piled buildings, he bids him think how many discontents there had been in those houses since their framing, how many are and how many will be; then, if he can, to leave the world's calamities, and mourn but for his own. To mourn for none else were hardness and injustice. To mourn for all were endless. The best way is to uncontract the brow, and let the world's mad spleen fret, for that we smile in woes. . . .

Silence was a full answer in that philosopher, that being asked what he thought of human life, said nothing, turned him round, and vanished.

Of Curiosity in Knowledge.

Nothing wraps a man in such a mist of errors as his own curiosity in searching things beyond him. How happily do they live that know nothing but what is necessary! Our knowledge doth but shew us our ignorance, we see the effect but cannot guess at the cause. Learning is like a river whose head being far in the land, is at first rising little and easily viewed; but still as you go, it gapeth with a wider bank, not without pleasure and delightful winding, while it is on both sides set with trees and the beauties of various flowers. But still the further you follow it, the deeper and the broader 'tis; till at last it inwaves itself in the unfathomed ocean; there you see more water, but no shore, no end of that liquid, fluid vastness. In many things we may sound Nature in the shallows of her revelations. We may trace her to her second causes; but beyond them we meet with nothing but the puzzle of the soul and the dazzle of the mind's dim eyes. While we speak of things that are, that we may dissect, and have power and means to find the causes, there is some pleasure, some certainty. But when we come to metaphysics, to long-buried antiquity, and unto unrevealed divinity, we are in a sea which is deeper than the short reach of the line of man. Much may be gained by studious inquisition; but more will ever rest, which man cannot discover. . . .

Against Readiness to take Offence.

We make ourselves more injuries than are offered us; they many times pass for wrongs in our own thoughts, that were never meant so by the heart of him that speaketh. The apprehension of wrong hurts more than the sharpest part of the wrong done. So by falsely making ourselves patients of wrong, we become the true and first actors. It is not good in matters of discourtesy to dive into a man's mind beyond his own comment; nor to stir upon a doubtful indignity without it, unless we have proofs that carry weight and conviction with them. Words do sometimes fly from the tongue that the heart did neither hatch nor harbour. While we think to revenge an injury, we many times begin one; and after that repent our misconceptions. In things that may have a double sense, it is good to think the better was intended; so shall we still both keep our friends and quietness.

Of Thinking.

Meditation is the soul's perspective glass, whereby in her long remove she discerneth God as if he were nearer hand. I persuade no man to make it his whole life's business. We have bodies as well as souls; and even this world, while we are in it, ought somewhat to be cared for. As those states are likely to flourish where execution follows sound advisements, so is man when contemplation is seconded by action. Contemplation generates; action propagates. Without the first, the latter is defective; without the last, the first is but abortive and embryous. St Bernard compares contemplation to Rachel, which was the more fair; but action to Leah, which was the more fruitful. I will neither always be busy and doing, nor ever shut up in nothing but thought. Yet that which some would call idleness, I will call the sweetest part of my life, and that is, my thinking.

Sir Kenelm Digby [1603–65] was born at Gothurst or Gayhurst, near Newport Pagnell, the son of the Sir Everard Digby who in 1592 came into a large estate, but seven years later turned Catholic, and was hanged for his part in the Gunpowder Plot. Kenelm himself was bred a Catholic, but in 1616 was sent to a Protestant tutor, the future Archbishop Laud; and in 1618, after seven months in Spain, entered Gloucester Hall, Oxford (now Worcester College). He left it in 1620 without a degree, and spent nearly three years abroad, in Florence chiefly. At Madrid he fell in with Prince Charles, and following him back to England, was knighted, and entered his service. In 1625, after a singular courtship, he secretly married 'that celebrated beautie and courtezane,' Venetia Stanley (1600–33), who had been his playmate in childhood. With two privateers he sailed in 1628 to the Mediterranean, and on 11th June vanquished a French and Venetian squadron off Scanderoon; in August, on the island of Melos, he began and wrote most of his *Memoirs*. On his beloved wife's death he withdrew to Gresham College, and there passed two hermit-like years, diverting himself with chemistry and the professors' good conversation. Meanwhile he had professed the Protestant faith, but, 'looking back,' in 1636 he announced his reconversion to Archbishop Laud; and his tortuous conduct during the Great Rebellion was dictated, it seems, by his zeal for Catholicism. He was imprisoned by the Parliament (1642–43), and had his estate confiscated; was at Rome (1645–47), where he finished by 'hectoring at his Holiness;' and thrice revisited England (1649–51–54), the third time staying two years, and entering into close relations with Cromwell. At the Restoration, however, he was well received, and retained his office of chancellor to Queen Henrietta Maria. He was one of the first members of the Royal Society (1663).

'The very Pliny of our age for lying,' said Stubbes of Digby, whom Evelyn terms 'an arrant mountebank.' Yet he was a friend of Descartes and Sir Thomas Browne; he could appreciate the discoveries of Harvey, Bacon, and Galileo. In the *Dictionary of National Biography* (vol. xv. 1888) Mr S. Lee points out that 'as a philosopher—an Aristotelian—Sir Kenelm undoubtedly owed much to Thomas White;' and he questions whether his much-vaunted 'powder of sympathy' was not really invented by Sir Gilbert Talbot. This powder—Digby professed to have learned the secret from a Carmelite who had travelled in the farthest East—was 'powder of vitriol'—that is, a sulphate of one of the metals powdered (presumably copperas)—and had this convenience, that it did not require to be applied to the wound itself. A bandage or anything that had the blood of the wound on it could be carried to the medicine-man, and by him hopefully immersed in sympathetic mixtures, at any distance from the sufferer. Anyhow, Digby's Discourse thereon (1658), like his treatise *Of Bodies and of Man's Soul* (1644), contains much that is curious, if little of real value; whilst in his *Discourse concerning the Vegetation of Plants* (1660), the chief of his other fifteen works, he 'is said to have been the first to notice the importance of vital air or oxygen to plants.' See his bombastic *Memoirs*, dealing with his courtship (ed. Nicolas, 1827); his *Scanderoon Voyage* (Camden Society, 1868); and his Life 'by one of his descendants' (1896).

The extracts are all from the book *Of Bodies* save the last, which is from the appended discourse on Digby's patent medicine.

One full example this age affords us in this kind; of a man whose extremity of fear wrought upon him to give us this experiment. He was born in some village of the countrey of Liege: and therfore among strangers he is known by the name of John of Liege. I have been informed of this story by several (whom I dare confidently believe) that have had it from his own mouth; and have question'd him with great curiosity particularly about it.

When he was a little boy, there being wars in the countrey (as that state is seldom without molestations from abroad, when they have no distempers at home, which is an inseparable effect of a countries situation upon the frontiers of powerful neighbouring princes that are at variance), the village of whence he was had notice of some unruly scatter'd troups that were coming to pillage them: which made all the people of the village flie hastily with what they could carry with them, to hide themselves in the woods; which were spacious enough to afford them shelter, for they joyn'd upon the Forrest of Ardenne. There they lay till some of their scouts brought them word that the souldiers, of whom they were in such apprehension, had fired their town and quitted it. Then all of them return'd home excepting this boy: who, it seems, being of a very timorous nature, had images of fear so strong in his phantasie, that first he ran further into the wood then any of the rest, and afterwards apprehended that every body he saw through the thickets, and every voice he heard, was the souldiers; and so hid himself from his parents, that were in much distress seeing him all about, and calling his name as loud as they could. When they had spent a day or two in vain, they return'd home without him; and he lived many years in the woods, feeding upon roots and wild fruits and maste.

He said that, after he had been some time in this wilde habitation, he could by the smel judge of the tast of any thing that was to be eaten: and that he could at a great distance wind by his nose where wholsom fruits or roots grew. In this state he continu'd (still shunning men with as great fear as when he first ran away: so strong the impression was, and so little could his little reason master it): till, in a very sharp winter, when many beasts of the forrest perish'd for want of food, necessity brought him to so much confidence, that, leaving the wild places of the forrest, remote from all peoples dwellings, he would in the evenings steal among cattel that were fothered, especially the swine, and among them glean that which serv'd to sustain wretchedly his miserable life. He could not do this so cunningly but that, returning often to it, he was on a time espied: and they who saw a beast of so strange a shape (for such they took him to be, he being naked and all overgrown with hair), believing him to be a satyre or some such prodigious creature as the recounters of rare accidents tells of, laid wait to apprehend him. But he, that winded them as far off as any beast could do, still avoided them; till at length they laid snares for him, and took the wind so advantagiously of him that they caught him: and then soon perceiv'd he was a man, though he had quite forgotten the use of all language; but by his gestures and cries he express'd the streatest affrightedness that might be. Which afterwards he said (when he had learn'd anew to speak) was because he thought those were the souldiers he had hidden himself to avoid, when he first betook himself to the wood; and were alwayes lively in his phantasie, through his fears continually reducing them thither.

This man, within a little while after he came to good keeping and full feeding, quite lost that acuteness of smelling which formerly govern'd him in his taste: and grew to be in that particular as other ordinary men were. But at his first living with other people, a woman (that had compassion of him, to see a man so near like a beast, and that had no language to call for what he wish'd or needed to have) took particular care of him; and was alwayes very sollicitous to see him furnish'd with what he wanted: which made him so apply himself unto her in all his occurrents, that whenever he stood in need of ought, if shee were out of the way, and were gone abroad in the fields, or to any other village near by, he would scent her out presently by his scent; in such sort as with us those dogs use to do which are taught to draw dry foot. I imagine he is yet alive, to tell a better story of himself then I have done; and to confirm what I have here said of him: for I have from them who saw him but few years agone, that he was an able strong man, and likely to last yet a good while longer.

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The Spanish Lord was born deaf, so deaf, that, if a Gun were shot off close by his ear, he could not hear it; and consequently he was dumb; for not being able to hear the sound of words, he could never imitate nor understand them. The loveliness of his face, and

especially the exceeding life and spiritfulness of his eyes, and the comliness of his person & whole composure of his body throughout were pregnant signs of a well temper'd mind within: and therfore all that knew him lamented much the want of means to cultivate it, and to imbue it with the motions which it seem'd capable of, in regard of its self; had it not been so cross'd by this unhappy accident. Which to remedy, Physitians and Chyrurgians had long imploy'd their skil; but all in vain: at last, there was a Priest who undertook the teaching him to understand others when they spoke, and to speak himself that others might understand him. What at the first he was laught at for, made him, after some yeers, be looked on as if he had wrought a miracle. In a word, after strange patience, constancy and pains, he brought the young Lord to speak as distinctly as any man whoever; and to understand so perfectly what others said, that he would not lose a word in a whole days conversation.

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To this purpose the subtilties of the Fox are of most note. They say, he uses to lie as if he were dead; therby to make Hens and Ducks come boldly to him. That, in the night when his body is unseen, he will fix his eyes upon poultry; and so make them come down to him from their roost. That, to rid himself of the fleas that afflict him in the Summer, he will sink his body by little and little into the water, while the fleas creep up to his head (to save themselves from drowning), and from thence to a bough he holds in his mouth; and will then swim away, leaving them there.

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'Tis said, that, in Thracia, the Countrey people know whether the rivers, that are frozen in the winter, will bear them or no, by marking whether the Foxes venture boldly over them, or retire, after they have lai'd their ears to the Ice, to listen whether they can hear the noise of the water running under it: from whence (you may imagine) they collect, that, if they hear the current of the stream, the Ice must needs be thin; and consequently dangerous to trust their weight to it.

And, to busie my self no longer with their subtilties, I will conclude with a famous tale of one of these crafty animals, that, having kill'd a Goose on the other side of the river, and being desirous to swim over with it, to carry it to his den; before he would attempt it (lest his prey might prove too heavy for him to swim withal, and so he might lose it) he first weigh'd the Goose with a piece of wood, and then tri'd to carry that over the river, whiles he left his Goose behind in a safe place: which when he perciev'd he was able to do with ease, he then came back again, and ventured over with his heavy bird.

They say it is the nature of the Jacatray [the Jacare, an American kind of alligator] to hide it self, and imitate the voice of such beasts, as it uses to prey upon: which makes them come to him, as to one of their own fellows; and then he seizes on and devours them.

The Jaccal, that has a subtile sent, hunts after beasts, and, in the chase, by his barking, guides the Lion, (whose nose is not so good,) till they overtake what they hunt; which peradventure would be too strong for the Jaccall: but the Lion kills the quarry, and, having first fed himself, leaves the Jaccal his share; and so between them both, by the ones dexterity and the others strength, they get meat for nourishment of them both.

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He that should tell an Indian what feats Banks's Horse would do; how he would restore a glove to the due owner, after his Master had whisper'd that man's name in his ear; how he would tell the just number of pence in any piece of silver coyn, barely shew'd him by his master; and even obey presently his command, in discharging himself of his excrements, when ever he bad him (so great a power art may have over nature:) would make him, I believe, admire more at this learned beast, than we do at their docile Elephants, upon the relations we have of them. Wheras, every one of us knows, by what means his painful Tutor brought him to do all his tricks; and they are no whit more extraordinary, than a Fawkners manning of a Hawk, and training her to kill Partridges, and to flie at the retrive: but do all of them (both these, and all other jugling artifices of beasts) depend upon the same or like principles; and are known to be but directions of nature, order'd by one that composes and levels her operations to another end further off (in those actions) than she of her self would aim at. The particulars of which we need not trouble our selvs to meddle with.

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The great fertility and riches of England consists chiefly in pasturage for Cattle; wherof we have the fairest in the world, principally of Oxen and Kine. Ther's not the meanest Cottager, but hath a Cow to furnish his Family with milk: 'tis the principal sustenance of the poorer sort of people, as 'tis also in Switzerland; which makes them very careful of the good keeping and health of their Cows. Now, if it happen that the Milk boil over, and so comes to fall into the fire, the good woman or maid presently gives over whatever she is adoing and runs to take the Vessel off the fire: and, at the same time, she takes a handful of Salt, which uses to be commonly in the corner of the Chimney to keep it dry; and throws it upon the cinders where the milk was shed. Ask her, wherfore she doth so? and she will tell you, 'tis to prevent a mischief to the Cows Udder, which gave this milk.

Thomas May (1595–1650), poet and historian, was the son of Sir Thomas May of Mayfield, Sussex; was educated at Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge; and admitted to Gray's Inn, but devoted himself to literature. He was much favoured by Charles I. and the court, but, according to Clarendon, 'fell from his duty and all his former friends' because of his not receiving a pension he expected; he became the secretary and apologist of the Parliament, and continued in the Parliamentary service till his death. He was somewhat of a freethinker, and was dissipated in his habits. His poems comprise a comedy, *The Heir* (1622), and tragedies on Antigone, Agrippina, Cleopatra, and Julius Cæsar; a better play on Nero has been, on very doubtful grounds, ascribed to him. At the king's command he wrote narrative poems on the reigns of Henry II. and Edward III. But he is best known as the trans-

lator and continuator of Lucan (1627–30); he brought down the history of the period from the battle of Pharsalia to the death of Julius Cæsar, and then translated the 'Supplement to Lucan,' as it was called, into the language and verse of the original. Anthony Wood and Clarendon, both of whom despised the man, highly commended his Lucan. The translation was warmly praised by Ben Jonson; the continuation is respectable, and the Latin version of the continuation more than respectable. Dr Johnson held that May's Latin poetry was superior to either Cowley's or Milton's, and the best England could till then show. May also translated the *Georgics*, some of Martial's epigrams, and part of Barclay's *Argenis*. He is chiefly remembered as the historian of the Long Parliament. *The History of the Parliament of England, which began November 3, 1640*, published by him as 'Secretary for the Parliament' in 1647, has a prefatory 'view' which comprises characters of Queen Elizabeth, King James, and Charles I.; and the narrative closes in 1643, at the most interesting crisis of the struggle. He laments that the Civil War has divided 'the understandings of men as well as their affections in so high a degree that scarce could any virtue gain due applause, any reason give satisfaction, or any relation obtain credit unless amongst men of the same side;' professes impartiality; and seldom expressly passes judgment. But though not merely those of his own way of thinking praised the *History*, though Warburton approved its penetration and candour, and the Earl of Chatham recommended it as honester and more instructive than Clarendon's, most of his own contemporaries doubted or denied his impartiality and suspected his honesty. Mr Firth says that, while in the *History* he is merely the official apologist of the Parliament, in the abridged form of it, published 1650, he has become the panegyrist of the army and the Independents. The style of the *History* is smooth and well written, and full of Latin quotations and illustrations from Latin history. The picture May gives us of the social state of the times seems more like what we conceive of the reign of Charles II. than that of the grave and decorous First Charles:

> Profanenesse too much abounded everywhere; and which is most strange, where there was no religion, yet there was superstition. Luxury in diet and excesse both in meat and drinke was crept into the kingdome in a high degree, not only in the quantity but in the wanton curiosity. And in abuse of those good creatures which God had bestowed upon this plentifull land, they mixed the vices of divers nations, catching at everything that was new and forraigne.
>
> 'Non vulgo nota placebant
> Gaudia, non usu plebeio trita voluptas.' (PETRONIUS.)
>
> 'Old knowne delight
> They scorne, and vulgar bare-worne pleasure sleight.'
>
> As much pride and excesse was in apparell, almost among all degrees of people, in new-fangled and various-fashioned attire; they not only imitated but excelled their forraigne patterns; and in fantastical gestures and behaviour, the petulancy of most nations in Europe. The serious men groaned for a parliament; but the great statesmen plied it the harder, to compleat that work they had begun, of setting up prerogative above all lawes. The Lord Wentworth (afterwards created Earle of Strafford for his service in that kinde) was then labouring to oppresse Ireland, of which he was deputy; and to begin that worke in a conquered kingdome which was intended to be afterward wrought by degrees in England: and indeed he had gone very farre and prosperously in those waies of tyranny, though very much to the endammaging and setting backe of that newly established kingdome. He was a man of great parts, of a deepe reach, subtle wit, of spirit and industry, to carry on his businesse, and such a conscience as was fit for that work he was designed to. He understood the right way, and the liberty of his country, as well as any man; for which in former parliaments he stood up stiffely, and seemed an excellent patriot. For those abilities he was soon taken off by the king, and raised in honour, to be imployed in a contrary way, for inslaving of his country, which his ambition easily drew him to undertake. . . .
>
> The court of England, during this long vacancy of parliaments, enjoyed itself in as much pleasure and splendour as ever any court did. The revels, triumphs, and princely pastimes were for those many yeares kept up at so great a height, that any stranger which travelled into England would verily believe a kingdom that looked so cheerefully in the face could not be sick in any part.

See Clarendon and Wood; the edition of May's *History* by Lord Maseres (1812; reprinted 1854); and Mr Firth's article in the *Dictionary of National Biography* (1894).

Peter Heylyn (1599–1662) was one of the clerical adherents of the king despoiled of their goods by the Parliament. Born at Burford, in Oxfordshire, he studied at Oxford, was deprived of his living under the Commonwealth, and after the Restoration was made Dean of Westminster. A strong supporter of Laud, he was a vehement and acrimonious controversialist on the anti-Puritan side. Amongst some forty publications are a Life of Laud, a geography and cosmography, histories of the Reformation and of the Presbyterians (in England), and a history of Sabbath observance in favour of the less strict view. In a narrative of a six weeks' tour to France in 1625, not published till 1656, and then without his consent, he gives an Englishman's (not too complimentary) description of

The French.

> The present French, then, is nothing but an old Gaule moulded into a new name: as rash he is, as headstrong, and as hare-brained. A nation whom you shall winne with a feather and lose with a straw; upon the first sight of him, you shall have him as familiar as your sleep, or the necessity of breathing. In one hour's conference you may indear him to you, in the second unbutton him, the third pumps him dry of all his secrets, and he gives them you as faithfully as if you were his ghostly father, and bound to conceale them *sub sigillo confessionis* ['under the seal of confession']: when you have learned this, you may lay him aside, for he is no longer serviceable. If you have any

humor in holding him in a further acquaintance (a favour which he confesseth, and I beleeve him, he is unworthy of), himself will make the first separation: he hath said over his lesson now unto you, and now must find out somebody else to whom to repeate it. Fare him well; he is a garment whom I would be loath to wear above two dayes together, for in that time he will be thred-bare. *Familiare est hominis omnia sibi remittere* ['It is usual for men to overlook their own faults'], saith Velleius of all; it holdeth most properly in this people. He is very kind hearted to himself, and thinketh himself as free from wants as he is full; so much he hath in him the nature of a Chynois [Chinese], that he thinketh all men blind but himself. In this private self-conceitedness he hateth the Spaniard, loveth not the English, and contemneth the German; himself is the only courtier and compleat gentleman, but it is his own glass which he seeth in. Out of this conceit of his own excellencie, and partly out of a shallowness of brain, he is very lyable to exceptions; the least distaste that can be draweth his sword, and a minutes pause sheatheth it to your hand; afterwards, if you beat him into better manners, he shall take it kindly, and cry *Serviteur*. In this one thing they are wonderfully like the Devil; meekness or submission makes them insolent; a little resistance putteth them to their heeles, or makes them your spaniels. In a word (for I have held him too long) he is a walking vanitie in a new fashion.

I will give you now a taste of his table, which you shall find in a measure furnished (I speak not of the *paisant*), but not with so full a manner as with us. Their beef they cut out into such chops, that that which goeth there for a laudable dish, would be thought here a university commons, new served from the hatch. A loin of mutton serves amongst them for three rostings, besides the hazard of making pottage with the rump. Fowl also they have in good plenty, especially such as the king found in Scotland; to say truth, that which they have is sufficient for nature and a friend, were it not for the mistress or the kitchin wench. I have heard much fame of the French cookes, but their skill lyeth not in the neat handling of beef and mutton. They have (as generally have all this nation) good fancies, and are speciall fellowes for the making of puff-pastes, and the ordering of banquets. Their trade is not to feed the belly, but the pallat. It is now time you were set down, where the first thing you must do is to say your grace: private graces are as ordinary there as private masses, and from thence I think they learned them. That done, fall to where you like best; they observe no method in their eating, and if you look for a carver, you may rise fasting. When you are risen, if you can digest the sluttishness of the cookery, which is most abominable at first sight, I dare trust you in a garrison. Follow him to church, and there he will shew himself most irreligious and irreverent; I speak not of all, but the general. At a mass in Cordeliers' church in Paris I saw two French papists, even when the most sacred mystery of their faith was celebrating, break out into such a blasphemous and atheistical laughter, that even an Ethnick would have hated it; it was well they were Catholiques, otherwise some French hot-head or other would have sent them laughing to Pluto.

The French language is indeed very sweet and delectable: it is cleared of all harshness by the cutting and leaving out the consonants, which maketh it fall off the tongue very volubly; yet in my opinion it is rather elegant than copious; and therefore is much troubled for want of words to find out periphrases. It expresseth very much of itself in the action; the head, body, and shoulders concur all in the pronouncing of it; and he that hopeth to speak it with a good grace must have something in him of the mimick. It is enriched with a full number of significant proverbs, which is a great help to the French humor in scoffing, and very full of courtship, which maketh all the people complimental; the poorest cobbler in the village hath his court cringes and his *eau béniste de cour*, his court holy-water, as perfectly as the Prince of Condé.

French Love of Dancing.

At my being there, the sport was dancing, an exercise much used by the French, who doe naturally affect it. And it seems this natural inclination is so strong and deep rooted, that neither age nor the absence of a smiling fortune can prevaile against it. For on this dancing-green there assembleth not only youth and gentry, but also age and beggery; old wives, which could not set foot to ground without a crutch in the streets, had here taught their feet to amble; you would have thought by the cleanly conveyance and carriage of their bodies that they had beene troubled with the sciatica, and yet so eager in the sport as if their dancing-dayes should never be done. Some there was so ragged, that a swift galliard would almost have shaked them into nakednesse, and they also most violent to have their carcasses directed in a measure. To have attempted the staying of them at home, or the perswading of them to work when they heard the fiddle, had been a task too unweildy for Hercules. In this mixture of age and condition, did we observe them at their pastime; the rags being so interwoven with the silks, and wrinkled brows so interchangeably mingled with fresh beauties, that you would have thought it to have been a mummery of fortunes; as for those of both sexes which were altogether past action, they had caused themselves to be carried thither in their chairs, and trod the measures with their eyes.

Goldsmith in the next century dwelt in the *Traveller* on the same national characteristic:

> Alike all ages: dames of ancient days
> Have led their children through the mirthful maze;
> And the gay grandsire, skilled in gestic lore,
> Has frisked beneath the burden of threescore.

At Orleans, Heylyn found a large number of learned Germans resident, mainly for the study of law, and having a regular corporation, with a procurator, quæstor, assessors, and librarians:

If it happen that any of them dye there, they all accompany him to his grave, in a manner mixt so orderly of griefe and state that you would think the obsequies of some great potentate were solemnizing; and to say truth of them, they are a hearty and loving nation, not to one another onely, but to strangers, and especially to us of England. Onely I could wish that in their speech and complement they would not use the Latine tongue, or else speak it more congruously: you shall hardly finde

a man amongst them which can make a shift to expresse himselfe in that language, nor one amongst an hundred that can doe it Latinely. *Galleriam*, *Compaginem*, *Gardinum* and the like are as usuall in their common discourse, as to drinke at three of the clock, and as familiar as their sleep. Had they bent their study that way, I perswade my self they would have been excellent good at the common lawes, their tongues so naturally falling on these words which are necessary to a declaration: but amongst the rest, I took especiall notice of one Mr Gebour [?], a man of that various mixture of words, that you would have thought his tongue to have been a very Amsterdam of languages; *Cras mane ἐν τῷ nous irons ad magnam Galleriam*, was one of his remarkable speeches when we were at Paris: but here at Orleans we had them of him thick and threefold. If ever he should chance to dye in a strange place, where his countrey could not be knowne but by his tongue, it could not possibly be but that more nations would strive for him than ever did for Homer. I had before read of the confusion of Babel, in him I came acquainted with it.

William Prynne, born in 1600 at Swanswick, near Bath, graduated from Oriel College, Oxford, in 1621. Admitted a student of Lincoln's Inn, he was called to the Bar, but was early drawn into theological controversy, and during 1627–30 published *The Unlovelinesse of Love-lockes*, *Healthes Sicknesse* (against drinking of healths), and three other Puritan and anti-Arminian diatribes. In 1633 appeared his *Histrio-Mastix: the Players Scourge*, a bulky and scurrilous pamphlet of 1040 small quarto pages, essaying to prove that play-writing, play-acting, and play-going are unlawful and immoral, are in defiance of Scripture and the Church-fathers, and are condemned by the wisest of the heathen. The book was dedicated to the masters of Lincoln's Inn, as the one of the Inns of Court that had not permitted the acting of interludes in its halls. Several passages in the work, summarised in the index as 'women-actors notorious whores,' were held to be a reflection on the virtue of Queen Henrietta Maria, who with her ladies had in the same year taken part in the performance of a play. The denunciation of magistrates who failed in the duty of suppressing theatres, and unpleasant allusions to Nero, were held to point at the king. So Prynne, arraigned in the Star Chamber, was, after a year's imprisonment, in 1634 sentenced to have his book burnt by the hangman, pay a fine of £5000, be expelled from Oxford and Lincoln's Inn, lose both his ears in the pillory, and suffer perpetual imprisonment. Three years later, for assailing Laud and the hierarchy in two more pamphlets, a fresh fine of £5000 was imposed; he was again pilloried, and was branded on both cheeks with *S. L.* ('seditious libeller;' 'stigmata Laudis' in Prynne's own interpretation). He remained a prisoner till, in 1640, he was released by a warrant of the House of Commons. He acted as Laud's bitter prosecutor (1644), and in 1647 became recorder of Bath, in 1648 member for Newport in Cornwall. But opposing the Independents and Charles I.'s execution, he was one of those of whom the House was 'purged,' and was even imprisoned (1650–52). On Cromwell's death he returned to Parliament as a royalist; and after the Restoration Charles II. 'kept him quiet' by making him keeper of the Tower records. He died 24th October 1669. He wrote in all some two hundred pamphlets and books, remarkable for vehemence and violence rather than for any merit of style. He assailed with equal vehemence the tyranny of the king's government and of the Commonwealth; wrote against prelates, papists, Quakers, and Jews; and attacked with equal vigour Laud, the Puritan Goodwin, Lilburne, Milton, and the Protector. After the Restoration none was more savage against the regicides or more eager for retaliatory measures. Some of his polemical pamphlets were even couched in verse of a kind, one of these being elegantly named *A Pleasant Purge for Roman Catholics*. Withal he did good service as a compiler of constitutional history, his best works the *Calendar of Parliamentary Writs* and his *Records*. See *Documents relating to Prynne*, edited by S. R. Gardiner (Camden Society, 1877).

The principal part of the comprehensive title-page of Prynne's famous book is as follows:

Histrio-Mastix: The Players Scourge or Actors Tragedie, Divided into Two Parts. Wherein it is largely evidenced, by divers Arguments by the concurring Authorities and Resolutions of Sundry texts of Scripture; of the whole Primitive Church, both under the Law and Gospell; of 55 Synodes and Councels; of 71 Fathers and Christian Writers, before the yeare of our Lord 1200; of above 150 foraigne and domestique Protestant and Popish Authors, since; of 40 Heathen Philosophers, Historians, Poets; of many Heathen, many Christian Nations, Republiques, Emperors, Princes, Magistrates; of sundry Apostolicall, Canonicall, Imperiall Constitutions; and of our owne English Statutes, Magistrates, Universities, Writers, Preachers. That popular Stage-playes (the very Pompes of the Divell which we renounce in Baptisme, if we beleeve the Fathers) are sinfull, heathenish, lewde, ungodly Spectacles, and most pernicious Corruptions: condemned in all ages, as intolerable Mischiefes to Churches, to Republickes, to the manners, mindes, and soules of men. And that the Profession of Play-poets, of Stage-players; together with the penning, acting, and frequenting of Stage-playes, are unlawfull, infamous, and misbeseeming Christians. All pretences to the contrary are here likewise fully answered; and the unlawfulnes of acting, of beholding Academicall Enterludes, briefly discussed; besides sundry other particulars concerning Dancing, Dicing, Health-drinking, &c. of which the Table will informe you. . . . By William Prynne, an Vtter-Barrester of Lincolnes Inne.

Still in the title-page and before the imprint are a series of Latin citations, with full references, from Cyprian's *De Spectaculis*, Lactantius's *De Vero Cultu*, Chrysostom's *Homilies* on Matthew, and Augustine's *De Civitate Dei*.

From 'Histrio-Mastix.'—Actvs I. Scæna Prima.

That all popular and common Stage-Playes, whether Comicall, Tragicall, Satyricall, Mimicall, or mixt of either, (especially as they are now composed and personated,) are such sinfull, hurtfull, and pernicious Recreations as are altogether unseemely and unlawfull unto Christians; I shall first of all evidence and proove it from their originall parents, and primary Inventors: which were no other but the very Devill himselfe; or at leastwise, Idolatrous and Voluptuous Pagans, impregnated with this infernall issue from Hell it selfe; from whence I argue in the first place thus.

That which had its birth and primarie conception from the very Devill himselfe, who is all and onely evill, must needes be Sinfull, Pernicious, and altogether unseemely, yea, Unlawfull unto Christians.

But Stage-Playes had their birth and primary conception from the very Devill himselfe, who is all and onely evill.

Therefore they must needes bee Sinfull, Pernicious, and altogether unseemely, yea, Unlawfull unto Christians.

The Minor, (which is onely liable to exception,) I shall easily make good; First, by the direct and punctuall testimony of sundry Fathers.

. . . . . .

But now a-dayes Musicke is growne to such and so great licentiousnesse, that even at the ministration of the holy Sacrament all kinde of wanton and lewde trifling Songs, with piping of Organs, have their place and course. As for the Divine Service and Common prayer, it is so chaunted and minsed and mangled of our costly hired, curious, and nice Musitiens (not to instruct the audience withall, nor to stirre up mens mindes unto devotion, but with a whorish harmony to tickle their eares:) that it may justly seeme not to be a noyse made of men, but rather a bleating of bruite beasts; whiles the Coristers ney descant as it were a sort of Colts; others bellowe a tenour, as it were a company of Oxen: others barke a counter-point, as it were a kennell of Dogs: others rore out a treble like a sort of Buls: others grunt out a base as it were a number of Hogs; so that a foule evill favoured noyse is made, but as for the wordes and sentences and the very matter it selfe, is nothing understanded at all; but the authority and power of judgement is taken away both from the minde and from the eares utterly. Erasmus Roterodamus expresseth his minde concerning the curious manner of singing used in Churches on this wise, and saith, Why doth the Church doubt to follow so worthy an Author (Paul), yea, how dare it be bold to dissent from? What other thing is heard in monasteries, in Colledges, in Temples almost generally, then a confused noyse of voyces? But in the time of Paul, there was no singing but saying onely.

. . . . . .

For the Minor, that Stage-playes unavoydably produce an intollerable mispence of much pretious time, &c., it is most apparant if we will but summe up all those dayes, those houres which are vainely spent in the composing, conning, practising, acting, beholding of every publike or private Stage-play. How many golden dayes and houres, I might say weekes, nay moneths, and I had almost said whole yeeres, doe most Play-poets spend in contriving, penning, polishing their new-invented Playes, before they ripen them for the Stage. When these their Playes are brought unto maturity, how many houres, evenings, halfe-dayes, and sometimes weekes, are spent by all the Actors (especially in solemne academicall Enterludes) in copying, in conning, in practising their parts, before they are ripe for publike action. When this is finished, how many men are vainely occupied for sundry dayes (yea sometimes yeeres) together, in building Theaters, Stages, Scenes and Scaffolds; in making theatricall Pageants, Apparitions, Attires, Visars, Garments, with such-like Stage-appurtenances, for the more commodious pompous acting and adorning of these vaine-glorious Enterludes. When all things requisite for the publike personating of these Playes are thus exactly accommodated, and the day or night approcheth when these are to be acted, how many hundreds of all sorts vainely if not ridiculously spend whole dayes, whole afternoones and nights oft-times, in attyring themselves in their richest robes; in providing seates to heare, to see and to be seene of others; or in hearing, in beholding these vain lascivious Stage-playes, (which last some three or foure houres at the least, yea sometimes whole dayes and weekes together, as did some Roman Playes, and yet seeme too short to many, to whom a Lecture, a Sermon, a Prayer, not halfe so long, is over tedious:) who thinke themselves well imployed all the while they are thus wasting this their pretious time (which they scarce know how to spend) upon these idle Spectacles. Adde we to this, that all our common Actors consume not onely weekes and yeeres, but even their whole lives, in learning, practising, or acting Playes, which besides nights and other seasons, engrosse every afternoone almost thorow-out the yeere, to their peculiar service; as wee see by daily experience here in London; where thousands spend the moitie of the day, the weeke, the yeere in Play-houses, at least-wise far more houres then they imploy in holy duties, or in their lawfull callings. If we annex to this the time that divers waste in reading Play-bookes, which some make their chiefest study, preferring them before the Bible or all pious Bookes, on which they seldome seriously cast their eyes; together with the mispent time which the discourses of Playes, either seene or read, occasion: and then summe up all this lost, this mispent time together; we shall soone discerne, we must needs acknowledge, that there are no such Helluoes, such canker-wormes, such theevish Devourers of mens most sacred (yet undervalued) time, as Stage-playes.

. . . . . .

Not to mention the over-prodigall disbursements upon Playes and Masques of late penurious times, which have beene wel-nigh as expensive as the Wars, and I dare say more chargable to many then their soules, on which the most of us bestow least cost, least time and care. How many hundreds, if not thousands, are there now among us, (to their condemnation, if not their reformation be it spoken,) who spend more, daily, weekely, monethly, if not yeerely at a Play-house to maintaine the Devils service and his instruments, then they disburse in pious uses, in reliefe of Ministers, Schollers, poore godly Christians, or maintenance of Gods service, all their life. How many assiduous Play-haunters are there who contribute more liberally, more frequently to Play-houses, then to Churches; to Stage-playes, then to Lectures; to Players, then to Preachers; to Actors, then to Poore mens Boxes? being at far greater cost to promote their owne and others just damnation, then themselves or

others are to advance their owne or others salvation. How many are there, who can bee at cost to hire a Coach, a Boate, a Barge, to carry them to a Play-house every day, where they must pay deare for their admission, Seates and Boxes; who will hardly be at any cost to convey themselves to a Sermon once a weeke, a moneth, a yeere, (especially on a weeke day) at a Church far nearer to them then the Play-house; where they may have Seates, have entrance, (yea spirituall Cordials, and celestial Dainties to refresh their soules,) without any money or expence. How many are there, who according to their severall qualities spend 2d. 3d. 4d. 6d. 12d. 18d. 2s. and sometimes 4 or 5 shillings at a Play-house, day by day, if Coach-hire, Boate-hire, Tobacco, Wine, Beere, and such like vaine expences which Playes doe usually occasion, be cast into the reckoning; and that in these penurious times, who can hardly spare, who can never honestly get by their lawfull callings, halfe so much. How many prodigally consume not onely their charity, apparell, diet, bookes, and other necessaries, but even their annuall Pensions, Revenues and Estates at Picke-purse Stage-playes; which are more expensive to them then all their necessary disbursements. If we summe up all the prodigall vaine expenses which Play-houses and Playes occasion every way, we shall finde them almost infinite, wel-nigh incredible, altogether intollerable in any Christian frugall state; which must needs abandon Stage-playes as the Athenians and Romans did at last even in this regard that they impoverish and quite ruine many; as the fore-quoted testimonies, with many domestique experiments, daily testifie.

Edmund Calamy (1600–66), born in London, studied at Pembroke Hall, Cambridge, and became chaplain to Felton, Bishop of Ely. In 1626–36 he was lecturer at Bury St Edmunds, but resigned when the order to read the *Book of Sports* was enforced; in 1639 he was chosen minister of St Mary Aldermanbury, London. He had a principal share in *Smectymnuus* (1641), a reply to Bishop Hall's *Divine Right of Episcopacy*. It was so called from the initials of the names of the writers—Stephen Marshall, Edmund Calamy, Thomas Young, Matthew Newcomen, and William Spurstow (the 'uu' standing for the 'w' of 'William'). Calamy was much in favour with the Presbyterian party, but was, on the whole, a moderate man, and disapproved of those measures which ended in the death of the king. Having exerted himself to promote the restoration of Charles II., he received the offer of the bishopric of Coventry and Lichfield; but, after much deliberation, it was rejected. The passing of the Act of Uniformity in 1662 made him retire from his ministerial duties, and he died heart-broken by the Great Fire of London. His sermons were of a plain and practical character; and five of them, published under the title of *The Godly Man's Ark, or a City of Refuge in the Day of his Distress*, acquired much popularity. —His grandson, EDMUND CALAMY, D.D. (1671–1732), studied three years at Utrecht, and declining Carstares' offer of a Scotch professorship, from 1694 was a Nonconformist minister in London. His forty-one works include an *Account of the Ejected Ministers* (1702) and an interesting Autobiography, first published in 1829.

William Chillingworth (1602–44), a famous polemic, was born at Oxford, and was distinguished as a student there. Hales and Falkland were amongst his friends. An early love of disputation, in which he possessed eminent skill, developed a sceptical temper. A Jesuit named Fisher converted him to the Church of Rome—his chief argument being the necessity of an infallible living guide in matters of faith. He then studied at the Jesuits' College at Douay; and having been, imprudently, requested to write down the reasonings that led to his conversion, he studied anew the whole controversy and became 'a doubting Papist.' Laud, his godfather, wrote a weighty series of letters to him; and his friends induced him to return to Oxford, where, after additional study of the points of difference, he declared in favour of the Protestant faith. His change of creed drew him into several controversies, in which he employed the arguments that were afterwards methodically stated in his famous work, entitled *The Religion of the Protestants a safe way to Salvation*, published in 1637. This treatise, which placed its author in the first rank of religious controversialists, is now, in spite of its following the line of argument of a now forgotten book attacking him, hailed as a model of perspicuous reasoning, and one of the ablest defences of the Protestant faith. The author maintains that the Scripture is the only rule to which appeal ought to be made in theological disputes, that no Church is infallible, and that the Apostles' Creed embraces all the necessary points of faith. The Arminian opinions of Chillingworth brought upon him the charge of latitudinarianism; and his character for orthodoxy was still further shaken by his refusal to accept of preferment on condition of subscribing the Thirty-nine Articles. His scruples having at length been overcome, he was promoted, in 1638, to the chancellorship of Salisbury. During the Civil War he zealously adhered to the royal party, and even assisted as engineer at the siege of Gloucester in 1643. He died in the bishop's palace in Chichester in the succeeding year. Lord Clarendon, who was one of his intimate friends, has drawn the following character of this eminent divine: 'He was a man of so great a subtilty of understanding, and so rare a temper in debate, that, as it was impossible to provoke him into any passion, so it was very difficult to keep a man's self from being a little discomposed by his sharpness and quickness of argument, and instances in which he had a rare facility, and a great advantage over all the men I ever knew.' Writing to a Roman Catholic, in allusion to the changes of his own faith, Chillingworth says:

> I know a man, that of a moderate Protestant turned a Papist, and the day that he did so, was convicted in

conscience that his yesterday's opinion was an error. The same man afterwards, upon better consideration, became a doubting Papist, and of a doubting Papist a confirmed Protestant. And yet this man thinks himself no more to blame for all these changes, than a traveller who, using all diligence to find the right way to some remote city, did yet mistake it, and after find his error and amend it. Nay, he stands upon his justification so far, as to maintain that his alterations, not only to you, but also from you, by God's mercy, were the most satisfactory actions to himself that ever he did, and the greatest victories that ever he obtained over himself and his affections, in those things which in this world are most precious.

The following passages from his great work show a like spirit:

The Bible the Religion of Protestants.

Know then, sir, that when I say the religion of Protestants is in prudence to be preferred before yours, as, on the one side, I do not understand by your religion the doctrine of Bellarmine or Baroninus, or any other private man amongst you; nor the doctrine of the Sorbonne, or of the Jesuits, or of the Dominicans, or of any other particular company among you, but that wherein you all agree, or profess to agree, 'the doctrine of the Council of Trent;' so accordingly on the other side, by the 'religion of protestants,' I do not understand the doctrine of Luther, or Calvin, or Melancthon; nor the Confession of Augusta, or Geneva, nor the Catechism of Heidelberg, nor the Articles of the Church of England, no, nor the harmony of Protestant confessions; but that wherein they all agree, and which they all subscribe with a greater harmony, as a perfect rule of their faith and actions; that is, the BIBLE. The BIBLE, I say, the BIBLE only, is the religion of protestants! Whatsoever else they believe besides it, and the plain, irrefragable, indubitable consequences of it, well may they hold it as a matter of opinion; but as matter of faith and religion, neither can they with coherence to their own grounds believe it themselves, nor require the belief of it of others, without most high and most schismatical presumption. I for my part, after a long and (as I verily believe and hope) impartial search of 'the true way to eternal happiness,' do profess plainly that I cannot find any rest for the sole of my foot but upon this rock only. I see plainly and with mine own eyes, that there are popes against popes, councils against councils, some fathers against others, the same fathers against themselves, a consent of fathers of one age against a consent of fathers of another age, the church of one age against the church of another age. Traditive interpretations of scripture are pretended; but there are few or none to be found: no tradition, but only of scripture, can derive itself from the fountain, but may be plainly proved either to have been brought in, in such an age after Christ, or that in such an age it was not in. In a word, there is no sufficient certainty but of scripture only for any considering man to build upon. This therefore, and this only, I have reason to believe: this I will profess, according to this I will live, and for this, if there be occasion, I will not only willingly, but even gladly, lose my life, though I should be sorry that Christians should take it from me.

Reason in Religion.

But you that would not have men follow their reason, what would you have them follow? their passions? or pluck out their eyes, and go blindfold? No, you say; you would have them follow authority. In God's name, let them; we also would have them follow authority; for it is upon the authority of universal tradition that we would have them believe Scripture. But then, as for the authority which you would have them follow, you will let them see reason why they should follow it. And is not this to go a little about?—to leave reason for a short turn, and then to come to it again, and to do that which you condemn in others? It being indeed a plain impossibility for any man to submit his reason but to reason; for he that doth it to authority, must of necessity think himself to have greater reason to believe that authority.

There is a Life by Des Maizeaux (1725), and one by Birch prefixed to his edition of the works (1742), which includes also nine sermons. Another edition was published in 1838 in 3 vols. See Tulloch's *Rational Theology in England.*

John Gauden (1605–1662) was born at Mayland, near Maldon, in Essex; was educated at Bury St Edmunds and St John's College, Cambridge; and on the commencement of the Civil War complied with the Presbyterian party. He received several church preferments, which he continued to hold even after the Parliament proceeded against monarchy. When the army resolved to impeach and try the king, in 1648, he published *A Religious and Loyal Protestation* against their purposes and proceedings, and other polemical tractates. But his grand service to the royal cause consisted in his writing Εἰκὼν Βασιλικὴ; *the Pourtraicture of his Sacred Majesty in his Solitudes and Sufferings*, a work which bears to be from the pen of Charles I. himself, and to contain the devout meditations of his later days. There appears to have been an intention to publish this *Pourtraicture* before the execution of the king, as an attempt to save his life by working on the feelings of the people; but it did not make its appearance till a day or two after His Majesty's death. The sensation which it produced in his favour was extraordinary. 'It is not easy,' says Hume, 'to conceive the general compassion excited towards the king by the publishing, at so critical a juncture, a work so full of piety, meekness, and humanity. Many have not scrupled to ascribe to that book the subsequent restoration of the royal family. Milton compares its effects to those which were wrought on the tumultuous Romans by Antony's reading to them the will of Cæsar.' So eagerly and universally was the book perused by the nation that it passed through forty-seven editions in a year. Milton, in his *Eikonoclastes*, alludes to the doubts which prevailed as to the authorship of the work, but at this time the real history was unknown. The first statements that it was by Gauden seem to have been made, by persons well qualified to know, as early as 1674, and rumours were plentifully current when in 1692 the book was expressly said to be Gauden's composition in a circumstantial

narrative published by Gauden's former curate, Walker. Several writers then entered the field on both sides of the question; the principal defender of the king's claim being Wagstaffe, a nonjuring clergyman, who published an elaborate *Vindication of King Charles the Martyr* in 1693. For ten years subsequently the literary war continued; but after this there ensued a long interval of repose. When Hume wrote his History, the evidence on the two sides appeared so equally balanced that, 'with regard to the genuineness of that production, it is not easy,' says he, 'for a historian to fix any opinion which will be entirely to his own satisfaction.' In 1786, however, the scale of evidence was turned by the publication, in the third volume of the Clarendon State Papers, of some of Gauden's letters, the most important of which are six addressed by him to Lord Chancellor Clarendon after the Restoration. He there complains of the poverty of the see of Exeter, to which he had already been appointed, and urgently solicits a further reward for the important secret service which he had performed to the royal cause. Some of these letters, containing *allusions* to the circumstance, had formerly been printed, though in a less authentic form; but now for the first time appeared one, dated the 13th of March 1661, in which he explicitly grounds his claim to additional remuneration, 'not on what was known to the world under my name, but what goes under the late blessed king's name, the Eikon or Portraiture of his Majesty in his Solitudes and Sufferings. This book and figure,' he adds, 'was wholly and only my invention, making, and design; in order to vindicate the king's wisdom, honour, and piety.' He professed to have begun it in 1647, and to have submitted a MS. copy to the king in the Isle of Wight. Clarendon seems to have spoken in the last year of his life as if he did not admit Gauden's authorship; but in his *History of the Rebellion*, undertaken at the desire of Charles I. and avowedly intended as a vindication of the royal character and cause, he maintains the most rigid silence with respect to the *Eikon Basilike*. The troublesome solicitations of Gauden were so effectual as to lead to his promotion, in 1662, to the bishopric of Worcester; a dignity, however, which he did not long enjoy, for he died in the same year. The controversy as to the authorship of the *Eikon Basilike* is by some still decided in favour of the king. Such was the conclusion arrived at in a work published in 1824 by Dr Wordsworth, Master of Trinity College; Southey took the same view, which was energetically maintained in Mr E. J. L. Scott's edition of the *Eikon* (1880). But the arguments of Malcolm Laing, Todd, Sir James Mackintosh, Hallam, Lingard, and most historians down to Green accept Gauden's claim (acquiesced in by many of his royalist contemporaries) to be considered the author. Doble in the *Academy* for May and June 1883 makes out a strong case for Gauden's authorship. Internal evidence supports Gauden's claim; the style is much too measured and rhetorical for that of Charles, who was a careless, confused, and inexact writer. There is *A Bibliography of the King's Book* by Edward Almack (1896). The *Eikon* thus reflects on the events of the Civil War:

> The various successes of this unhappy war have at least afforded me variety of good meditations. Sometimes God was pleased to try me with victory, by worsting my enemies, that I might know how with moderation and thanks to own and use his power, who is only the true Lord of Hosts, able when he pleases to represse the confidence of those that fought against me with so great advantages for power and number.
>
> From small beginnings on my part, he let me see that I was not wholly forsaken by my people's love or his protection. Other times God was pleased to exercise my patience, and teach me not to trust in the arm of flesh, but in the living God. My sins sometimes prevailed against the justice of my cause; and those that were with me wanted not matter and occasion for his just chastisement both of them and me. Nor were my enemies lesse punished by that prosperity, which hardened them to continue that injustice by open hostility, which was begun by most riotous and unparliamentary tumults. There is no doubt but personall and private sins may ofttimes overbalance the justice of public engagements; nor doth God account every gallant man (in the world's esteeme) a fit instrument to assert in the way of war a righteous cause. The more men are prone to arrogate to their own skill, valour, and strength, the lesse doth God ordinarily work by them for his own glory. I am sure the event or successe can never state the justice of any cause, nor the peace of men's consciences, nor the eternal fate of their soules.
>
> Those with me had (I think) clearly and undoubtedly for their justification the Word of God and the laws of the land, together with their own oathes; all requiring obedience to my just commands; but to none other under heaven without me, or against me, in the point of raising armes. Those on the other side are forced to flie to the shifts of some pretended fears, and wild fundamentals of state (as they call them) which actually overthrow the present fabrick both of church and state; being such imaginary reasons for self-defence as are most impertinent for those men to alledge, who, being my subjects, were manifestly the first assaulters of me and the lawes: first by unsuppressed tumults, after by listed forces. The same allegations they use, will fit any faction that hath but power and confidence enough to second with the sword all their demands against the present lawes and governours, which can never be such as some side or other will not find fault with, so as to urge what they call a reformation of them to a rebellion against them. Some parasitick preachers have dared to call those martyrs who died fighting against me, the lawes, their oathes, and the religion established.

Arthur Wilson (1595–1652), born at Yarmouth, became secretary to Robert, Earl of Essex, afterwards Parliamentary general in the Civil Wars, whom he accompanied on his Continental campaigns (1620–25); and in 1633, after two years' study at Oxford, entered the service of the second Earl of Warwick, colonial adventurer and Parliamentary admiral. Wilson too was hostile to the

Stewart régime; and his *Life and Reign of King James I.*, published in 1653, was called by Heylyn 'a most famous pasquil.' *The Inconstant Lady*, his only extant drama, was printed in 1814.

Sir Anthony Weldon gives an even more unfavourable picture of the same period in his *Court and Character of King James.* Having as Clerk of the Kitchen accompanied the king to Scotland in 1617, Weldon wrote a highly depreciatory account of Scotland, and was dismissed from office. He revenged himself by drawing up this sketch of the court and its monarch, in which a graphic but bitterly overcharged description of James's personal appearance, habits, and oddities is given. Weldon seems to have died about 1649.

Baker's Chronicle, long the standard English history, takes its name from **Sir Richard Baker** (1568–1645), who, born in Kent and educated at Oxford, was knighted in 1603. High-Sheriff of Oxfordshire in 1620, in 1635 he was thrown for debt into the Fleet Prison, where he died. There he wrote his famous but far from accurate *Chronicle of the Kings of England unto the Death of King James* (1643). Other works penned in prison were *Meditations and Disquisitions* on portions of Scripture, translations of Balzac's *Letters* and Malvezzi's *Discourses on Tacitus*, and two pieces in defence of the theatre. Probably no part of Baker's own *Chronicle* was more popular with country gentlemen than its continuation by **Edward Phillips** (1630–96?), Milton's nephew, who, carefully trained by the poet, became a hack writer, producing poems, dictionaries, bombastic novels, an edition of Drummond's poems, &c. His most considerable effort was his continuation of the *Chronicle* to the coronation of Charles II. The critical period of the civil troubles was wholly the work of Phillips, who wrote from the standpoint of a decided royalist; for the Restoration he had the help (if not the MS.) of Monk's brother-in-law, Sir Thomas Clarges. The fourth edition (1662) became the standard one; the eighth appeared in 1684. Addison makes the *Chronicle* the favourite reading of Sir Roger de Coverley, who kept it lying in his hall window. Doubtless Sir Roger often read the story of the king's execution (much 'contracted' in the 1730 and later editions):

On Tuesday the 30th of January, which was the fatal day on which the king was put to death, the Bishop of London did in the morning read divine service in his presence; to which duty the xxvii. chapter of St Matthew, being the history of our Saviours passion, was appointed by the Church-Calendar for the second lesson: but he, supposing it to have been selected on purpose, thanked him afterwards for his seasonable choice. But the bishop modestly declining those undue thanks, told him that it came by course to be read on that day, which very much comforted His Majesty, who proceeded to the remaining duties of receiving from the bishop the holy sacrament, and the other preparations for his approaching passion.

His devotions being ended, about ten a clock he was brought from St James's to White-hall by a regiment of foot, with colours flying, and drums beating (through the Park), part marching before and part behind, with a private guard of partisans about him, the bishop on the one hand and Colonel Tomlinson (who had the charge of him) on the other bare-headed. The guards marching a slow pace, as on a solemn and sad occasion to their ill-tuned drums, he bid them go faster (as his usual manner of walking was), saying, That he now went before them to strive for an heavenly crown with less sollicitude than he had often encouraged his souldiers to fight for an earthly diadem.

Being come to the end of the Park, he went up the stairs leading to the Long Gallery in White-Hall, where he used formerly to lodge. There finding an unexpected delay in being brought upon the scaffold, which they had begun but that morning, he past the most of that time (having received a letter from the prince in the interim by Mr Seymor) in prayer.

About twelve a clock, His Majesty (refusing to dine) eat onely a bit of bread, and drank a glass of claret; and about an hour after Colonel Hacker, with other officers and souldiers, brought him with the bishop and Colonel Tomlinson through the banquetting-house to the scaffold, whereto the passage was made through a window. A strong guard of several regiments of horse and foot were placed on all sides, which hindred the near approach of his miserable and distracted subjects (who for manifesting their sorrow, were most barbarously used), and the king from speaking what he had designed for their ears: whereupon finding himself disappointed, he omitted much of his intended matter, but having viewed the scaffold (which had irons driven in it to force him down to the block by ropes, if that he should have resisted) and the ax (of whose edge he was very careful), having minded one present of touching it with his cloak [*sic*]. . . .

Being upon the scaffold, he looked very earnestly upon the block, and asked Colonel Hacker if it could be no higher: and then spoke thus (directing his speech chiefly to the bishop and Colonel Tomlinson). . . . .

[Then follows the king's speech in full.]

Bishop. Though your Majesties affections may be very well known to religion, yet it may be expected that you should say somewhat thereof for the worlds satisfaction.

King. I thank you very heartily, my lord, for that I had almost forgotten it; in troth, sirs, my conscience in religion I think is very well known to all the world, and therefore I declare before you all that I die a Christian, according to the profession of the Church of England, as I found it left me by my father, and this honest man I think will witness it. Then speaking to the executioner he said, I shall say but very short prayers, and when I thrust out my hands—let that be your sign.

Then he called to the bishop for his night-cap, and having put it on, he said to the executioner, Does my hair trouble you? who desired him to put it all under his cap, which the king did accordingly by the help of the executioner and the bishop: then the king turning to the bishop said, I have a good cause and a gracious God on my side.

Bishop. There is but one stage more, this stage is turbulent and troublesome, it is a short one: but you may consider it will soon carry you a very great way: it will carry you from earth to heaven, and there you will find a great deal of cordial joy and comfort.

King. I go from a corruptible to an incorruptible crown, where no disturbance can be, no disturbance in the world.

Bishop. You are exchanged from a temporary to an eternal crown, a good exchange.

The king then said to the executioner, Is my hair well? and took off his cloak and his George, giving his George to the bishop, saying, Remember. Then he put off his doublet, and being in his wastcoat, he put his cloak on again; then looking upon the block, he said to the executioner, You must set it fast.

Executioner. It is fast, sir.

King. When I put my hands out this way—stretching them out—then do your work.

After that, having said two or three words (as he stood) to himself, with hands and eyes lift up, immediately stooping down, he laid his neck upon the block: and then the executioner again putting his hair under his cap, the king (thinking he had been going to strike) said, Stay for the sign.

Executioner. Yes, I will, and it please your Majesty.

And after a very little pause, the king stretching forth his hands, the executioner at one blow severed his head from his body; the head being off, the executioner held it up, and shewed it to the people, which done, it was with the body put in a coffin covered with black velvet for that purpose, and conveyed into his lodgings at White-Hall; and from thence it was carried to his house at Saint James's, where his body was embalmed and put in a coffin of lead, and laid there a fortnight to be seen by the people: and on Wednesday seven-night after, his corps embalmed and coffin'd in lead, was delivered chiefly to the care of four of his servants, viz. Mr Herbert, Capt. Anthony Mildmay, his sewers, Captain Preston, and John Joyner (formerly cook to his Majesty), who with others in mourning, accompanied the herse that night to Windsor, and placed it in that which was formerly the kings bedchamber: whence it was next day removed into the Deans Hall, and from thence by the Duke of Richmond, the Marquess of Hertford, the Marquess of Dorchester, and the Earl of Lindsey, conveyed to St George his chappel, and the corps there interred in the vault (as is supposed) of King Henry the VIII. and Queen Jane, with this inscription upon the coffin,

CHARLES KING OF ENGLAND.
M.DC.XL.VIII.

Apropos of the carp Izaak Walton quoted the *Chronicle* to this effect:

Hops and turkeys, carps and beer,
Came into England all in a year.

Sir William Dugdale (1605–86), antiquary, was born at Shustoke, near Coleshill, in Warwickshire. He studied law and history under his father, soon after whose death he purchased the neighbouring manor of Blythe (1625). Created Rouge Croix pursuivant (1640), he during the Great Rebellion adhered to the royalist cause, and from 1642 to 1646 was at Oxford, the king's headquarters, being made M.A. and Chester herald. He lived in obscurity during the Commonwealth, but on the Restoration received the office of Norroy, and in 1677 was promoted to be Garter Principal King of Arms and knight. His works are the *Monasticon Anglicanum* (1655–61–73), a Latin history of English religious foundations (Eng. ed. 6 vols. 1817–30); *Antiquities of Warwickshire* (1656; 3d ed. 1763–65); *History of St Paul's Cathedral* (1658); *History of Imbanking and Drayning* (1662); *Origines Juridiciales* (1666); and *Baronage of England* (3 vols. 1675–76). See his *Life, Diary, and Correspondence*, edited by William Hamper (1827).

Elias Ashmole (1617–92), antiquary, was born at Lichfield, and became a solicitor, but, a hearty royalist, entered Brazenose College, Oxford, where he applied himself to mathematics, natural philosophy, astronomy, astrology, and alchemy. In 1646 he became acquainted with Lilly and other astrologers; and in 1650 he edited a work of Dr Dee's, to which he subjoined a treatise of his own. In 1652 he issued his *Theatrum Chymicum*, and in 1672 his *magnum opus*, a *History of the Order of the Garter*. At the Restoration various honours were conferred upon him, and thenceforward he mainly devoted himself to heraldic and antiquarian studies. In 1682 he presented to the University of Oxford a fine collection of rarities, bequeathed him by his old friend John Tradescant (1608–62), gardener to Charles I., which, originally the *Museum Tradescantianum*, was thereafter known as the Ashmolean Museum. Among his friends were Selden and Dugdale, whose daughter became his third wife. His Diary (1717) is entertaining.

Sir Thomas Browne,

the learned, desultory, eloquent writer of the *Religio Medici*, was born in London in 1605, and after being educated at Winchester and Oxford, travelled in Ireland, and also in France, Italy, and Holland. He took his doctor's degree at Leyden, and settled in 1637 as a medical practitioner at Norwich. He was knighted by Charles II. on his visit to Norwich in 1671. Browne's first and greatest work, *Religio Medici* ('The Religion of a Physician'), written about 1635, was published surreptitiously in 1642, and next year a perfect copy was issued by himself; this, his confession of faith, revealing a deep insight into the mysteries of the spiritual life, immediately rendered the author famous in the literary world. Here he gives a minute account of his opinions, not only on religion, but on an endless variety of philosophical and abstruse questions, besides affording the reader glimpses into the eccentricities of his personal character. The language of the work is bold and poetical, adorned with picturesque imagery, though frequently pedantic, rugged, and obscure. His most elaborate work, *Pseudodoxia Epidemica*, or *Enquiries into . . . Vulgar Errors*, appeared in 1646, and is a strange and discursive amalgam of humour, acuteness, learning, and credulity. The following enumeration of some of the errors which he endeavours to dispel will serve both to show the kind of subjects he was fond of investigating, and to exemplify the notions which prevailed in the seventeenth century:

That crystal is nothing else but ice strongly congealed; that a diamond is softened or broken by the blood of a goat; that a pot full of ashes will contain as much water as it would without them; that bays preserve from the mischief of lightning and thunder; that an elephant hath no joints; that a wolf, first seeing a man, begets a dumbness in him; that moles are blind: that the flesh of peacocks corrupteth not; that storks will only live in republics and free states; that the chicken is made out of the yolk of the egg; that men weigh heavier dead than alive; that the forbidden fruit was an apple; that there was no rainbow before the Flood; that John the Baptist should not die.

He treats also of the ring-finger, saluting upon sneezing, pigmies, the canicular or dog days, the picture of Moses with horns, the blackness of negroes, the river Nilus, Gypsies, Methuselah, the food of John the Baptist, the cessation of oracles, Friar Bacon's brazen head that spoke, the poverty of Belisarius, and the wish of Philoxenus to have the neck of a crane. In 1658 Browne published his *Hydriotaphia; Urn Burial, or a Discourse of the Sepulchral Urns lately found in Norfolk*, mainly a discussion of burial-customs. Here the author's learning appears in the details which he gives concerning the modes in which the bodies of the dead have been disposed of in different ages and countries; while his reflections on death, oblivion, and immortality are, for solemnity and grandeur, unsurpassed in English literature, and are set forth in language of rich and gorgeous eloquence. In a field at Walsingham were dug up between forty and fifty urns, containing the remains of human bones, some small brass instruments, boxes, and other fragmentary relics. Coals and burnt substances were found near the same plot of ground, and hence it was conjectured that this was the *Ustrina*, or place of burning, or the spot whereon the Druidical sacrifices were made. Thus furnished with a theme for his philosophic musings, Sir Thomas Browne comments on that vast charnel-house the earth. The *Hydriotaphia* commences:

In the deep discovery of the subterranean world, a shallow part would satisfy some enquirers; who if two or three yards were open above the surface, would not care to rake the bowels of Potosi and regions towards the centre. Nature hath furnished one part of the earth, and man another. The treasures of time lie high, in urns, coins, and monuments, scarce below the roots of some vegetables. Time hath endless rarities, and shows of all varieties; which reveals old things in heaven, makes new discoveries in earth, and even earth itself a discovery. That great antiquity, America, lay buried for a thousand years; and a large part of the earth is still in the urn unto us. Though, if Adam were made out of an extract of the earth, all parts might challenge a restitution, yet few have returned their bones far lower than they might receive them; not affecting the graves of giants, under hilly and heavy coverings, but content with less than their own depth, have wished their bones might lie soft, and the earth be light upon them; even such as hope to rise again would not be content with central interment, or so desperately to place their relics as to lie beyond discovery, and in no way to be seen again; which happy contrivance hath made communication with our forefathers, and left unto our view some parts which they never beheld themselves.

He then successively describes and comments upon the different modes of interment and decomposition—whether by fire ('some apprehending a purifying virtue in fire, refining the grosser com-

SIR THOMAS BROWNE.

After an Engraving from the Original in the Royal College of Physicians.

mixture, and firing out [expelling by means of fire] the ethereal particles so deeply immersed in it'); by making their graves in the air like the Scythians, 'who swore by wind and sword;' or in the sea, like some of the nations about Egypt.

Men have lost their reason in nothing so much as their religion, wherein stones and clouts make martyrs; and since the religion of one seems madness unto another, to afford an account or rational of old rights requires no rigid reader. That they kindled the pyre aversely, or turning their face from it, was a handsome symbol of unwilling ministration; that they washed their bones with wine and milk: that the mother wrapt them in linen and dried them in her bosom, the first fostering part, and place of their nourishment; that they opened their eyes towards heaven, before they kindled the fire, as the place of their hopes or original, were no improper ceremonies. Their last valediction, thrice uttered by the attendants, was also very solemn, and somewhat answered by Christians, who thought it too little if they threw not the earth thrice upon the interred body. That in strewing their tombs the Romans affected the rose, the Greeks amaranthus and myrtle: that the funeral pyre consisted of sweet fuel, cypress, fir, larix, yew, and trees perpetually

verdant, lay silent expressi of their surviving hopes; wherein Christians, who deck their coffins with bays, have found a more elegant emblem; for that tree seeming dead, will restore itself from the root, and its dry and exsuccous leaves resume their verdure again; which, if we mistake not, we have also observed in furze. Whether the planting of yew in churchyards hold not its original from ancient funeral rites, or as an emblem of resurrection, from its perpetual verdure, may also admit conjecture.

Among felicitous brevities may be quoted:

Nature is not at variance with art, nor art with nature, they being both the servants of His providence. Art is the perfection of nature. Were the world now as it was the sixth day, there were yet a chaos. Nature hath made one world, and art another. In belief, all things are artificial, for nature is the art of God. He who discommendeth others obliquely commendeth himself. I had rather stand in the shock of a basilisk than in the fury of a merciless pen. A good cause needs not to be patroned by passion, but can sustain itself upon a temperate dispute.

To the *Hydriotaphia* is appended a small treatise, the most whimsical and not the least laborious of his works—*The Garden of Cyrus; or the Quincuncial Lozenge, Network Plantations of the Ancients, artificially, naturally, and mystically considered.* It aims to prove that the mystical number five pervaded not only ancient horticulture, but that it recurs through plant and animal life. Coleridge says Browne 'finds quincunxes in heaven above, quincunxes on earth below, quincunxes in the mind of man, quincunxes in tones, in optic nerves, in roots of trees, in leaves, in everything.' One of the most striking of these fancies has been often quoted. Wishing to denote that it is late, or that he was writing at a late hour, he says that 'the quincunx of heaven [the Hyades] runs low, and . . . we are unwilling to spin out our awaking thoughts into the phantasms of sleep; . . . to keep our eyes open longer were but to act our antipodes; the huntsmen are up in America, and they are already past their first sleep in Persia.' Among Browne's posthumous pieces are *Miscellany Tracts* (1683), *A Letter to a Friend* (1690), and a collection of aphorisms or jottings, entitled *Christian Morals*, apparently intended as a kind of continuation of the *Religio Medici*. He left in MS. also various essays on antiquarian and other subjects. Sir Thomas Browne died in 1682, at the age of seventy-seven; in 1840 his skull was stolen out of its grave in St Peter's Mancroft, and placed in the hospital museum. He was of a modest, simple, and cheerful disposition, retiring in his habits, and sympathised little with the pursuits and feelings of the busy multitude. He sided with the king in the Civil War, and was knighted by Charles II. Though he made it his business to combat 'vulgar errors,' his own mind was deeply tinged with the credulity of his age. He clung to the discredited Ptolemaic system; believed in astrology and alchemy, in witchcraft, apparitions, and diabolical illusions; and gravely observes, 'that to those who would attempt to teach animals the art of speech, the dogs and cats that usually speak unto witches may afford some encouragement.' In 1664 at Bury St Edmunds he gave evidence against two 'witches,' and helped towards their conviction and burning.

Though Browne's works are unsystematic, desultory, unequal, his thought, like his style, is strikingly original, marked by high and occasionally transcendent intellectual power, often expressed with quaint humour or searching pathos, and always carrying with it a strange impressiveness. His favourite theme throughout all his books is ever the mystery of death and what lies beyond the grave, and the visible signs of mortality mean as much to him as they did to Shakespeare himself as a text from which to descant on what transcends the little sphere of human life. His style is too peculiar, idiomatic, and difficult ever to be generally popular, and it must be admitted that his studious brevity often lapses sadly into obscurity. In his own words, 'the quality of the subject will sometimes carry us into expressions beyond mere English apprehensions;' and indeed no writer has equalled him in the free coinage of Latinisms. Thus, speaking in his *Vulgar Errors* of the nature of ice, he says: 'Ice is only water congealed by the frigidity of the air, whereby it acquireth no new form, but rather a consistence or determination of its diffluency, and amitteth not its essence, but condition of fluidity. Neither doth there anything properly conglaciate but water, or watery humidity; for the determination of quicksilver is properly fixation; that of milk, coagulation; and that of oil and unctuous bodies, only incrassation.' He employs abundantly such words as dilucidate, ampliate, resipiency, opinionatry, manuduction, indigitate, reminiscential, evocation, farraginous, advenient, ariolation, lapifidical. He also uses words of Latin origin in their etymological sense, deals freely in technical terms from the sciences, and does not hesitate to coin Grecisms or use modern French and Italian words. Yet his Latinisms and innovations seem rhetorically in harmony with the rolling rhythm of his marvellous prose.

Dr Johnson's style shows obvious resemblances to Browne's, especially in its Latinistic vocabulary. There can be no doubt that the author of the *Rambler* acquired much of his fondness for grandiloquent and sonorous words and expressions from the writings of the learned knight of Norwich; the Life of Browne prefixed to an edition of the *Christian Morals* (1756) was by Johnson. It is needless to say that Johnson's clear and graceful use of his much less audaciously Latinist vocabulary differs from Browne's abstruse and often involved and obscure style of disquisition perhaps more than it resembles it. It is inevitable that Browne's con-

templative, inquisitive, fantastic pensiveness should be compared and contrasted with the more sombre and less poetical but equally humorous temperament of his earlier contemporary, Burton, the anatomist of melancholy. Cowper's *Task* shows many traces of the *Morals*. Coleridge, who was so well qualified to appreciate the writings of Browne, has numbered him among his first favourites. 'Rich in various knowledge, exuberant in conceptions and conceits; contemplative, imaginative, often truly great and magnificent in his style and diction, though, doubtless, too often big, stiff, and hyper-Latinistic. He is a quiet and sublime enthusiast, with a strong tinge of the fantast: the humorist constantly mingling with, and flashing across, the philosopher, as the darting colours in shot-silk play upon the main dye.' Coleridge insists, too, on the entireness of Browne in every subject before him. He never wanders from it, and he has no occasion to wander; for whatever happens to be his subject, he metamorphoses all nature into it. To this should be added the complete originality of his mind. He is manifestly like no other writer, and his quaint, profound, and mystical abstractions, stamped with his peculiar style, carry the imagination by an inevitable fascination back into the primeval ages of the world, or forward into the depths of eternity. Browne's influence on English literature has been deep and lasting, if not very wide in extent. No writer bears the impress of his influence more strongly marked, alike in style and cast of thought, than Charles Lamb, who indeed boasted that he was the first 'among the moderns' to discover his excellences. Hazlitt, Carlyle, and Pater paid their tribute to him. De Quincey ranked him with Jeremy Taylor as the richest and most dazzling of rhetoricians, and Lowell called him 'our most imaginative mind since Shakespeare:' perhaps it is truer to say that his supremest merit rests in his being the highest type of the profound humorist, to whom 'all existence had been but food for contemplation.'

Oblivion.

What song the syrens sang, or what name Achilles assumed when he hid himself among women, though puzzling questions, are not beyond all conjecture. What time the persons of these ossuaries entered the famous nations of the dead, and slept with princes and counsellors, might admit a wide solution. But who were the proprietaries of these bones, or what bodies these ashes made up, were a question above antiquarism; not to be resolved by man, nor easily perhaps by spirits, except we consult the provincial guardians, or tutelary observators. Had they made as good provision for their names as they have done for their relicks, they had not so grossly erred in the art of perpetuation. But to subsist in bones, and be but pyramidally extant, is a fallacy in duration. Vain ashes, which, in the oblivion of names, persons, times, and sexes, have found unto themselves a fruitless continuation, and only arise unto ate posterity, as emblems of mortal vanities, antidotes against pride, vainglory, and madding vices. Pagan vain-glories, which thought the world might last for ever, had encouragement for ambition, and finding no Atropos unto the immortality of their names, were never dampt with the necessity of oblivion. Even old ambitions had the advantage of ours, in the attempts of their vain-glories, who acting early and before the probable meridian of time, have by this time found great accomplishment of their designs, whereby the ancient heroes have already out-lasted their monuments and mechanical preservations. But in this latter scene of time we cannot expect such mummies unto our memories, when ambition may fear the prophecy of Elias; and Charles V. can never hope to live within two Methuselahs of Hector.

And therefore restless inquietude for the diuturnity of our memories unto present considerations seems a vanity almost out of date, and superannuated piece of folly. We cannot hope to live so long in our names as some have done in their persons; one face of Janus holds no proportion unto the other. 'Tis too late to be ambitious. The great mutations of the world are acted, or time may be too short for our designs. To extend our memories by monuments, whose death we daily pray for, and whose duration we cannot hope, without injury to our expectations in the advent of the last day, were a contradiction to our beliefs. We whose generations are ordained in this setting part of time, are providentially taken off from such imaginations; and being necessitated to eye the remaining particle of futurity, are naturally constituted unto thoughts of the next world, and cannot excusably decline the consideration of that duration, which maketh pyramids pillars of snow, and all that 's past a moment.

Circles and right lines limit and close all bodies, and the mortal right-lined circle must conclude and shut up all. There is no antidote against the opium of time, which temporally considereth all things. Our fathers find their graves in our short memories, and sadly tell us how we may be buried in our survivors. Grave-stones tell truth scarce forty years. Generations pass while some trees stand, and old families last not three oaks. To be read by bare inscriptions like many in Gruter, to hope for eternity by enigmatical epithets or first letters of our names, to be studied by antiquaries, who we were, and have new names given us, like many of the mummies, are cold consolations unto the students of perpetuity, even by everlasting languages.

To be content that times to come should only know there was such a man, not caring whether they knew more of him, was a frigid ambition in Cardan; disparaging his horoscopal inclination and judgment of himself, who cares to subsist, like Hippocrates' patients, or Achilles' horses in Homer, under naked nominations, without deserts and noble acts, which are the balsam of our memories, the *entelechia* and soul of our subsistences. To be nameless in worthy deeds exceeds an infamous history. The Canaanitish woman lives more happily without a name than Herodias with one. And who had not rather have been the good thief than Pilate?

But the iniquity of oblivion blindly scattereth her poppy, and deals with the memory of men without distinction to merit or perpetuity. Who can but pity the founder of the Pyramids? Herostratus lives that burnt the temple of Diana, he is almost lost that built it. Time hath spared the epitaph of Adrian's horse, confounded that of himself. In vain we compute our felicities by the advantage of our good names, since

bad have equal durations; and Thersites is like to live as long as Agamemnon. Who knows whether the best of men be known, or whether there be not more remarkable persons forgot, than any that stand remembered in the known account of time? Without the favour of the everlasting register, the first man had been as unknown as the last, and Methuselah's long life had been his only chronicle.

Oblivion is not to be hired. The greater part must be content to be as though they had not been, to be found in the register of God, not in the record of man. Twenty-seven names make up the first story [before the Flood]; and the recorded names ever since contain not one living century. The number of the dead long exceedeth all that shall live. The night of time far surpasseth the day, and who knows when was the equinox? Every hour adds unto that current arithmetick, which scarce stands one moment. And since death must be the Lucina of life, and even pagans could doubt whether thus to live were to die; since our longest sun sets at right descensions, and makes but winter arches, and therefore it cannot be long before we lie down in darkness, and have our light in ashes; since the brother of death daily haunts us with dying mementos, and time, that grows old in itself, bids us hope no long duration, diuturnity is a dream and folly of expectation.

Darkness and light divide the course of time, and oblivion shares with memory a great part even of our living beings; we slightly remember our felicities, and the smartest strokes of affliction leave but short smart upon us. Sense endureth no extremities, and sorrows destroy us or themselves. To weep into stones are fables. Afflictions induce callosities; miseries are slippery, or fall like snow upon us, which notwithstanding is no unhappy stupidity. To be ignorant of evils to come, and forgetful of evils past, is a merciful provision in nature, whereby we digest the mixture of our few and evil days, and, our delivered senses not relapsing into cutting remembrances, our sorrows are not kept raw by the edge of repetitions. A great part of antiquity contented their hopes of subsistency with a transmigration of their souls—a good way to continue their memories, while, having the advantage of plural successions, they could not but act something remarkable in such variety of beings, and, enjoying the fame of their passed selves, make accumulation of glory unto their last durations. Others, rather than be lost in the uncomfortable night of nothing, were content to recede into the common being, and make one particle of the public soul of all things, which was no more than to return into their unknown and divine original again. Egyptian ingenuity was more unsatisfied, contriving their bodies in sweet consistencies to attend the return of their souls. But all was vanity, feeding the wind, and folly. The Egyptian mummies, which Cambyses or time hath spared, avarice now consumeth. Mummy is become merchandise; Mizraim cures wounds, and Pharaoh is sold for balsams.

In vain do individuals hope for immortality, or any patent from oblivion, in preservations below the moon; men have been deceived even in their flatteries, above the sun, and studied conceits to perpetuate their names in heaven. The various cosmography of that part hath already varied the names of contrived constellations; Nimrod is lost in Orion, and Osyris in the Dog-star. While we look for incorruption in the heavens, we find they are but like the earth;—durable in their main bodies, alterable in their parts; whereof, beside comets and new stars, perspectives begin to tell tales, and the spots that wander about the sun, with Phaeton's favour, would make clear conviction.

There is nothing strictly immortal but immortality. Whatever hath no beginning may be confident of no end (all others have a dependent being and within the reach of destruction); which is the peculiar of that necessary Essence that cannot destroy itself, and the highest strain of omnipotency, to be so powerfully constituted as not to suffer even from the power of itself; all others have a dependent being, and within the reach of destruction. But the sufficiency of Christian immortality frustrates all earthly glory, and the quality of either state after death makes a folly of posthumous memory. God, who can only destroy our souls, and hath assured our resurrection, either of our bodies or names hath directly promised no duration. Wherein there is so much of chance, that the boldest expectants have found unhappy frustration; and to hold long subsistence seems but a scape in oblivion. But man is a noble animal, splendid in ashes, and pompous in the grave, solemnising nativities and deaths with equal lustre, nor omitting ceremonies of bravery in the infamy of his nature.

Life is a pure flame, and we live by an invisible sun within us. A small fire sufficeth for life, great flames seemed too little after death, while men vainly affected precious pyres, and to burn like Sardanapalus; but the wisdom of funeral laws found the folly of prodigal blazes, and reduced undoing fires unto the rule of sober obsequies, wherein few could be so mean as not to provide wood, pitch, a mourner, and an urn.

Five languages secured not the epitaph of Gordianus. The man of God lives longer without a tomb than any by one, invisibly interred by angels, and adjudged to obscurity, though not without some marks directing human discovery. Enoch and Elias, without either tomb or burial, in an anomalous state of being, are the great examples of perpetuity, in their long and living memory, in strict account being still on this side death, and having a late part yet to act upon this stage of earth. If in the decretory term of the world we shall not all die but be changed, according to received translation, the last day will make but few graves; at least quick resurrections will anticipate lasting sepultures. Some graves will be opened before they be quite closed, and Lazarus be no wonder. When many that feared to die, shall groan that they can die but once, the dismal state is the second and living death, when life puts despair on the damned; when men shall wish the coverings of mountains, not of monuments, and annihilations shall be courted.

While some have studied monuments, others have studiously declined them, and some have been so vainly boisterous, that they durst not acknowledge their graves; wherein Alaricus seems most subtle, who had a river turned to hide his bones at the bottom. Even Sylla, that thought himself safe in his urn, could not prevent revenging tongues, and stones thrown at his monument. Happy are they whom privacy makes innocent, who deal so with men in this world, that they are not afraid to meet them in the next; who, when they die, make no commotion among the dead, and are not touched with that poetical taunt of Isaiah.

Pyramids, arches, obelisks were but the irregularities

of vain-glory, and wild enormities of ancient magnanimity. But the most magnanimous resolution rests in the Christian religion, which trampleth upon pride, and sits on the neck of ambition, humbly pursuing that infallible perpetuity, unto which all others must diminish their diameters and be poorly seen in angles of contingency.

Pious spirits, who passed their days in raptures of futurity, made little more of this world than the world that was before it, while they lay obscure in the chaos of pre-ordination and night of their fore-beings. And if any have been so happy as truly to understand Christian annihilation, ecstacies, exolution, liquefaction, transformation, the kiss of the spouse, gustation of God, and ingression into the divine shadow, they have already had a handsome anticipation of heaven: the glory of the world is surely over, and the earth in ashes unto them.

To subsist in lasting monuments, to live in their productions, to exist in their names, and predicament of chimæras, was large satisfaction unto old expectations, and made one part of their Elysiums. But all this is nothing in the metaphysicks of true belief. To live indeed is to be again ourselves, which being not only an hope but an evidence in noble believers, 'tis all one to lie in St Innocents' churchyard, as in the sands of Egypt; ready to be anything in the ecstasy of being ever, and as content with six foot as the *moles* of Adrianus.

(From the fifth and last chapter of *Hydriotaphia*.)

Ossuaries, receptacles for the bones of dead men; *the prophecy of Elias*, a Talmudical tradition of the house of Elijah that the world should last but six thousand years; *the mortal right-lined circle* is the Greek letter Θ, instead of *thanatos*, 'death,' and used on Roman gravestones as the symbol of death; the *Inscriptiones Antiquæ* (1602) of the Antwerp scholar Janus Gruter was long the standard collection; a list of a number of *Hippocrates' patients* has been preserved; the Aristotelian *entelechia* here means 'perfection' or 'ideal centre;' *angles of contingence* are the infinitesimally small angles between the circle and its tangent; *exolution* is a shortened form of *exsolution*; the special virtue of the earth in the churchyard of the Holy Innocents' Church in Paris is referred to by Bishop Corbet above at page 457; Adrian's Mole or Hadrian's Mausoleum, now the Castle of St Angelo, is the vast pile built by the Emperor Hadrian for the imperial tombs.

Light the Shadow of God.

Light, that makes things seen, makes some things invisible. Were it not for darkness and the shadow of the earth, the noblest part of the creation had remained unseen and the stars in heaven as invisible as on the fourth day, when they were created above the horizon with the sun, and there was not an eye to behold them. The greatest mystery of religion is expressed by adumbration, and in the noblest part of Jewish types we find the cherubims shadowing the mercy-seat. Life itself is but the shadow of death, and souls departed but the shadows of the living. All things fall under this name. The sun itself is but the dark *simulacrum*, and light but the shadow of God.

(From *Cyrus's Garden*.)

The Study of God's Works.

The world was made to be inhabited by beasts, but studied and contemplated by man; it is the debt of our reason we owe unto God, and the homage we pay for not being beasts. Without this, the world is still as though it had not been, or as it was before the sixth day, when as yet there was not a creature that could conceive or say there was a world. The wisdom of God receives small honour from those vulgar heads that rudely stare about, and with a gross rusticity admire his works; those highly magnify him whose judicious inquiry into his acts, and deliberate research into his creatures, return the duty of a devout and learned admiration.

(From *Religio Medici*.)

Ghosts.

I cannot believe the wisdom of Pythagoras did ever positively and in a literal sense affirm his metempsychosis or impossible transmigration of the souls of men into beasts. Of all metamorphoses or transmigrations I believe only one, that of Lot's wife; for that of Nebuchodonosor proceeded not so far; in all others I conceive there is no further verity than is contained in their implicite sense and morality. I believe that the whole frame of a beast doth perish, and is left in the same state after death as before it was materialled into life; that the souls of men know neither contrary nor corruption; that they subsist beyond the body, and outlive death by the priviledge of their proper natures, and without a miracle; that the souls of the faithful, as they leave earth, take possession of heaven; that those apparitions and ghosts of departed persons are not the wandring souls of men, but the unquiet walks of devils, prompting and suggesting us unto mischief, blood, and villany, instilling and stealing into our hearts; that the blessed spirits are not at rest in their graves, but wander sollicitous of the affairs of the world. But that those phantasms appear often, and do frequent cemeteries, charnel-houses, and churches, it is because those are the dormitories of the dead, where the Devil, like an insolent champion, beholds with pride the spoils and trophies of his victory over Adam.

(From *Religio Medici*.)

Browne on Himself.

Now for my life, it is a miracle of thirty years, which to relate were not a history, but a piece of poetry, and would sound to common ears like a fable. For the world, I count it not an inn but an hospital, and a place not to live but to die in. The world that I regard is my self; it is the microcosm of my own frame that I can cast mine eye on; for the other, I use it but like my globe, and turn it round sometimes for my recreation. Men that look upon my outside, perusing only my condition and my fortunes, do err in my altitude; for I am above Atlas his shoulders. The earth is a point not only in respect of the heavens above us, but of that heavenly and celestial part within us. That mass of flesh that circumscribes me, limits not my mind. That surface that tells the heavens it hath an end, cannot persuade me I have any. . . . Whilst I study to find how I am a microcosm, or little world, I find myself something more than the great. There is surely a piece of divinity in us—something that was before the heavens, and owes no homage unto the sun. Nature tells me I am the image of God, as well as Scripture. He that understands not thus much, hath not his introduction or first lesson, and hath yet to begin the alphabet of man.

(From *Religio Medici*.)

Charity.

But to return from philosophy to charity: I hold not so narrow a conceit of this virtue as to conceive that to give alms is onely to be charitable, or think a piece of liberality can comprehend the total of charity. Divinity

hath wisely divided the acts thereof into many branches, and hath taught us in this narrow way many paths unto goodness: as many ways as we may do good, so many ways we may be charitable; there are infirmities not onely of body, but of soul and fortunes, which do require the merciful hand of our abilities. I cannot contemn a man for ignorance, but behold him with as much pity as I do Lazarus. It is no greater charity to cloath his body, than apparel the nakedness of his soul. It is an honourable object to see the reasons of other men wear our liveries, and their borrowed understandings do homage to the bounty of ours: it is the cheapest way of beneficence, and, like the natural charity of the sun, illuminates another without obscuring itself. To be reserved and caitiff in this part of goodness is the sordidest piece of covetousness, and more contemptible than pecuniary avarice. To this, as calling myself a scholar, I am obliged by the duty of my condition: I make not, therefore, my head a grave, but a treasure, of knowledge; I intend no monopoly, but a community in learning; I study not for my own sake only, but for theirs that study not for themselves. I envy no man that knows more than myself, but pity them that know less. I instruct no man as an exercise of my knowledge, or with an intent rather to nourish and keep it alive in mine own head, than beget and propagate it in his; and in the midst of all my endeavours, there is but one thought that dejects me, that my acquired parts must perish with myself, nor can be legacied among my honoured friends. I cannot fall out, or contemn a man for an error, or conceive why a difference in opinion should divide an affection; for controversies, disputes, and argumentations, both in philosophy and in divinity, if they meet with discreet and peaceable natures, do not infringe the laws of charity. In all disputes so much as there is of passion, so much there is of nothing to the purpose; for then reason, like a bad hound, spends upon a false scent, and forsakes the question first started. And this is one reason why controversies are never determined; for though they be amply proposed, they are scarce at all handled, they do so swell with unnecessary digressions; and the parenthesis on the party is often as large as the main discourse on the subject. The foundations of religion are already established, and the principles of salvation subscribed unto by all; there remains not many controversies worth a passion; and yet never any disputed without, not only in divinity but inferior arts. (From *Religio Medici*.)

Browne's 'Evening Hymn' evidently suggested some of the thoughts in Bishop Ken's:

The night is come, like to the day,
Depart not Thou, great God, away.
Let not my sins, black as the night,
Eclipse the lustre of Thy light.
Keep still in my horizon; for to me
The sun makes not the day, but Thee.
Thou, whose nature cannot sleep,
On my temples sentry keep;
Guard me 'gainst those watchful foes
Whose eyes are open while mine close.
Let no dreams my head infest
But such as Jacob's temples blest.
While I do rest, my soul advance;
Make my sleep a holy trance:
That I may, my rest being wrought,
Awake into some holy thought;
And with as active vigour run
My course as doth the nimble sun.
Sleep is a death;—O make me try,
By sleeping, what it is to die!
And as gently lay my head
On my grave as now my bed.
Howe'er I rest, great God, let me
Awake again at last with Thee;
And thus assured, behold I lie
Securely, or to wake or die.
These are my drowsy days; in vain
I do now wake to sleep again:
O come that hour when I shall never
Sleep again, but wake for ever.

There is a monumental edition of the works by Simon Wilkin (4 vols. 1835-36), reprinted incompletely in 3 vols. in 1852. Dr Greenhill's scholarly edition of the *Religio Medici* appeared in 1881, and that by him and Marshall of the *Hydriotaphia* and *Cyrus's Garden* in 1896. See Pater's *Appreciations* (1889).

Thomas Fuller

was the son of the rector of Aldwinkle St Peter's in Northamptonshire (as Dryden was son of the rector of Aldwinkle All Saints). He was born in 1608. Quick intelligence made him a scholar in boyhood, and at Queen's College, Cambridge, he attained the highest honours. Eminently popular as a preacher in Cambridge, he passed through a rapid succession of promotions to the lectureship of the Savoy in London. His first work was a tedious poem (1631) — *David's Hainous Sinne, Heartie Repentance, Heavie Punishment.* In 1640 he published his *History of the Holy Warre*, on the Crusades, and in 1642 his *Holy and Prophane State.* During the Civil War he attached himself to the king's party at Oxford, and accompanied the army for some years as chaplain to Sir Ralph Hopton. For his men, apparently, he wrote and published *Good Thoughts in Bad Times* (1645); *Better Thoughts in Worse Times* (1647) was followed by *The Cause and Cure of a Wounded Conscience* (1647), and in 1660 by *Mixt Contemplations in Better Times. A Pisgah-View of Palestine* appeared in 1650. His company was much courted both for his learning and for his irrepressible humour. He would sit patiently for hours listening to the prattle of old women, in order to obtain snatches of local history, traditionary anecdote, and proverbial wisdom; and these he wrought up in *The Worthies of England*, which is a strange melange of topography, biography, and popular antiquities. In 1647 he returned to London. His *Church History of Britain* was given to the world in 1656 (1 vol. folio); and Heylyn denounced it as a rhapsody with three hundred and fifty errors, and full of 'impertinencies and scraps of trencher-jests interlaced in all parts of the book.' Fuller next devoted himself to the preparation of his *Worthies*, which was not completed till 1660, nor published till after his death in 1661. He had passed through various situations in the Church, the last of which was that of chaplain to Charles II. By Charles II. he was restored to his preferments,

t was thought he would have been made a
› had he not been prematurely cut off by
the year after the Restoration. He was twice
:d. As proofs of his wonderful memory, it
ıbled that he could repeat five hundred un-
cted words after twice hearing them, and
the whole of the signs in the principal
ıghfare of London after once passing through
back again. His chief work, the *Worthies*,
her a collection of brief memoranda than
ılar composition. While a modern reader
ls at the vast quantity of gossip which it
ns, he realises that it has preserved much
s information which would have otherwise
lost. It may be described as a magnificent
lany about the counties of England and
llustrious natives, lightened up by unrivalled
ıd felicity of illustration, and aglow with
:ism. The style, as in his other works,
a nervous brevity and point almost new
glish, and a homely directness strangely
l and never vulgar. The eminent men
lives he records are arranged by Fuller
ing to their native counties, of which he
›ns also the natural productions, manu-
:s, medicinal waters, herbs, wonders, build-
ocal proverbs, sheriffs, and modern battles.
s *Holy and Prophane State* contains admir-
rawn characters, which are held forth as
les to be respectively imitated and avoided—
ıs the Good Father, the Good Soldier, the
Master, and so on. In this and the other
:tions of Fuller there is a vast fund of
:y and good sense; his conceits, as Charles
says, are oftentimes 'deeply steeped in
feeling and passion.' Thus he says: 'The
ids themselves, doting with age, have for-
the names of their founders;' and negroes
ıaracterises as 'the image of God cut in
' And as smelling 'a turf of fresh earth
›lesome for the body, no less are thoughts
rtality cordial to the soul.' The first six
:s are from the *Holy State*, the next five
ıe *Worthies*.

The Good Schoolmaster.

e is scarce any profession in the commonwealth
ıecessary which is so slightly performed. The
whereof I conceive to be these: First, young
s make this calling their refuge; yea perchance
they have taken any degree in the university,
nce schoolmasters in the country; as if nothing
:re required to set up this profession but only a
l a ferula. Secondly, others who are able use it
a passage to better preferment, to patch the rents
present fortune, till they can provide a new one
take themselves to some more gainful calling.
', they are disheartened from doing their best with
erable reward which in some places they receive,
ıasters to their children and slaves to their parents.
'y, being grown rich they grow negligent, and
› touch the school but by the proxy of an usher.
how well our schoolmaster behaves himself.

His genius inclines him with delight to his profession. Some men had as lieve be schoolboys as schoolmasters, to be tied to the school as Cooper's Dictionary and Scapula's Lexicon are chained to the desk therein; and though great scholars and skilful in other arts, are bunglers in this. But God of his goodness hath fitted several men for several callings, that the necessity of church and state in all conditions may be provided for. So that he who beholds the fabric thereof may say, God hewed out the stone, and appointed it to lie in this very place, for it would fit none other so well, and here it doth most excellent. And thus God mouldeth some for a schoolmaster's life; undertaking it with desire and delight, and discharging it with dexterity and happy success.

THOMAS FULLER.
After an Engraving.

He studieth his scholars' natures as carefully as they their books, and ranks their dispositions into several forms. And though it may seem difficult for him in a great school to descend to all particulars, yet experienced schoolmasters may quickly make a grammar of boys' natures, and reduce them all, saving some few exceptions, to these general rules:

1. Those that are ingenious and industrious. The conjunction of two such planets in a youth presage much good unto him. To such a lad a frown may be a whipping, and a whipping a death; yea, where their master whips them once, shame whips them all the week after. Such natures he useth with all gentleness.

2. Those that are ingenious and idle. These think with the hare in the fable, that running with snails (so they count the rest of their schoolfellows) they shall come soon enough to the post, though sleeping a good while before their starting. O! a good rod would finely take them napping!

3. Those that are dull and diligent. Wines, the stronger they be, the more lees they have when they are new. Many boys are muddy-headed till they be clarified with age; and such afterwards prove the best. Bristol

diamonds are both bright, and squared, and pointed by nature, and yet are soft and worthless; whereas orient ones in India are rough and rugged naturally. Hard, rugged, and dull natures of youth acquit themselves afterwards the jewels of the country; and therefore their dulness at first is to be borne with, if they be diligent. That schoolmaster deserves to be beaten himself who beats nature in a boy for a fault. And I question whether all the whipping in the world can make their parts which are naturally sluggish rise one minute before the hour nature hath appointed.

4. Those that are invincibly dull, and negligent also. Correction may reform the latter, not amend the former. All the whetting in the world can never set a razor's edge on that which hath no steel in it. Such boys he consigneth over to other professions. Shipwrights and boat-makers will choose those crooked pieces of timber which other carpenters refuse. Those may make excellent merchants and mechanics who will not serve for scholars.

He is able, diligent, and methodical in his teaching; not leading them rather in a circle than forwards. He minces his precepts for children to swallow, hanging clogs on the nimbleness of his own soul, that his scholars may go along with him.

He is and will be known to be an absolute monarch in his school. If cockering mothers proffer him money to purchase their sons an exemption from his rod (to live as it were in a peculiar, out of their master's jurisdiction), with disdain he refuseth it, and scorns the late custom in some places of commuting whipping into money, and ransoming boys from the rod at a set price. If he hath a stubborn youth, correction-proof, he debaseth not his authority by contesting with him, but fairly, if he can, puts him away before his obstinacy hath infected others.

5. He is moderate in inflicting deserved correction. Many a schoolmaster better answereth the name παιδοτρίβης than παιδαγωγός, rather tearing his scholars' flesh with whipping than giving them good education. No wonder if his scholars hate the Muses, being presented unto them in the shapes of fiends and furies. Junius complains *de insolenti carnificina* of his schoolmaster, by whom *conscindebatur flagris septies aut octies in dies singulos*. Yea hear the lamentable verses of poor Tusser in his own Life:

> 'From Paul's I went, to Eton sent,
> To learn straightways the Latin phrase,
> Where fifty-three stripes given to me
> At once I had.
>
> 'For fault but small or none at all
> It came to pass that beat I was;
> See, Udal, see the mercy of thee
> To me, poor lad.'

Such an Orbilius mars more scholars than he makes. Their tyranny hath caused many tongues to stammer which spake plain by nature, and whose stuttering at first was nothing else but fears quavering on their speech at their master's presence; and whose mauling them about their heads hath dulled those who in quickness exceeded their master.

6. He makes his school free to him who sues to him *in formâ pauperis*. And surely learning is the greatest alms that can be given. But he is a beast who, because the poor scholar cannot pay him his wages, pays the scholar in his whipping; rather are diligent lads to be encouraged with all excitements to learning. This minds me of what I have heard concerning Mr Bust, that worthy late schoolmaster of Eton, who would never suffer any wandering begging scholar, such as justly the statute hath ranked in the fore-front of rogues, to come into his school, but would thrust him out with earnestness (however privately charitable unto him) lest his schoolboys should be disheartened from their books, by seeing some scholars, after their studying in the university, preferred to beggary.

7. He spoils not a good school to make thereof a bad college, therein to teach his scholars logic. For, besides that logic may have an action of trespass against grammar for encroaching on her liberties, syllogisms are solecisms taught in the school, and oftentimes they are forced afterwards in the university to unlearn the fumbling skill they had before.

8. Out of his school he is no way pedantical in carriage or discourse; contenting himself to be rich in Latin, though he doth not jingle with it in every company wherein he comes.

To conclude, let this, amongst other motives, make schoolmasters careful in their place—that the eminencies of their scholars have commended the memories of their schoolmasters to posterity, who, otherwise in obscurity, had altogether been forgotten. Who had ever heard of R. Bond, in Lancashire, but for the breeding of learned Ascham, his scholar? or of Hartgrave, in Burnley School, in the same county, but because he was the first did teach worthy Dr Whitaker? Nor do I honour the memory of Mulcaster for anything so much as his scholar, that gulf of learning, Bishop Andrews. This made the Athenians, the day before the great feast of Theseus, their founder, to sacrifice a ram to the memory of Conidas, his schoolmaster, that first instructed him.

Bristol diamonds are transparent rock-crystals found thereabouts. *Paidotribes*, in paragraph 5, is 'boy-thrasher;' *paidagogos*, literally 'boy-leader.' Junius is Francis Junius or De Jon (see page 30). For Udall, see page 155, and for Lancelot Andrewes, page 388.

The Good Yeoman.

The good yeoman is a gentleman in ore, whom the next age may see refined, and is the wax capable of a genteel [gentle] impression, when the prince shall stamp it. Wise Solon, who accounted Tellus the Athenian the most happy man for living privately on his own lands, would surely have pronounced the English yeomanry 'a fortunate condition,' living in the temperate zone between greatness and want; an estate of people almost peculiar to England. France and Italy are like a die which hath no points between cinque and ace, nobility and peasantry. Their walls, though high, must needs be hollow, wanting filling-stones. Indeed, Germany hath her boors, like our yeomen; but by a tyrannical appropriation of nobility to some few ancient families, their yeomen are excluded from ever rising higher to clarify their bloods. In England, the temple of honour is bolted against none who have passed through the temple of virtue; nor is a capacity to be genteel denied to our yeoman who thus behaves himself. He wears russet clothes, but makes golden payment, having tin in his buttons and silver in his pocket. If he chance to appear in clothes above his rank, it is to grace some great man with his service, and then he blusheth at his own bravery. Otherwise, he is the

surest landmark whence foreigners may take aim of the ancient English customs; the gentry more floating after foreign fashions. In his house he is bountiful both to strangers and poor people. Some hold, when hospitality died in England, she gave her last groan amongst the yeomen of Kent. And still at our yeoman's table you shall have as many joints as dishes; no meat disguised with strange sauces; no straggling joint of a sheep in the midst of a pasture of grass, beset with salads on every side, but solid, substantial food. No servitors (more nimble with their hands than the guests with their teeth) take away meat before stomachs are taken away. Here you have that which in itself is good, made better by the store of it, and best by the welcome to it. He improveth his land to a double value by his good husbandry. Some grounds that wept with water, or frowned with thorns, by draining the one and clearing the other, he makes both to laugh and sing with corn. By marl and limestones burned he bettereth his ground, and his industry worketh miracles, by turning stones into bread.

Recreations.

Recreations is a second creation, when weariness hath almost annihilated one's spirits. It is the breathing of the soul, which otherwise would be stifled with continual business. We may trespass in them, if using such as are forbidden by the lawyer, as against the statutes; physician, as against health; divine, as against conscience.

1. Be well satisfied in thy conscience of the lawfulness of the recreation thou usest. Some fight against cock-fighting, and baitbull and bearbaiting, because man is not to be a common barretour [raiser of strife] to set the creatures at discord; and seeing antipathy betwixt creatures was kindled by man's sin, what pleasure can he take to see it burn? Others are of the contrary opinion, and that Christianity gives us a placard to use these sports; and that man's charter of dominion over the creatures enables him to employ them as well for pleasure as necessity. In these as in all other doubtful recreations, be well assured first of the legality of them. He that sins against his conscience sins with a witness.

2. Spill not the morning (the quintessence of the day) in recreations. For sleep itself is a recreation; add not therefore sauce to sauce; and he cannot properly have any title to be refreshed who was not first faint. Pastime, like wine, is poison in the morning. It is then good husbandry to sow the head, which hath lain fallow all night, with some serious work. Chiefly entrench not on the Lord's day to use unlawful sports; this were to spare thine own flock, and to shear God's lamb.

3. Let thy recreations be ingenious [ingenuous], and bear proportion with thine age. If thou sayest with Paul, When I was a child, I did as a child; say also with him, but when I was a man, I put away childish things. Wear also the child's coat, if thou usest his sports.

4. Take heed of boisterous and over-violent exercises. Ringing ofttimes hath made good music on the bells, and put men's bodies out of tune, so that by overheating themselves they have rung their own passing-bell.

5. Yet the ruder sort of people scarce count any thing a sport which is not loud and violent. The Muscovite women esteem none loving husbands except they beat their wives. It is no pastime with country clowns that cracks not pates, breaks not shins, bruises not limbs, tumbles and tosses not all the body. They think themselves not warm in their geerst [gearings] till they are all on fire, and count it but dry sport till they swim in their own sweat. Yet I conceive the physician's rule in exercises, *Ad ruborem*, but *non ad sudorem*, is too scant measure.

6. Refresh that part of thyself which is most wearied. If thy life be sedentary, exercise thy body; if stirring and active, recreate thy mind. But take heed of cozening thy mind, in setting it to do a double task under pretence of giving it a playday, as in the labyrinth of chess, and other tedious and studious games.

Books.

It is a vanity to persuade the world one hath much learning by getting a great library. As soon shall I believe every one is valiant that hath a well-furnished armoury. I guess good housekeeping by the smoking, not the number of the tunnels [chimney-cans], as knowing that many of them, built merely for uniformity, are without chimneys, and more without fires. . . .

Some books are only cursorily to be tasted of: namely, first, voluminous books, the task of a man's life to read them over; secondly, auxiliary books, only to be repaired to on occasions; thirdly, such as are mere pieces of formality, so that if you look on them you look through them, and he that peeps through the casement of the index sees as much as if he were in the house. But the laziness of those cannot be excused who perfunctorily pass over authors of consequence, and only trade in their tables and contents. These, like city cheaters, having gotten the names of all country gentlemen, make silly people believe they have long lived in those places where they never were, and flourish with skill in those authors they never seriously studied.

Education confined too much to Language.

Our common education is not intended to render us good and wise, but learned: it hath not taught us to follow and embrace virtue and prudence, but hath imprinted in us their derivation and etymology; it hath chosen out for us not such books as contain the soundest and truest opinions, but those that speak the best Greek and Latin; and, by these rules, has instilled into our fancy the vainest humours of antiquity. But a good education alters the judgment and manners. 'Tis a silly conceit that men without languages are also without understanding. It's apparent in all ages, that some such have been even prodigies for ability; for it's not to be believed that Wisdom speaks to her disciples only in Latin, Greek, and Hebrew.

Marriage.

Deceive not thyself by over-expecting happiness in the married state. Look not therein for contentment greater than God will give, or a creature in this world can receive, namely, to be free from all inconveniences. Marriage is not like the hill Olympus, ὅλος λαμπρός, 'wholly clear,' without clouds; yea, expect both wind and storms sometimes, which when blown over, the air is the clearer and wholesomer for it. Make account of certain cares and troubles which will attend thee. Remember the nightingales, which sing only some months in the spring, but commonly are silent when they have hatched their eggs, as if their mirth were turned into care for their young ones.

Decline of Great Families.

It happened in the reign of King James, when Henry Earl of Huntingdon was lieutenant of Leicestershire, that a labourer's son in that country was pressed into the wars—as I take it, to go over with Count Mansfield. The old man at Leicester requested his son might be discharged, as being the only staff of his age, who by his industry maintained him and his mother. The earl demanded his name, which the man for a long time was loath to tell, as suspecting it a fault for so poor a man to tell the truth. At last he told his name was Hastings. 'Cousin Hastings,' said the earl, 'we cannot all be top branches of the tree, though we all spring from the same root; your son, my kinsman, shall not be pressed.' So good was the meeting of modesty in a poor, with courtesy in an honourable person, and gentry I believe in both. And I have reason to believe, that some who justly own the surnames and blood of Bohuns, Mortimers, and Plantagenets, though ignorant of their own extraction, are hid in the heap of common people, where they find that under a thatched cottage which some of their ancestors could not enjoy in a leaded [lead-covered] castle, contentment, with quiet and security.

Henry de Essex. He was too well known in our English chronicles, being baron of Raleigh in Essex and standard bearer of England. It happened in the reign of this king [Henry II.] there was a fierce battle fought in Flintshire, at Coleshall, between the English and Welsh, wherein this Henry de Essex *animum et signum simul abjecit* (betwixt traitor and coward, cast away both his courage and banner together), occasioning a great overthrow of English. But he that had the baseness to do had the boldness to deny the doing of so foul a fact; until he was challenged in combat by Robert de Momford, a knight, eye-witness thereof, and by him overcome in a duel. Whereupon his large inheritance was confiscated to the king, and he himself, partly thrust, partly going, into a convent, hid his head in a cowl; under which, betwixt shame and sanctity, he blushed out the remainder of his life.

Richard Hackluit was born of an ancient extract in this county, whose family hath flourished at . . . . . in good esteem. He was bred a student in Christ Church in Oxford, and after was prebendary of Westminster. His genius inclined him to the study of history, and especially to the marine part thereof, which made him keep constant intelligence with the most noted seamen of Wapping, until the day of his death.

He set forth a large collection of the English sea voyages, ancient, middle, modern; taken partly out of private letters which never were, or without his had not been, printed; partly out of small treatises, printed and since irrecoverably lost, had not his providence preserved them. For some pamphlets are produced which for their cheapness and smallness men for the present neglect to buy, presuming they may procure them at their pleasure; which small books, their first and last edition being past (like some spirits that appear but once), cannot afterwards with any price or pains be recovered. In a word, many of such useful tracts of sea adventures, which before were scattered as several ships, Mr Hackluit hath embodied into a fleet, divided into three squadrons, so many several volumes: a work of great honour to England; it being possible that many ports and islands in America, which, being base and barren, bear only a bare name for the present, may prove rich places for the future. And then these voyages will be produced, and pleaded, as good evidence of their belonging to England, as first discovered and denominated by Englishmen. Mr Hackluit died in the beginning of king James's reign, leaving a fair estate to an unthrift son, who embezzled it on this token, that he vaunted, 'that he cheated the covetous usurer, who had given him spick and span new money, for the old land of his great great grandfather.'

Sir Henry Sidney. . . . I will close his life with this encomium which I find in a worthy author [Naunton]: 'His disposition was rather to seek after the antiquities and the weal-publick of those countries which he governed, than to obtain lands and revenues within the same; for I know not one foot of land that he had either in Wales or Ireland.'

Sir Philip Sidney. Reader, I am resolved not to part him from his father; such the sympathy betwixt them, living and dying both within the compass of the same year. Otherwise this knight, in relation to my book, may be termed an ubiquitary, and appear amongst statesmen, soldiers, lawyers, writers, yea princes themselves, being (though not elected) in election to be king of Poland, which place he declined, preferring rather to be a subject to queen Elizabeth than a sovereign beyond the seas. He was born at Penshurst in this county [Kent], son to Sir Henry Sidney . . . . and sister's son to Robert earl of Leicester; bred in Christ-church in Oxford. Such his appetite to learning, that he could never be fed fast enough therewith; and so quick and strong his digestion, that he soon turned it into wholesome nourishment, and thrived healthfully thereon. His home-bred abilities travel perfected with foreign accomplishments, and a sweet nature set a gloss upon both. He was so essential to the English court, that it seemed maimed without his company, being a complete master of matter and language, as his 'Arcadia' doth evidence. I confess I have heard some of modern pretended wits cavil thereat, merely because they made it not themselves: such who say, that his book is the occasion that many precious hours are otherwise spent no better, must acknowledge it also the cause that many idle hours are otherwise spent no worse, than in reading thereof.

At last, leaving the court, he followed the camp, being made governor of Flushing, under his uncle earl of Leicester. But the walls of that city (though high and strong) could not confine the activity of his mind, which must into the field, and before Zutphen was unfortunately slain with a shot, in a small skirmish, which we may sadly term a great battle, considering our heavy loss therein. His corpse, being brought over into England, was buried in the choir of St Paul's with general lamentation.

Nicholas Wood was born at Halingborne [Hollingbourn] in this county [Kent], being a landed man, and a true labourer. He was afflicted with a disease called *Boulimia*, or *Caninus Apetitus;* insomuch that he would devour at one meal what was provided for twenty men, eat a whole hog at a sitting, and at another time thirty dozen of pigeons, whilst others make mirth at his malady. Let us raise our gratitude to the goodness of God, specially when he giveth us appetite enough for our meat, and yet meat too much for our appetite; whereas this painful man spent all his estate to provide provant [provender] for his belly, and died very poor about the year 1630.

Edmond Doubleday, Esquire, was of a tall and proper person, and lived in this city [Westminster]. Nor had this large case a little jewel, this long body a lazy soul, whose activity and valour was adequate to his strength and greatness, whereof he gave this eminent testimony. When Sir Thomas Knevet was sent, November 4, 1605, by king James, to search the cellar beneath the Parliament-house, with very few, for the more privacy, to attend him, he took Master Doubleday with him. Here they found Guy Faux, with his dark-lanthorn, in the dead of the night, providing for the death of many the next morning. He was newly come out of the Devil's Closet (so I may fitly term the inward room where the powder lay and the train was to be laid) into the outward part of the cellar. Faux beginning to bustle, Master Doubleday instantly ordered him at his pleasure up with his heels, and there with the traitor lay the treason flat along the floor, by God's goodness detected, defeated. Faux vowed (and though he was a false traitor, herein I do believe him) that had he been in the inner room, he would have blown up himself and all the company therein. Thus it is pleasant music to hear disarmed malice threaten, when it cannot strike. Master Doubleday lived many years after, deservedly loved and respected; and died about the year of our Lord 1618.

Among Fuller's pithy shorter sayings are these:

It is dangerous to gather flowers that grow on the banks of the pit of hell, for fear of falling in; yea, they which play with the devil's rattles will be brought by degrees to wield his sword; and from making of sport, they come to doing of mischief.

Heat gotten by degrees, with motion and exercise, is more natural, and stays longer by one, than what is gotten all at once by coming to the fire. Goods acquired by industry prove commonly more lasting than lands by descent.

The true church antiquary doth not so adore the ancients as to despise the moderns. Grant them but dwarfs, yet stand they on giants' shoulders, and may see the farther.

Light, Heaven's eldest daughter, is a principal beauty in a building, yet it shines not alike from all parts of heaven. An east window welcomes the beams of the sun before they are of a strength to do any harm, and is offensive to none but a sluggard. In a west window, in summer time towards night, the sun grows low and over-familiar, with more light than delight.

A public office is a guest which receives the best usage from them who never invited it.

Scoff not at the natural defects of any, which are not in their power to amend. Oh! 'tis cruelty to beat a cripple with his own crutches.

Anger is one of the sinews of the soul: he that wants it hath a maimed mind.

Generally, nature hangs out a sign of simplicity in the face of a fool, and there is enough in his countenance for a hue and cry to take him on suspicion; or else it is stamped in the figure of his body: their heads sometimes so little that there is no room for wit; sometimes so long that there is no wit for so much room.

They that marry ancient people, merely in expectation to bury them, hang themselves in hope that one will come and cut the halter.

He that falls into sin is a man; that grieves at it is a saint; that boasteth of it is a devil.

Learning hath gained most by those books by which the printers have lost.

Is there no way to bring home a wandering sheep but by worrying him to death?

Moderation is the silken string running through the pearl-chain of all virtues.

Let us be careful to provide rest for our souls, and our bodies will provide rest for themselves. And let us not be herein like unto gentlewomen, who care not to keep the inside of the orange, but candy and preserve only the outside.

Tombs are the clothes of the dead. A grave is but a plain suit, and a rich monument is one embroidered.

See the Lives of Fuller by Russell (1844), John Eglington Bailey (1874), and Morris Fuller (1886); his *Collected Sermons*, edited by Bailey; and Selections by H. Rogers (1856) and Dr Jessopp (1892).

Sir Thomas Herbert (1606–82), of ancient Yorkshire family allied to the Pembroke house, is said to have studied both at Oxford and at Cambridge, in 1626 set out on a journey to the East, in the following of the English ambassador to Persia, and after his return published, in 1634, his *Description of the Persian Monarchy now beinge: the Orientall Indyes, Iles, and other Parts of the Greater Asia and Africk.* The ambassador's party travelled by the Cape, Madagascar, and Surat to Gombroon; visited Kasbin, Kashan, and various towns in Persia; and returned by Bagdad, India, Ceylon, Mauritius, and St Helena. He was an entertaining and lively writer, and his lengthy digressions contain disquisitions as irrelevant to the main subject as the discovery of America long before Columbus by Madoc Prince of Wales. In the Civil War of England he sided with the Parliament, and at Holmby House in 1674, when the king was required to dismiss his own servants, was chosen by His Majesty one of the grooms of the bedchamber. Herbert then became much attached to the king, served him with much zeal and assiduity, was in the last months his only attendant, and was on the scaffold when the ill-fated monarch was brought to the block. After the Restoration he was rewarded by Charles II. with a baronetcy, and subsequently devoted much time to literary pursuits. In 1678 he wrote *Threnodia Carolina, containing an Historical Account of the Two Last Years of the Life of King Charles I.*

St Helena in 1629.

But as it was, after threescore and ten dayes further sail we attained sight of Saint Helena where the ocean bellows on every side so fretfully as the place might fear an inundation, had not the extraordinary height, but chiefly that supreme Providence which hath set the sea its bounds, safe-guarded it. It has no neighbouring isles great or small, but seems equidistant from those two noted ports called Rio Grandi and Cape Negro, in Brazelia the one, the other in Congo; both in one elevation, and parallel with Saint Helena: from that in America distant 400 leagues; from the other in Afric not much less, if any, from that number.

It had its name given by John de Nova, in, or about, the year after the incarnation of our Saviour 1502. So

called for that in his return from India to Lisbon it was discovered the 3. of May; a day consecrated to the memory of Helena the Empress who first found the Cross, the most religious of Ladies in her time, mother to the first Christian Emprour, Constantine; both of them glorious in their age, Brittans both; both bright gems of this our nation.

This isle is removed south from the æquator sixteen degrees: from the utmost promontory of South Afric hath two and twenty degrees of longitude, and where the needle varies five degrees and thirteen minutes, but from the lands end of England distant 4500 English miles; from the Cape of Good Hope 1740; Madagascar 3000; Surat 6600; and from Bantam 6900 or thereabouts. In that Bay, which takes name from the chappel, the isle has this resemblance.

But to what part of the inhabited world it appertains may be queried, seeing the vast Æthiopic Ocean so largely circles it. To Afer I may imagine (because it is nearest that continent) rather than Vesputius. It is but small, not exceeding thirty English miles circumference, yet excessive high; for it vails its head often in the clouds, where opening a wide mouth it gulps down sufficient moisture to cool its ardor, which by reason of the clime 'tis in, cannot but be sometimes intemperate; and but for that affinity it has with the middle region which invelops it as with a chil-cold tulipant [turban], and long nights it has, that extreme heat which the sun darts constantly twice every year perpendicular upon this isle, would doubtless make the entrails enflame (had it sulphur) like another Vesuvius. Nevertheless the land is not more eminent in its height than the ambient sea profound in the depth; so deep that it admits ill anchoring save at the N.W. from the chappel, where is 20 fathoms; so as that there are mountains in the sea as in the earth is not to be doubted; seeing that upon the casting of the lead, log, or plummet, upon the one side of the ship is sometimes found 30 fathom, and upon the other side 60. Nevertheless it is so very deep here that the sounding line or plummet will scarce find ground; which is the cause that marriners do sometimes carry their anchors ashore that they may moor or ride the more securely. By reason of the depth I could hardly discern either flux or reflux near the shore; seeming as if we were in the mid ocean where neither ebb nor flood is to be discerned. Howbeit, the salt water plashes and froaths to see it self so suddenly resisted: but the moist breath usually vaporing in or upon the seas makes it sometimes turbulent.

This isle is hard to be ascended; not that the passage is craggy, but that it is so precipitous. The sailers have an ironick proverb, The way is such as a man may chuse whether he will break his heart going up, or his neck coming down: but being once up, scarce any place can yield a more large or more delightful prospect. The land is very even and plain at the top, and swells no where to a deformed rising: some springs above be sweet which below are brackish: the reason may be for that in their drilling descent they may relish of the salt hills through which it cuts an usual passage, so as they become salt both by their own composition and the salt breath which the sea evaporates. Nevertheless, there are but two noted rivolets; one which bubbles down towards the chappel, the other into the Lemmon Valley, so called from a lemmon tree and chappel built at the bottom of the isle by the Spaniard Anno 1571. and by the Dutch of late pull'd down; a place once intended for God's worship, but now disposed of to common uses. There are also some ruines of a little town lately demolisht by the Spaniard, in that it became a magazine of private trade in turning and returning out of both the Indies; no other monuments nor antiquities are there found. You see all if you look upon the ribs of a weather-beaten carrique [carack, large ship] and some broken pieces of great ordnance which albeit left there against the owners liking serve some instead of anchors. Human inhabitants there are none; nor were of late, save that in the year 1591. Captain Kendall weighing anchor sooner than was expected, one Segar a marriner was accidentally left ashore: 18 months after, Captain Parker coming to an anchor found poor Segar alive, but so amazed, or rather overjoyed at his arrival, that he dyed suddenly; by which we see that sudden joy is not easily digested. Howbeit of hogs and goats here are plenty, who agree wellfavouredly and multiply even to admiration; happy in their ease and safety till ships arrive there for refreshment. The goats leap wildly from rock to rock, and to avoid the reach of our small guns keep their centinels....

Here also with a little labour we got store of phesants, powts, quails, hens, partridge; and which was no less acceptable, divers sorts of grass and roots, as wood-sorrel, three-leav'd grass, scurvy-grass and like acid herbs soveraign against the scurvy; the usual disease from the sea, and most predominating amongst islanders: we had also basil, parsly, mint, spinage, fennel, annis, radish, mustard-seed, tabaco, and some others, which by a willing hand, directed by an ingenious eye, may soon be gathered; brought hither, and here sown, by Fernandus Lupius, a Portugal, in the year of our Lord 1509. for the good of his country-men; who nevertheless at this day dare hardly land to over-see their seminary, or own their labours; the English and Dutch in the churlish language of a cannon sometime disputing the propriety. Anno 1588. Candish [Thomas Cavendish], our countryman, landed here in his circum-navigating the globe; and found store of lemons, orenges, pomgranads, pomcitrons, figs and dates, but how the alteration comes who knows: for none of those grow there now that I could either see or hear of, one lemon-tree excepted. To conclude: In the old chappel here we buried our captain, Andrew Evans, whose deaths wound (as formerly told) was unhappily given him by a Mannatee at the Mauritius. He was an expert seaman, and no less vigilant than expert: so as doubtless the company had a great loss of him. . . .

So as by the judgment of that indifferent and learned writer it appears the English have the first place for sea knowledge and navigation attributed them. And amongst the best sea commanders this late captain of ours very well deserved with the rest to be ranked. But to return. That this is a very delightful isle cannot be denied, and its admirable prospect and other pleasures were sufficient to induce our longer stay; but stay we might not: So as after a weeks refreshment we discharged our reckoning in a hearty farewel, and by the invitation of a prosperous gale upon a N.W. course swiftly cut our passage through the yielding ocean; insomuch as on the sixteenth of October we were once more nadyr to the sun, which at that time was in its Antarctic progress.

Helena, saint and mother of Constantine, was of obscure origin, and was said to have been born in Britain, though other accounts say at Treves in Germany or in Bithynia. Constantine was not born in Britain, though he was in Britain when his father died at York. *Afer* is given eponymously for Africa. *Vesputius* is the Latinised second name of Amerigo Vespucci, after whom America was named.

Benjamin Whichcote (1609–83), a liberal divine of the Cambridge Platonist group, was born at Whichcote Hall of good Shropshire family, was educated at Emmanuel College, Cambridge, became tutor there, and in 1644 provost of King's. According to Tulloch, he, more than any other teacher at Cambridge, 'impressed his own mode of thought both upon his colleagues in the university and the rising generation of students.' At the Restoration Whichcote was removed from the provostship, but he retained a college rectory; and in 1668 he was presented by Bishop Wilkins to the vicarage of St Lawrence Jewry, London, which he held till his death. The works of Whichcote comprise a number of *Discourses*, republished in four volumes in 1751, and a series of (1200) *Moral and Religious Aphorisms*, collected from his MSS. The leading principle of all his thought was the use of reason in religion; like John Hales, of Eton, he wished religion and learning alike to be 'cleared of froth and grounds.' He it was who mainly gave impulse to the movement represented by the 'Cambridge Platonists' and the Latitudinarians, amongst whom, besides himself, his pupil John Smith, Cudworth, and Henry More were conspicuous. And he had the unusual honour of having a selection of his sermons edited, with a preface, by the third Earl of Shaftesbury, author of the *Characteristics*, and called a Deist. These are amongst his aphorisms:

It is a wise man's motto: 'I live to be wiser every day;' 'I am not too wise to be taught of any.'

Examine all principles of education; for since we are all fallible, we should suppose we *may be* mistaken. *Quotidie depono aliquem errorem* ['Daily I renounce some error or another']. Γηράσκω αἰεὶ πολλὰ διδασκόμενος ['I grow old constantly learning many a thing'].

To speak of natural light, of the use of reason in religion, is to do no disservice at all to grace; for God is acknowledged in both—in the former as laying the groundwork of His creation, in the latter as reviving and restoring it.

If a man be once out of the use of reason, there are *no bounds* to unreasonableness.

Both heaven and hell have their foundation *within us*. Heaven primarily lies in a refined temper, in an internal reconciliation to the nature of God, and to the rule of righteousness. The guilt of conscience and enmity to righteousness is the inward state of hell. The guilt of conscience is the fewel of hell.

It had been better for the Christian church if that which calls itself Catholic had been less employed in creating pretended faith and more employed in maintaining universal charity.

Carefully avoid the odium of comparisons: either of persons, that you do not offend; or of things that you be not deceived. He that hath the advantage in a comparison thinks he hath *but* his right; he that has the disadvantage thinks he hath *not* his right.

Religion, which is a bond of union, ought not to be a ground of division; but it is in an unnatural use when it doth disunite. Men cannot *differ* by *true* religion, because it is true religion to *agree*. The spirit of religion is a reconciling spirit.

It is better for us that there shou'd be difference of judgement, if we keep charity; but it is most unmanly to quarrel because we differ.

They do not advance religion who draw it down to bodily acts or who carry it up highest into what is mystical, symbolical, emblematical, etc. Christian religion *is not* mystical, symbolical, ænigmatical, emblematical; but uncloathed, unbodied, intellectual, rational, spiritual.

Religion *is not* a system of doctrines, an observance of modes, a heat of affections, a form of words, a spirit of censoriousness.

Religion is not a hear-say, a presumption, a supposition; is not a customary pretension and profession; is not an affectation of any mode; is not a piety of particular fancy, consisting in some pathetic devotions, vehement expressions, bodily severities, affected anomalies and aversions from the innocent usages of others: but consisteth in a profound humility and an universal charity.

Enthusiastic principles—good things strained out of their wits. Among Christians, those that pretend to be inspired seem to be mad; among the Turks, those that are mad seem to be inspired.

Among politicians the esteem of religion is profitable; the principles of it are troublesom.

Rule by right is the weak man's strength, and the strong man's curb; it makes mine my own, and arraigns the intruder's violence.

It is not good to live in jest, since we must die in earnest.

Jeremy Taylor,

one of the greatest preachers of the English Church, was born in the town of Cambridge, and baptised on 15th August 1613. He came of good Gloucestershire stock, and was related to Dr Rowland Taylor, who suffered martyrdom at Hadleigh in the reign of Queen Mary. But the Taylors had 'fallen into the portion of weeds and outworn faces,' to use an expression of their most illustrious member, and Jeremy's father followed the humble occupation of a barber or barber-surgeon. He had his son entered as a sizar at Caius College in his thirteenth year, having himself previously taught him the rudiments of grammar and mathematics. In 1630 Jeremy Taylor took his degree of Bachelor of Arts, was chosen a fellow, and in 1634 was ordained and proceeded M.A. He then removed to London, to deliver some lectures for a college friend in St Paul's Cathedral. His eloquent discourses, aided by what a contemporary calls 'his florid and youthful beauty, and pleasant air,' entranced all hearers, and procured him the patronage of Archbishop Laud. By Laud's assistance Taylor obtained a fellowship in All Souls College, Oxford, which he enjoyed for two years, till by favour of Juxon he became rector of Uppingham in Rutlandshire. He was also chaplain-in-ordinary to the king. About this time he was suspected of a Romeward tendency, and of too great familiarity with a learned Franciscan friar. In 1639 he married Phœbe Langsdale, who bore four sons and two daughters, and died in 1651. The sons of Taylor all died before their father, clouding with melancholy and

regret his late and troubled years. The turmoil of the Civil War now agitated the country, and Jeremy Taylor was inevitably committed by principle and profession to the royal cause. By virtue of the king's mandate, he was made a doctor of divinity; and at the command of Charles he wrote a defence of Episcopacy. In 1645, apparently while accompanying the royal army as chaplain, or as chaplain to the king, Jeremy Taylor was taken prisoner by the Parliamentary forces, in the battle fought before Cardigan Castle. He was soon released; but the tide of war had turned against the royalists, and in the wreck of the

JEREMY TAYLOR.
From a Print in the British Museum.

Church, Taylor resolved to continue in Wales, and, in conjunction with two learned friends, to establish a school at Newton-hall in Caermarthenshire. He appears to have been twice imprisoned by the dominant party, but treated with no marked severity.

'In the great storm,' he says, 'which dashed the vessel of the church all in pieces, I had been cast on the coast of Wales, and in a little boat thought to have enjoyed that rest and quietness which in England in a far greater I could not hope for. Here I cast anchor, and thinking to ride safely, the storm followed me with so impetuous violence that it broke a cable, and I lost my anchor, and here again I was exposed to the mercy of the sea, and the gentleness of an element that could neither distinguish things nor persons: and but that He that stilleth the raging of the sea, and the noise of his waves, and the madness of his people, had provided a plank for me, I had been lost to all the opportunities of content or study; but I know not whether I have been more preserved by the courtesies of my friends, or the gentleness and mercies of a noble enemy.'

This fine passage is in the dedication to Taylor's *Liberty of Prophesying, shewing the Unreasonableness of prescribing to other Men's Faith, and the Iniquity of persecuting Differing Opinions* (1646)—'prophesying' meaning simply preaching or expounding. The work has been justly described as 'perhaps, of all Taylor's writings, that which shows him furthest in advance of the age in which he lived, and of the ecclesiastical system in which he had been reared—as the first distinct and avowed defence of toleration which had been ventured on in England, perhaps in Christendom.' He builds the right of private judgment upon the difficulty of expounding Scripture, the insufficiency and uncertainty of tradition, the fallibility of councils, the pope, ecclesiastical writers, and the Church as a body, as arbiters of controverted points, and the consequent necessity of letting every man choose his own guide or judge of the meaning of Scripture for himself; since, says he, 'any man may be better trusted for himself, than any man can be for another; for in this case his own interest is most concerned, and ability is not so necessary as honesty, which certainly every man will best preserve in his own case, and to himself—and if he does not, it's he that must smart for it; and it is not required of us not to be in error, but that we endeavour to avoid it.' Milton, in his scheme of toleration from the opposite camp, excluded Roman Catholics; and Jeremy Taylor, to establish some standard of truth and prevent anarchy, as he alleges, proposed the confession of the Apostles' Creed as the test of orthodoxy and the condition of union among Christians. The principles he advocates—that governments should not interfere with any opinions save such as directly tend to subvert them—go to destroy this limitation, and are applicable to universal toleration, which perhaps he dared hardly then avow, even if he had entertained such an aspiration. The style of his masterly 'Discourse' is more argumentative and less ornate than that of his sermons and devotional treatises; but his enlightened zeal often breaks forth in striking condemnation of those who are 'curiously busy about trifles and impertinences, while they reject those glorious precepts of Christianity and holy life which are the glories of our religion, and would enable us to gain a happy eternity.' He closes the work in the second edition (1659) with the following interesting and instructive apologue:

I end with a story which I find in the Jews' books: When Abraham sat at his tent-door according to his custom, waiting to entertain strangers, he espied an old

man stopping and leaning on his staff, weary with age and travel, coming towards him, who was an hundred years of age. He received him kindly, washed his feet, provided supper, caused him to sit down; but observing that the old man eat and prayed not, nor begged for a blessing on his meat, asked him why he did not worship the God of heaven. The old man told him that he worshipped the fire only, and acknowledged no other God; at which answer Abraham grew so zealously angry, that he thrust the old man out of his tent, and exposed him to all the evils of the night and an unguarded condition. When the old man was gone, God called to Abraham, and asked him where the stranger was. He replied: 'I thrust him away because he did not worship thee.' God answered him: 'I have suffered him these hundred years, although he dishonoured me; and couldst thou not endure him one night, when he gave thee no trouble?' Upon this, saith the story, Abraham fetched him back again, and gave him hospitable entertainment and wise instruction. Go thou and do likewise, and thy charity will be rewarded by the God of Abraham.

In Wales, Jeremy Taylor was married to Mrs Joanna Bridges, absurdly said to have been a natural daughter of Charles I., but mistress of an estate in the county of Caermarthen. He was thus relieved from the irksome duties of a schoolmaster; but the fines and sequestrations imposed by the Parliamentary party on the property of the royalists are supposed to have dilapidated his wife's fortune. It is known that he received a pension from the patriotic and excellent John Evelyn, and the literary labours of Taylor were never relaxed. In his Welsh retreat he further wrote an *Apology for Authorised and Set Forms of Liturgy* (1649), and *The Life of Christ, or the Great Exemplar* (1649). These were followed by *Holy Living* and *Holy Dying*, *Twenty-seven Sermons for the Summer Half-year*, and other minor works. The excellent little manual of devotion, the *Golden Grove* (1655), was so called after the mansion of his neighbour and patron, the Earl of Carbery, in whose family he had spent many of his happiest hours. In the preface to this work Taylor had reflected on the ruling powers in Church and State, for which he was, for a short time, committed to prison in Chepstow Castle. He next completed his *Course of Sermons for the Year*, and published some controversial (and rather latitudinarian) tracts on the doctrine of *Original Sin*. He was attacked both by High Churchmen and Calvinists, but defended himself with warmth and spirit — the only instance in which his bland and benevolent disposition was betrayed into anything approaching to personal asperity. He went to London in 1657, and officiated in a private congregation of Episcopalians, till an offer was made him by the Earl of Conway to accompany him to Ireland, and act as lecturer in a church at Lisburn. Thither he accordingly repaired in 1658, fixing his residence at Portmore, on the banks of Lough Neagh, about eight miles from Lisburn. Two years appear to have been spent in this happy retirement, when, in 1660, Taylor made a visit to London, to publish his *Ductor Dubitantium, or the Rule of Conscience in all her General Measures*, the most elaborate, but the least successful, of all his works. It was meant as a compound of Christian ethics and casuistry, basing morality on the will of God as revealed in and through conscience; and though eloquent and learned, is super-subtle and even at times casuistical. His journey to London was made at an auspicious period. The Commonwealth was on the eve of dissolution in the weak hands of Richard Cromwell, and the hopes of the Cavaliers were fanned by the artifice and ingenuity of Monk. Jeremy Taylor signed the declaration of the loyalists of London on the 24th of April; on the 29th of May he saw Charles II. enter London in triumph, and in August following was appointed Bishop of Down and Connor. The Restoration exalted many a worthless parasite, and disappointed many a deserving loyalist; it brought a mitre to at least one pure and pious Churchman. Taylor was afterwards made chancellor of the University of Dublin, and a member of the Irish Privy Council. The administration of the see of Dromore was also annexed to his other bishopric, 'on account of his virtue, wisdom, and industry.' These well-bestowed honours he enjoyed only about six years. The duties of his episcopal function were discharged with zeal, mingled with charity; at his first visitation he saw it his duty to eject thirty-six ministers as not episcopally ordained, and thenceforward he was kept in perpetual controversy and trouble by irreconcilable Presbyterians, and he would fain have withdrawn to a small parochial cure where he could have had peace. The few sermons which we possess delivered by him in Ireland are truly apostolic, both in spirit and language. He died at Lisburn, of a fever caught at a stricken parishioner's bedside, on the 13th of August 1667, and was buried in the cathedral of Dromore.

A finer pattern of a Christian divine never perhaps existed. His learning dignified the high station he at last attained; his gentleness and courtesy shed a grace over his whole conduct and demeanour. Dr Parr said, and Heber agreed with him, that Englishmen revere Barrow, admire Hooker, but love Jeremy Taylor. 'Most eloquent of divines,' Coleridge called him; he has no rival but Milton in impassioned prose. Of his controversial writings Parr said: 'Fraught as they are with guileless ardour, with peerless eloquence, and with the richest stores of knowledge—historical, classical, scholastic, and theological—they may be considered as irrefragable proofs of his pure, affectionate, and dutiful attachment to the reformed church of England.' His *uncontroversial* writings, however, form the noblest monument to his memory. He was perhaps too prone to speculations in matters of doctrine, and he was certainly no blinded adherent of the Church; he was an early example of a Liberal High Churchman. His mind loved to expatiate

on the higher things of time, death, and eternity, which concern men of all parties, and to draw from the divine revelation its hopes, terrors, and injunctions—in his hands, irresistible as the flaming sword—as a means of purifying the human mind, and fitting it for a more exalted destiny. 'Theology is rather a divine life than a divine knowledge. In heaven indeed we shall first see and then love; but here on earth we must first love, and love will open our eyes as well as our hearts; and we shall then see, and perceive, and understand.' 'The English Chrysostom,' as he has been called, was a preacher of righteousness and of personal holiness rather than an expositor of doctrine or an accurate theologian. He is hardly self-consistent in all his utterances, and seems to come dangerously near heresy at times. His style is unequalled for wealth of illustration, exuberant fullness of thought, and a certain grandeur of diction; his forte was not in trenchant argument, terseness, or even perfect lucidity. At times the illustrations almost overlay the argument; and the quotations from classical and patristic sources and the learned allusions to ancient literature and story must have been beyond the apprehension of the bulk of his audiences. His devotional works are much less rhetorical than his sermons. He has sometimes been called the Spenser of the pulpit. He certainly resembled Spenser in his prolific fancy, in a certain musical arrangement and sweetness of expression, in prolonged description, and in delicious musings and reveries, suggested by some favourite image or metaphor, on which he dwells with the fondness and enthusiasm of a young poet. In these passages he is also apt to run into excess; epithet is heaped upon epithet, and figure upon figure; all the quaint conceits of his fancy and the curious stores of his learning are dragged in, till precision and proportion are lost. He writes like an orator, and produces his effect by reiterated strokes and multiplied impressions. Some of his sermons are the noblest prose-poetry; but by preference he dwells on the gentle and familiar; and his allusions to natural objects—as trees, birds, and flowers, the rising or setting sun, the charms of youthful innocence and beauty, and the helplessness of infancy and childhood—possess an almost angelic purity of feeling and delicacy of fancy. When presenting rules for morning meditation and prayer, he stops to indulge his love of nature. 'Sometimes,' he says, 'be curious to see the preparation which the sun makes when he is coming forth from his chambers of the east.' He compares a young man to a dancing bubble, 'empty and gay, and shining like a dove's neck, or the image of a rainbow, which hath no substance, and whose very imagery and colours are fantastical.' The fulfilment of our duties he calls 'presenting a rosary or chaplet of good works to our Maker;' and he dresses even the grave with the flowers of fancy. This freshness of feeling and imagination remained with him to the last, amidst all the strife and violence of the Civil War, and the still more deadening effects of polemical controversy and systems of casuistry and metaphysics. The stormy vicissitudes of his life seem only to have taught him greater gentleness, resignation, toleration for human failings, and a more ardent love of humankind. The earlier of the extracts given below are from *Of Holy Dying*, the others from sermons.

The Age of Reason and Discretion.

Neither must we think that the life of a man begins when he can feed himself or walk alone, when he can fight or beget his like, for so he is contemporary with a camel or a cow; but he is first a man when he comes to a certain steady use of reason, according to his proportion; and when that is, all the world of men cannot tell precisely. Some are called 'at age' at fourteen, some at one-and-twenty, some never; but all men late enough; for the life of a man comes upon him slowly and insensibly. But as, when the sun approaches towards the gates of the morning, he first opens a little eye of heaven, and sends away the spirits of darkness, and gives light to a cock, and calls up the lark to matins, and by and by gilds the fringes of a cloud, and peeps over the eastern hills, thrusting out his golden horns like those which decked the brows of Moses, when he was forced to wear a veil, because himself had seen the face of God; and still, while a man tells the story, the sun gets up higher, till he shews a fair face and a full light, and then he shines one whole day, under a cloud often, and sometimes weeping great and little showers, and sets quickly: so is a man's reason and his life. He first begins to perceive himself to see or taste, making little reflections upon his actions of sense, and can discourse of flies and dogs, shells and play, horses and liberty: but when he is strong enough to enter into arts and little institutions, he is at first entertained with trifles and impertinent things, not because he needs them, but because his understanding is no bigger, and little images of things are laid before him, like a cock-boat to a whale, only to play withal: but before a man comes to be wise, he is half dead with gouts and consumptions, with catarrhs and aches, with sore eyes and a worn-out body. So that if we must not reckon the life of a man but by the accounts of his reason, he is long before his soul be dressed; and he is not to be called a man without a wise and an adorned soul, a soul at least furnished with what is necessary towards his well-being: but by that time his soul is thus furnished, his body is decayed; and then you can hardly reckon him to be alive, when his body is possessed by so many degrees of death.

But there is yet another arrest. At first he wants strength of body, and then he wants the use of reason: and when that is come, it is ten to one but he stops by the impediments of vice, and wants the strength of the spirit; and we know that body and soul and spirit are the constituent parts of every Christian man. And now let us consider what that thing is which we call years of discretion. The young man is passed his tutors, and arrived at the bondage of a caitiff spirit; he has run from discipline, and is let loose to passion. The man by this time hath wit enough to choose his vice, to act his lust, to court his mistress, to talk confidently, and ignorantly, and perpetually; to despise his betters, to

deny nothing to his appetite, to do things that, when he is indeed a man, he must for ever be ashamed of: for this is all the discretion that most men shew in the first stage of their manhood; they can discern good from evil; and they prove their skill by leaving all that is good, and wallowing in the evils of folly and an unbridled appetite. And by this time the young man hath contracted vicious habits, and is a beast in manners, and therefore it will not be fitting to reckon the beginning of his life; he is a fool in his understanding, and that is a sad death; and he is dead in trespasses and sins, and that is a sadder: so that he hath no life but a natural, the life of a beast or a tree; in all other capacities he is dead; he neither hath the intellectual nor the spiritual life, neither the life of a man nor of a Christian; and this sad truth lasts too long.

The Pomp of Death.

Take away but the pomps of death, the disguises, and solemn bugbears, and the actings by candlelight, and proper and fantastic ceremonies, the minstrels and the noise-makers, the women and the weepers, the swoonings and the shriekings, the nurses and the physicians, the dark room and the ministers, the kindred and the watches, and then to die is easy, ready, and quitted from its troublesome circumstances. It is the same harmless thing that a poor shepherd suffered yesterday, or a maid-servant to-day; and at the same time in which you die, in that very night a thousand creatures die with you, some wise men and many fools; and the wisdom of the first will not quit him, and the folly of the latter does not make him unable to die.

Miseries of Man's Life.

How few men in the world are prosperous! What an infinite number of slaves and beggars, of persecuted and oppressed people, fill all corners of the earth with groans, and heaven itself with weeping, prayers, and sad remembrances! How many provinces and kingdoms are afflicted by a violent war, or made desolate by popular diseases! Some whole countries are remarked with fatal evils or periodical sicknesses. Grand Cairo in Egypt feels the plague every three years returning like a quartan ague, and destroying many thousands of persons. All the inhabitants of Arabia the desert are in continual fear of being buried in huge heaps of sand, and therefore dwell in tents and ambulatory houses, or retire to unfruitful mountains, to prolong an uneasy and wilder life. And all the countries round about the Adriatic Sea feel such violent convulsions, by tempests and intolerable earthquakes, that sometimes whole cities find a tomb, and every man sinks with his own house made ready to become his monument, and his bed is crushed into the disorders of a grave. . . . It were too sad if I should tell how many persons are afflicted with evil spirits, with spectres and illusions of the night. . . .

He that is no fool, but can consider wisely, if he be in love with this world, we need not despair but that a witty man might reconcile him with tortures, and make him think charitably of the rack, and be brought to dwell with vipers and dragons, and entertain his guests with the shrieks of mandrakes, cats, and screech-owls, with the filing of iron and the harshness of rending of silk, or to admire the harmony that is made by a herd of evening wolves, when they miss their draught of blood in their midnight revels. The groans of a man in a fit of the stone are worse than all these; and the distractions of a troubled conscience are worse than those groans; and yet a merry careless sinner is worse than all that. But if we could from one of the battlements of heaven espy how many men and women at this time lie fainting and dying for want of bread, how many young men are hewn down by the sword of war, how many poor orphans are now weeping over the graves of their father, by whose life they were enabled to eat; if we could but hear how many mariners and passengers are at this present in a storm, and shriek out because their keel dashes against a rock or bulges under them; how many people there are who weep with want and are mad with oppression, or are desperate by a too quick sense of a constant infelicity; in all reason we should be glad to be out of the noise and the participation of so many evils. This is a place of sorrow and tears, of so great evils and a constant calamity; let us remove from hence at least in affections and preparations of mind.

On Death.

Thus nature calls us to meditate of death by those things which are the instruments of acting it; and God by all the variety of his providence, makes us see death everywhere, in all variety of circumstances, and dressed up for all the fancies and the expectation of every single person. Nature hath given us one harvest every year, but death hath two; and the spring and the autumn send throngs of men and women to charnel-houses; and all the summer long men are recovering from their evils of the spring, till the dog-days come, and then the Sirian star makes the summer deadly; and the fruits of autumn are laid up for all the year's provision, and the man that gathers them eats and surfeits, and dies and needs them not, and himself is laid up for eternity; and he that escapes till winter, only stays for another opportunity, which the distempers of that quarter minister to him with great variety. Thus death reigns in all the portions of our time. The autumn with its fruits provides disorders for us, and the winter's cold turns them into sharp diseases, and the spring brings flowers to strew our hearse, and the summer gives green turf and brambles to bind upon our graves. Calentures and surfeit, cold and agues, are the four quarters of the year, and all minister to death; and you can go no whither but you tread on a dead man's bones.

The wild fellow in Petronius that escaped upon a broken table from the furies of a shipwreck, as he was sunning himself upon the rocky shore espied a man rolled upon his floating bed of waves, ballasted with sand in the folds of his garment, and carried by his civil enemy, the sea, towards the shore to find a grave. And it cast him into some sad thoughts: that peradventure this man's wife in some part of the continent, safe and warm, looks next month for the good man's return; or, it may be, his son knows nothing of the tempest; or his father thinks of that affectionate kiss which still is warm upon the good old man's cheek ever since he took a kind farewell, and he weeps with joy to think how blessed he shall be when his beloved boy returns into the circle of his father's arms. These are the thoughts of mortals, this is the end and sum of all their designs: a dark night and an ill guide, a boisterous sea and a broken cable, a hard rock and a rough wind, dashed in pieces the fortune of a whole family; and they that shall weep loudest for the accident are not yet entered

into the storm, and yet have suffered shipwreck. Then looking upon the carcass, he knew it, and found it to be the master of the ship, who the day before cast up the accounts of his patrimony and his trade, and named the day when he thought to be at home. See how the man swims who was so angry two days since! His passions are becalmed with the storm, his accounts cast up, his cares at an end, his voyage done, and his gains are the strange events of death, which, whether they be good or evil, the men that are alive seldom trouble themselves concerning the interest of the dead. . . .

It is a mighty change that is made by the death of every person, and it is visible to us who are alive. Reckon but from the sprightfulness of youth, and the fair cheeks and full eyes of childhood; from the vigorousness and strong flexure of the joints of five-and-twenty, to the hollowness and deadly paleness, to the loathsomeness and horror of a three days' burial, and we shall perceive the distance to be very great and very strange. But so have I seen a rose newly springing from the clefts of its hood, and at first it was fair as the morning, and full with the dew of heaven as a lamb's fleece; but when a ruder breath had forced open its virgin modesty, and dismantled its too youthful and unripe retirements, it began to put on darkness, and to decline to softness and the symptoms of a sickly age; it bowed the head, and broke its stalk; and at night, having lost some of its leaves and all its beauty, it fell into the portion of weeds and out-worn faces. The same is the portion of every man and every woman; the heritage of worms and serpents, rottenness and cold dishonor, and our beauty so changed that our acquaintance quickly knew us not; and that change mingled with so much horror, or else meets so with our fears and weak discoursings, that they who six hours ago tended upon us either with charitable or ambitious services, cannot without some regret stay in the room alone where the body lies stripped of its life and honour. I have read of a fair young German gentleman who, living, often refused to be pictured, but put off the importunity of his friends' desire by giving way, that after a few days' burial they might send a painter to his vault, and if they saw cause for it, draw the image of his death unto the life. They did so, and found his face half eaten, and his midriff and backbone full of serpents; and so he stands pictured among his armed ancestors. So does the fairest beauty change, and it will be as bad with you and me; and then what servants shall we have to wait upon us in the grave? what friends to visit us? what officious people to cleanse away the moist and unwholesome cloud reflected upon our faces from the sides of the weeping vaults, which are the longest weepers for our funeral?

Real Happiness.

If we should look under the skirt of the prosperous and prevailing tyrant, we should find, even in the days of his joys, such allays and abatements of his pleasure as may serve to represent him presently miserable, besides his final infelicities. For I have seen a young and healthful person warm and ruddy under a poor and a thin garment, when at the same time an old rich person hath been cold and paralytic under a load of sables and the skins of foxes. It is the body that makes the clothes warm, not the clothes the body; and the spirit of a man makes felicity and content, not any spoils of a rich fortune, wrapt about a sickly and an uneasy soul. Apollodorus was a traitor and a tyrant, and the world wondered to see a bad man have so good a fortune, but knew not that he nourished scorpions in his breast, and that his liver and his heart were eaten up with spectres and images of death; his thoughts were full of interruptions, his dreams of illusions: his fancy was abused with real troubles and fantastic images, imagining that he saw the Scythians flaying him alive, his daughters like pillars of fire, dancing round about a caldron in which himself was boiling, and that his heart accused itself to be the cause of all these evils.

Does he not drink more sweetly that takes his beverage in an earthen vessel, than he that looks and searches into his golden chalices, for fear of poison, and looks pale at every sudden noise, and sleeps in armour, and trusts nobody, and does not trust God for his safety?

Can a man bind a thought with chains, or carry imaginations in the palm of his hand? can the beauty of the peacock's train, or the ostrich plume, be delicious to the palate and the throat? does the hand intermeddle with the joys of the heart? or darkness, that hides the naked, make him warm? does the body live, as does the spirit? or can the body of Christ be like to common food? Indeed, the sun shines upon the good and bad; and the vines give wine to the drunkard, as well as to the sober man; pirates have fair winds and a calm sea, at the same time when the just and peaceful merchantman hath them. But although the things of this world are common to good and bad, yet sacraments and spiritual joys, the food of the soul and the blessing of Christ, are the peculiar right of saints.

Marriage.

They that enter into the state of marriage cast a die of the greatest contingency, and yet of the greatest interest in the world, next to the last throw for eternity. . . . Life or death, felicity or a lasting sorrow, are in the power of marriage. A woman indeed ventures most, for she hath no sanctuary to retire to from an evil husband: she must dwell upon her sorrow, and hatch the eggs which her own folly or infelicity hath produced; and she is more under it, because her tormentor hath a warrant of prerogative, and the woman may complain to God, as subjects do of tyrant princes; but otherwise she hath no appeal in the causes of unkindness. And though the man can run from many hours of his sadness, yet he must return to it again; and when he sits among his neighbours, he remembers the objection that lies in his bosom, and he sighs deeply. . . . The boys, and the pedlars, and the fruiterers, shall tell of this man when he is carried to his grave, that he lived and died a poor wretched person. The stags in the Greek epigram, whose knees were clogged with frozen snow upon the mountains, came down to the brooks of the valleys . . . 'hoping to thaw their joints with the waters of the stream;' but there the frost overtook them, and bound them fast in ice, till the young herdsmen took them in their stranger snare. It is the unhappy chance of many men, finding many inconveniences upon the mountains of single life, they descend into the valleys of marriage to refresh their troubles; and there they enter into fetters, and are bound to sorrow by the cords of a man's or woman's peevishness. And the worst of the evil is, they are to thank their own follies; for they fell into the snare by enter-

ing an improper way: Christ and the church were no ingredients in their choice. . . .

Man and wife are equally concerned to avoid all offences of each other in the beginning of their conversation; every little thing can blast an infant blossom; and the breath of the south can shake the little rings of the vine, when first they begin to curl like the locks of a new weaned boy: but when by age and consolidation they stiffen into the hardness of a stem, and have, by the warm embraces of the sun and the kisses of heaven, brought forth their clusters, they can endure the storms of the north, and the loud noises of a tempest, and yet never be broken: so are the early unions of an unfixed marriage; watchful and observant, jealous and busy, inquisitive and careful, and apt to take alarm at every unkind word. . . . After the hearts of the man and the wife are endeared and hardened by a mutual confidence and experience, longer than artifice and pretence can last, there are a great many remembrances, and some things present, that dash all little unkindnesses in pieces. . . .

There is nothing can please a man without love; and if a man be weary of the wise discourses of the Apostles, and of the innocency of an even and a private fortune, or hates peace, or a fruitful year, he hath reaped thorns and thistles from the choicest flowers of Paradise; 'for nothing can sweeten felicity itself but love;' but when a man dwells in love, then the breasts of his wife are pleasant as the droppings upon the Hill of Hermon; her eyes are fair as the light of heaven; she is a fountain sealed, and he can quench his thirst, and ease his cares, and lay his sorrows down upon her lap, and can retire home to his sanctuary and refectory, and his gardens of sweetness and chaste refreshments. No man can tell but he that loves his children, how many delicious accents make a man's heart dance in the pretty conversation of those dear pledges; their childishness, their stammering, their little angers, their innocence, their imperfections, their necessities, are so many little emanations of joy and comfort to him that delights in their persons and society. . . .

It is fit that I should infuse a bunch of myrrh into the festival goblet, and, after the Egyptian manner, serve up a dead man's bones at a feast: I will only shew it, and take it away again; it will make the wine bitter, but wholesome. But those married pairs that live as remembering that they must part again, and give an account how they treat themselves and each other, shall, at that day of their death, be admitted to glorious espousals; and when they shall live again, be married to their Lord, and partake of his glories, with Abraham and Joseph, St Peter and St Paul, and all the married saints. . . . 'All those things that now please us shall pass from us, or we from them;' but those things that concern the other life are permanent as the numbers of eternity. And although at the resurrection there shall be no relation of husband and wife, and no marriage shall be celebrated but the marriage of the Lamb, yet then shall be remembered how men and women passed through this state, which is a type of that; and from this sacramental union all holy pairs shall pass to the spiritual and eternal, where love shall be their portion, and joys shall crown their heads, and they shall lie in the bosom of Jesus, and in the heart of God, to eternal ages. Amen.

(From the Sermon on 'The Marriage Ring.')

The Skylark.

For so I have seen a lark rising from his bed of grass, and soaring upwards, singing as he rises, and hopes to get to heaven, and climb above the clouds; but the poor bird was beaten back with the loud sighings of an eastern wind, and his motion made irregular and inconstant, descending more at every breath of the tempest, than it could recover by the libration and frequent weighing of his wings; till the little creature was forced to sit down and pant, and stay till the storm was over; and then it made a prosperous flight, and did rise and sing, as if it had learned music and motion from an angel, as he passed sometimes through the air, about his ministries here below: so is the prayer of a good man.

(From Sermon on 'The Return of Prayers.')

The Day of Judgment.

Even you and I, and all the world, kings and priests, nobles and learned, the crafty and the easy, the wise and the foolish, the rich and the poor, the prevailing tyrant and the oppressed party, shall all appear to receive their symbol; and this is so far from abating anything of its terror and our dear concernment, that it much increases it. For although concerning precepts and discourses we are apt to neglect in particular what is recommended in general, and in incidences of mortality and sad events, the singularity of the chance heightens the apprehension of the evil; yet it is so by accident, and only in regard of our imperfection; it being an effect of self-love, or some little creeping envy, which adheres too often to the unfortunate and miserable; or else because the sorrow is apt to increase by being apprehended to be in a rare case, and a singular unworthiness in him who is afflicted otherwise than is common to the sons of men, companions of his sin, and brethren of his nature, and partners of his usual accidents; yet in final and extreme events, the multitude of sufferers does not lessen but increase the sufferings; and when the first day of judgment happened —that, I mean, of the universal deluge of waters upon the old world—the calamity swelled like the flood, and every man saw his friend perish, and the neighbours of his dwelling, and the relatives of his house, and the sharers of his joys, and yesterday's bride, and the newborn heir, the priest of the family, and the honour of the kindred, all dying or dead, drenched in water and the divine vengeance; and then they had no place to flee unto, no man cared for their souls; they had none to go unto for counsel, no sanctuary high enough to keep them from the vengeance that rained down from heaven; and so it shall be at the day of judgment, when that world and this, and all that shall be born hereafter, shall pass through the same Red Sea, and be all baptised with the same fire, and be involved in the same cloud, in which shall be thunderings and terrors infinite. Every man's fear shall be increased by his neighbour's shrieks, and the amazement that all the world shall be in, shall unite as the sparks of a raging furnace into a globe of fire, and roll upon its own principle, and increase by direct appearances and intolerable reflections. He that stands in a churchyard in the time of a great plague, and hears the passing-bell perpetually telling the sad stories of death, and sees crowds of infected bodies pressing to their graves, and others sick and tremulous, and death dressed up in all the images of sorrow round about him, is not supported in his spirit by the variety of his sorrow;

and at doomsday, when the terrors are universal, besides that it is in itself so much greater, because it can affright the whole world, it is also made greater by communication and a sorrowful influence; grief being then strongly infectious, when there is no variety of state, but an entire kingdom of fear; and amazement is the king of all our passions, and all the world its subjects. And that shriek must needs be terrible, when millions of men and women, at the same instant, shall fearfully cry out, and the noise shall mingle with the trumpet of the archangel, with the thunders of the dying and groaning heavens, and the crack of the dissolving world, when the whole fabric of nature shall shake into dissolution and eternal ashes! . . .

Consider what an infinite multitude of angels, and men, and women shall then appear! It is a huge assembly when the men of one kingdom, the men of one age in a single province, are gathered together into heaps and confusion of disorder; but then, all kingdoms of all ages, all the armies that ever mustered, all that world that Augustus Cæsar taxed, all those hundreds of millions that were slain in all the Roman wars, from Numa's time till Italy was broken into principalities and small exarchates: all these, and all that can come into numbers, and that did descend from the loins of Adam, shall at once be represented; to which account, if we add the armies of heaven, the nine orders of blessed spirits, and the infinite numbers in every order, we may suppose the numbers fit to express the majesty of that God, and the terror of that Judge, who is the Lord and Father of all that unimaginable multitude! . . . The majesty of the Judge, and the terrors of the judgment, shall be spoken aloud by the immediate forerunning accidents, which shall be so great violences to the old constitutions of nature, that it shall break her very bones, and disorder her till she be destroyed. St Jerome relates out of the Jews' books, that their doctors used to account fifteen days of prodigy immediately before Christ's coming, and to every day assign a wonder; any one of which, if we should chance to see in the days of our flesh, it would affright us into the like thoughts which the old world had when they saw the countries round about them covered with water and the divine vengeance; or as these poor people near Adria and the Mediterranean Sea, when their houses and cities were entering into graves, and the bowels of the earth rent with convulsions and horrid tremblings. The sea, they say, shall rise fifteen cubits above the highest mountains, and thence descend into hollowness and a prodigious drought; and when they are reduced again to their usual proportions, then all the beasts and creeping things, the monsters and the usual inhabitants of the sea, shall be gathered together, and make fearful noises to distract mankind: the birds shall mourn and change their song into threnes and sad accents; rivers of fire shall rise from east to west, and the stars shall be rent into threads of light, and scatter like the beards of comets; then shall be fearful earthquakes, and the rocks shall rend in pieces, the trees shall distil blood, and the mountains and fairest structures shall return into their primitive dust; the wild beasts shall leave their dens, and shall come into the companies of men, so that you shall hardly tell how to call them, herds of men or congregations of beasts; then shall the graves open and give up their dead, and those which are alive in nature and dead in fear shall be forced from the rocks whither they went to hide them, and from caverns of the earth where they would fain have been concealed; because their retirements are dismantled, and their rocks are broken into wider ruptures, and admit a strange light into their secret bowels; and the men being forced abroad into the theatre of mighty horrors, shall run up and down distracted, and at their wits' end; and then some shall die, and some shall be changed; and by this time the elect shall be gathered together from the four quarters of the world, and Christ shall come along with them to judgment.

(From the first Sermon for Advent Sunday, 'Doomsday Book, or Christ's Advent to Judgment.')

There are editions of the works by Bishop Heber, with a Life (15 vols. 1820–22), and by Eden (10 vols. 1847–54); and also in 'The English Divines' by Hughes (5 vols. 1831). See Coleridge's *Literary Remains* and Tulloch's *Rational Theology;* Dean Farrar's *Masters in English Theology* (1877), Bishop Barry's *Classic Preachers* (1878), and Professor Dowden's *Puritan and Anglican* (1901).

Dr Henry More (1614–87) was conspicuous among the English Platonists and metaphysicians of the seventeenth century. A native of Grantham in Lincolnshire, and Fellow of Christ's College, Cambridge, he devoted his life to study and religious meditation at Cambridge, and strenuously refused to accept preferment in the Church, which would have rendered it necessary for him to leave what he called his paradise. The friends of this amiable recluse once attempted to decoy him into a bishopric, and got him so far on the way to Whitehall to kiss the king's hand; but when told for what purpose they had brought him thither, he refused to move a step farther. He declined university appointments as remorselessly as he did one deanery and two bishoprics. He early revolted against the Calvinism of his parents, and gave himself entirely to philosophy, to Plato, and especially to the Neo-Platonists. He held that the wisdom of the Hebrews had descended to Pythagoras, and from him to Plato, in the writings of whom and his followers he believed that the true principles of divine philosophy were consequently to be found. He himself lived in an atmosphere of unusual spiritual exultation, and exercised great influence on the young. He was a man of uncommon benevolence, purity, and devotion. He was of a dreamy, poetical temperament; and from comparatively reasonable views he drifted gradually deeper into the abyss of mysticism or theosophy, and his works, which were extremely popular in the later half of the seventeenth century, decline progressively in value. Tulloch treats More as the most interesting but the most unreadable of the Cambridge Platonists. He was transcendentalist enough to accept as real the cures of the quack Greatrakes, and, like the philosophical sceptic Glanville, believed firmly in witches and witchcraft. Of his works the most important are *The Mystery of Godliness; The Mystery of Iniquity; A Discourse on the Immortality of the Soul;* the famous *Divine Dialogues;* treatises against atheism and idolatry; ethical, metaphysical, cabbalistical, and controversial volumes; expositions of the Apo-

calypse and the Book of Daniel; and *Psychozoia Platonica, or a Platonical Song of the Soul*, in four poems, 1642, afterwards published as *Philosophical Poems*, 1647. 'His poetry,' says Thomas Campbell, 'is not like a beautiful landscape on which the eye can repose, but may be compared to some curious grotto, whose gloomy labyrinths we might be curious to explore for the strange and mystic associations they excite.' We give two stanzas from the *Psychozoia:*

The Soul and Body.

Like to a light fast locked in lanthorn dark,
Whereby by night our wary steps we guide
In slabby streets, and dirty channels mark,
Some weaker rays through the black top do glide,
And flusher streams perhaps from horny side.
But when we 've passed the peril of the way,
Arrived at home, and laid that case aside,
The naked light how clearly doth it ray,
And spread its joyful beams as bright as summer's day.

Even so the soul, in this contracted state,
Confined to these strait instruments of sense,
More dull and narrowly doth operate;
At this hole hears, the sight must ray from thence,
Here tastes, there smells: but when she 's gone from hence,
Like naked lamp she is one shining sphere,
And round about has perfect cognoscence
Whate'er in her horizon doth appear:
She is one orb of sense, all eye, all airy ear.

The first two of the prose extracts are from More's *Mystery of Godliness*, the others from the *Divine Dialogues:*

Of the Works of God.

Whether therefore our eyes be struck with that more radiant lustre of the sun, or whether we behold that more placid and calm beauty of the moon, or be refreshed with the sweet breathings of the open air, or be taken up with the contemplation of those pure sparkling lights of the stars, or stand astonished at the gushing downfalls of some mighty river, as that of Nile, or admire the height of some insuperable and inaccessible rock or mountain; or with a pleasant horror and chillness look upon some silent wood, or solemn shady grove; whether the face of heaven smile upon us with a cheerful bright azure, or look upon us with a more sad and minacious countenance, dark pitchy clouds being charged with thunder and lightning to let fly against the earth; whether the air be cool, fresh, and healthful; or whether it be sultry, contagious, and pestilential, so that, while we gasp for life, we are forced to draw in a sudden and inevitable death; whether the earth stand firm, and prove favourable to the industry of the artificer; or whether she threaten the very foundations of our buildings with trembling and tottering earthquakes, accompanied with remugient echoes and ghastly murmurs from below; whatever notable emergencies happen for either good or bad to us, these are the Joves and Vejoves that we worship, which to us are not *many*, but *one* God, who has the only power to save or destroy. And therefore, from whatever part of this magnificent temple of his—the world—he shall send forth his voice, our hearts and eyes are presently directed thitherward with fear, love, and veneration.

Of the Evidence for the Existence of God.

When I say that I will demonstrate that there is a God, I do not promise that I will always produce such arguments that the reader shall acknowledge so strong, as he shall be forced to confess that it is utterly impossible that it should be otherwise; but they shall be such as shall deserve full assent, and win full assent from any unprejudiced mind.

For I conceive that we may give full assent to that which, notwithstanding, may possibly be otherwise; which I shall illustrate by several examples: Suppose two men got to the top of Mount Athos, and there viewing a stone in the form of an altar with ashes on it, and the footsteps of men on those ashes, or some words, if you will, as *Optimo Maximo*, or *To agnosto Theo*, or the like, written or scrawled out upon the ashes; and one of them should cry out: Assuredly here have been some men that have done this. But the other, more nice than wise, should reply: Nay, it may possibly be otherwise; for this stone may have naturally grown into this very shape, and the seeming ashes may be no ashes, that is, no remainders of any fuel burnt there; but some inexplicable and unperceptible motions of the air, or other particles of this fluid matter that is active everywhere, have wrought some parts of the matter into the form and nature of ashes, and have fringed and played about so, that they have also figured those intelligible characters in the same. But would not anybody deem it a piece of weakness, no less than dotage, for the other man one whit to recede from his former apprehension, but as fully as ever to agree with what he pronounced first, notwithstanding this bare possibility of being otherwise?

So of anchors that have been digged up, either in plain fields or mountainous places, as also the Roman urns with ashes and inscriptions, as *Severianus Ful. Linus*, and the like, or Roman coins with the effigies and names of the Cæsars on them, or that which is more ordinary, the skulls of men in every churchyard, with the right figure, and all those necessary perforations for the passing of the vessels, besides those conspicuous hollows for the eyes and rows of teeth, the *os styloeides*, *ethoeides*, and what not. If a man will say of them, that the motions of the particles of the matter, or some hidden spermatic power, has gendered these, both anchors, urns, coins, and skulls, in the ground, he doth but pronounce that which human reason must admit is possible. Nor can any man ever so demonstrate that those coins, anchors, and urns were once the artifice of men, or that this or that skull was once a part of a living man, that he shall force an acknowledgment that it is impossible that it should be otherwise. But yet I do not think that any man, without doing manifest violence to his faculties, can at all suspend his assent, but freely and fully agree that this or that skull was once a part of a living man, and that these anchors, urns, and coins were certainly once made by human artifice, notwithstanding the possibility of being otherwise.

And what I have said of assent is also true in dissent; for the mind of man, not crazed nor prejudiced, will fully and irreconcilably disagree, by its own natural sagacity, where, notwithstanding, the thing that it doth thus resolvedly and undoubtedly reject, no wit of man can prove impossible to be true. As if we should make such a fiction as this—that Archimedes, with the same

individual body that he had when the soldiers slew him, is now safely intent upon his geometrical figures under ground, at the centre of the earth, far from the noise and din of this world, that might disturb his meditations, or distract him in his curious delineations he makes with his rod upon the dust; which no man living can prove impossible. Yet if any man does not as irreconcilably dissent from such a fable as this as from any falsehood imaginable, assuredly that man is next door to madness or dotage, or does enormous violence to the free use of his faculties.

Of the γυναικοκρατούμενοι and the men of Arcladam that lie in childbed for their wives.

Euistor. I perceive no small matters will puzzle Cuphophron's invention: and therefore tho' the γυναικοκρατούμενοι [*gunaikokratoumenoi*, 'men ruled by women'] and the men of Arcladam that lie forty days in childbed for their wives, present themselves to my memory, yet I will pass them over.

Cuphophron. That 's a very odd thing of the men of Arcladam, Euistor: I pray you, what is it?

Euist. When the woman is delivered, she gets out of the bed as soon as she can, and follows the business of the house; but the man lies in for so many days, and does all the offices of a mother to the infant, saving the giving it suck: and the neighbours come a-gossiping to the man lying thus in bed, as in other countreys they do to the woman. And they of Arcladam give this reason for this custom, because the mother had a sufficient share of trouble in bearing the child and bringing him forth, and that therefore 'tis fit that the man should ease her now, and take off part of the care to himself, as Paulus Venetus reports.

Cuph. If the men of the country had had milk in their breasts, which several men have had, according to the testimony of many credible writers, philosophers, physicians, and anatomists, the custom had been more plausible. But such as it is, it has its reason, as you see, and it was not a pure piece of sottishness that carried them unto it. And for the *gunaikokratoumenoi*, in that the women rule them, it is a sign that it is fit they should. For it is in virtue of their strength, wit, or beauty. . . . They chose their kings of old from the beauty of their form, as Lucretius notes. And why do men rule the women, but upon account of more strength or more wisdom? But where the women rule the men, it is a sign they have more strength or wit, and therefore have a right to rule them. And indeed where do they not rule them? insomuch that the whole world in a manner are of the *gunaikokratoumenoi*. So that this is no peculiar disorder amongst the Barbarians, such as Mela and Diodorus Siculus mention.

Hylobares. The women are much beholden to you, Cuphophron, for your so kind and careful patronage of them.

Cuph. I am of a large spirit, Hylobares; I love to be civil to all sects, sexes, and persons.

The *gunaikokratoumenoi*, men ruled by women, are dealt with in Aristotle's *Politics*. *Arcladam* is one of several odd spellings in the old Latin of Marco Polo for the region or tribe—located by Yule in western Yunnan—that Ramusio (and Purchas) calls *Cardandan*, and Yule *Zardandan*. Purchas, following Marco Polo, says of the people of Cardandan that 'when a woman is delivered of a child the man lyeth in and keepeth his bed, with visitation of gossips, the space of fortie days.' Purchas also reports the custom of the *couvade* (as it is now called) from Brazil, where, to the joy of anthropologists, it still obtains.

Of the Pagans cruelty to their enemies, and inhuman humanity to their friends.

Hyl. Cuphophron swallows all down very glibly. But, as I remember, there are some direful stories of the Pagans cruelty to their enemies, and inhuman humanity to their friends, that, methinks, should a little turn his stomach, Euistor.

Euist. There are very savage customes recorded in Pomponius Mela touching the Essedones, Axiacæ, and Geloni. The last clothe themselves and their horses with the skins of their slain enemies; with that part of the skin that covers the head they make a cap for themselves, with the rest they clothe their horses. The Essedones celebrate the funerals of their parents with great feasting and joy, eating their flesh minced and mingled with mutton (which is the manner of their burial of them); but tipping their skulls with gold, they make drinking-cups of them: as the Axiacæ quaffe in the heads of their slain enemies, as well as drink their blood in the field. In Castella del Oro the inhabitants also eat their own dead. But in the island Java, as Ludovicus Patritius reports, the children do not, like the Essedones, eat their parents, but when they are old and useless, sell them to the Anthropophagi, as the parents do the children, if desperately and irrecoverably sick in the judgment of the physician. For they hold it the noblest kind of burial to be interred in the belly of a man, and not to be eaten by worms: to which if any expose the body of his dead friend, they hold it a crime not to be expiated by any sacrifice. The laws also of the Sardoans and Berbiccæ, which Ælian relates, are very savage; the one commanding the sons to knock the fathers o' th' head when they are come to dotage, the other prohibiting any to live above seventy years.

Hyl. Stop there, Euistor: let 's hear what excuse the advocate of the Paynims can devise for these horrid customs.

The meaning of Providence in permitting such horrid usages in the world.

Sophron. That is very profitably and seasonably noted, O Cuphophron: and tho' my judgment is not so curious as to criticize on the perpetual exactness of your applications of the sad miscarriages of the civilized parts of the world to those gross disorders of the Barbarians; yet your comparisons in the general have very much impressed that note of Philotheus upon my spirit, That the more external and gross enormities committed by the barbarous nations, are as it were a reprehensive satyr of the more fine and hypocritical wickednesses of the civilized countries; that these civilized sinners, abominating those wilder extravagancies, may withal give sentence against their own no-less wickedness, but only in a less-ugly dress Whence it cannot be so great wonder that Providence lets such horrid usages emerge in the world, that the more affrightful face of sin in some places might quite drive out all similitude and appearance of it in others.

Bathynous. True, Sophron; but this also I conceive may be added, That divine Providence having the full comprehension of all the periods of ages, and the scenes of things succeeding in these periods, in her mind, permitted at first and afterwards some parts of the lapsed creation to plunge themselves into a more palpable darkness, that a more glorious light might

succeed and emerge. The lovely splendor of which Divine dispensation would not strike the beholder so vigorously, did he not cast his eyes also upon that region of blackness and sad tyranny of the devil in preceeding ages over deluded mankind, such as Euistor has so plentifully discovered. All these things therefore seem to have been permitted in design to advance the glory and adorn the triumph of the promised Messias, the true Son of God and Saviour of the world.

The *Opera Omnia* of More, containing the Latin text of all the works, whether published originally in Latin or in English, appeared in 1679. See the Life by Richard Ward (1712), and Tulloch's *Rational Theology and Christian Philosophy* (vol. ii. 1874).

Izaak Walton,

'the father of angling,' was born at Stafford in 1593. He was an English worthy of the simple antique cast, who retained in the heart of London, and in the midst of close and successful application to business, an unworldly simplicity of character and an inextinguishable fondness for country scenes, pastimes, and recreations. As author, he had a power of natural description and lively dialogue that has rarely been surpassed. His *Compleat Angler* is a rich storehouse of rural pictures and pastoral poetry, of quaint but wise thoughts, of pleasing and humorous fancies, and of truly apostolic purity and kindliness. A tincture of superstitious credulity and innocent eccentricity gives the book a special flavour and zest, without detracting from its higher power to soothe, instruct, and delight. Of Walton's education or his early years nothing is related; but according to Anthony Wood, he acquired a modest competency as a sempster or linen-draper in London. He had a shop in the Royal Burse in Cornhill, which was seven feet and a half long, and five wide. He had therefore the intellectual advantage certified to by Lord Bacon in his observation that a small room helps a studious man to condense his thoughts. He had a more pleasant and spacious study, however, in the fields and rivers in the neighbourhood of London, 'in such days and times as he laid aside business, and went a-fishing with honest Nat. and R. Roe.' From the Royal Burse, Izaak—for so he always wrote his name—removed to Fleet Street, where he had one half of a shop, the other half being occupied by a hosier. He married in 1626 Rachel Floud, who died in 1640; in 1647 he married again, his second wife being Anne, half-sister of Bishop Ken. This brought Walton the acquaintance of the eminent men and dignitaries of the Church, at whose houses he spent much of his time in his later years, especially after the death of his second wife in 1662, 'a woman of remarkable prudence, and of the primitive piety.'

Walton retired from business in 1643, and lived forty years afterwards in uninterrupted leisure. His first work was a *Life of Dr Donne* prefixed to a collection of that great man's sermons, published in 1640. Sir Henry Wotton was to have written Donne's life, Walton merely collecting the materials; but Sir Henry dying before he had begun to execute the task, Izaak 'reviewed his forsaken collections, and resolved that the world should see the best plain picture of the author's life that his artless pencil, guided by the hand of truth, could present.' Thus it was that he produced one of the most delightful miniature biographies in all English literature. He next wrote a brief and charming *Life of Sir Henry Wotton* (1651), and edited his literary remains. In 1652 he published a small work, a translation by Sir John Skeffington from the Spanish, *The Heroe of Lorenzo*, to which he prefixed a short affectionate notice of his friend, the translator. His principal production, *The Compleat Angler, or the Contemplative Man's Recreation*, appeared in 1653. Walton also wrote Lives of Richard Hooker (1662), George Herbert (1670), and Bishop Sanderson (1678). The Lives of Donne, Wotton, Hooker, and Sanderson—all exquisitely simple, touching, and impressive—were collected into one volume, which was one of Dr Johnson's favourite books. Though no man seems to have possessed his soul more patiently during the troublous times in which he lived, the venerable Izaak was tempted, in 1680, to write and publish anonymously two letters on the *Distempers of the Times*, 'written from a quiet and comformable citizen of London to two busie and factious shopkeepers in Coventry.' In 1683, when in his ninetieth year, he published the *Thealma and Clearchus* of Chalkhill (see page 443), and he died at Winchester on the 15th December of the same year, in the house of his son-in-law, Dr Hawkins, prebendary of Winchester.

The *Compleat Angler* of Walton is unique in our literature. In writing it, he says he made 'a recreation of a recreation,' and, by mingling innocent mirth and pleasant scenes with the graver part of his discourse, he designed it as a picture of his own disposition. His statements about fish are not always accurate, and his advice to anglers on their art by no means unexceptionable; the best part of his work is the idyllic and self-revealing element. The original edition had but thirteen chapters; the fourth (1676) had twenty-one, and a 'Second Part' by Chartes Cotton. To the two original interlocutors, Piscator and Viator (the Fisherman and the Wayfarer), Walton had added in the second and greatly enlarged edition (1655) the Falconer (Auceps), and changed Viator into Venator (Hunter). The Hunter and Falconer serve in the dialogues only as foils to the venerable and complacent Piscator, in whom the interest of the piece wholly centres. The opening scene lets us at once into the genial character of the work and its hero. The three interlocutors meet accidentally on Tottenham Hill, near London, on a 'fine fresh May morning.' They are open and cheerful as the day. Piscator is going towards Ware, Venator to meet a pack of otter dogs upon Amwell Hill, and Auceps to Theobalds, to see a hawk that a friend there *mews* or moults for him. Piscator willingly joins with the lover of hounds in helping to destroy otters, for he 'hates them per-

fectly, because they love fish so well, and destroy so much.' The sportsmen proceed onwards together, and they agree each to 'commend his recreation' or favourite pursuit. Piscator alludes to the virtue and contentedness of anglers, but gives the precedence to his companions in discoursing on their different crafts. The lover of hawking is eloquent on the virtues of air, the element that he trades in, and on its various winged inhabitants. He describes the eager falcon 'making her highway over the steepest mountains and deepest rivers, and, in her glorious career, looking with contempt upon those high steeples and magnificent palaces which we adore and wonder at.' The singing birds, 'those little nimble musicians of the air, that warble forth their curious ditties with which nature hath furnished them to the shame of art,' are descanted upon with pure poetical feeling and expression.

IZAAK WALTON.

From the Picture by Jacob Huysman in the National Portrait Gallery.

The Singing Birds.

As first the lark, when she means to rejoyce, to chear herself and those that hear her, she then quits the earth, and sings as she ascends higher into the air; and having ended her heavenly imployment, grows then mute and sad, to think she must descend to the dull earth, which she would not touch but for necessity.

How do the blackbird and throssel, with their melodious voices, bid welcome to the chearful spring, and in their fixed mouths warble forth such ditties as no art or instrument can reach to!

Nay, the smaller birds also do the like in their particular seasons, as, namely, the leverock [skylark], the titlark, the little linnet, and the honest robin, that loves mankind both alive and dead.

But the nightingale, another of my airy creatures, breaths such sweet loud musick out of her little instrumental throat that it might make mankind to think miracles are not ceased. He that at midnight, when the very labourer sleeps securely, should hear, as I have very often, the clear airs, the sweet descants, the natural rising and falling, the doubling and redoubling of her voice, might well be lifted above earth and say: 'Lord, what musick hast thou provided for the saints in heaven, when thou affordest bad men such musick on earth!'

The lover of hunting next takes his turn, and comments, though with less force—for here Walton himself must have been at fault—on the perfection of smell possessed by the hound, and the joyous music made by a pack of dogs in full chase. Piscator then unfolds his long-treasured and highly prized lore on the virtues of water—sea, river, and brook—and on the antiquity and excellence of fishing and angling. Angling, he says, is '*somewhat like poetry: men must be born so.*' He quotes Scripture, and numbers the prophets who allude to fishing. He cannot but remember with pride that four of the twelve apostles were fishermen, and that our Saviour never reproved them for their employment or calling, as He did the Scribes and money-changers; for 'He found that the hearts of such men, by nature, were fitted for contemplation and quietness; men of mild, and sweet, and peaceable spirits, as, *indeed, most anglers are.*' The idea of angling seems to have unconsciously mixed itself with all Izaak Walton's speculations on goodness, loyalty, and veneration. Even worldly enjoyment he appears to have grudged to any less gifted mortals. A finely dressed dish of fish or a rich drink he pronounces too good for any but anglers or very honest men; and his parting benediction is upon 'all that are lovers of virtue, and dare trust in Providence, and be quiet, and go a-angling.' The last condition would, to his ordinary mood, when he is not peculiarly solemn or earnest, seem at least as significant as any of the others. The rhetoric and knowledge of Piscator at length fairly overcome Venator, and make him a convert to the superiority of angling as compared with his more savage pursuit of hunting. He agrees to accompany Piscator in his sport, adopts him as

:r and guide, and in time becomes initiated
›ractice and mysteries of the gentle craft.
ing excursions of the pair give occasion to
ical lessons and descriptions in the book,
of which is as clear and sparkling as one
wn favourite summer streams. The dis-
interspersed with scraps of dialogue, moral
is, quaint old verses, songs and sayings,
lic glimpses of country-life, and the whole
such cheerful piety and contentment, such
shness and simplicity, as to give the book
ıial charm altogether its own. Walton
›d and man with an unaffected simplicity
which cast a radiant atmosphere of happi-
und all the idyllic pictures that he saw,
harm of the book is not so much in the
›r even the manner, as the unconscious
›f the writer's own disposition. The book
delight of Charles Lamb's childhood.
to Coleridge, he says: 'It breathes the very
innocence, purity, and simplicity of heart.
/ould sweeten a man's temper at any time
it; it would Christianise every discordant
ıssion.' And the tone and temper of the
have silently but powerfully influenced
tastes and English literature. Not an
the fishing day is wasted or unim-
The master and scholar rise with the
wn, and after four hours' fishing, breakfast
under a sycamore that shades them from
; heat. Old Piscator reads his admiring
a lesson on fly-fishing, and they sit and
: while a 'smoking shower' passes off,
ıg all the meadow and the flowers.

›w, scholar, I think it will be time to repair to
rods, which we left in the water to fish for
s; and you shall chuse which shall be yours;
ın even lay one of them catches.

t me tell you, this kind of fishing with a dead
laying night hooks, are like putting money to
they both work for the owners when they do
›ut sleep, or eat, or rejoyce, as you know we
: this last hour, and sate as quietly and as free
s under this sycamore, as Virgil's Tityrus and
:eus did under their broad beech-tree. No life,
t scholar, no life so happy and so pleasant as
: a well-governed angler; for when the lawyer
wed up with business, and the statesman is
ɜ or contriving plots, then we sit on cowslip
ar the birds sing, and possess our selves in as
etness as these silent silver streams which we
lide so quietly by us. Indeed, my good scholar,
say of angling as Dr Boteler said of straw-
Doubtless God could have made a better berry,
less God never did;' and so if I might be
iod never did make a more calm, quiet, inno-
ation than angling.'

l you, scholar, when I sat last on this primrose
l look'd down these meadows, I thought of
Charles the Emperor did of the city of Florence,
/ were too pleasant to be look'd on but only
lays.' As I then sate on this very grass, I
y present thoughts into verse: 'twas a wish
e repeat to you:

The Angler's Wish.

I in these flow'ry meads wou'd be;
These chrystal streams should solace me;
To whose harmonious bubbling noise,
I with my angle wou'd rejoice;
  Sit here, and see the turtle-dove
  Court his chast mate to acts of love;

Or on that bank feel the west wind
Breath health and plenty; please my mind
To see sweet dew-drops kiss these flowers,
And then washt off by April showers;
  Here hear my Kenna sing a song;
  There see a blackbird feed her young,

Or a leverock build her nest:
Here give my weary spirits rest,
And raise my low pitcht thoughts above
Earth, or what poor mortals love:
  Thus, free from lawsuits and the noise
  Of Princes courts, I wou'd rejoyce.

Or with my Bryan and a book, his dog
Loyter long days near Shawford brook;
There sit by him and eat my meat,
There see the sun both rise and set;
There bid good-morning to next day,
There meditate my time away;
  And angle on, and beg to have
  A quiet passage to a welcome grave.

The master and scholar, at another time, sit under a honeysuckle-hedge while a shower falls, and encounter a handsome milkmaid and her mother, who sing to them 'that smooth song which was made by Kit Marlow:'

Come live with me, and be my love;

and the answer to it, 'which was made by Sir Walter Raleigh in his younger days' (see above at page 352). At night, when sport and instruction are over, they repair to the little alehouse, well known to Piscator, where they find 'a cleanly room, lavender in the windows, and twenty ballads stuck about the wall.' The hostess is cleanly, handsome, and civil, and knows how to dress the fish after Piscator's own fashion—he is learned in cookery—and having made a supper of their gallant trout, they drink their ale, tell tales, sing ballads, or join with a brother-angler who drops in, in a merry catch, till sleep overpowers them, and they retire to the hostess's two beds, 'the linen of which looks white and smells of lavender.' All this humble but happy picture is in colour-fresh as Nature herself, and instinct with moral feeling and beauty. The only flaw in the perfection of old Piscator's benevolence arises from his entire devotion to his art. He will allow no creature to take fish but the angler, and concludes that any honest man may make a *just quarrel* with swan, geese, ducks, sea-gulls, and herons, &c.; and the use of live snails and worms as bait seems to have caused him no compunctions. His directions for making live-bait have subjected him to the charge of cruelty, probably not altogether serious, from Lord Byron (in *Don Juan*, Canto xiii.):

And angling, too, that solitary vice,
Whatever Izaak Walton sings or says;
The quaint, old, cruel coxcomb, in his gullet
Should have a hook, and a small trout to pull it.

For taking pike he recommends a perch, as being of fishes 'the longest lived on a hook;' and the poor frog is to be treated with elaborate, deliberate, and surely quite superfluous inhumanity:

And thus use your frog, that he may continue long alive: put your hook into his mouth, which you may easily do from the middle of April till August; and then the frogs mouth grows up, and he continues so for at least six moneths without eating, but is sustained none but He whose name is Wonderful knows how. I say, put your hook, I mean the arming wire, through his mouth and out at his gills; and with a fine needle and silk sew the upper part of his leg, with only one stitch, to the arming wire of your hook; or tie the frogs leg above the upper joynt to the armed wire; *and, in so doing, use him as though you loved him,* that is, harm him as little as you may possible, *that he may live the longer.* [The italics are not Walton's.]

'The Second Part of the *Compleat Angler*,' added to the fourth edition (1676) by Charles Cotton (see page 775), poet, translator of Montaigne, and adopted son of Walton, described itself as 'Instructions how to Angle for a Trout or Grayling in a Clear Stream.' Though the work was written in the short space of ten days, Walton's plan of dialogue was preserved, the author being Piscator junior, and his companion a traveller (Viator), who had paid a visit to the romantic scenery of Derbyshire, near which the residence of Cotton was situated. This traveller turns out to be the Venator of the first part, 'wholly addicted to the chase,' till Mr Izaak Walton taught him as good, a more quiet, innocent, and less dangerous diversion. The friends embrace; Piscator conducts his new associate to his 'beloved river Dove,' extends to him the hospitalities of his mansion, and next morning shows him his fishing-house, inscribed 'Piscatoribus Sacrum,' with the 'prettily contrived' cipher including the first two letters of Father Walton's name and those of his son Cotton. A delicate clear river flowed about the house, which stood on a little peninsula, with a bowling-green close by, and fair meadows and mountains in the neighbourhood. This building, built in 1674, still hallows the beautiful scenery of the river Dove with memories of the venerable angler and his disciple. The extracts we give here (in which the old spelling is reproduced) are all taken from the first part of Walton's own work. The first characteristic specimen, with its wise reflections and admonitions, is from the twenty-first chapter.

Thankfulness.

Well, scholar, having now taught you to paint your rod, and we having still a mile to Tottenham High Cross, I will, as we walk towards it in the cool shade of this sweet honey suckle hedg, mention to you some of the thoughts and joys that have possest my soul since we two met together. And these thoughts shall be told you, that you also may joyn with me in thankfulness to the Giver of every good and perfect gift for our happiness. And that our present happiness may appear to be the greater, and we the more thankful for it, I will beg you to consider with me how many do even at this very time lie under the torment of the stone, the gout, and toothache; and this we are free from. And every misery that I miss is a new mercy; and therefore let us be thankful. There have been, since we met, others that have met disasters of broken limbs; some have been blasted, others thunder-strucken; and we have been freed from these and all those many other miseries that threaten humane nature: let us therefore rejoice and be thankful. Nay, which is a far greater mercy, we are free from the unsupportable burthen of an accusing, tormenting conscience—a misery that none can bear; and therefore let us praise him for his preventing grace, and say, Every misery that I miss is a new mercy. Nay, let me tell you, there be many that have forty times our estates, that would give the greatest part of it to be healthful and chearful like us, who with the expence of a little money have eat, and drank, and laught, and angled, and sung, and slept securely; and rose next day, and cast away care, and sung, and laught, and angled again; which are blessings rich men cannot purchase with all their money. Let me tell you, scholar, I have a rich neighbour that is always so busie that he has no leasure to laugh; the whole business of his life is to get money, and more money, that he may still get more and more money; he is still drudging on, and says that Solomon says, 'The diligent hand maketh rich;' and 'tis true indeed: but he considers not that 'tis not in the power of riches to make a man happy: for it was wisely said by a man of great observation, 'that there be as many miseries beyond riches as on this side them.' And yet God deliver us from pinching poverty, and grant that, having a competency, we may be content and thankful. Let us not repine, or so much as think the gifts of God unequally dealt, if we see another abound with riches, when, as God knows, the cares that are the keys that keep those riches hang often so heavily at the rich man's girdle, that they clog him with weary days and restless nights, even when others sleep quietly. We see but the outside of the rich man's happiness; few consider him to be like the silkworm, that, when she seems to play, is at the very same time spinning her own bowels, and consuming herself; and this many rich men do, loading themselves with corroding cares, to keep what they have (probably) unconscionably got. Let us therefore be thankful for health and competence, and, above all, for a quiet conscience.

Let me tell you, scholar, that Diogenes walked on a day with his friend to see a country fair, where he saw ribbons, and looking-glasses, and nut-crackers, and fiddles, and hobby-horses, and many other gim-cracks; and having observed them, and all the other finnimbrums that make a compleat country fair, he said to his friend: 'Lord, how many things are there in this world of which Diogenes hath no need!' And truly it is so, or might be so, with very many who vex and toyl themselves to get what they have no need of. Can any man charge God that he hath not given him enough to make his life happy? No doubtless, for nature is content with a little; and yet you shall hardly meet with a man that

lains not of some want, though he indeed wants ıg but his will; it may be, nothing but his will of ›or neighbour, for not worshipping or not flattering and thus, when we might be happy and quiet, we trouble to ourselves. I have heard of a man that ngry with himself because he was no taller; and of ıan that broke her looking-glass because it would ıew her face to be as young and handsom as her neighbour's was. And I knew another to whom ıad given health and plenty, but a wife that nature ıade peevish, and her husband's riches had made proud; and must, because she was rich, and for no vertue, sit in the highest pew in the church; which denied her, she engag'd her husband into a conten- ›or it, and at last into a lawsuit with a dogged bour, who was as rich as he, and had a wife as ;h and purse-proud as the other; and this lawsuit higher oppositions and actionable words, and more ons and lawsuits; for you must remember that were rich, and must therefore have their wills. this wilful purse-proud lawsuit lasted during the the first husband, after which his wife vext and and chid and vext, till she also chid and vext her- ıto her grave; and so the wealth of these poor rich e was curst into a punishment, because they wanted and thankful hearts, for those only can make us '. I knew a man that had health and riches, and ıl houses all beautiful and ready furnisht, and would trouble himself and family to be removing from one to another; and being asked by a friend why he 'ed so often from one house to another, replied: as to find content in some one of them.' But his knowing his temper, told him, if he would find ıt in any of his houses, he must leave himself d him; for content will never dwell but in a meek ıuiet soul. And this may appear, if we read and ler what our Saviour says in St Matthew's gospel, : there says: 'Blessed be the merciful, for they obtain mercy. Blessed be the pure in heart, for shall see God. Blessed be the poor in spirit, for is the kingdom of heaven. And blessed be the , for they shall possess the earth.' Not that the shall not also obtain mercy, and see God, and be ›rted, and at last come to the kingdom of heaven; n the meantime, he and he only possesses the as he goes toward that kingdom of heaven, by humble and cheerful, and content with what his God has allotted him. He has no turbulent, re- ;, vexatious thoughts that he deserves better; nor ;t when he sees others possest of more honour or riches than his wise God has allotted for his share; : possesses what he has with a meek and contented ;ess, such a quietness as makes his very dreams ng, both to God and himself.

honest scholar, all this is told to incline you to fulness; and, to incline you the more, let me tell that though the prophet David was guilty of :r and adultery, and many other of the most deadly 'et he was said to be a man after God's own heart, se he abounded more with thankfulness than any that is mentioned in holy Scripture, as may appear book of Psalms, where there is such a commixture confessing of his sins and unworthiness, and such fulness for God's pardon and mercies, as did make ɔ be accounted, even by God himself, to be a man ıis own heart: and let us, in that, labour to be as like him as we can: let not the blessings we receive daily from God make us not to value, or not praise him, because they be common; let not us forget to praise him for the innocent mirth and pleasure we have met with since we met together. What would a blind man give to see the pleasant rivers and meadows, and flowers and fountains, that we have met with since we met together! I have been told, that if a man that was born blind could obtain to have his sight for but only one hour during his whole life, and should, at the first opening of his eyes, fix his sight upon the sun when it was in his full glory, either at the rising or setting of it, he would be so transported and amased, and so admire the glory of it, that he would not willingly turn his eyes from that first ravishing object to behold all the other various beauties this world could present to him. And this and many other like blessings we enjoy daily. And for most of them, because they be so common, most men forget to pay their praises; but let not us, because it is a sacrifice so pleasing to him that made that sun and us, and still protects us, and gives us flowers and showers and stomachs and meat and content and leasure to go a-fishing.

Well, scholar, I have almost tir'd myself, and I fear more than almost tir'd you. But I now see Tottenham High Cross, and our short walk thither will put a period to my too long discourse, in which my meaning was, and is, to plant that in your mind with which I labour to possess my own soul: that is, a meek and thankful heart. And to that end I have shew'd you, that riches without them do not make any man happy. But let me tell you that riches with them remove many fears and cares. And therefore my advice is, that you endeavour to be honestly rich, or contentedly poor; but be sure that your riches be justly got, or you spoil all; for it is well said by Caussin: 'He that loses his conscience has nothing left that is worth keeping.' Therefore, be sure you look to that. And, in the next place, look to your health; and if you have it, praise God, and value it next to a good conscience; for health is the second blessing that we mortals are capable of, a blessing that money cannot buy, and therefore value it and be thankful for it. As for money, which may be said to be the third blessing, neglect it not; but note, that there is no necessity of being rich; for I told you there be as many miseries beyond riches as on this side them; and if you have a competence, enjoy it with a meek, chearful, thankful heart. I will tell you, scholar, I have heard a grave divine say that God has two dwellings, one in heaven and the other in a meek and thankful heart; which Almighty God grant to me and to my honest scholar! And so you are welcom to Tottenham High Cross.

Venator. Well, master, I thank you for all your good directions, but for none more than this last, of thankfulness, which I hope I shall never forget. And pray let 's now rest ourselves in the sweet shady arbour.

Dean Nowell and Sir Henry Wotton.

The first is Doctor Nowel, sometime Dean of S. Paul's (in which church his monument stands yet undefaced), a man that in the reformation of Queen Elizabeth (not that of Henry the VIII.) was so noted for his meek spirit, deep learning, prudence and piety, that the then parliament and convocation both chose, injoined, and trusted him to be the man to make a catechism for publick use, such

a one as should stand as a rule for faith and manners to their posteritie: and the good old man (though he was very learned, yet knowing that God leads us not to heaven by hard questions) made that good, plain, unperplext catechism, that is printed with the old service book. I say, this good old man was as dear a lover, and constant practicer of angling, as any age can produce; and his custome was to spend (besides his fixt hours of prayer those hours which by command of the church were enjoined the old clergy, and voluntarily dedicated to devotion by many primitive Christians:) besides those hours, this good man was observed to spend, or if you will, to bestow, a tenth part of his time in angling; and also (for I have conversed with those which have conversed with him) to bestow a tenth part of his revenue, and all his fish, amongst the poor that inhabited near to those rivers in which it was caught, saying often that charity gave life to religion: and at his return would praise God he had spent that day free from worldly trouble, both harmlesly, and in a recreation that became a church-man.

My next and last example shall be that undervaluer of money, the late provost of Eaton Colledg, Sir Henry Wotton (a man with whom I have often fish'd and convers'd), a man whose forraign imployments in the service of this nation, and whose experience, learning, wit and cheerfulness, made his company to be esteemed one of the delights of mankind; this man, whose very approbation of angling were sufficient to convince any modest censurer of it, this man was also a most dear lover, and a frequent practicer of the art of angling, of which he would say, 'twas an imployment for his idle time, which was not idly spent;' for angling was after tedious study 'a rest to his mind, a cheerer of his spirits, a divertion of sadness, a calmer of unquiet thoughts, a moderator of passions, a procurer of contentedness, and that it begot habits of peace and patience in those that profest and practic'd it.'

Sir, this was the saying of that learned man; and I do easily believe that peace, and patience, and a calm content did cohabit in the cheerful heart of Sir Henry Wotton, because I know that when he was beyond seventy years of age he made this description of a part of the present pleasure that possest him, as he sate quietly in a summer's evening on a bank a fishing; it is a description of the spring, which because it glides as soft and sweetly from his pen as that river does now by which it was then made, I shall repeat unto you.

Trout and Chub Fishing.

Viator. Trust me, master, I see now it is a harder matter to catch a trout than a chub; for I have put on patience, and followed you this two hours, and not seen a fish stir, neither at your minnow nor your worm.

Piscator. Well, scholer, you must endure worse luck sometime or you will never make a good angler. But what say you now? there is a trout now, and a good one too, if I can but hold him; and two or three turns more will tire him: now you see he lies still, and the sleight is to land him: reach me that landing net. So (sir) now he is mine own, what say you? is not this worth all my labour?

Viat. On my word, master, this is a gallant trout; what shall we do with him?

Pisc. Marry e'en eat him to supper: we 'l go to my hostis, from whence we came; she told me, as I was going out of door, that my brother Peter, a good angler, and a cheerful companion, had sent word he would lodg there tonight, and bring a friend with him. My hostis has two beds, and I know you and I may have the best: we 'l rejoice with my brother Peter and his friends, tel tales, or sing ballads, or make a catch, or find some harmless sport to content us.

Viat. A match, good master, lets go to that house, for the linnen looks white, and smels of lavender, and I long to lye in a pair of sheets that smels so: lets be going, good master, for I am hungry again with fishing.

Pisc. Nay, stay a little, good scholer, I caught my last trout with a worm, now I wil put on a minow and try a quarter of an hour about yonder trees for another, and so walk towards our lodging. Look you, scholer, thereabout we shall have a bite presently, or not at all: have with you (sir!) on my word I have him. Oh it is a great logger-headed chub: come, hang him upon that willow twig, and let 's be going. But turn out of the way a little, good scholer, towards yonder high hedg: we 'l sit whilst this showr falls so gently upon the teeming earth, and gives a sweeter smel to the lovely flowers that adorn the verdant meadows.

Look, under that broad beech tree I sate down when I was last this way a fishing, and the birds in the adjoining grove seemed to have a friendly contention with an echo, whose dead voice seemed to live in a hollow cave, near to the brow of that primrose hil; there I sate, viewing the silver streams glide silently towards their center, the tempestuous sea, yet sometimes opposed by rugged roots, and pibble stones, which broke their waves, and turned them into fome: and sometimes viewing the harmless lambs, some leaping securely in the cool shade, whilst others sported themselves in the cheerful sun; and others were craving comfort from the swolne udders of their bleating dams. As I thus sate, these and other sights had so fully possest my soul, that I thought as the poet hath happily exprest it:

> 'I was for that time lifted above earth;
> And possest joyes not promis'd in my birth.'

As I left this place, and entered into the next field, a second pleasure entertained me, 'twas a handsome milkmaid that had cast away all care, and sung like a nightingale; her voice was good, and the ditty fitted for it; 'twas that smooth song which was made by Kit Marlow, now at least fifty years ago; and the milk maids mother sung an answer to it, which was made by Sir Walter Raleigh in his yonger dayes.

They were old fashioned poetry, but choicely good, I think much better than that now in fashion in this critical age. Look yonder, on my word, yonder they both be a milking again: I will give her the chub, and perswade them to sing those two songs to us.

Pisc. God speed, good woman, I have been a fishing, and am going to Bleak Hall to my bed, and having caught more fish than wil sup my self and friend, wil bestow this upon you and your daughter, for I use to sel none.

Milkwoman. Marry God requite you sir, and we 'l eat it cheerfully: wil you drink a draught of red cows milk?

Pisc. No, I thank you: but I pray do us a courtesie that shal stand you and your daughter in nothing, and we wil think our selves stil something in your debt; it is but to sing us a song, that was sung by you and your daughter, when I last past over this meadow, about eight or nine dayes since.

Milk. What song was it, I pray? was it, 'Come shepherds deck your heds:' or, 'As at noon Dulcina rested:' or 'Philida flouts me?'

Pisc. No, it is none of those: it is a song that your daughter sung the first part, and you sung the answer to it.

Milk. O I know it now, I learn'd the first part in my golden age, when I was about the age of my daughter; and the later part, which indeed fits me best, but two or three years ago; you shal, God willing, hear them both. Come Maudlin, sing the first part to the gentlemen with a merrie heart, and Ile sing the second.

Of Hampshire Trouts and Sir Francis Bacon.

Pisc. And you are to know, that in Hampshire (which I think exceeds all England for pleasant brooks, and store of trouts) they use to catch trouts in the night by the light of a torch or straw, which when they have discovered, they strike with a trout spear: this kind of way they catch many, but I would not believe it till I was an eye-witness of it, nor like it now I have seen it.

Viat. But master, do not trouts see us in the night?

Pisc. Yes, and hear, and smel too, both then and in the day time, for Gesner observes, the otter smels a fish forty furlongs off him in the water; and that it may be true is affirmed by Sir Francis Bacon (in the eighth century of his natural history), who there proves that waters may be the medium of sounds, by demonstrating it thus, that if you knock two stones together very deep under the water, those that stand on a bank neer to that place may hear the noise without any diminution of it by the water. He also offers the like experiment concerning the letting an anchor fall by a very long cable or rope on a rock, or the sand within the sea: and this being so wel observed and demonstrated, as it is by that learned man, has made me to believe that eeles unbed themselves, and stir at the noise of thunder, and not only as some think, by the motion or the stirring of the earth, which is occasioned by that thunder.

And this reason of Sir Francis Bacons has made me crave pardon of one that I laughed at, for affirming that he knew carps come to a certain place in a pond to be fed at the ringing of a bel: and it shall be a rule for me to make as little noise as I can when I am fishing, until Sir Francis Bacon be confuted, which I shall give any man leave to do, and so leave off this philosophical discourse for a discourse of fishing.

Of which my next shall be to tell you, it is certain, that certain fields neer Lemster, a town in Herefordshire, are observed, that they make the sheep that graze upon them more fat than the next, and also to bear finer wool; that is to say, that that year in which they feed in such a particular pasture, they shall yeeld finer wool than the year before they came to feed in it, and coarser again if they shall return to their former pasture, and again return to a finer wool being fed in the fine wool ground. Which I tell you, that you may the better believe that I am certain, if I catch a trout in one meadow, he shall be white and faint, and very like to be lowsie; and as certainly if I catch a trout in the next meadow, he shal be strong, and red, and lusty, and much better meat: trust me (scholer) I have caught many a trout in a particular meadow, that the very shape and inamelled colour of him has joyed me to look upon him, and I have with Solomon concluded, every thing is beautifull in season.

In the edition of Mr Thomas Westwood's *Chronicle of 'The Compleat Angler,'* published on the two hundredth anniversary of Walton's death, there are enumerated 97 editions, as compared with over 120 in 1901—including editions by [Sir] John Hawkins (1760); Major (1824, 1835, 1844); Sir Harris Nicolas, with a good Life of Walton (1836); Dr G. W. Bethune (New York, 1847); Ed. Jesse and H. G. Bohn (1856); Dowling (1857); Marston (2 vols. 1888); Harting (2 vols. 1893); Andrew Lang (1896); and a fac-simile of the original edition (1876; with introduction by Le Gallienne, 1896). A copy of the first edition brought £52 in 1874, £310 in 1891, and £415 in 1896. In 1898 the first five editions fetched £800. Of the *Lives* there are editions by Zouch (1796), Major (1825), and A. H. Bullen, with W. Dowling's Life (1884).

James Harrington (1611–77), the author of *Oceana*, was the son of Sir Sapcotes Harrington of Rand in Lincolnshire, but was born at his maternal grandfather's house of Upton in Northamptonshire, studied at Oxford, and for some time was a pupil of the famous Chillingworth. Afterwards he went abroad for several years. While at the Hague and at Venice he imbibed many of those Republican views which marked his writings. At Rome he attracted attention by refusing on a public occasion to kiss the Pope's toe—conduct which he afterwards adroitly defended to the King of England by saying that, 'having had the honour of kissing His Majesty's hand, he thought it beneath him to kiss the toe of any other monarch.' During the Civil War he was appointed by the parliamentary commissioners to be one of the personal attendants of King Charles, who in 1647 nominated him one of the grooms of his bed-chamber. Except upon politics the king was fond of Harrington's conversation; and the king's kindliness made Harrington most anxious that a reconciliation between king and Parliament might be effected. He was much distressed when the king was brought to the scaffold. During the sway of Cromwell, Harrington occupied himself in composing the *Oceana*, which was published in 1656. The work is a political romance of a new England completely reconstituted (as he hoped, under Cromwell himself, Olphaus Megaletor) in accordance with the author's idea of a truly free but distinctly aristocratic republic. His model was partly based on the republics of Greece, Rome, and Venice, for which he 'ransacked the ancient archives of prudence,' but was very largely his own invention. Cromwell's actual English republic was by no means to Harrington's mind. All power, he maintains, depends upon property—chiefly upon land. An agrarian law should fix the balance of lands; and the government should be 'established upon an equal agrarian basis, rising into the superstructure, or three orders, the senate debating and proposing, the people resolving, and the magistracy executing by an equal rotation through the suffrage of the people given by ballot.' There is frequent polemic against Hobbes, whom he rejoices to confute by arguments from 'Machiavill.' After the publication of the *Oceana* Harrington continued to spread Republican opinions by founding a debating club called the Rota, and by holding conversations with

visitors at his own house. This brought him under suspicion soon after the Restoration, and on the ground of treasonable practices he was sent to the Tower in 1661, and subsequently confined at Plymouth. He became subject to extraordinary hallucinations, from which, though he was released and afterwards married, he was never again free. He published also some twenty defences of *Oceana*, and translations of two of Virgil's eclogues and of six books of the *Æneid*.

By way of introduction to his work he gives a brief account of the people of Oceana, Marpesia, and Panopea—England, Scotland, and Ireland—and propounds a marvellous scheme for solving the Irish problem.

On Scotland and Ireland.

Marpesia, being the northern part of the same island, is the dry nurse of a populous and hardy nation, but where the staddels [small trees amongst underwood; i.e. nobles] have been formerly too thick; whence their courage answered not their hardinesse except in the nobility, who governed that country much after the manner of Poland, but that the king was not elective till the people received their liberty; the yoke of the nobility being broken by the commonwealth of Oceana, which in grateful return is thereby provided with an inexhaustible magazine of auxiliaries.

Panopea, the soft mother of a slothful and pusillanimous people, is a neighbour island, anciently subjected by the arms of Oceana; since almost depopulated for shaking off the yoke, and at length replanted with a new race. But, through what virtues of the soyl or vice of the air soever it be, they come still to degenerate. Wherefore seeing it is neither likely to yield men fit for arms, nor necessary it should, it had been the interest of Oceana so to have disposed of this province, being both rich in the nature of the soil, and full of commodious ports for trade, that it might have been ordered for the best in relation to her purse, which in my opinion, if it had been thought upon in time, might have been best done by planting it with Jewes, allowing them their own rites and laws; for that would have brought them suddainly from all parts of the world, and in sufficient numbers. And though the Jews be now altogether for merchandize, yet in the land of Canaan (except since their exile from whence they have not been landlords) they were altogether for agriculture; and there is no cause why a man should doubt, but having a fruitful country, and excellent ports too, they would be good at both. Panopea, well peopled, would be worth a matter of four millions dry rents; that is, besides the advantage of the agriculture and trade, which, with a nation of that industry, comes at least to as much more. Wherefore Panopea, being farmed out to the Jews and their heirs for ever, for the pay of a provincial army to protect them during the term of seven years, and for two millions annual revenue from that time forward, besides the customs, which would pay the provincial army, would have been a bargain of such advantage, both to them and this commonwealth, as is not to be found otherwise by either. To receive the Jews after any other manner into a commonwealth were to maim it; for they of all nations never incorporate, but taking up the room of a limb, are of no use or office to the body, while they suck the nourishment which would sustain a natural and useful member.

If Panopea had been so disposed of, that knapsack, with the Marpesian auxiliary, had been an inestimable treasure; the situation of these countries being island (as appears by Venice how advantagious such a one is to the like government) seems to have been designed by God for a commonwealth. And yet that, through the streightnesse of the place and defect of proper arms, can be no more then a commonwealth for preservation; whereas this, reduced to the like government, is a commonwealth for increase, and upon the mightiest foundation that any has been laid from the beginning of the world to this day.

> 'Illam arctâ capiens Neptunus compede stringit:
> Hanc autem glaucis captus complectitur ulnis.'

The sea gives law to the growth of Venice, but the growth of Oceana gives law to the sea.

These countries, having been anciently distinct and hostile kingdoms, came by Morpheus the Marpesian [James VI. and I.], who succeeded by hereditary right to the crown of Oceana, not only to be joined under one head, but to be cast, as it were by a charm, into that profound sleep, which, broken at length by the trumpet of civill war, hath produced those effects that have given the occasion unto the ensuing discourse, divided into four parts.

The Election of Pastors.

The sixth order, directing, 'In case a parson or vicar of a parish comes to be removed by death or by the censors, that the congregation of the parish assemble and depute one or two elders by the ballot, who upon the charge of the parish shall repair to one of the universities of this nation with a certificate signed by the overseers, and addressed to the Vice-Chancellor, which certificate, giving notice of the death or removal of the parson or vicar, of the value of the parsonage or vicarage, and of the desire of the congregation to receive a probationer from that university, the Vice-Chancellor, upon the receipt thereof, shall call a convocation, and having made choyce of a fit person, shall return him in due time to the parish, where the person so returned shall return the full fruits of the benefice or vicaridge, and do the duty of the parson or vicar, for the space of one year, as probationer; and that being expired, the congregation of the elders shall put their probationer to the ballot, and if he attains not to two parts in three of the suffrage affirmative, he shall take his leave of the parish, and they shall send in like manner as before for another probationer; but if their probationer obtains two parts in three of the suffrage affirmative, he is then pastor of that parish. And the pastour of the parish shall pray with the congregation, preach the Word, and administer the sacraments to the same, according to the directory to be hereafter appointed by the parliament. Nevertheless such as are of gathered congregations, or from time to time shall join with any of them, are in nowise obliged to this way of electing their teachers, or to give their votes in this case, but wholly left to the liberty of their own consciences, and to that way of worship which they shall choose, being not Popish, Jewish, or idolatrous. And to the end they may be the better protected by the State in the exercise of the same, they are desired to make choyce, and in such manner as they best like, of certain magistrates in every one of their congregations, which we could wish might be four in each of them, to be auditors in cases of differences or distaste, if any

through variety of opinions, that may be grievous or injurious to them, shall fall out. And such auditors or magistrates shall have power to examine the matter, and inform themselves, to the end that if they think it of sufficient weight, they may acquaint the phylarch [ruler of the tribe or county] with it, or introduce it into the councill of religion; where all such causes as those magistrates introduce shall from time be heard and determined according to such laws as are or shall hereafter be provided by the parliament for the just defence of the liberty of conscience.'

One of the liveliest passages is that in which a hearty defender of the old régime makes a very free assault, by way of *reductio ad absurdum*, on the new political model, the archon or supreme magistrate included:

A Conservative Counterblast.

Nevertheless my Lord Epimonus, who with much ado had been held till now, found it midsummer moon, and broke out of bedlam in this manner:

'My Lord Archon,—

'I have a singing in my head like that of a cartwheel, my brains are upon a rotation; and some are so merry, that a man cannot speak his griefs, but if your highshod prerogative, and those same slouching fellowes your tribunes, do not take my lord strategus's and my lord orator's heads, and jole them together under the canopy, then let me be ridiculous to all posterity. For here is a commonwealth, to which if a man should take that of the 'prentices in their ancient administration of justice at Shrovetide, it were an aristocracy. You have set the very rabble with troncheons in their hands, and the gentry of this nation, like cocks with scarlet gills, and the golden combs of their salaries to boot, lest they should not be thrown at.

'Not a night can I sleep for some horrid apparition or other; one while these myrmidons are measuring silks by their quarter-staves, another stuffing their greasy pouches with my lord high treasurer's jacobusses [sovereigns of James I.'s coining]. For they are above a thousand in arms to three hundred, which, their gowns being pulled over their ears, are but in their doublets and hose. But what do I speak of a thousand? There be two thousand in every tribe, that is, a hundred thousand in the whole nation, not only in the posture of an army, but in a civill capacity sufficient to give us what lawes they please. Now everybody knows that the lower sort of people regard nothing but money; and you say it is the duty of a legislator to presume all men to be wicked: wherefore they must fall upon the richer, as they are an army; or, lest their minds should misgive them in such a villany, you have given them encouragement that they have a nearer way, seeing it may be done every whit as well as by the overballancing power which they have in elections. There is a fair which is annually kept in the centre of these territories at Kiberton [Kirton-in-Lindsey?], a town famous for ale, and frequented by good fellows; where there is a solemnity of the pipers and fidlers of this nation (I know not whether Lacedemon, where the senate kept account of the stops of the flutes and of the fiddle-strings of that commonwealth, had any such custom) called the bull-running; and he that catches and holds the bull, is the annual and supream magistrate of that *comitia* or congregation, called king piper, without whose license it is not lawful for any of those citizens to enjoy the liberty of his calling; nor is he otherwise legitimately qualified (or *civitate donatus*) to lead apes or bears in any perambulation of the same. Mine host of the Bear, in Kiberton, the father of ale, and patron of good football and cudgel players, has any time since I can remember been grand chancellor of this order. Now, say I, seeing great things arise from small beginnings, what should hinder the people, prone to their own advantage and loving money, from having intelligence conveyed to them by this same king piper and his chancellor, with their loyal subjects the minstrills and bearwards, masters of ceremonies, to which there is great recourse in their respective perambulations, and which they will commission and instruct, with directions to all the tribes, willing and commanding them, that as they wish their own good, they choose no other into the next *primum mobile* [outermost and uppermost sphere and great source of motion] but of the ablest cudgel and football players? Which done as soon as said, your *primum mobile*, consisting of no other stuff, must of necessity be drawn forth into your *nebulones* [rogues] and your *galimofrys* [the rabble]; and so the silken purses of your senate and prerogative being made of sowes' ears, most of them blacksmiths, they will strike while the iron is hot, and beat your estates into hobnails, mine host of the Bear being strategus [supreme military commander], and king piper lord orator. Well, my Lords, it might have been otherwise exprest, but this is well enough a-conscience. In your way, the wit of man shall not prevent this or the like inconvenience; but if this (for I have conferred with artists) be a mathematical demonstration, I could kneel to you, that ere it be too late we might return to some kind of sobriety.

'If we empty our purses with these pomps, salaries, coaches, lacquays, and pages, what can the people say less than that we have dressed a senate and a prerogative for nothing but to go to the park with the ladies?'

Stinginess of Cromwell's Commonwealth.

'But there is such a selling, such a Jewish humour in our republicans, that I cannot tell what to say to it; onely this, any man that knows what belongs to a commonwealth, or how diligent every nation in that case has been to preserve her ornaments, and shall see the waste lately made (the woods adjoyning to this city, which served for the delight and health of it, being cut down to be sold for three pence), will tell you that they who did such things would never have made a commonwealth. The like may be said of the ruine or damage done upon our cathedrals, ornaments in which this nation excels all others. Nor shall this ever be excused upon the score of religion; for though it be true that God dwells not in houses made with hands, yet you cannot hold your assemblies but in such houses, and these are of the best that have been made with hands. Nor is it well argued that they are pompous, and therefore prophane, or less proper for divine service, seeing the Christians in the primitive Church chose to meet with one accord in the Temple, so far were they from any inclination to pull it down.'

There is a Life of Harrington in the edition of his works by the famous Deist, John Toland (1700); see also Aubrey's *Letters* and Masson's *Milton*. Professor Henry Morley reprinted the *Oceana* in 1887, but omitted the amusing *Epistle to the Reader* and the amazing list of errata.

Colonel Edward Saxby, who died distracted in the Tower in 1658, lived a life of curious adventure and intrigue, and merited a place in the history of English literature by writing that most audacious of political pamphlets, *Killing no Murder*. A Suffolk man, he took service in Cromwell's Horse about 1643, held command at the siege of Tantallon Castle in 1651, was sent to negotiate with the Frondeurs and rebellious Huguenots in France, but as an extreme Republican quarrelled finally with Cromwell when he assumed the Protectorate. He zealously intrigued against Cromwell with royalist, Catholic, and Spanish agents; tried to combine levellers and royalists against the usurper, and arranged more than one scheme for Cromwell's assassination by 'strange engines,' the firing of Whitehall and the like; and early in 1657 got his famous exhortation to tyrannicide printed in Holland and smuggled into England. The pamphlet, professing to be by one William Allen, was courteously dedicated to the Protector himself, the ironical argument being that, seeing Cromwell's life had proved such an unmitigated curse to the nation, Cromwell, if he were the public-spirited man he professed to be, was bound to welcome sudden death at the hands of a patriotic assassin as a manifest blessing to all concerned. This very ingenious irony is not long sustained, and an elaborate argument is carried out to prove—with scriptural examples and quotations from Sophocles and Tully, Plato and Aristotle, Grotius and Machiavel – that Cromwell is a tyrant of the worst description, who ought to be summarily annihilated like a wild beast by any one who had the chance. The argument is ingeniously managed; the historic parallels and applications are many of them amusingly plausible. The style is direct, effective, and at times even powerful; and the influence of the work unquestionably may be traced in the work of subsequent English pamphleteers. There is a concise statement of the origin of society in a social contract, sometimes regarded as the original contribution of Rousseau to eighteenth-century political philosophy, but traceable in Locke, Hobbes, and even the Greek sophists.

The Social Contract.

And indeed, as by the laws of God and Nature, the care, defence, and support of the family lies upon every man whose it is, so by the same law there is due unto every man from his family a subjection and obedience in compensation of that support. But several families uniting themselves together to make up one body of a Commonwealth, and being independent one of another, without any natural superiority or obligation, nothing can introduce amongst them a disparity of rule and subjection but some power that is over them, which power none can pretend to have but God and themselves. Wherefore all power which is lawfully exercised over such a society of men (which from the end of its institution we call a Commonwealth) must necessarily be derived, either from the appointment of God Almighty, who is Supreme Lord of all and every part, or from the consent of the society itself, who have the next power to his of disposing of their own liberty as they shall think fit for their own good. This power God hath given to societies of men, as well as he gave it to particular persons; and when He interposes not his own authority, and appoints not himself who shall be his vicegerents and rule under Him, He leaves it to none but the people themselves to make the election, whose benefit is the end of all government. Nay, when He himself hath been pleased to appoint rulers for that people which He was pleased peculiarly to own, He many times made the choice, but left the confirmation and ratification of that choice to the people themselves. So Saul was chosen by God, and anointed king by his prophet, but made king by all the people at Gilgal. David was anointed king by the same prophet, but was afterwards, after Saul's death, confirmed by the people of Judah, and seven years after by the elders of Israel, the people's deputies at Chebron.

The Protector a Tyrant.

This being considered, have not the people of England much reason to ask the Protector this question, 'Quis constituit te virum principem et judicem super nos?' Who made thee a prince and a judge over us? If God made thee, make it manifest to us. If the people, where did we meet to do it? Who took our subscriptions? To whom deputed we our authority? And when and where did those deputies make the choice? Sure these interrogations are very natural, and I believe would much trouble his Highness's Council and his Junto to answer. In a word, that I may not tire my reader, who will not want proofs for what I say if he wants not memory: if to change the Government without the people's consent; if to dissolve their representatives by force, and disannul their acts; if to give the name of the people's representatives to confederates of his own, that he may establish iniquity by a law; if to take away men's lives out of all course of law by certain murderers of his own appointment, whom he names a High Court of Justice; if to decimate men's estates, and by his own power to impose upon the people what taxes he pleases, and to maintain all by force of arms; if, I say, all this does make a tyrant, his own impudence cannot deny but he is as complete a one as ever hath been since there have been societies of men. He that hath done and does all this is the person for whose preservation the people of England must pray; but certainly if they do, it is for the same reason that the old woman of Syracuse prayed for the long life of the tyrant Dionysius, lest the devil should come next. . . . Tyrants accomplish their ends much more by fraud than force. . . . It is but unnecessary to say that had not his Highness had a faculty to be fluent in his tears, and eloquent in his execrations; had he not had spongy eyes, and a supple conscience; and besides to do with a people of great faith but little wit, his courage and the rest of his moral virtues, with the help of his janissaries, had never been able so far to advance him out of the reach of justice that we should have need to call for any other hand to remove him but that of the hangman. . . . Lastly, above all things they pretend a love to God and religion. This Aristotle calls 'artium tyrannicarum potissimam,' the surest and best of all the arts of tyrants; and we all know his Highness hath found it so by experience. He hath found, indeed, that in godliness there is great gain, and that preaching and praying well managed will

obtain other kingdoms as well as that of heaven. His indeed have been pious arms, for he hath conquered most by those of the Church, by prayers and tears. But the truth is, were it not for our honour to be governed by one that can manage both the spiritual and temporal sword, and, Roman-like, to have our emperor our high-priest, we might have had preaching at a much cheaper rate, and it would have cost us but our tithes which now costs us all. . . . And then if he be not a tyrant, we must confess we have no definition nor description of a tyrant left us, and may well imagine there is no such thing in Nature, and that it is only a notion and a name. But if there be such a beast, and we do at all believe what we see and feel, let us now inquire, according to the method we proposed, whether this be a beast of game that we are to give law to, or a beast of prey to destroy with all means which are allowable and fair?

John Pearson (1613–86), born at Great Snoring, Norfolk, son of the Archdeacon of Suffolk, was educated at Eton and at Queen's and King's Colleges, Cambridge. In 1640, appointed chaplain to the Lord-Keeper Finch, he was presented to the Suffolk rectory of Thorington; in 1659 he published his learned *Exposition of the Creed*, and edited the *Golden Remains* of Hales of Eton. In 1660 he became rector of St Christopher's in London, a prebendary of Ely, Archdeacon of Surrey, and Master of Jesus College, Cambridge. In 1661 he was Baxter's principal antagonist at the Savoy Conference, and was appointed to the Lady Margaret chair of Divinity at Cambridge; in 1662 he became Master of Trinity, and in 1673 Bishop of Chester. He defended the genuineness of the Ignatian epistles (1672), and in 1684 published his *Annales Cyprianici*. His *Exposition of the Creed* is a standard work in English divinity, remarkable equally for argument, arrangement, and style. Bentley said Pearson's 'very dross was gold'—an extravagant compliment; but most subsequent authorities have borne testimony to the merits of the *Exposition*. Admirable editions of it are by E. Burton (1833) and Temple Chevallier (1849; revised by Sinker, 1882); of the *Minor Theological Works*, with Life, by Archdeacon Churton (1844).

The Resurrection.

Furthermore, besides the principles of which he [man] consists, and the actions which flow from us, the consideration of the things without us, and the natural course of variations in the creature, will render the resurrection yet more highly probable. Every space of twenty-four hours teacheth thus much, in which there is always a revolution amounting to a resurrection. The day dies into a night, and is buried in silence and in darkness; in the next morning it appeareth again and reviveth, opening the grave of darkness, rising from the dead of night: this is a diurnal resurrection. As the day dies into night, so doth the summer into winter: the sap is said to descend into the root, and there it lies buried in the ground; the earth is covered with snow, or crusted with frost, and becomes a general sepulchre; when the spring appeareth, all begin to rise; the plants and flowers peep out of their graves, revive and grow, and flourish: this is the annual resurrection. The corn by which we live, and for want of which we perish with famine, is notwithstanding cast upon the earth and buried in the ground, with a design that it may corrupt and, being corrupted, may revive and multiply: our bodies are fed by this constant experiment, and we continue this present life by succession of resurrections. Thus all things are repaired by corrupting, are preserved by perishing, and revived by dying; and can we think that man, the lord of all these things, which thus die and revive for him, should be detained in death as never to live again? Is it imaginable that God should thus restore all things to man, and not restore man to himself? If there were no other consideration but of the principles of human nature, of the liberty and remunerability of human actions, and of the natural revolutions and resurrections of other creatures, it were abundantly sufficient to render the resurrection of our bodies highly probable. We must not rest in this school of nature, nor settle our persuasions upon likelihoods; but as we passed from an apparent possibility into a high presumption and probability, so must we pass from thence unto a full assurance of an infallible certainty. And of this indeed we cannot be assured but by the revelation of the will of God; upon his power we must conclude that we may, from his will that we shall, rise from the dead. Now the power of God is known unto all men, and therefore all men may infer from thence a possibility; but the will of God is not revealed unto all men, and therefore all have not an infallible certainty of the resurrection.

James Nayler (? 1617–60), not altogether unreasonably nicknamed the 'Quaker Messiah,' ranks amongst the foremost Quaker writers for depth of thought, spiritual power, and unstudied eloquence. He was the son of a Yorkshire yeoman, settled in Wakefield, joined the Parliamentary army, and became a preacher. In 1651 he became a Quaker, and was the most conspicuous of Fox's early coadjutors—insomuch that Baxter regarded him as the chief leader of the movement in these years, when recruits were swarming in from amongst ranters and visionaries of all kinds. His head was turned by the enthusiastic devotion to him of 'a few forward, conceited, imaginary women,' as his friends called them, whom he allowed to kiss his feet, to call him 'the lamb of God,' and cry before him as he rode into Bristol, 'Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Israel.' He did not assume such titles to himself, and when arrested in 1656 affirmed that these honours were paid to 'Christ within him.' He was found guilty of horrid blasphemy by a committee of the House of Commons, just escaped sentence of death, was pilloried, whipped, had his tongue pierced with a hot iron, his forehead branded with a great B, and in this miserable case was thrown into prison, where he remained, spite of contrition and petitions to Cromwell, till after the Protector's death. He was released in 1659, made public confession, and with Fox's sanction resumed preaching and lecturing. He died in Huntingdonshire in 1660, on a journey afoot from London to his native county.

He wrote a large number of short works, devotional and controversial; a 'collection' of his non-controversial 'books, epistles, and papers,' published in 1716, fills a volume of nearly eight hundred pages. Others than Quakers have admitted that some of them display true spiritual genius. Nayler's 'Last Testimony, said to be delivered by him about two Hours before his Departure out of this Life,' was versified by Bernard Barton, but the paraphrase added nothing to the fervour, tenderness, and dignity of the original:

There is a Spirit which I feel, that delights to do no Evil nor to revenge any Wrong, but delights to endure all things in hope to enjoy its own in the End: Its hope is to outlive all Wrath and Contention, and to weary out all Exaltation and Cruelty, or whatever is of a Nature contrary to it self. It sees to the End of all Temptations: As it bears no Evil in it self, so it conceives none in Thoughts to any other: If it be betrayed it bears it; for its Ground and Spring is the Mercies and Forgiveness of God. Its Crown is Meekness, its Life is Everlasting Love unfeigned, and takes its Kingdom with Intreaty and not with Contention, and keeps it by Lowliness of Mind. In God alone it can rejoyce, though none else regard it or can own its Life. It 's conceived in Sorrow, and brought forth without any to pity it; nor doth it murmur at Grief and Oppression. It never rejoyceth but through Sufferings; for with the World's Joy it is murthered. I found it alone, being forsaken; I have Fellowship therein, with them who lived in Dens and desolate Places in the Earth, who through Death obtained this Resurrection and Eternal Holy Life.

Edmund Waller,

a courtly poet whose works have much of the smoothness and polish of modern verse, was born in 1606 at Coleshill, near Amersham (in Bucks since 1832, but then in Hertfordshire), and in his infancy was left heir to an estate of £3500 per annum. He was cousin to the patriot Hampden, and his uncle's wife was aunt to Oliver Cromwell, but his own family were hearty royalists. The poet, educated at Eton and King's College, Cambridge, was apparently Roundhead or royalist as best suited the occasion. He entered Parliament at sixteen. At twenty-five he married a rich heiress of London, who died soon after, and he immediately became a suitor of Lady Dorothea Sidney, eldest daughter of the Earl of Leicester. To this proud and peerless fair one Waller dedicated the best part of his poetry, and the groves of Penshurst echoed to the praises of his Sacharissa. But Lady Dorothea was inexorable, and bestowed her hand on the Earl of Sunderland. Meeting Waller long afterwards, Sacharissa asked him when he would again write such verses upon her. 'When you are as young, madam, and as handsome as you were then,' the ungallant poet replied, giving us therein a key to his witty, shallow, selfish character. As a member of Parliament he was distinguished as a speaker on the popular side, and was chosen to conduct the prosecution against Judge Crawley for his opinion in favour of levying ship-money (1641). His speech for the impeachment was printed, and 20,000 copies of it sold in one day. But he seems to have really been royalist in heart. He was one of the commissioners sent to the king at Oxford in 1643; and having joined in a plot to surprise the city militia and let in the king's forces, was arrested, expelled the House, and tried. He behaved in an abject manner, confessed freely to the injury of his associates, and had a sentence of death commuted to a fine of £10,000 and banishment. He lived in France and Switzerland, travelled with Evelyn, and was popular amongst the royalist exiles for his hospitality as well as for his wit. He was allowed to return in 1652, and wrote a panegyric on Cromwell, which seems one of his sincerest as it is certainly one of his best poems. After Cromwell's death, however, he wrote verses *On the death of the late Usurper O. C.* The Commonwealth fell to pieces under Richard Cromwell, and Waller was ready with a congratulatory address to Charles II. The royal offering was considered inferior to the panegyric on Cromwell, and when the king himself—who admitted the poet to terms of courtly intimacy—commented on this inferiority, 'Poets, sire,' replied the witty, self-possessed poet, 'succeed better in fiction than in truth.' In the first Parliament summoned by Charles, Waller sat for Hastings, and he served in all the Parliaments of that reign, and Bishop Burnet admits he was the delight of the House of Commons; and in spite of his water-drinking, he was a great favourite at court. But Clarendon frustrated his scheme to be made Provost of Eton though a layman; and if Waller sought to revenge himself after that Minister's fall in 1667, the fallen Minister had his final revenge in the portrait he has left of Waller's cowardice and meanness. At the accession of James II. in 1685, the aged poet, then well-nigh eighty, was elected representative for a borough in Cornwall. The issue of James's mad career in seeking to subvert Church and constitution was foreseen by this wary and sagacious observer: 'He will be left,' said he, 'like a whale upon the strand.' The editors of Chandler's Debates and the Parliamentary History ascribe to Waller a remarkable speech against standing armies, delivered in the House of Commons in 1685; but according to Lord Macaulay, this speech was really made by Windham, member for Salisbury. 'It was with some concern,' adds the historian, 'that I found myself forced to give up the belief that the last words uttered in public by Waller were so honourable to him.' Waller purchased a small property at Coleshill, with the feeling that 'he would be glad to die like the stag, where he was roused.' The wish was not fulfilled; he died at Hall Barn, Beaconsfield, his home for fifty-six years, on 21st October 1687; and in the churchyard—where also rest the ashes of Edmund Burke—a monument was erected to his memory.

Waller's poems comprise an early epic on the *Summer's Islands*, or Bermudas, and a serious

n *Divine Love*, written in his later years; st of his things are short and occasional, half of the whole being the elegant but l love-verses to Sacharissa. His verses were circulated, but not published till 1645—again . His feeble character is reflected in his which is easy, flowing, polished, and felici- it lacking in sincerity, passion, or strength. arious modifications of his own, he revived oic couplet, and handled it dexterously in n it retained for over a hundred years. In time he was ranked next to or the equal younger contemporary Cowley, and at his as accounted the greatest of English poets. Fenton called him 'maker and model of us verse.' 'Dryden said that the excellence gnity of rhyme were never fully known till ller taught it: he first made writing save first showed us to conclude the sense most nly in distichs.' His predecessors in writing rhyming verse frequently made the sense the couplet: Waller (though it has been that Sandys and others before him used tich in the same way) established the more French fashion, and was by-and-by fol- by Denham, and then by Dryden and by Of Waller it may be said that he was of the classical school in forsaking the than conceits for reiterated antithesis, in Dryden and Pope were again followers of Pope praised Waller's sweetness; Gray ohnson were hostile critics; and since 's time Waller has perhaps been unduly d, even by writers who are wont to praise manner more than strength or vehemence ght. His love-ditties are frigid, no doubt; ny of his shorter poems show a real, if , gift of true song.

method of using rhyming couplets is well in one of his very first poems, written about n the difficulty Charles I. (then prince) had, return from Spain in that year, in getting on he English fleet awaiting him at Santander. of wind, with a thunderstorm and heavy ade the passage in a barge difficult and angerous.

Danger His Majesty escaped in the Roads at St Andrews.

mighty peers placed in the gilded barge,
l with the burden of so brave a charge,
painted oars the youths begin to sweep
une's smooth face and cleave the yielding deep;
h soon becomes the seat of sudden war
een the wind and tide that fiercely jar.
hen a sort of lusty shepherds try
force at football, care of victory
s them salute so briskly, breast to breast,
their encounters seem too rough for jest;
ply their feet, and still the restless ball,
d to and fro, is urged by them all:
res the doubtful barge 'twixt tide and winds,
like effect of their contention finds.

On Love.

Anger, in hasty words or blows,
Itself discharges on our foes;
And sorrow, too, finds some relief
In tears, which wait upon our grief:
So every passion, but fond love,
Unto its own redress does move;
But that alone the wretch inclines
To what prevents his own designs;
Makes him lament, and sigh, and weep,
Disordered, tremble, fawn, and creep;
Postures which render him despised,
Where he endeavours to be prized.
For women (born to be controlled)
Stoop to the forward and the bold;

EDMUND WALLER.
From the Portrait by John Riley in the National Portrait Gallery.

Affect the haughty and the proud,
The gay, the frolic, and the loud.
Who first the generous steed oppressed,
Not kneeling did salute the beast;
But with high courage, life, and force,
Approaching, tamed the unruly horse.
Unwisely we the wiser East
Pity, supposing them oppressed
With tyrants' force, whose law is will,
By which they govern, spoil, and kill;
Each nymph, but moderately fair,
Commands with no less rigour here.
Should some brave Turk, that walks among
His twenty lasses, bright and young,
And beckons to the willing dame,
Preferred to quench his present flame,
Behold as many gallants here,
With modest guise and silent fear,
All to one female idol bend,
While her high pride does scarce descend
To mark their follies, he would swear
That these her guard of eunuchs were,

And that a more majestic queen,
Or humbler slaves, he had not seen.
All this with indignation spoke,
In vain I struggled with the yoke
Of mighty Love: that conquering look,
When next beheld, like lightning strook
My blasted soul, and made me bow
Lower than those I pitied now.
So the tall stag, upon the brink
Of some smooth stream about to drink,
Surveying there his armed head,
With shame remembers that he fled
The scorned dogs, resolves to try
The combat next; but if their cry
Invades again his trembling ear,
He straight resumes his wonted care;
Leaves the untasted spring behind,
And, winged with fear, outflies the wind.

On a Girdle.

That which her slender waist confined
Shall now my joyful temples bind:
No monarch but would give his crown
His arms might do what this hath done.

It was my heaven's extremest sphere,
The pale which held that lovely deer;
My joy, my grief, my hope, my love,
Did all within this circle move!

A narrow compass! and yet there
Dwelt all that 's good, and all that 's fair:
Give me but what this ribband bound,
Take all the rest the sun goes round.

On the Marriage of the Dwarfs.

Design or chance makes others wive,
But Nature did this match contrive:
Eve might as well have Adam fled,
As she denied her little bed
To him, for whom Heaven seemed to frame
And measure out this only dame.
Thrice happy is that humble pair,
Beneath the level of all care!
Over whose heads those arrows fly
Of sad distrust and jealousy;
Secured in as high extreme,
As if the world held none but them.
To him the fairest nymphs do shew
Like moving mountains topped with snow;
And every man a Polypheme
Does to his Galatea seem.
Ah, Chloris, that kind Nature thus
From all the world had severed us;
Creating for ourselves us two,
As love has me for only you!

From 'A Panegyric to my Lord Protector.'

While with a strong and yet a gentle hand,
You bridle faction, and our hearts command,
Protect us from ourselves, and from the foe,
Make us unite, and make us conquer too;

Let partial spirits still aloud complain,
Think themselves injured that they cannot reign,
And own no liberty, but where they may
Without control upon their fellows prey.

Above the waves, as Neptune shewed his face,
To chide the winds, and save the Trojan race,
So has your Highness, raised above the rest,
Storms of ambition tossing us repressed.

Your drooping country, torn with civil hate,
Restored by you is made a glorious state;
The seat of empire, where the Irish come,
And the unwilling Scots, to fetch their doom.

The sea 's our own; and now all nations greet,
With bending sails, each vessel of our fleet;
Your power extends as far as winds can blow,
Or swelling sails upon the globe may go.

Heaven, that hath placed this island to give law,
To balance Europe, and its states to awe,
In this conjunction doth on Britain smile,
The greatest leader, and the greatest isle!

Whether this portion of the world were rent
By the rude ocean from the continent,
Or thus created, it was sure designed
To be the sacred refuge of mankind.

Hither the oppressed shall henceforth resort,
Justice to crave, and succour at your court;
And then your Highness, not for ours alone,
But for the world's Protector shall be known.

. . . . . .

Still as you rise, the state exalted too,
Finds no distemper while 'tis changed by you;
Changed like the world's great scene! when, with noise,
The rising sun night's vulgar lights destroys.

Had you, some ages past, this race of glory
Run, with amazement we should read your story;
But living virtue, all achievements past,
Meets envy still to grapple with at last.

This Cæsar found; and that ungrateful age,
With losing him, went back to blood and rage;
Mistaken Brutus thought to break their yoke,
But cut the bond of union with that stroke.

That sun once set, a thousand meaner stars
Gave a dim light to violence and wars;
To such a tempest as now threatens all,
Did not your mighty arm prevent the fall.

If Rome's great senate could not wield that sword,
Which of the conquered world had made them lord
What hope had ours, while yet their power was new
To rule victorious armies, but by you?

You, that had taught them to subdue their foes,
Could order teach, and their high spirits compose;
To every duty could their minds engage,
Provoke their courage, and command their rage.

So when a lion shakes his dreadful mane,
And angry grows, if he that first took pain
To tame his youth approach the haughty beast,
He bends to him, but frights away the rest.

As the vexed world, to find repose, at last
Itself into Augustus' arms did cast:
So England now does, with like toil opprest,
Her weary head upon your bosom rest.

et the Muses, with such notes as these,
:t us what belongs unto our peace.
)attles they hereafter shall indite,
raw the image of our Mars in fight.

' towns stormed, and armies overrun,
ıighty kingdoms by your conduct won:
while you thundered, clouds of dust did choke
ıding troops, and seas lay hid in smoke.

ous acts high raptures do infuse,
very conqueror creates a Muse!
in low strains, your milder deeds we sing,
ere, my lord, we 'll bays and olives bring

wn your head; while you in triumph ride
)nquered nations, and the sea beside:
all your neighbour Princes unto you,
)seph's sheaves, pay reverence and due.

From 'On a War with Spain.'

Britain, looking with a just disdain
:his gilded majesty of Spain,
nowing well that empire must decline
chief support and sinews are of coin,
tion's solid virtue did oppose
rich troublers of the world's repose.
now some months, encamping on the main,
.val army had besieged Spain:
hat the whole world's monarchy designed,
their ports by our bold fleet confined,
whence our Red Cross they triumphant see,
without a rival on the sea.
:rs may use the ocean as their road,
ıe English make it their abode,
ready sails with every wind can fly,
ake a covenant with the inconstant sky:
ks secure, as if they there took root,
ad on billows with a steady foot.

At Penshurst.

in this park I sing, the listening deer
my passion, and forget to fear;
to the beeches I report my flame,
ow their heads, as if they felt the same.
s appealing, when I reach their bowers
)ud complaints, they answer me in showers.
: a wild and cruel soul is given,
eaf than trees, and prouder than the heaven!
foe professed! why dost thou falsely feign
' a Sidney? from which noble strain
ung, that could so far exalt the name
e, and warm our nation with his flame,
l we can of love or high desire,
but the smoke of amorous Sidney's fire.
ll her mother who so well does prove
east may hold both chastity and love.
can she, that so exceeds the spring
and bounty, be supposed to bring
destructive. To no human stock
e this fierce unkindness, but the rock;
oven rock produced thee, by whose side
, to recompense the fatal pride
ı stern beauty, placed those healing springs
not more help, than that destruction, brings.
art no ruder than the rugged stone,
:, like Orpheus, with my numerous moan
Melt to compassion; now my traitorous song
With thee conspires to do the singer wrong;
While thus I suffer not myself to lose
The memory of what augments my woes;
But with my own breath still foment the fire,
Which flames as high as fancy can aspire!
This last complaint the indulgent ears did pierce
Of just Apollo, president of verse;
Highly concerned that the Muse should bring
Damage to one whom he had taught to sing:
Thus he advised me: 'On yon aged tree
Hang up thy lute, and hie thee to the sea,
That there with wonders thy diverted mind
Some truce, at least, may with this passion find.'
Ah, cruel nymph! from whom her humble swain
Flies for relief unto the raging main,
And from the winds and tempests does expect
A milder fate than from her cold neglect!
Yet there he 'll pray that the unkind may prove
Blest in her choice; and vows this endless love
Springs from no hope of what she can confer,
But from those gifts which Heaven has heaped on her.

The Bud.

Lately on yonder swelling bush,
Big with many a coming rose,
This early bud began to blush,
And did but half itself disclose;
I plucked it though no better grown,
And now you see how full 'tis blown.

Still, as I did the leaves inspire,
With such a purple light they shone,
As if they had been made of fire,
And spreading so would flame anon.
All that was meant by air or sun,
To the young flower my breath has done.

If our loose breath so much can do,
What may the same in forms of love,
Of purest love and music too,
When Flavia it aspires to move?
When that which lifeless buds persuades
To wax more soft, her youth invades?

Song—Go, Lovely Rose.

Go, lovely Rose!
Tell her that wastes her time and me,
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her, that 's young,
And shuns to have her graces spied,
That, hadst thou sprung
In deserts, where no men abide,
Thou must have uncommended died.

Small is the worth
Of beauty from the light retired;
Bid her come forth,
Suffer herself to be desired,
And not blush so to be admired.

Then die! that she
The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee,
How small a part of time they share
That are so wondrous sweet and fair!

From 'The Last Verses in the Book.'

The seas are quiet when the winds give o'er;
So calm are we when passions are no more:
For then we know how vain it was to boast
Of fleeting things, so certain to be lost.
Clouds of affection from our younger eyes
Conceal that emptiness which age descries.

The soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed,
Lets in new light through chinks that time has made:
Stronger by weakness wiser men become,
As they draw near to their eternal home.
Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view,
That stand upon the threshold of the new.

Editions of Waller are those of Fenton (1729), and Mr G. Thorn Drury in 'The Muses Library' (1893; who gives the 1686 text of the poems). Mr Gosse in his Cambridge lectures, *From Shakespeare to Pope* (1885), has been thought to attach too much importance to the influence of Waller. See also Julia Cartwright's *Sacharissa* (1892), and Mr Beeching's essay on 'Waller's Distich' in *An English Miscellany* (1901).

Sir William D'Avenant, poet and playwright, was born in February 1606, and was the son of a vintner at Oxford. A scandalous story was told by Pope to Oldys, and to Pope by Betterton the player—that he was the natural son of Shakespeare, who was in the habit of putting up at the Crown Tavern on his journeys between London and Stratford. This tradition was evidently encouraged by D'Avenant himself, who was ostentatious in admiring Shakespeare above all other poets, and 'one of the first essays of whose muse' in boyhood was an Ode to Shakespeare. D'Avenant's career led him through some strange vicissitudes. He was entered at Lincoln College, but left without taking a degree; he then became page to the Duchess of Richmond, and afterwards was in the service of the poet Lord Brooke. About 1628 he began to write for the stage; and in 1638, the year after the death of Ben Jonson, he was appointed Laureate. About the same time he lost his nose through an illness—a calamity which exposed him to the merriment of Suckling, Denham, and other wits. He became in 1639 manager of Drury Lane, but entering into the intrigues of the Civil War, fell under the suspicion of Parliament and fled to France. When the queen sent over to the Earl of Newcastle a quantity of military stores, D'Avenant resolved to return to England, and he distinguished himself so much in the cause of the royalists that he was knighted by Charles I. at the siege of Gloucester (September 1643). On the decline of the king's affairs he returned to France, and wrote part of his *Gondibert*. His next move was to sail for Virginia, sent by the queen in charge of new colonists; but the vessel was captured by one of the Parliamentary ships-of-war, and D'Avenant was lodged in prison at Cowes Castle in the Isle of Wight. In 1650 he was removed to the Tower, in order to be tried by the High Commission Court—a danger from which he was released after two years' imprisonment. Milton is said to have interposed on his behalf; and as D'Avenant is reported to have interfered in favour of Milton when the royalists were again in the ascendant after the Restoration, one would gladly believe in this graceful reciprocity. When the author of *Gondibert* obtained his enlargement, he set about establishing a theatre, and, to the surprise of all, succeeded in the attempt (1658), having two years earlier produced in a private house what was practically the first opera in England. By these semi-public performances in a private house, D'Avenant may be said to have revived the stage in England under the Commonwealth, and with the sanction of the authorities. But his earliest dramatic piece, *Albovine, King of Lombardy*, was written in 1629, and deals with some of the same personages as the poem *Gondibert*. It is the first of a long series of five-and-twenty plays, some in prose, some in blank verse; while the opera *The Siege of Rhodes* and some of the masques are in rhyme. Not a few of the plays are fairly readable; they are usually more decorous than those of his contemporaries, but in some the humour is even coarser than the diction, and the author rollicks in tales of lust and horror. *The Platonick Lovers* is not so coarse as might have been expected in a comedy satirising

Lovers of a pure
Celestial kind such as some style Platonical

(as one of the characters says in words Byron might have written); though it sufficiently appears that as to Plato, in the author's opinion,

They father on him a fantastic love
He never knew, poor gentleman.

After the Restoration he again basked in royal favour, and engaged the services of some highly accomplished actors. Killigrew and he had licenses for theatres in 1661, and were both formally empowered to employ women actors for women's parts—heretofore a sporadic occurrence. But Southey, not without some reason, says: 'His last work was his worst: it was an alteration of the *Tempest*, executed in conjunction with Dryden; and marvellous indeed is it that two men of such great and indubitable genius should have combined to debase and vulgarise and pollute such a poem as the *Tempest*.' D'Avenant, who continued to write and superintend the performance of plays till his death, 7th April 1668, was buried in Westminster Abbey.

The epic poem of *Gondibert* (1651), which was regarded by D'Avenant's friends and admirers—Cowley and Waller being of the number—as a great and durable monument of genius, has retained a certain interest which the author's dramas have entirely lost. The scene is laid in Lombardy; but names like Oswald and Hurgonill, Astragon and Paradine, show that no attempt is made to ensure local colour or historic vraisemblance. The critics were from the very first strangely at variance as to its merits, doubtless because the poem, though not without a certain solidity of

composition, and though it has really fine passages here and there, is on the whole obscure and dull, and in its longer parts indeed almost unreadable. The prodigious length of the thing (6000 lines) repels; and its long four-lined stanza with alternate rhymes, borrowed from Sir John Davies and copied by Dryden in his *Annus Mirabilis*, requires a lighter hand than D'Avenant's. The poet prefixed a long and elaborate prose preface to his poem, which may be considered the precursor of Dryden's admirable critical introductions to his plays. It is addressed 'to his much honour'd friend Mr Hobs,' and drew from the Malmesbury philosopher a disquisition on æsthetics by way of reply, also prefixed to the poem. D'Avenant's worship of Shakespeare continued unabated to the last; but in later years he modelled himself upon the French tragedians. Dryden in his preface to his and D'Avenant's version of the *Tempest* declares that he did not set any value on what he had written in that play, but cherished it out of gratitude to the memory of Sir William D'Avenant, who, he adds, 'did me the honour to join me with him in the alteration of it. It was originally Shakespeare's—a poet for whom he had particularly a high veneration, and whom he first taught me to admire.' So was veneration for Shakespeare understood in the brave days of Glorious John, of Shadwell, and of Nahum Tate! Most of the miscellaneous work of D'Avenant, once prized so highly, is now not merely unread but contemned; and he is by some modern critics unfeelingly ranked amongst the poetasters.

To the Queen,

Entertained at night by the Countess of Anglesey.

Faire as unshaded light, or as the day
In its first birth, when all the year was May;
Sweet as the altars smoak, or as the new
Unfolded bud, swel'd by the early dew;
Smooth as the face of waters first appear'd,
Ere tides began to strive, or winds were heard;
Kind as the willing saints, and calmer farre
Than in their sleeps forgiven hermits are.
You that are more than our discreeter feare
Dares praise, with such full art, what make you here?
Here, where the summer is so little seen,
That leaves, (her cheapest wealth,) scarce reach at green;
You come, as if the silver planet were
Misled a while from her much injur'd sphere;
And, t' ease the travels of her beames to-night,
In this small lanthorn would contract her light.

Song.

The lark now leaves his watry nest,
And climbing shakes his dewy wings:
He takes this window for the east,
And to implore your light he sings:
Awake, awake, the morn will never rise,
Till she can dress her beauty at your eies!

The merchant bowes unto the seamans star,
The ploughman from the sun his season takes;
But still the lover wonders what they are
Who look for day before his mistress wakes:
Awake, awake, break through your vailes of lawne!
Then draw your curtains and begin the dawne.

The Virgin Birtha—from 'Gondibert.'

To Astragon, Heav'n for succession gave
One only pledge, and Birtha was her name;
Whose mother slept where flowers grew on her grave,
And she succeeded her in face and fame.

Her beauty princes durst not hope to use,
Unless, like poets, for their morning theam;
And her mindes beauty they would rather chuse,
Which did the light in beautie's lanthorn seem.

SIR WILLIAM D'AVENANT.

From an Engraving by Faithorne after a Portrait by Greenhill in the British Museum.

She ne'r saw courts, yet courts could have undone
With untaught looks, and an unpractis'd heart;
Her nets the most prepar'd could never shun,
For Nature spread them in the scorn of Art.

She never had in busie cities bin,
Ne'r warm'd with hopes, nor e'er allay'd with fears;
Not seeing punishment could guess no sin;
And sin not seeing, ne'r had use of tears.

But here her father's precepts gave her skill,
Which with incessant business fill'd the houres;
In spring she gathered blossoms for the still;
In autumn, berries; and in summer, flowers.

And as kinde Nature, with calm diligence,
Her own free vertue silently imploys,
Whilst she unheard does rip'ning growth dispence,
So were her vertues busie without noise.

Whilst her great mistris, Nature, thus she tends,
The busie household waites no less on her;
By secret law, each to her beauty bends,
Though all her lowly minde to that prefer.

Gracious and free she breaks upon them all
With morning looks; and they, when she does rise,
Devoutly at her dawn in homage fall,
And droop like flowers when evening shuts her eyes.

Beneath a mirtle covert she does spend
In maids weak wishes her whole stock of thought;
Fond maids! who love with mindes fine stuff would mend,
Which Nature purposely of bodys wrought.

She fashions him she lov'd of angels' kinde;
Such as in holy story were imploy'd
To the first fathers from th' Eternal Minde,
And in short vision only are injoy'd.

As eagles then when nearest heav'n they fly,
Of wild impossibles soon weary grow;
Feeling their bodies finde no rest so high,
And therefore peerch on earthly things below;

So now she yields; him she an angel deem'd
Shall be a man, the name which virgins fear;
Yet the most harmless to a maid he seemed,
That ever yet that fatal name did bear.

Soon her opinion of his hurtless heart
Affection turns to faith; and then love's fire
To heaven, though bashfully, she does impart,
And to her mother in the heav'nly quire.

If I do love (said she), that love, O Heav'n!
Your own disciple, Nature, bred in me;
Why should I hide the passion you have given,
Or blush to shew effects which you decree?

And you, my alter'd mother, grown above
Great Nature, which you read and reverenc'd here,
Chide not such kindness as you once called love,
When you as mortal as my father were.

This said, her soul into her breast retires!
With love's vain diligence of heart she dreams
Herself into possession of desires,
And trusts unanchor'd hope in fleeting streams.

In 'A Journey into Worcestershire' in wet weather, on horseback, and along with Endymion Porter and others, he thus refers to London annoyances, including inconsiderate tailors' bills:

And I whom some odd hum'rous planets bid
To register the doughty acts they did,
Took horse; leaving i' th' town ill plays, sowre wines,
Fierce serjeants, and the plague, besides of mine
An Ethnick taylor too, that was far worse
Than these or what just Heaven did ever curse.

D'Avenant's poem on *Madagascar* is probably as little explored as the most inaccessible part of the island-home of aye-ayes and traveller's trees. It provides neither amusement nor instruction, being a sort of vision, addressed to Prince Rupert, foreshadowing his fitness to be made governor of an English colony in Madagascar—a project seriously recommended to King Charles I. in 1636.

The last verse of a nautical poem on *Winter Storms* (of which the first verses begin 'Blow, blow,' and 'Port, port') is as follows:

Aloof, aloof! Hey, how those carracks and ships
Fall foul and are tumbled and driven like chips!
Our boatsen, alass, a silly weak grisle,
For fear to catch cold
Lies down in the hould:
We all hear his sighs, but few hear his whistle.

D'Avenant's Dramatic Works have been edited by Maidment and Logan (5 vols. 1872–75). The old standard edition of the Works is the folio of 1673. Aubrey is the main authority for the Life.

Sir John Suckling (1609–42) possessed such a natural liveliness of fancy and exuberance of animal spirits that he often broke through the artificial restraints imposed by the literary taste of his times, but he never rose into the poetry of strong passion. He is a delightful writer of what have been called 'occasional poems.' His polished wit, playful fancy, and knowledge of life and society enabled him to give interest to trifles and to clothe familiar thoughts in the garb of poetry. His own life seems to have been one summer day; like the voyager on Gray's gilded vessel—

Youth at the prow, and Pleasure at the helm—

he dreamed of enjoyment, not of fame. His father, Sir John Suckling (1569–1627), was Secretary of State and comptroller of the household to James I. and Charles I. The year before his death the son, who was born at Whitton, in Twickenham parish, had passed from Trinity College, Cambridge, to Gray's Inn; emancipated from all restraint, and with an immense fortune, he set off in 1628 on his travels to France and Italy. Knighted in 1630, he next year joined an auxiliary army of 6000 raised in England, and commanded by the Marquis of Hamilton, to act under Gustavus Adolphus in Germany. He served in several sieges and battles, and on his return in 1632 became celebrated for his wit, gallantry, and munificence at the court of Charles I. He was also considered the best bowler and card-player in England (cribbage was his invention); and his sisters, it is said, distressed and alarmed at his passion for gambling, 'came one day to the Peccadillo bowling-green, crying for the fear he should lose all their portions.' Fortune, however, would not seem to have yet deserted the poet, for when, in 1639, Charles I. took up arms against the Scots, Suckling presented the king with a hundred horsemen, richly equipped and maintained at his own expense, at a cost, it is said, of £12,000. This gaudy regiment formed part of the cavalry commanded by Lord Holland; but no sooner had they come within sight of the Scots encampment on Duns Law than they turned and fled. Suckling was no worse than the rest, but he was made the subject of numerous lampoons and satires. A rival wit and poet, Sir John Mennes (1599–1671), who was successively a military and naval commander, and author of several pieces in the *Musarum Deliciæ* (1656), indited a ballad on the retreat, which is worth reprinting here as a lively political ditty of the period:

Sir John he got him an ambling nag,
To Scotland for to ride-a,
With a hundred horse more, all his own, he swore,
To guard him on every side-a.

No errant-knight ever went to fight
With half so gay a bravado,
Had you seen but his look, you 'd have sworn on a book
He 'd have conquered a whole armado.

The ladies ran all to the windows to see
So gallant and warlike a sight-a,
And as he passed by, they began to cry:
'Sir John, why will you go fight-a?'

But he, like a cruel knight, spurred on;
His heart would not relent-a,
For, till he came there, what had he to fear?
Or why should he repent-a?

The king (God bless him!) had singular hopes
Of him and all his troop-a;
The Borderers they, as they met him on the way,
For joy did hollo and whoop-a.

None liked him so well as his own colonell,
Who took him for John de Weart-a;
But when there were shows of gunning and blows,
My gallant was nothing so pert-a.

For when the Scots army came within sight,
And all prepared to fight-a,
He ran to his tent; they asked what he meant;
He swore he could not go right-a.

The colonell sent for him back agen,
To quarter him in the van-a,
But Sir John did swear he would not come there,
To be killed the very first man-a. . . .

But now there is peace, he 's returned to increase
His money, which lately he spent-a;
But his honour lost must lie still in the dust;
At Berwick away it went-a.

Suckling continued steadfast to the royal cause, even when it seemed desperate. He joined in a scheme to promote the escape of Strafford from the Tower; but the plot being detected, he fled in May 1641 to France, and died shortly afterwards. A hideous story is told of his death. Having robbed him, his valet is said to have put an open razor—one account says a penknife, another a nail—in his master's boot, which divided an artery, and fever and death ensued. Aubrey, however, states that Suckling took poison at Paris, and family tradition confirms the statement—a sufficiently sad close to the life of the cavalier-poet.

Suckling's works consist of miscellaneous poems, four plays—possessing no vivid dramatic interest—a short prose treatise on *Religion by Reason*, and a small collection of letters written in a studied artificial style. His poems are all short, and the best of them are dedicated to love and gallantry. He writes with an irregularity which is absolutely extraordinary. In his *Fragmenta Anna* will be found, side by side, some of the prettiest and some of the feeblest lyrics of the age. Suckling seems to have had no self-criticism and no criterion of style. His ambitious compositions are clumsy and confused, and it is only by a few singularly brilliant songs and bursts of genuine feeling that he is able to justify the prominence which his name continues to hold. Among these happy lyrics a leading place must be given to his *Ballad upon a Wedding*, which is inimitable for its witty levity and artful simplicity of expression. It has touches of graphic description and sprightliness hardly surpassed by earlier or later rivals.

Song.

'Tis now, since I sat down before
That foolish fort, a heart,
(Time strangely spent!) a year and more;
And still I did my part:

Made my approaches, from her hand
Unto her lip did rise;
And did already understand
The language of her eyes;

Proceeded on with no less art—
My tongue was engineer;
I thought to undermine the heart
By whispering in the ear.

When this did nothing, I brought down
Great cannon-oaths, and shot
A thousand thousand to the town,
And still it yielded not.

I then resolved to starve the place,
By cutting off all kisses,
Praising and gazing on her face,
And all such little blisses.

To draw her out, and from her strength,
I drew all batteries in;
And brought myself to lie at length,
As if no siege had been.

When I had done what man could do,
And thought the place mine own,
The enemy lay quiet too,
And smiled at all was done.

I sent to know from whence, and where,
These hopes, and this relief?
A spy informed, Honour was there,
And did command in chief.

'March, march,' quoth I; 'the word straight give;
Let 's lose no time, but leave her;
That giant upon air will live,
And hold it out for ever.

'To such a place our camp remove
As will no siege abide;
I hate a fool that starves for love,
Only to feed her pride.'

A Ballad upon a Wedding.

I tell thee, Dick, where I have been,
Where I the rarest things have seen;
Oh, things without compare!
Such sights again cannot be found
In any place on English ground,
Be it at wake or fair.

At Charing Cross, hard by the way
Where we (thou know'st) do sell our hay,
There is a house with stairs;
And there did I see coming down
Such folk as are not in our town,
Forty at least, in pairs.

Amongst the rest, one pestilent fine—
His beard no bigger, though, than mine—
Walked on before the rest:
Our landlord looks like nothing to him:
The king, God bless him! 'twould undo him
Should he go still so drest.

SIR JOHN SUCKLING.
From the Portrait by Theodore Russel after Vandyke in the National Portrait Gallery.

At Course-a-park, without all doubt,
He should have first been taken out
By all the maids o' the town:
Though lusty Roger there had been,
Or little George upon the green,
Or Vincent of the Crown.

But wot you what? the youth was going
To make an end of all his wooing;
The parson for him staid:
Yet by his leave, for all his haste,
He did not so much wish all past,
Perchance, as did the maid.

The maid, and thereby hangs a tale,
For such a maid no Whitsun-ale
Could ever yet produce:
No grape that 's kindly ripe could be
So round, so plump, so soft as she,
Nor half so full of juice.

Her finger was so small, the ring
Would not stay on which they did bring;
It was too wide a peck:
And, to say truth—for out it must—
It looked like the great collar, just,
About our young colt's neck.

Her feet beneath her petticoat,
Like little mice, stole in and out,
As if they feared the light:
But oh! she dances such a way!
No sun upon an Easter-day
Is half so fine a sight. . . .

Her cheeks so rare a white was on,
No daisy makes comparison;
Who sees them is undone;
For streaks of red were mingled there,
Such as are on a Catherine pear,
The side that 's next the sun.

Her lips were red; and one was thin,
Compared to that was next her chin,
Some bee had stung it newly;
But, Dick, her eyes so guard her face,
I durst no more upon them gaze,
Than on the sun in July.

Her mouth so small, when she does speak,
Thou 'dst swear her teeth her words did break
That they might passage get:
But she so handled still the matter,
They came as good as ours, or better,
And are not spent a whit. . . .

Passion o' me! how I run on!
There 's that that would be thought upon,
I trow, besides the bride:
The bus'ness of the kitchen 's great,
For it is fit that men should eat;
Nor was it there denied.

Just in the nick, the cook knocked thrice,
And all the waiters in a trice
His summons did obey;
Each serving-man, with dish in hand,
Marched boldly up, like our trained band,
Presented, and away.

When all the meat was on the table,
What man of knife or teeth was able
To stay to be entreated?
And this the very reason was,
Before the parson could say grace,
The company was seated.

Now hats fly off, and youths carouse;
Healths first go round, and then the house,
The bride's came thick and thick;
And when 'twas named another's health,
Perhaps he made it hers by stealth,
And who could help it, Dick?

O' the sudden up they rise and dance;
Then sit again, and sigh, and glance:
Then dance again, and kiss.
Thus several ways the time did pass,
Till every woman wished her place,
And every man wished his.

By this time all were stolen aside
To counsel and undress the bride:
But that he must not know:

But yet 'twas thought he guessed her mind,
And did not mean to stay behind
Above an hour or so.

wedding thus immortalised was that in 1641 of Lady Margaret
d, daughter of the Earl of Suffolk, with Lord Broghill, after-
Earl of Orrery. Herrick, who had no occasion to steal, took
opy simile of the eighth verse, and spoiled it in the theft:

Her pretty feet, *like snails*, did creep
A little out.

rley also purloined Herrick's simile for one of his plays.
lusion to Easter-day is founded upon an old saying of English
y-folk that the sun dances on Easter morning. The 'Dick'
poem is Richard Lovelace.

Constancy.

Out upon it, I have loved
Three whole days together;
And am like to love three more,
If it prove fair weather.

Time shall moult away his wings,
Ere he shall discover
In the whole wide world again
Such a constant lover.

But the spite on 't is, no praise
Is due at all to me;
Love with me had made no stays,
Had it any been but she.

Had it any been but she,
And that very face,
There had been at least ere this
A dozen in her place.

Song.

I prithee send me back my heart,
Since I can not have thine,
For if from yours you will not part,
Why, then, shouldst thou have mine?

Yet now I think on 't, let it lie;
To find it were in vain;
For th' hast a thief in either eye
Would steal it back again.

Why should two hearts in one breast lie,
And yet not lodge together?
O Love! where is thy sympathy,
If thus our breasts thou sever?

But love is such a mystery,
I cannot find it out;
For when I think I 'm best resolved,
I then am in most doubt.

Then farewell care, and farewell woe,
I will no longer pine;
For I 'll believe I have her heart
As much as she hath mine.

Song.

Why so pale and wan, fond lover?
Prithee, why so pale?
Will, when looking well can't move her,
Looking ill prevail?
Prithee, why so pale?

Why so dull and mute, young sinner?
Prithee, why so mute?
Will, when speaking well can't win her,
Saying nothing do 't?
Prithee, why so mute?

Quit, quit for shame; this will not move,
This cannot take her;
If of herself she will not love,
Nothing can make her:
The devil take her.

The Rev. Alfred Suckling published *Selections, with a Life* (1836), reproduced by W. C. Hazlitt (1874: new ed. 1893): a Memoir is also prefixed to F. A. Stokes's edition (New York, 1885).

Shackerley Marmion (1603–39), minor dramatist, was born at his father's manor of Aynho in Northamptonshire, studied at Wadham College, Oxford, squandered his fortune, and fought in the Low Countries. He left behind an epic, *Cupid and Psyche*, and three comedies, *Holland's Leaguer*, *A Fine Companion*, and *The Antiquary*. He may be accounted 'of the tribe of Ben,' and was a scholar of some accomplishment but next to no dramatic power. His plays, in flowing blank verse, were popular, and are not without vigour and satirical point. They have been repeatedly reprinted, as by Maidment in 1875.

Jasper Mayne (1604–72), a clergyman, wrote two plays which illustrated city manners in the time of Charles I. The first of these, *The City Match* (1639), is easy and funny, but none too moral for the work of a clerk in holy orders; the second, entitled *The Amorous War* (1648), is a farcical tragi-comedy, and, like its predecessor, is spiced with improprieties. One lyric in it deserves to be better known. Mayne was born at Hatherleigh, Devon; from Westminster proceeded to Christ Church, Oxford; in 1639 became vicar of Cassington, and in 1648 of Pyrton; and at the Restoration was appointed Archdeacon of Chichester. He has even been compared to Dean Swift, though little remains to justify the comparison. Besides his plays, he wrote occasional poems and translated Lucian's *Dialogues*. The Puritans found no favour with this splenetic humorist, who thus makes capital of a Puritanical waiting-maid:

Aurelia. Oh, Mr Bannswright, are you come? My woman
Was in her preaching fit; she only wanted
A table's end.
Bannswright. Why, what 's the matter?
Aur. Never
Poor lady had such unbred holiness
About her person; I am never drest
Without a sermon; but am forced to prove
The lawfulness of curling-irons before
She 'll crisp me in a morning. I must shew
Texts for the fashions of my gowns. She 'll ask
Where jewels are commanded? Or what lady
I' the primitive times wore ropes of pearl or rubies?
She will urge councils for her little ruff,
Called in Northamptonshire; and her whole service
Is a mere confutation of my clothes.
Ban. Why, madam, I assure you, time hath been,
However she be otherwise, when she had
A good quick wit, and would have made to a lady
A serviceable sinner.
Aur. She can't preserve
The gift for which I took her; but as though

She were inspired from Ipswich, she will make
The *Acts and Monuments* in sweetmeats; quinces,
Arraigned and burned at a stake; all my banquets
Are persecutions; Diocletian's days
Are brought for entertainment; and we eat martyrs.
Ban. Madam, she is far gone.
Aur. Nay, sir, she is a Puritan at her needle too.
Ban. Indeed!
Aur. She works religious petticoats; for flowers
She 'll make church histories. Her needle doth
So sanctify my cushionets! Besides,
My smock-sleeves have such holy embroideries,
And are so learned that I fear, in time,
All my apparel will be quoted by
Some pure instructor. Yesterday I went
To see a lady that has a parrot; my woman,
While I was in discourse, converted the fowl;
And now it can speak nought but Knox's works;
So there 's a parrot lost.
Ban. Faith, madam, she
Was earnest to come to you. Had I known
Her mistress had so bred her, I would first
Have preferred her to New England.
Dorcas Surely, sir,
You promised me, when you did take my money,
To help me to a faithful service, a lady
That would be saved, not one that loves profane,
Unsanctified fashions.
Aur. Fly my sight,
You goody Hofman, and keep your chamber, till
You can provide yourself some cure, or I
Will forthwith excommunicate your zeal,
And make you a silent waiting-woman.
Ban. Mistress Dorcas,
If you 'll be usher to that holy, learned woman
That can heal broken shins, scald heads and th' itch,
Your schoolmistress; that can expound, and teaches
To knit in Chaldee, and work Hebrew samplers,
I 'll help you back again.
Dor. The motion, sure, is good,
And I will ponder of it. [*Exit* DORCAS.
Aur. From thy zeal,
The frantic ladies' judgments, and Histriomastix,
Deliver me! This was of your preferring;
You must needs help me to another.
Ban. How
Would you desire her qualified? deformed
And crooked? like some ladies who do wear
Their women like black patches, to set them off?
Aur. I need no foil, nor shall I think I 'm white
Only between two Moors; or that my nose
Stands wrong, because my woman's doth stand right.
Ban. But you would have her secret, able to keep
Strange sights from th' knowledge of your knight, when you
Are married, madam; of a quick-feigning head?
Aur. You wrong me, Bannswright: she whom I would have
Must to her handsome shape have virtue too.
Ban. Well, madam, I shall fit you. I do know
A choleric lady which, within these three weeks,
Has, for not cutting her corns well, put off
Three women; and is now about to part
With the fourth—just one of your description.
Next change o' th' moon or weather, when her feet
Do ache again, I do believe I shall
Pleasure your ladyship.
Aur. Expect your reward. [*Exit* BANNSWRIGHT.

Northamptonshire was at this time a Puritan region. From *Ipswich* Prynne wrote (and named) one of his violent pamphlets. *Preferred* or promoted to New England, banished to the plantations. *Goody Hofman* was a character in a forgotten play. For *Histriomastix*, see under *Prynne* at page 584.

Thomas Killigrew (1612–83), son of a knight and courtier of Cornish family, was born in London, and served as page in the household of Charles I. Afterwards a dissolute companion of Charles II. in exile and his groom of the bedchamber after the Restoration, he in 1660 received a patent along with D'Avenant to erect two new theatres and raise two new companies of actors, and finally superseded his rivals as Master of the Revels. His patent secured for him the right—new in England—to give the female parts to women. The plays include tragedies, tragi-comedies, and comedies, some of them apparently not intended for the stage. They were all printed in folio in 1664. *The Parson's Wedding*, reprinted by Dodsley, is outrageously coarse, and tedious as well, though not without jokes, some of which Congreve copied or imitated. A study of the plays seems to justify one part of Denham's criticism:

> Had Cowley ne'er spoke, Killigrew ne'er writ,
> Combined in one they 'd made a matchless wit;

yet his credit as a wit was high, in spite of Denham and his own plays.—His son, **Thomas Killigrew** the younger (1657–1719), was groom of the chamber to the Prince of Wales (George II.) when he published the trifling but amusing comedy *Chit Chat*.—The elder Killigrew's brother, **Sir William Killigrew** (1606–95), fought in the Civil War, and wrote a comedy, *Pandora*, and three tragi-comedies, *Selindra*, *Ormasdes*, and *The Siege of Urbin*.

William Cartwright (1611–43) was admitted to the inner circle of Ben Jonson, who said of him, 'My son Cartwright writes all like a man.' His contemporaries loved him living, and deplored his early death. Born at Northway, near Tewkesbury, he was the son of an innkeeper at Cirencester who had squandered away a patrimonial estate. In 1635, after completing his education at Westminster and Christ Church, Oxford, Cartwright took holy orders; and as a zealous royalist he was imprisoned by the Parliamentary forces when they arrived in Oxford in 1642. In 1643, when he was chosen junior proctor of the university, and was also reader in metaphysics, he was said to have studied sixteen hours a day. Stricken with the malignant fever or 'camp-disease' prevalent at Oxford, he died November 23, 1643. The king, who was then at Oxford, went into mourning for his death; and when his works were published in 1651, no less than fifty-six copies of encomiastic verses were prefixed to them by the wits and scholars of the time, including Dr Fell (who was not always so amiable!), Vaughan

the Silurist, and Izaak Walton. It is difficult to conceive, after reading Cartwright's works, why he should have obtained such extraordinary applause and reputation. His pieces are mostly short occasional poems, panegyrics of the king and royal family, addresses to ladies, noblemen, and his brother-poets Fletcher and Jonson, or slight amatory effusions not distinguished for elegance or fancy, though their conceits entitle him to a conspicuous place in the 'fantastic school.' His youthful virtues, his learning and loyalty, his singularly handsome person and winning manners, seem to have mainly contributed to his popularity, and his premature death would renew and deepen the impression of his gifts and graces. He is reported by Anthony Wood 'the most florid and seraphic preacher in the university.' Cartwright was only twenty-six when Ben Jonson died, and the compliment quoted above proves that he had then been busy with his pen. He mourned the loss of his poetical father in one of his best poems, thus commending Jonson's dramatic powers:

> But thou still puts true passion on; dost write
> With the same courage that tried captains fight;
> Giv'st the right blush and colour unto things;
> Low without creeping, high without loss of wings;
> Smooth yet not weak, and, by a thorough care,
> Big without swelling, without painting, fair.

His three 'tragi-comedies,' *The Royal Slave*, *The Lady-Errant*, and *The Siege*, are rhetorical and artificial; his comedy, more comic than really humorous, is an imitation of Jonson's manner, and handles the Puritans roughly. The title of *The Lady-Errant* itself suggests a dream of the new woman, and still more the opening speech:

> And if you see not women plead and judge,
> Raise and depress, reward and punish, carry
> Things how they please, and turn the politique door
> Upon new hinges very shortly, never
> Believe the oracle.

But the story resolves itself into a fantastic rebellion of the princesses and ladies of Cyprus when their lords are at the wars in Crete, to be carried out by lances, falchions, javelins and helmets, armour, and ordinary military methods, till the scheme is thwarted by the triumph of true love. In spite of the unanimous agreement of the ladies—

> Our souls are male as theirs.
> That we have hitherto forborn t' assume
> And manage thrones, that hitherto we have not
> Challenged a sovereignty in arts and arms,
> And writ ourselves imperial, hath been
> Men's tyranny and our modesty:

and in spite of eloquent adjurations—

> Let us i' th' name of honour rise unto
> The pitch of our creation—

they prove mere weak, loving women, and cheerfully return to subjection again.

'Lesbia's lament over her dead Sparrow, which picked crumbs, fed from its mistress's trencher or lip, and said "Philip,"' shows that Cartwright knew, or at least knew of, Skelton's *Phylyp Sparowe* (page 115). And his address or ode to Sir Francis Kynaston, 'upon the translation of Chaucer's *Troilus and Creseide*,' has its own interest:

> Tis to your happy cares we owe that we
> Read Chaucer now without a dictionary. . . .
> He that hitherto
> Was dumb to strangers and his own country too,
> Speaks plainly now to all.

Parthenia and Argalus shows that the *Arcadia* was still a source of inspiration.

To a Lady Veiled.

> So Love appeared, when, breaking out his way
> From the dark chaos, he first shed the day;
> Newly awaked out of the bud, so shews
> The half-seen, half-hid glory of the rose,
> As you do through your veils; and I may swear,
> Viewing you so, that beauty doth bide there.
> So Truth lay under fables, that the eye
> Might reverence the mystery, not descry;
> Light being so proportioned, that no more
> Was seen, but what might cause 'em to adore:
> Thus is your dress so ordered, so contrived,
> As 'tis but only poetry revived.
> Such doubtful light had sacred groves, where rods
> And twigs at last did shoot up into gods:
> Where, then, a shade darkeneth the beauteous face,
> May not I pay a reverence to the place?
> So under water glimmering stars appear,
> As those—but nearer stars—your eyes do here;
> So deities darkened sit, that we may find
> A better way to see them in our mind.
> No bold Ixion, then, be here allowed,
> Where Juno dares herself be in the cloud.
> Methinks the first age comes again, and we
> See a retrieval of simplicity.
> Thus looks the country virgin, whose brown hue
> Hoods her, and makes her shew even veiled as you.
> Blest mean, that checks our hope, and spurs our fear,
> Whiles all doth not lie hid, nor all appear!
> O fear ye no assaults from bolder men;
> When they assail, be this your armour then.
> A silken helmet may defend those parts
> Where softer kisses are the only darts!

A Valediction.

> Bid me not go where neither suns nor showers
> Do make or cherish flowers;
> Where discontented things in sadness lie,
> And Nature grieves as I;
> When I am parted from those eyes
> From which my better day doth rise,
> Though some propitious power
> Should plant me in a bower,
> Where, amongst happy lovers, I might see
> How showers and sunbeams bring
> One everlasting spring;
> Nor would those fall, nor these shine forth to me.
> Nature herself to him is lost,
> Who loseth her he honours most.
> Then, fairest, to my parting view display
> Your graces all in one full day;
> Whose blessed shapes I 'll snatch and keep, till when
> I do return and view again:
> So by this art, fancy shall fortune cross,
> And lovers live by thinking on their loss.

John Cleveland (1613–58), the cavalier poet, was equally conspicuous for political loyalty and poetical extravagance in conceits. His father was usher of a charity school at Loughborough, Leicestershire, and vicar from 1621 of Hinckley. After four years (1627–31) at Christ's College, Cambridge, Cleveland was elected a fellow of St John's, and lived nine years 'the delight and ornament of the society.' He strenuously opposed Cromwell's election for Cambridge to the Long Parliament, and was for his loyalty ejected from his fellowship in 1645. He betook himself to the king's army, and was appointed Judge-Advocate at Newark; he was deprived of that office in 1646, and next year vented his indignation at the surrender of the king in a fierce and famous satire on the Scots, part of which runs:

A land where one may pray with cursed intent,
O may they never suffer banishment!
Had Cain been Scot, God would have chang'd his doom;
Not forc'd him wander, but confin'd him home.
Like Jews they spread and as infection fly,
As if the devil had ubiquity,
Hence 'tis they live as rovers and defie
This or that place, rags of geography,
They 'r citizens o' th' world, they 'r all in all,
Scotland 's a nation epidemical.
And yet they ramble not to learn the mode
How to be drest, or how to lisp abroad; . . .
No, the Scots errant fight, and fight to eat,
Their ostrich-stomachs make their swords their meat;
Nature with Scots as tooth-drawers hath dealt,
Who use to string their teeth upon their belt. . . .
Lord! what a godly thing is want of shirts!
How a Scotch stomach and no meat converts!
They wanted food and rayment; so they took
Religion for their seamstress and their cook.
Unmask them well, their honours and estate,
As well as conscience, are sophisticate.
Shrive but their title and their moneys poize,
A laird and twenty pence pronounc'd with noise,
When constru'd but for a plain yeoman go,
And a good sober two pence, and well so.
Hence then you proud impostors, get you gone,
You Picts in gentry and devotion.
You scandal to the stock of verse, a race
Able to bring the gibbet in disgrace.
Hyperbolus by suffering did traduce
The ostracism, and sham'd it out of use.
The Indian that heaven did forswear,
Because he heard some Spaniards were there;
Had he but known what Scots in hell had been,
He would Erasmus-like have hung between.
My muse hath done. A voyder for the nonce,
I wrong the devil should I pick their bones;
That dish is his; for when the Scots decease
Hell like their nation, feeds on bernacles.
A Scot when from the gallow-tree got loose
Drops into Styx, and turns a Soland goose.

The *voider* was a servant who carried out the remains of a feast.

In 1655 Cleveland was seized at Norwich and put in prison. He petitioned the Protector, declaring his belief that, next to his adherence to the royal party, the cause of his confinement was the narrowness of his estate; none stood committed whose estate could b them. 'I am the only prisoner,' he says, 'w have no acres to be my hostage;' and he inge ously argues that poverty, if it is a fault, is own punishment. Cromwell released the p poet, who died three years afterwards in Lond Independently of his strong and biting satir which were the cause of his popularity while livi Cleveland wrote some love-verses containi genuine poetry, amidst a mass of affected me phors and fancies. He carried this gallantry an extent bordering on the ludicrous, making nature—sun and shade—do homage to his m tress; as is well shown in these verses:

On Phillis Walking before Sun-rising in a Mornir

The sluggish morn as yet undrest,
My Phillis brake from out her east,
As if she 'd made a match to run
With Venus, usher to the sun.
The trees, like yeomen of the guard
(Serving more for pomp than ward)
Rank'd on each side with loyal duty,
Weav'd branches to inclose her beauty.
The plants, whose luxury was lopp'd,
Or age with crutches underpropp'd
(Whose wooden carkases are grown
To be but coffins of their own)
Revive, and at her general dole,
Each receives his ancient soul.
The winged choristers began
To chirp their matins; and the fan
Of whistling winds, like organs play'd
Unto their voluntaries made
The wakened earth in odors rise
To be her morning sacrifice.
The flowers, call'd out of their beds,
Start and raise up their drowsie heads,
And he that for their colour seeks,
May find it vaulting in her cheeks,
Where roses mix; no civil war
Divides her York and Lancaster.
The marygold (whose courtier's face
Echoes the sun, and doth unlace
Her at his rise, at his full stop
Packs and shuts up her gawdy shop)
Mistakes her cue, and doth display:
Thus Phillis antedates the day.
These miracles had cramp'd the sun,
Who, fearing that his kingdom 's won,
Powders with light his frizled locks,
To see what saint his lustre mocks.
The trembling leaves through which he play'd,
Dappling the walk with light and shade,
Like lattice-windows, give the spye
Room but to peep with half an eye,
Lest her full orb his sight should dim,
And bid us all good-night in him:
Till she should spend a gentle ray,
To force us a new-fashion'd day.
But what new-fashioned palsie 's this
Which makes the boughs divest their bliss;
And that they might her footsteps straw,
Drop their leaves with shivering awe?

Phillis perceiv'd, and (lest her stay
Should wed October unto May,
And as her beauty caus'd a spring,
Devotion might an autumn bring)
Withdrew her beams, yet made no night,
But left the sun her curate-light.

In an *Elegy on the Archbishop of Canterbury* (Laud), Cleveland has some vigorous lines:

How could success such vallainies applaud?
The State in Strafford fell, the Church in Laud.
The twins of public rage adjudg'd to dye
For treasons they should act by prophecy.
The facts were done before the laws were made,
The trump turn'd up after the game was play'd.
Be dull, great spirits, and forbear to climb,
For worth is sin, and eminence a crime.
No church-man can be innocent and high;
'Tis height makes Grantham steeple stand awry.

Richard Lovelace (1618–58), cavalier poet, was born at Woolwich, the eldest son of Sir William Lovelace, knight. He was educated at the Charterhouse and Oxford, and afterwards presented at court. Anthony Wood describes him at the age of sixteen 'as the most amiable and beautiful person that ever eye beheld; a person also of innate modesty, virtue, and courtly deportment, which made him then, but especially after, when he retired to the great city, much admired and adored by the female sex.' Thus personally distinguished, and a royalist in principle, Lovelace was chosen in 1642 by the county of Kent to deliver a petition to the House of Commons, praying that the king might be restored to his rights and the government settled. The Long Parliament was then in the ascendant, and Lovelace was thrown into prison for his boldness; in the Gatehouse at Westminster 'he wrote that celebrated song called "Stone Walls do not a Prison make."' He was liberated on £20,000 bail, was abroad 1646–48 in the French service, on his return to England was again imprisoned, and at his release towards the close of 1649 had 'consumed his whole patrimony in useless attempts to serve his sovereign.' To beguile his second captivity he collected his poems, and published them in 1649, under the title of *Lucasta: Epodes, Odes, Sonnets, Songs*, &c. The general title was given them on account of the 'lady of his love,' whom Wood identifies with a Miss Lucy Sacheverell, by Lovelace called *Lux Casta*. This was an unfortunate attachment; for the lady, hearing that Lovelace had died of a wound at Dunkirk (1646), soon after married another suitor. Lovelace was now penniless, and the reputation of a broken cavalier was no passport to better circumstances. It appears that soon, oppressed with want and melancholy, gallant Lovelace fell into a consumption. Wood relates that he became 'very poor in body and purse, was the object of charity, went in ragged clothes (whereas when he was in his glory he wore cloth of gold and silver), and mostly lodged in obscure and dirty places,' in one of which, a miserable alley near Shoe Lane, he died in April 1658. Aubrey confirms Wood's statement as to the reverse of fortune. The poetry of Lovelace, like his life, was very unequal. There is a spirit and nobleness in the best of his verses that charm the reader, as his gallant bearing and fine person captivated the fair; but in general his poetry is affected, and at times obscure. His conceits were often grotesque and his workmanship extraordinarily careless. Lucasta's fan, Lucasta's muff, the patch on her face, must needs be congratulated on being so near her sacred person; the waters at Tunbridge Wells are blessed because she is there drinking them. His taste was

RICHARD LOVELACE.
After an Engraving by Hollar.

perverted by the fashion of the day—the affected wit, ridiculous gallantry, and boasted licentiousness of the cavaliers. That Lovelace knew how to appreciate true taste and natural grace may be seen from his lines on Lely's portrait (1647) of Charles I. and the Duke of York:

See, what a clouded majesty, and eyes
Whose glory through their mist doth brighter rise;
See, what an humble bravery doth shine,
And grief triumphant breaking through each line,
How it commands the face! So sweet a scorn
Never did happy misery adorn!
So sacred a contempt that others shew
To this—o' the height of all the wheel—below;
That mightiest monarchs by this shaded book
May copy out their proudest, richest look.

Byron was criticised nearly two centuries afterwards for saying in the *Bride of Abydos*:

The mind, the *music* breathing from her face;

but he vindicated the expression on the broad ground of its truth and appositeness. Byron did

not know—what was pointed out by Sir Egerton Brydges—that Lovelace, in a song of Orpheus lamenting the death of his wife, wrote:

Oh, could you view the melody
Of every grace,
And *music of her face*,
You'd drop a tear;
Seeing more harmony
In her bright eye
Than now you hear.

His two best-known songs—'To Lucasta' and 'To Althea'—are also by far the best things he did; but even in the first, as Mr Gosse has noted, he uses a figure of Habington's, and in the same words. Habington had in 1634, praising Castara, bestowed his veneration on 'the chaste nunnery of her breasts.'

Song.

Why should you swear I am forsworn,
Since thine I vowed to be?
Lady, it is already morn,
And 'twas last night I swore to thee
That fond impossibility.

Have I not loved thee much and long,
A tedious twelve hours' space?
I must all other beauties wrong,
And rob thee of a new embrace,
Could I still dote upon thy face.

Not but all joy in thy brown hair
By others may be found;
But I must search the black and fair,
Like skilful mineralists that sound
For treasure in unploughed-up ground.

Then, if when I have loved my round,
Thou prov'st the pleasant she;
With spoils of meaner beauties crowned,
I laden will return to thee,
Even sated with variety.

The Rose.

Sweet, serene, sky-like flower,
Haste to adorn her bower:
From thy long cloudy bed
Shoot forth thy damask head.

Vermilion ball that 's given
From lip to lip in heaven;
Love's couch's coverlid;
Haste, haste to make her bed.

See! rosy is her bower,
Her floor is all thy flower;
Her bed a rosy nest,
By a bed of roses prest.

Song.

Amarantha, sweet and fair,
Oh, braid no more that shining hair!
As my curious hand or eye
Hovering round thee let it fly.
Let it fly as unconfined
As its calm ravisher, the wind;
Who hath left his darling, th' east,
To wanton o'er that spicy nest.
Every tress must be confest,
But neatly tangled at the best;
Like a clue of golden thread
Most excellently ravelled.
Do not, then, wind up that light
In ribands, and o'ercloud in night,
Like the sun's in early ray;
But shake your head, and scatter day!

To Lucasta, on going to the Wars.

Tell me not, sweet, I am unkind,
That from the nunnery
Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind,
To war and arms I fly.

True, a new mistress now I chase,
The first foe in the field;
And with a stronger faith embrace
A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such
As you too shall adore;
I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honour more.

To Althea, from Prison.

When Love with unconfined wings
Hovers within my gates,
And my divine Althea brings
To whisper at my grates;
When I lie tangled in her hair,
And fettered to her eye,
The birds that wanton in the air
Know no such liberty.

When flowing cups run swifty round
With no allaying Thames,
Our careless heads with roses bound,
Our hearts with loyal flames;
When thirsty grief in wine we steep,
When healths and draughts go free,
Fishes that tipple in the deep
Know no such liberty.

When, like committed linnets, I
With shriller throat shall sing
The sweetness, mercy, majesty,
And glories of my king;
When I shall voice aloud how good
He is, how great should be,
Enlarged winds, that curl the flood,
Know no such liberty.

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for an hermitage:
If I have freedom in my love,
And in my soul am free;
Angels alone, that soar above,
Enjoy such liberty.

A collection of Lovelace's *Posthume Poems* was published b a brother in 1659; the best edition of his complete works is th by Mr W. C. Hazlitt (1864).

Sir John Denham (1615–69) was born in ublin, the only son of the Chief-Justice of the ing's Bench in Ireland. He was educated in ɔndon and at Trinity College, Oxford, where ıthony Wood tells us he was 'a slow dreaming ung man, and more addicted to gaming than ıdy'—a vice from which his own essay against ıy did not wean him. In 1634 he married a oucestershire heiress with five hundred a year, and ːnt to live with his father at Egham, an estate which he succeeded four years later. At the tbreak of the great rebellion he was high-sheriff Surrey, and was made governor of Farnham ıstle for the king; on its capture he fell into aller's hands, and was sent prisoner to London, ıt soon permitted to retire to Oxford. After ıarles I. had been delivered into the hands of e army, his secret correspondence was partly rried on by Denham, who was furnished with ne several ciphers for the purpose. Charles ıd a respect for literature as well as the arts; ıd Milton records of him that he made Shake-ɐeare's plays the closet-companion of his soli-de. It would appear, however, that he wished keep poetry apart from State affairs; for he ld Denham, on seeing one of his pieces, 'that hen men are young, and have little else to do, ey may vent the overflowings of their fancy in at way; but when they are thought fit for more ːrious employments, if they still persisted in that ɔurse, it looked as if they minded not the way ˈ any better.' In 1648 Denham helped to convey ıe Duke of York to Holland, and thereafter lived ɔme time in that country and in France; in ɔ50 with Lord Crofts he collected £10,000 for harles II. from Scots in Poland, and he several mes visited England on secret service. The estoration revived his fallen dignity and for-ınes. He was made surveyor-general of works ıd a Knight of the Bath. He was a better ɔet than architect, but he had Christopher ⁄ren for his deputy. In 1665 he took for his ːcond wife a young girl, who soon showed such pen favour to the Duke of York that the poor ɔet for a few months went mad. Soon after is recovery Lady Denham died suddenly (6th ıanuary 1667)—of a poisoned cup of chocolate, ıid scandal. His last years were rendered miser-ble betwixt poverty and the satires of Butler, larvell, and others. He was buried near Chaucer ı Westminster Abbey.

Cooper's Hill, the poem by which Denham is ɔw best known, was first published in 1642, but d not receive its final form until thirteen years terwards. It consists of between three and four ındred lines, written in the heroic couplet. Den-ım's muse was more reflective than descriptive. he descriptions are interspersed with senti-ental digressions, suggested by the objects ound — the river Thames, a ruined abbey, ⁄indsor Forest, and the field of Runnymede. r Johnson gave Denham the praise of being 'the author of a species of composition that may be denominated local poetry, of which the fundamental subject is some particular landscape, to be poetically described, with the addition of such embellishments as may be supplied by historical retrospection or incidental meditation.' Ben Jonson's fine poem on Penshurst may dispute the palm of originality on this point with *Cooper's Hill*, but Jonson did not write with so great 'correctness' or such elaborate point as Denham. The versification is smooth and flowing, but Denham had no pretensions to the genius of Cowley, or to the depth and delicacy of feeling possessed by the dramatists or poets of the Elizabethan period. He reasoned fluently in verse, without glaring faults of style, and hence obtained from Johnson approbation far above his deserts. 'That Sir John Denham began a reformation in our verse,' says Southey in his *Life of Cowper*, 'is one of the most groundless assertions that ever obtained belief in literature. More thought and more skill had been exercised before his time in the construction of English metre than he ever bestowed on the subject, and by men of far greater attainments and far higher powers. To improve, indeed, either upon the versification or the diction of our great writers was impossible; it was impossible to exceed them in the knowledge or in the practice of their art, but it was easy to avoid the more obvious faults of inferior authors: and in this way he succeeded, just so far as not to be included in

> The mob of gentlemen who wrote with ease;

nor consigned to oblivion with the "persons of quality" who contributed their vapid effusions to the miscellanies of those days. His proper place is among those of his contemporaries and successors who call themselves wits, and have since been entitled poets by the courtesy of England.' Denham, nevertheless, deserves a place in English literature, though not that high one which used to be assigned to him. The traveller who crosses the Alps or Pyrenees finds pleasure in the contrast afforded by level plains and calm streams; and so Denham's correctness pleases, after the daring imagination and irregular harmony of the greater masters of the lyre who preceded him. In reading him we feel that we have passed into another scene —romance is over, and we must be content with smoothness, regularity, and order.

The Thames—from 'Cooper's Hill.'

My eye, descending from the hill, surveys
Where Thames among the wanton valleys strays;
Thames, the most loved of all the Ocean's sons
By his old sire, to his embraces runs,
Hasting to pay his tribute to the sea,
Like mortal life to meet eternity.
Though with those streams he no resemblance hold,
Whose foam is amber and their gravel gold,
His genuine and less guilty wealth t' explore,
Search not his bottom, but survey his shore,

O'er which he kindly spreads his spacious wing,
And hatches plenty for th' ensuing spring,
Nor then destroys it with too fond a stay,
Like mothers which their infants overlay;
Nor with a sudden and impetuous wave,
Like profuse kings, resumes the wealth he gave.
No unexpected inundations spoil
The mower's hopes, nor mock the ploughman's toil,
But Godlike his unwearied bounty flows;
First loves to do, then loves the good he does.
Nor are his blessings to his banks confined,
But free and common, as the sea or wind.
When he to boast or to disperse his stores,
Full of the tributes of his grateful shores,
Visits the world, and in his flying towers
Brings home to us, and makes both Indies ours:

SIR JOHN DENHAM.

From an Engraving by Legoux after a Picture in the Collection of the Earl of Chesterfield.

Finds wealth where 'tis, bestows it where it wants,
Cities in deserts, woods in cities plants;
So that to us no thing, no place is strange.
While his fair bosom is the world's Exchange.
O could I flow like thee, and make thy stream
My great example, as it is my theme!
Though deep, yet clear; though gentle, yet not dull;
Strong without rage; without o'erflowing, full. . . .
But his proud head the airy mountain hides
Among the clouds; his shoulders and his sides
A shady mantle clothes; his curled brows
Frown on the gentle stream, which calmly flows,
While winds and storms his lofty forehead beat,
The common fate of all that 's high or great.
Low at his foot a spacious plain is placed,
Between the mountain and the stream embraced,
Which shade and shelter from the hill derives,
While the kind river wealth and beauty gives;
And in the mixture of all these appears
Variety, which all the rest endears.

This scene had some bold Greek or British bard
Beheld of old, what stories had we heard
Of fairies, satyrs, and the nymphs their d. mes,
Their feasts, their revels, and their amorous flames
'Tis still the same, although their airy shape
All but a quick poetic sight escape.

The Reformation—Monks and Puritans.

Here should my wonder dwell, and here my praise
But my fixed thoughts my wandering eye betrays.
Viewing a neighbouring hill, whose top of late
A chapel crowned, till in the common fate
Th' adjoining abbey fell. May no such storm
Fall on our times, where ruin must reform!
Tell me, my Muse, what monstrous dire offence,
What crime could any Christian king incense
To such a rage? Was 't luxury or lust?
Was he so temperate, so chaste, so just? [m
Were these their crimes? They were his own m
But wealth is crime enough to him that 's poor,
Who having spent the treasures of his crown,
Condemns their luxury to feed his own.
And yet this act, to varnish o'er the shame
Of sacrilege, must bear devotion's name.
No crime so bold but would be understood
A real or at least a seeming good.
Who fears not to do ill, yet fears the name,
And, free from conscience, is a slave to fame.
Thus he the church at once protects, and spoils:
But princes' swords are sharper than their styles.
And thus to th' ages past he makes amends,
Their charity destroys, their faith defends.
Then did religion in a lazy cell,
In empty, airy contemplation dwell;
And like the block unmoved lay; but ours,
As much too active, like the stork devours.
Is there no temperate region can be known,
Betwixt their frigid and our torrid zone?
Could we not wake from that lethargic dream,
But to be restless in a worse extreme?
And for that lethargy was there no cure,
But to be cast into a calenture?
Can knowledge have no bound, but must advance
So far, to make us wish for ignorance,
And rather in the dark to grope our way,
Than, led by a false guide, to err by day?

Denham had sound and decided views as to duty of a translator. 'It is not his business alo he says, 'to translate language into language, poesy into poesy; and poesy is so subtle a sp that, in pouring out of one language into anot it will all evaporate; and if a new spirit be added in the translation, there will remain noth but a *caput mortuum;* there being certain gra and happinesses peculiar to every language, wh give life and energy to the words.' Hence he s in his poetical address to Sir Richard Fanshawe his translation of *Il Pastor Fido:*

That servile path thou nobly dost decline
Of tracing word by word, and line by line.
Those are the laboured births of slavish brains,
Not the effect of poetry, but pains.
Cheap vulgar arts, whose narrowness affords
No flight for thoughts, but poorly sticks at words

A new and nobler way thou dost pursue,
To make translations and translators too.
They but preserve the ashes, thou the flame,
True to his sense, but truer to his fame.

enham wrote a tragedy, *The Sophy* (1642–67), a plot of Oriental jealousy, treachery, torture, murder, based, like other plays of the time, the Travels of Sir Thomas Herbert (see e 601), the sophy being the Shah of Persia. vas extremely popular, and in Ward's opinion erves to rank as one of the best tragedies of time. The story is pathetic; as might be ected from Denham, the verse is far above the rage of playwrights' rhymes; and there are ıy pointed and felicitous lines and couplets, as n the envious king asks his counsellor Haly:

Have not I performed actions
s great, and with as great a moderation?

courtier and friend replies:

y, sir; but that 's forgotten:
ctions of the last age are like almanacs of the last year

n experience which we know was nowise excep- al amongst cavaliers in the days of Charles II.

Oh! happiness of sweet content
To be at once secure and innocent—

stock quotation from Denham; so is

Love! in what poison is thy dart
Dipped when it makes a bleeding heart!
None know but they who feel the smart.

n the following bit of Denham's elegy on the th of Cowley, the poet by an odd oversight ores the fact that Shakespeare was buried on banks of his native Avon, not in Westminster bey, and that both he and Fletcher died long time had 'blasted their bays.'

On Mr Abraham Cowley.

Old Chaucer, like the morning-star,
To us discovers day from far.
His light those mists and clouds dissolved
Which our dark nation long involved;
But he descending to the shades,
Darkness again the age invades;
Next (like Aurora) Spenser rose,
Whose purple blush the day foreshews;
The other three with his own fires
Phœbus, the poet's god, inspires:
By Shakespeare's, Jonson's, Fletcher's lines,
Our stage's lustre Rome's outshines.
These poets near our princes sleep,
And in one grave their mansion keep.
They lived to see so many days,
Till time had blasted all their bays;
But cursed be the fatal hour
That plucked the fairest, sweetest flower
That in the Muses' garden grew,
And amongst withered laurels threw.
Time, which made them their fame outlive,
To Cowley scare did ripeness give.
Old mother-wit and nature gave
Shakespeare and Fletcher all they have:
In Spenser and in Jonson art
Of slower nature got the start;
But both in him so equal are,
None knows which bears the happiest share.
To him no author was unknown,
Yet what he wrote was all his own;
He melted not the ancient gold,
Nor with Ben Jonson did make bold
To plunder all the Roman stores
Of poets and of orators:
Horace his wit and Virgil's state
He did not steal, but emulate;
And when he would like them appear,
Their garb, but not their clothes, did wear:
He not from Rome alone, but Greece,
Like Jason brought the golden fleece;
To him that language—though to none
Of th' others—as his own was known.
On a stiff gale, as Flaccus sings,
The Theban swan extends his wings,
When through th' ethereal clouds he flies
To the same pitch our swan doth rise;
Old Pindar's heights by him are reached,
When on that gale his wings are stretched;
His fancy and his judgment such,
Each to th' other seemed too much;
His severe judgment giving law,
His modest fancy kept in awe.

The following song is sung with music to the prince when he is awaiting death, having been poisoned by the minister of his unnaturally jealous (and too late repentant) father:

Song to Morpheus.

Morpheus, the humble god, that dwells
In cottages and smoky cells,
Hates gilded roofs and beds of down;
And, though he fears no prince's frown,
Flies from the circle of a crown.

Come, I say, thou powerful god,
And thy leaden charming rod,
Dipt in the Lethean lake,
O'er his wakeful temples shake,
Lest he should sleep and never wake.

Nature, alas, why art thou so
Obliged to thy greatest foe?
Sleep that is thy best repast,
Yet of death it bears a taste,
And both are the same thing at last.

(From *The Sophy*, Act v.)

Denham's translation of the Psalms can hardly be pronounced an improvement on earlier renderings. He aims at greater variety of measure, and sometimes employs complicated stanzas. These are the first two verses of his Hundredth Psalm:

Ye nations of the earth rejoice
When ye to God yourselves present:
And make your glad harmonious voice
Of his high praise the instrument.

He is our God; for man, 'tis sure,
Made not himself: we are his sheep;
His flock with care he does secure
In grandest folds and fields does keep.

Abraham Cowley

was the most popular English poet of his times. Waller stood next in public estimation. Dryden had as yet done nothing to give him a name, and Milton's minor poems had not earned for him a supreme position: the same year that witnessed the death of Cowley ushered the *Paradise Lost* into the world. Cowley was born in London in 1618, and was the posthumous son of a respectable stationer in Cheapside, who, dying in the August of that year, left £140 each to his six children and to the unborn infant, the poet. His mother had influence enough to procure admission for him as a king's scholar at Westminster; and in

ABRAHAM COWLEY.
From the Portrait by Mrs Mary Beale in the National Portrait Gallery.

1637 he was elected a scholar of Trinity College, Cambridge, where three years afterwards he obtained a minor fellowship. Cowley 'lisped in numbers.' In 1633, in his fifteenth year, appeared *Poetical Blossomes by A. C.*, with a portrait of the young poet prefixed. In his mother's parlour there used to lie a copy of Spenser's *Faerie Queene*, which infinitely delighted the susceptible boy and helped to make him a poet. The intensity of his youthful ambition may be seen from the first two lines in his *Miscellanies:*

> What shall I do to be for ever known,
> And make the age to come my own?

Cowley was ejected, as a royalist, from Cambridge, and betook himself to Oxford; thence in 1646 he followed Queen Henrietta Maria to France, where he remained ten years. He was sent on various embassies, and conducted the correspondence in cipher of Charles and his queen—a task that took up all his days and two or three nights every week. At last the Restoration came, with all its hopes and fears. England looked for happy days and loyalty for its reward, but for many the cup of joy was dashed with disappointment. Cowley expected to be made master of the Savoy, or to receive some other appointment, but his claims were persistently overlooked. In his youth he had written an ode to Brutus, which was remembered to his disadvantage; and a comedy, *The Cutter of Coleman Street*, which Cowley brought out shortly after the Restoration, and in which the riot and jollity of the cavaliers are painted in strong colours, was misrepresented or misconstrued at court. It is certain that Cowley felt his disappointment keenly, and he resolved to retire into the country. He had only just passed his fortieth year, but the greater part of his time had been spent in incessant labour, amidst dangers and suspense. 'He always professed,' says Dr Sprat, his biographer, 'that he went out of the world as it was man's, into the same world as it was nature's and as it was God's. The whole compass of the creation, and all the wonderful effects of the divine wisdom, were the constant prospect of his senses and his thoughts. And indeed he entered with great advantage on the studies of nature, even as the first great men of antiquity did, who were generally both poets and philosophers.' He thus happily refers to his wish for retirement:

> Be prudent, and the shore in prospect keep,
> In a weak boat trust not the deep.
> Plac'd beneath envy, above envying rise;
> Pity great men, great things despise.
>
> The wise example of the heav'nly lark,
> Thy fellow-poet, Cowley, mark!
> Above the clouds let thy proud musick sound,
> Thy humble nest build on the ground.

Cowley obtained, through Lord St Albans and the Duke of Buckingham, the lease of some lands belonging to the queen, worth about £300 per annum—a decent provision for his retirement; and he settled at Chertsey on the Thames. Here, a man of devout beliefs and pure life, he cultivated his garden and his fields, and wrote of solitude and obscurity, of the perils of greatness, and the happiness of liberty. He renewed his acquaintance with the beloved poets of antiquity, whose ease and elegance he sought to rival in praising the charms of a country life; and he composed his fine prose discourses, so full of gentle thoughts and well-digested knowledge, heightened by a delightful bonhomie and communicativeness worthy of Horace or Montaigne. Sprat mentions that Cowley excelled in letter-writing, that he and another friend had a large collection of his letters, but that they had decided that nothing of that kind should be published—a regrettable decision. Coleridge protested against the prudery of Sprat 'in refusing

to let Cowley appear in slippers and dressing-gown.' The self-banished courtier was not happy in his retirement. Solitude, that had so long wooed him to her arms, was a phantom that vanished in his embrace. He had attained the long-cherished aim of his studious youth and busy manhood; the woods and fields at length enclosed the 'melancholy Cowley' in their shades. But happiness was still distant. He had quitted the 'monster London;' he had gone out from Sodom, but had not found the little Zoar of his dreams. The place of his retreat was ill selected, and his health was affected by the change of situation. The people of the country, he found, were not a whit better or more innocent than those of the town. He could get no money from his tenants, and his meadows were eaten up every night by cattle put in by his neighbours. Johnson, who would have preferred Fleet Street to all the charms of Arcadia and the golden age, published, with a sort of malicious satisfaction, a letter of Cowley's, dated from Chertsey, in which the poet makes a querulous and rueful complaint over the downfall of his rural prospects and enjoyment. One day, in the heat of summer, he had stayed too long amongst his labourers in the meadows, and caught a chill, which, neglected, proved fatal in a fortnight. This is the account of his biographer Sprat; but Pope, in his conversations with Spence, gave this (unauthenticated and unkindly) story: 'His death was occasioned by a mean accident, whilst his great friend Dean Sprat was with him on a visit. They had been together to see a neighbour of Cowley's, who, according to the fashion of those times, made them too welcome. They did not set out for their walk home till it was too late, and had drunk so deep that they lay out in the fields all night. This gave Cowley the fever that carried him off. The parish still talk of the drunken dean.' Now, as Sprat was not drunken, and was not a dean for sixteen years after this, there must be some confusion, to say the least of it, in this anecdote. And Pope was not very trustworthy in such reminiscences. Cowley died 28th July 1667. His remains were taken by water to Westminster, and interred with great pomp in the Abbey. 'The king himself,' says Sprat, 'was pleased to bestow on him the best epitaph, when, upon the news of his death, His Majesty declared that Mr Cowley had not left a better man behind him.' By his will he made his brother his heir and executor, and left legacies to relatives and friends amounting to £420, exclusive of his share in the Duke of York's Theatre. The 'little Zoar' at Chertsey had not been saddened by any fear of poverty, and Cowley to the last retained his Trinity fellowship.

Cowley's poetical works are divided into four parts—*Miscellanies*, including the *Anacreontiques;* the *Mistress, or Love Verses; Pindarique Odes;* and the *Davideis, a Heroical Poem of the Troubles of David. Verses on Various Occasions* and *Essays in Verse and Prose* were added in later editions of his works. His fame rapidly decayed after his death. Dryden's judgment was: 'Though he must always be thought a great poet, he is no longer esteemed a good writer;' and Pope asked:

> Who now reads Cowley? If he pleases yet,
> His moral pleases, not his pointed wit:
> Forgot his epic, nay, Pindaric art,
> But still I love the language of his heart.

Dr Johnson, rather strangely, says Cowley 'makes no selection of words, nor seeks any neatness of phrase; he has no elegances either lucky or elaborate; and he has few epithets, and these scattered without propriety or nice adaptation'—he suffered from a derangement of epitaphs, it appears. Cowper sketched Cowley in his *Task*, and laments that his 'splendid wit' should have been 'entangled in the cobwebs of the schools.' The manners of the court and the age constrained Cowley to display a certain gallantry, but he seems to have had neither strong passions nor deep feelings. He expresses his love in a style almost as fantastic as the euphuism of old Lyly or Sir Piercie Shafton. 'Poets,' he says, 'are scarce thought freemen of their company, without paying some duties, and obliging themselves to be true to love;' it has been said that he composed his *Mistress* as a sort of task-work. But though there is little apparent fervour in the poems, it may be that they do reflect an actual but hopeless love-passage. There is so much of this 'wit-writing' in Cowley's poetry that the reader is generally glad to escape from it into his prose, where he has good sense and right feeling, instead of cold though glittering conceits, forced analogies, and counterfeited passion. Johnson criticised him as one of what he called the 'metaphysical poets.' His anacreontic pieces are easy, unaffected, lively, and full of spirit; they are redolent of joy and youth, and touch the feelings as well as the fancy. His so-called *Pindarique Odes*, though their resemblance to Pindar is slender, contain some noble lines and illustrations. Cowley was the inventor of this kind of Pindaric odes (compare those of Congreve and Gray), attracted mainly by the freedom their irregularity gave him, and the endless scope for his ingenuity in figures and imagery. To Charles Lamb Cowley was 'very dear;' Archbishop Trench refused to agree to disparaging judgments on him; William Cullen Bryant was enthusiastic about the beauty of his best things; Mr Gosse, admitting that Cowley is 'justly denied the humblest place amongst erotic poets,' commends his purity in an impure time; compares *The Wish*, 'so simple, sincere, and fresh,' to a delicious well found in an arid desert; and professes himself the last of Cowley's admirers. Among the best of his other pieces are his lines on the death of a college companion, William Harvey or Hervey, and his noble elegy on Crashaw. The *Davideis* is tedious and unfinished; only four

books out of twelve were published; the specimen given shows how well Cowley could handle the heroic couplet. It is evident that Milton had read this neglected poem. Cowley's few prose essays entitle him to rank with Addison and Goldsmith as master of a simple and graceful prose.

The Wish.

Well then; I now do plainly see,
This busie world and I shall nere agree;
The very honey of all earthly joy
Does of all meats the soonest cloy.
And they, methinks, deserve my pity,
Who for it can endure the stings,
The croud, and buz, and murmurings
Of this great hive, the city.

Ah, yet, ere I descend to th' grave,
May I a small house and large garden have!
And a few friends, and many books; both true,
Both wise, and both delightfull too!
And since Love neer wil from me flee,
A mistresse moderately fair,
And good as guardian-angels are,
Onely beloved, and loving me!

Oh, founts! Oh when in you shall I
My selfe, eas'd of unpeaceful thoughts, espy?
Oh fields! Oh woods! when, when shall I be made
The happy tenant of your shade?
Here's the spring-head of pleasure's flood;
Where all the riches lye, that she
Has coin'd and stampt for good.

Pride and ambition here,
Onely in far-fetcht metaphors appear;
Here nought but winds can hurtfull murmurs scatter,
And nought but eccho flatter.
The gods, when they descended, hither
From heaven, did alwaies chuse their way;
And therefore we may boldly say,
That 'tis the way too thither.

How happy here should I,
And one dear she, live, and embracing, dye?
She who is all the world, and can exclude
In desarts, solitude.
I should have then this only fear,
Lest men, when they my pleasures see,
Should all come im'itate mee
And so make a city here.

From the Poem 'On the Death of Mr Crashaw.'

Poet and Saint! to thee alone are given
The two most sacred names of earth and heaven,
The hard and rarest union which can be
Next that of Godhead with humanitie.
Long did the Muses, banisht slaves abide,
And built vain pyramids to mortal pride;
Like Moses thou (though spells and charms withstand)
Hast brought them nobly home back to their holy land. . . .
How well (blest swan) did Fate contrive thy death,
And made thee render up thy tuneful breath
In thy great mistress arms? thou most divine
And richest offering of Loretto's shrine!
Where like some holy sacrifice t' expire,
A fever burns thee, and Love lights the fire.
Angels (they say) brought the famed chappel there
And bore the sacred load in triumph thro' the aire
'Tis surer much they brought thee there, and they,
And thou, their charge, went singing all the way.
Pardon, my mother church, if I consent
That angels led him when from thee he went;
For ev'n in error sure no danger is
When joyn'd with so much piety as his.
Ah, mighty God, with shame I speak 't, and grief,
Ah that our greatest faults were in belief!
And our weak reason were even weaker yet,
Rather then thus our wills too strong for it.
His faith perhaps in some nice tenents might
Be wrong; his life, I 'm sure, was in the right.
And I my self a Catholick will be,
So far at least, great saint, to pray to thee.
Hail, bard triumphant! and some care bestow
On us, the poets militant below!
Opposed by our old enemy, adverse chance,
Attacqu'ed by envy, and by ignorance,
Exchain'd by beauty, tortured by desires,
Expos'd by tyrant-love to savage beasts and fires.
Thou from low earth in nobler flames didst rise,
And, like Elijah, mount alive the skies. . . .

Heaven and Hell—from the 'Davideis.'

Sleep on, rest quiet as thy conscience take,
For tho' thou sleep'st thy self, thy God 's awake.
Above the subtle foldings of the sky,
Above the well-set orbs' soft harmony,
Above those petty lamps that gild the night,
There is a place o'erflown with hallowed light;
Where heav'n, as if it left it self behind,
Is stretcht out far, nor its own bounds can find:
Here peaceful flames swell up the sacred place,
Nor can the glory contain it self in th' endless spac
For there no twilight of the sun's dull ray
Glimmers upon the pure and native day.
No pale-fac'd moon does in stoln beams appear,
Or with dim taper scatters darkness there.
On no smooth sphear the restless seasons slide,
No circling motion doth swift time divide;
Nothing is there *to come*, and nothing *past*,
But an eternal now does always last.

Beneath the silent chambers of the earth,
Where the sun's fruitful beams give metals birth;
Where he the growth of fatal gold does see,
Gold which above more influence has than he.
Beneath the dens where unfletcht tempests lye,
And infant winds their tender voices try,
Beneath the mighty ocean's wealthy caves,
Beneath th' eternal fountain of all waves,
Where their vast court the mother-waters keep,
And undisturb'd by moons in silence sleep;
There is a place, deep, wondrous deep below,
Which genuine Night and Horror does o'erflow;
No bound controls th' unwearied space, but hell
Endless as those dire pains that in it dwell.
Here no dear glimpse of the sun's lovely face,
Strikes through the solid darkness of the place;
No dawning morn does her kind reds display;
One slight weak beam would here be thought the da
No gentle stars with their fair gems of light
Offend the tyr'anous and unquestion'd night.
Here Lucifer the mighty captive reigns
Proud, 'midst his woes, and tyrant in his chains.

Once general of a gilded host of sprights,
Like Hesper, leading forth the spangled nights.
But down like lightning, which him struck, he came,
And roar'd at his first plunge into the flame.
Myriads of spirits fell wounded round him there;
With dropping lights thick shone the singed air. . . .
A dreadful silence fill'd the hollow place,
Doubling the native terror of hell's face;
Rivers of flaming brimstone, which before
So loudly rag'd, crept softly by the shore;
No hiss of snakes, no clank of chains was known:
The souls amidst their tortures durst not groan.

To Pyrrha.

In imitation of Horace (Odes I. v.).

To whom now, Pyrrha, art thou kinde?
To what heart-ravisht lover
Dost thou thy golden locks unbinde,
Thy hidden sweets discover,
And with large bounty open set
All the bright stores of thy rich cabinet?

Ah simple youth, how oft will he
Of thy changed faith complain?
And his own fortunes find to be
So airy and so vain,
Of so camæleon-like an hew,
That still their colour changes with it too?

How oft, alas, will he admire
The blackness of the skies?
Trembling to hear the winds sound higher
And see the billows rise;
Poor unexperienc'd he,
Who ne're, alas, before had been at sea!

He' enjoys thy calmy sun-shine now,
And no breath stirring hears;
In the clear heaven of thy brow
No smallest cloud appears.
He sees thee gentle, fair and gay,
And trusts the faithless April of thy May.

Unhappy! thrice unhappy he,
T' whom thou untryed dost shine!
But there 's no danger now for me,
Since o're Loretto's shrine,
In witness of the shipwrack past
My consecrated vessel hangs at last.

Anacreontics.

Drinking.

The thirsty earth soaks up the rain,
And drinks, and gapes for drink again.
The plants suck in the earth, and are
With constant drinking fresh and faire.
The sea it self, which one would think
Should have but little need of drink,
Drinks ten thousand rivers up,
So fill'd that they oreflow the cup.
The busie sun (and one would guess
By 's drunken firy face no less)
Drinks up the sea, and when he has don,
The moon and stars drink up the sun.
They drink and dance by their own light,
They drink and revel all the night.
Nothing in nature 's sober found,
But an eternal health goes round.
Fill up the bowl then, fill it high,
Fill all the glasses there, for why
Should every creature drink but I,
Why, man of morals, tell me why?

The Epicure.

Fill the bowl with rosie wine,
Around our temple roses twine,
And let us chearfully awhile,
Like the wine and roses smile.
Crown'd with roses we contemn
Gyges wealthy diadem.
To day is ours; what do we feare?
To day is ours; we have it here.
Let 's treat it kindely, that it may
Wish, at least, with us to stay.
Let 's banish business, banish sorrow;
To the gods belongs to morrow.

The Grashopper.

Happy insect, what can bee
In happiness compared to thee?
Fed with nourishment divine,
The dewy morning's gentle wine!
Nature waits upon thee still,
And thy verdant cup does fill;
'Tis fill'd where-ever thou dost tread,
Nature selfe 's thy Ganimed.
Thou dost drink, and dance, and sing;
Happier then the happiest king!
All the fields, which thou dost see,
All the plants belong to thee!
All that summer hours produce,
Fertile made with early juice!
Man for thee does sow and plough;
Farmer he, and land-lord thou!
Thou dost innocently joy;
Nor does thy luxury destroy;
The shepherd gladly heareth thee,
More harmonious then he.
Thee countrey hindes with gladness hear,
Prophet of the ripened year!
Thee Phœbus loves, and does inspire;
Phœbus is himself thy sire.
To thee of all things upon earth,
Life is no longer then thy mirth.
Happy insect, happy thou,
Dost neither age nor winter know.
But when thou 'st drunk, and danced, and sung
Thy fill, the flowry leaves among,
(Voluptuous, and wise withal,
Epicuræan animal!)
Sated with thy summer feast,
Thou retirest to endless rest.

From 'The Resurrection.'

Begin the song, and strike the living lyre, [quire,
Lo how the years to come, a numerous and well-fitted
All hand in hand do decently advance,
And to my song with smooth and equal measures dance.
Whilst the dance lasts, how long so e'er it be,
My musick's voice shall bear it company.
'Till all gentle notes be drown'd
In the last trumpet's dreadful sound;
That, to the spheres themselves, shall silence bring,
Untune the universal string.

Then all the wide-extended sky,
And all th' harmonious worlds on high,
And Virgil's sacred work shall die;
And he himself shall see in one fire shine
Rich Nature's ancient Troy, though built by hands divine.

Whom thunder's dismal noise,
And all that prophets and apostles louder spake,
And all the creatures' plain-conspiring voice,
Could not, whilst they liv'd, awake,
This mightier sound shall make
When dead t' arise,
And open tombs, and open eyes;
To the long sluggards of five thousand years.
This mightier sound shall make its hearers ears.
Then shall the scatter'd atoms crowding come
Back to their ancient home;
Some from birds, from fishes some,
Some from earth, and some from seas,
Some from beasts, and some from trees.
Some descend from clouds on high,
Some from metals upwards fly,
And where th' attending soul naked and shivering stands,
Meet, salute, and join their hands.
As disperss'd soldiers at the trumpet's call
Haste to their colours all.
Unhappy most, like tortur'd men,
Their joints new set, to be new rackt again.
To mountains they for shelter pray,
The mountains shake, and run about no less confus'd than they.

The Chronicle, a Ballad.

Margarita first possest,
If I remember well, my brest,
Margarita first of all;
But when a while the wanton maid
With my restless heart had plaid,
Martha took the flying ball.

Martha soon did it resign
To the beauteous Catharine.
Beauteous Catharine gave place,
(Though loth and angry she to part
With the possession of my heart)
To Elisa's conqu'ring face.

Elisa 'till this hour might raign,
Had she not evil counsels ta'ne.
Fundamental laws she broke,
And still new favorites she chose,
'Till up in arms my passions rose,
And cast away her yoke.

Mary then and gentle Ann
Both to reign at once began;
Alternately they sway'd,
And sometimes Mary was the fair,
And sometimes Ann the crown did wear,
And sometimes both I obey'd.

Another Mary then arose,
And did rigorous laws impose.
A mighty tyrant she!
Long, alas, should I have been
Under that iron-scepter'd queen,
Had not Rebecca set me free.

When fair Rebecca set me free,
'Twas then a golden time with mee.
But soon those pleasures fled,
For the gracious princess dy'd
In her youth and beautie's pride,
And Judith reigned in her sted.

One month, three days and half an hour
Judith held the soveraign power.
Wondrous beautiful her face,
But so weak and small her wit,
That she to govern was unfit,
And so Susanna took her place.

But when Isabella came
Arm'd with a resistless flame,
And th' artillery of her eye,
Whilst she proudly marcht about
Greater conquests to find out,
She beat out Susan by the by.

But in her place I then obey'd
Black-ey'd Besse her vice-roy maid,
To whom ensu'd a vacancy.
Thousand worse passions then possest
The inter-regnum of my brest.
Bless me from such an anarchy!

Gentle Henrietta than
And a third Mary next began,
Then Jone, and Jane, and Audria.
And then a pretty Thomasine,
And then another Katharine,
And then a long et cætera.

But should I now to you relate
The strength and riches of their state,
The powder, patches, and the pins,
The ribbans, jewels, and the rings,
The lace, the paint, and warlike things
That make up all their magazins:

If I should tell the politick arts
To take and keep men's hearts,
The letters, embassies and spies,
The frowns, and smiles, and flatteries,
The quarrels, tears, and perjuries,
Numberless, nameless mysteries!

And all the little lime-twigs laid
By Matchavil the waiting-maid;
I more voluminous should grow,
(Chiefly if I like them should tell
All change of weathers that befell)
Then Holinshead or Stow.

But I will briefer with them be,
Since few of them were long with me.
An higher and a nobler strain
My present emperess does claime,
Heleonora, first o' th' name,
Whom God grant long to reign.

Lord Bacon—from 'Ode to the Royal Soc

From these and all long errors of the way,
In which our wandring predecessors went,
And like th' old Hebrews many years did st
In desarts but of small extent,

acon, like Moses, led us forth at last;
The barren wilderness he past,
Did on the very border stand
Of the blest promis'd land,
nd from the mountains top of his exalted wit,
Saw it himself, and shew'd us it.
ut life did never to one man allow
ime to discover worlds, and conquer too;
or can so short a line sufficient be
o fadome the vast depths of nature's sea:
The work he did we ought t' admire,
nd were unjust if we should more require
rom his few years, divided 'twixt th' excess
f low affliction and high happiness.
or who on things remote can fix his sight,
hat 's always in a triumph or a fight?

m the Elegy 'On the Death of Mr William Hervey.'

as a dismal and a fearful night;
rce could the morn drive on th' unwilling light,
en sleep, death's image, left my troubled brest
By something liker death possest.
eyes with tears did uncommanded flow,
And on my soul hung the dull weight
Of some intolerable fate.
at bell was that? Ah me! too much I know.

sweet companion, and my gentle peere,
y hast thou left me thus unkindely here,
end for ever, and my life to moan?
O thou hast left me all alone!
soul and body, when death's agonie
Besieged around thy noble heart,
Did not with more reluctance part
n I, my dearest friend, do part from thee.

dearest friend, would I had dyed for thee!
and this world henceforth will tedious be.
shall I know hereafter what to do
If once my griefs prove tedious too.
nt and sad I walk about all day,
As sullen ghosts stalk speechless by
Where their hid treasures ly;
s, my treasure 's gone, why do I stay?

was my friend, the truest friend on earth:
trong and mighty influence joyn'd our birth.
did we envy the most sounding name
By friendship given of old to fame.
ıe but his brethren he, and sisters knew,
Whom the kind youth preferr'd to me;
And even in that we did agree,
much above my self I lov'd them too.

, for you saw us, ye immortal lights,
w oft unwearied have we spent the nights?
l the Ledæan stars so famed for love,
Wondred at us from above.
spent them not in toys, in lusts, or wine;
But search of deep philosophy,
Wit, eloquence, and poetry;
s which I loved, for they, my friend, were thine.

fields of Cambridge, our dear Cambridge, say,
ve ye not seen us walking every day?
s there a tree about which did not know
The love betwixt us two?

Henceforth, ye gentle trees, for ever fade;
Or your sad branches thicker joyne,
And into darksome shades combine;
Dark as the grave wherein my friend is laid.

Henceforth no learned youths beneath you sing,
'Till all the tuneful birds to your bows they bring;
No tuneful birds play with their wonted chear,
And call the learned youths to hear;
No whistling winds through the glad branches fly,
But all with sad solemnitie,
Mute and unmoved be,
Mute as the grave wherein my friend does ly.

Epitaph on the Living Author.

Here, stranger, in this humble nest,
Here Cowley sleeps; here lies,
'Scaped all the toils that life molest,
And its superfluous joys.

Here, in no sordid poverty,
And no inglorious ease,
He braves the world, and can defy
Its frowns and flatteries.

The little earth he asks, survey:
Is he not dead, indeed?
'Light lie that earth,' good stranger, pray,
'Nor thorn upon it breed!'

With flowers, fit emblem of his fame,
Compass your poet round;
With flowers of every fragrant name,
Be his warm ashes crowned!

Hymn—To Light.

First-born of chaos, who so fair didst come
From the old negro's darksome womb!
Which when it saw the lovely child,
The melancholly mass put on kind looks and smil'd.

Thou tide of glory, which no rest dost know,
But ever ebb, and ever flow!
Thou golden shower of a true Jove!
Who does in thee descend, and heav'n to earth make love! . . .

Say from what golden quivers of the sky,
Do all thy winged arrows fly?
Swiftness and power by birth are thine:
From thy great sire they came, thy sire the word divine. . . .

Swift as light, thoughts their empty carrere run,
Thy race is finisht, when begun;
Let a post-angel start with thee,
And thou the goal of earth shall reach as soon as he. . . .

When, goddess, thou liftst up thy wakened head,
Out of the morning's purple bed,
Thy quire of birds about thee play,
And all the joyful world salutes the rising day. . . .

A crimson garment in the rose thou wear'st;
A crown of studded gold thou bear'st;
The virgin lillies in their white
Are clad but with the lawn of almost naked light.

The violet, spring's little infant, stands,
Girt in thy purple swadling-bands:
On the fair tulip thou dost dote;
Thou cloath'st it in a gay and party-colour'd coat. . . .

Through the soft wayes of heav'n, and air, and sea,
Which open all their pores to thee,
Like a clear river thou dost glide,
And with thy living stream through the close channels slide.

But where firm bodies thy free course oppose,
Gently thy source the land oreflowes;
Takes there possession, and does make,
Of colours mingled, light, a thick and standing lake.

But the vast ocean of unbounded day
In th' empyræan heaven does stay.
Thy rivers, lakes, and springs below,
From thence took first their rise, thither at last must flow.

Cowley holds a distinguished position among the prose writers of this age; he has been placed at the head of those who cultivated that clear, easy, and natural style which was subsequently employed and improved by Dryden, Tillotson, Sir William Temple, and Addison. Johnson exaggerated the contrast between the excellence of Cowley's prose and the many defects of his poetry—for Johnson bore hard on Cowley as 'almost the last' of the metaphysical poets, though 'undoubtedly the best,' but addicted to artificial conceits and 'lax and lawless versification.' 'No author,' says he, 'ever kept his verse and his prose at a greater distance from each other. His thoughts are natural, and his style has a smooth and placid equability, which has never yet obtained its due commendation. Nothing is far-sought or hard-laboured; but all is easy without feebleness, and familiar without grossness.' There is also wit and humour, with an occasional touch of satire; the writer's longing for peace and retirement is a too frequently recurring theme. The prose works of Cowley extend to but sixty folio pages, and consist of *Essays* (appended to the collected edition of the works in 1668), which treat of Liberty, Solitude, Obscurity, Agriculture, The Garden, Greatness, Avarice, The Dangers of an Honest Man in much Company, The Shortness of Life and Uncertainty of Riches, The Danger of Procrastination, Of My Self, &c. He wrote also (apparently in the year of the Protector's death, though the earliest known printed copy dates from 1661) a *Discourse, by way of Vision, concerning the Government of Oliver Cromwell*, and a *Proposition for the Advancement of Experimental Philosophy* (1661).

Of My Self.

It is a hard and nice subject for a man to write of himself. It grates his own heart to say any thing of disparagement, and the reader's ears to hear any thing of praise from him. There is no danger from me of offending him in this kind; neither my mind, nor my body, nor my fortune, allow me any materials for that vanity. It is sufficient for my own contentment that they have preserv'd me from being scandalous, or remarkable on the defective side. But besides that, I shall here speak of my self only in relation to the subject of these precedent discourses, and shall be likelier thereby to fall into the contempt than rise up to the estimation of most people. As far as my memory can return back into my past life, before I knew or was capable of guessing what the world, or glories, or business of it were, the natural affections of my soul gave me a secret bent of aversion from them, as some plants are said to turn away from others, by an antipathy imperceptible to themselves and inscrutable to man's understanding. Even when I was a very young boy at school, instead of running about on holy-days, and playing with my fellows, I was wont to steal from them, and walk into the fields, either alone with a book, or with some one companion, if I could find any of the same temper. I was then too so much an enemy to all constraint that my masters could never prevail on me by any persuasions or encouragements to learn without book the common rules of grammar; in which they dispens'd with me alone, because they found I made a shift to do the usual exercise out of my own reading and observation. That I was then of the same mind as I am now (which, I confess, I wonder at my self) may appear by the latter end of an ode, which I made when I was but thirteen years old, and which was then printed with many other verses. The beginning of it is boyish, but of this part which I here set down (if a very little were corrected) I should hardly now be much asham'd.

This only grant me, that my means may lye
Too low for envy, for contempt too high.
Some honour I would have
Not from great deeds, but good alone.
The unknown are better than ill known.
Rumour can ope the grave.
Acquaintance I would have, but when 't depends
Not on the number, but the choice of friends.

Books should, not business, entertain the light;
And sleep, as undisturb'd as death, the night.
My house a cottage more
Than palace, and should fitting be
For all my use, no luxury.
My garden painted o'er
With Nature's hand, not Art's; and pleasures yield
Horace might envy in his Sabine field.

Thus would I double my life's fading space;
For he that runs it well, runs twice his race.
And in this true delight,
These unbought sports, this happy state,
I would not fear nor wish my fate,
But boldly say each night,
To morrow let my sun his beams display,
Or in clouds hide them; I have liv'd to day.

You may see by it, I was even then acquainted with the poets (for the conclusion is taken out of Horace); and perhaps it was the immature and immoderate love of them which stamp'd first, or rather engrav'd these characters in me: they were like letters cut into the bark of a young tree, which with the tree still grow proportionably. But, how this love came to be produc'd in me so early is a hard question: I believe I can tell the particular little chance that filled my head first with such chimes of verse, as have never since left ringing

there: for I remember when I began to read, and to take some pleasure in it, there was wont to lye in my mother's parlour (I know not by what accident, for she her self never in her life read any book but of devotion), but there was wont to lye Spencer's works. This I happen'd to fall upon, and was infinitely delighted with the stories of the knights, and giants, and monsters, and brave houses, which I found every where there (tho' my understanding had little to do with all this); and by degrees with the tinkling of the rhyme and dance of the numbers, so that I think I had read him all over before I was twelve years old. . . . With these affections of mind, and my heart wholly set upon letters, I went to the university; but was soon torn from thence by that violent publick storm which would suffer nothing to stand where it did, but rooted up every plant, even from the princely cedars to me the hyssop. Yet I had as good fortune as could have befallen me in such a tempest; for I was cast by it into the family of one of the best persons, and into the court of one of the best princesses in the world. Now tho' I was here engag'd in ways most contrary to the original design of my life, that is, into much company and no small business, and into a daily sight of greatness both militant and triumphant (for that was the state then of the English and French courts), yet all this was so far from altering my opinion, that it only added the confirmation of reason to that which was before but natural inclination. I saw plainly all the paint of that kind of life, the nearer I came to it; and that beauty which I did not fall in love with when for aught I knew it was real, was not like to bewitch or entice me when I saw that it was adulterate. I met with several great persons whom I liked very well, but could not perceive that any part of their greatness was to be lik'd or desir'd, no more than I would be glad or content to be in a storm, tho' I saw many ships which rid safely and bravely in it. A storm would not agree with my stomach, if it did with my courage. Tho' I was in a croud of as good company as could be found any where, tho' I was in business of great and honourable trust, tho' I eat at the best table, and enjoy'd the best conveniences for present subsistance that ought to be desir'd by a man of my condition, in banishment and publick distresses; yet I could not abstain from renewing my old school-boy's wish in a copy of verses to the same effect.

Well then; I now do plainly see
This busie world and I shall ne'er agree, &c.

And I never then propos'd to my self any other advantage from his majesty's happy restoration but the getting into some moderately convenient retreat in the country, which I thought in that case I might easily have compass'd as well as some others, who with no greater probabilities or pretences have arriv'd to extraordinary fortunes: but I had before written a shrewd prophecy against my self, and I think Apollo inspir'd me in the truth though not in the elegance of it:

Thou neither great at court, nor in the war,
Nor at th' Exchange shalt be, nor at the wrangling bar;
Content thy self with the small barren praise,
Which neglected verse does raise, &c.

However by the failing of the forces which I had expected, I did not quit the design which I had resolv'd on; I cast my self into it a *corps perdu*, without making capitulations or taking counsel of fortune. But God laughs at a man who says to his soul, Take thy ease: I met presently not only with many little incumbrances and impediments, but with so much sickness (a new misfortune to me) as would have spoil'd the happiness of an emperor as well as mine: yet I do neither repent nor alter my course. *Non ego perfidum dixi sacramentum* [I have not falsely sworn]: nothing shall separate me from a mistress which I have lov'd so long and have now at last marry'd; though she neither has brought me a rich portion nor liv'd yet so quietly with me as I hop'd from her.

Nec vos dulcissima mundi
Nomina, vos musæ, libertas, otia, libri,
Hortique sylvæque anima remanente relinquam.

Nor by me e'er shall you,
You of all names the sweetest, and the best,
You muses, books, and liberty and rest;
You gardens, fields, and woods forsaken be,
As long as life it self forsakes not me.

But this is a very petty ejaculation. Because I have concluded all the other chapters with a copy of verses, I will maintain the humour to the last.

The Spring-tides of Public Affairs.

I have often observed, with all submission and resignation of spirit to the inscrutable mysteries of Eternal Providence, that when the fulness and maturity of time is come that produces the great confusions and changes in the world, it usually pleases God to make it appear by the manner of them, that they are not the effects of human force or policy, but of the divine justice and predestination; and though we see a man like that which we call Jack of the clock-house, striking as it were the hour of that fulness of time, yet our reason must needs be convinced that his hand is moved by some secret and, to us who stand without, invisible direction. And the stream of the current is then so violent that the strongest men in the world cannot draw up against it; and none are so weak but they may sail down with it. These are the spring-tides of public affairs which we see often happen, but seek in vain to discover any certain causes. And one man then, by maliciously opening all the sluices that he can come at, can never be the sole author of all this, though he may be as guilty as if really he were, by intending and imagining to be so; but it is God that breaks up the flood-gates of so general a deluge, and all the art then and industry of mankind is not sufficient to raise up dikes and ramparts against it.

From the Essay 'Of Agriculture.'

The three first men in the world were a gardener, a ploughman, and a grazier; and if any man object that the second of these was a murtherer, I desire he would consider that as soon as he was so, he quitted our profession and turned builder. It is for this reason, I suppose, that Ecclesiasticus forbids us to hate husbandry; because (says he) the Most High has created it. We were all born to this art, and taught by Nature to nourish our bodies by the same earth out of which they were made, and to which they must return and pay at last for their sustenance. Behold the original and primitive nobility of all those great persons, who are too proud now not only to till the ground, but almost to tread upon it. We may talk what we please of lillies and lions rampant, and spread eagles in fields *d'or* or *d'argent*; but if heraldry

were guided by reason, a plough in a field arable would be the most noble and ancient arms.

From the Essay 'Of Obscurity.'

What a brave privilege it is to be free from all contentions, from all envying or being envy'd, from receiving and from paying all kinds of ceremonies! It is, in my mind, a very delightful pastime for two good and agreeable friends to travel up and down together, in places where they are by no body known, nor know any body. It was the case of Æneas and his Achates, when they walk'd invisibly about the fields and streets of Carthage, Venus her self

'A vail of thicken'd air around them cast,
That none might know, or see them as they past.'
VIRG. I *Æn.*

The common story of Demosthenes's confession that he had taken great pleasure in hearing of a tanker-woman say as he pass'd, This is that Demosthenes, is wonderful ridiculous from so solid an orator. I my self have often met with that temptation to vanity (if it were any), but am so far from finding it any pleasure, that it only makes me run faster from the place, 'till I get, as it were, out of sight-shot. Democritus relates, and in such a manner as if he glory'd in the good fortune and commodity of it, that when he came to Athens no body there did so much as take notice of him; and Epicurus liv'd there very well, that is, lay hid many years in his gardens, so famous since that time, with his friend Metrodorus: after whose death, making in one of his letters a kind commemoration of the happiness which they two had enjoy'd together, he adds at last that he thought it no disparagement to those great felicities of their life, that in the midst of the most talk'd-of and talking country in the world, they had liv'd so long not only without fame, but almost without being heard of. And yet within a very few years afterward there were no two names of men more known or more generally celebrated. If we engage into a large acquaintance and various familiarities, we set open our gates to the invaders of most of our time: we expose our life to a quotidian ague of frigid impertinences, which would make a wise man tremble to think of. Now, as for being known much by sight, and pointed at, I cannot comprehend the honour that lyes in that: whatsoever it be, every mountebank has it more than the best doctor, and the hangman more than the lord chief-justice of a city. Every creature has it both of nature and art, if it be any ways extraordinary. It was as often said, This is that Bucephalus, or, This is that Incitatus, when they were led prancing through the streets, as, This is that Alexander, or, This is that Domitian; and truly for the latter, I take Incitatus to have been a much more honourable beast than his master, and more deserving the consulship than he the empire. I love and commend a true good fame because it is the shadow of virtue, not that it doth any good to the body which it accompanies, but 'tis an efficacious shadow, and like that of St Peter cures the diseases of others. The best kind of glory, no doubt, is that which is reflected from honesty, such as was the glory of Cato and Aristides, but it was harmful to them both, and is seldom beneficial to any man whilst he live; what it is to him after his death I cannot say, because I love not philosophy merely notional and conjectural, and no man who has made the experiment has been so kind as to come back to inform us. Upon the whole matter, I account a person who has a moderate mind and fortune, and lives in the conversation of two or three agreeable friends, with little commerce in the world besides, who is esteem'd well enough by his few neighbours that know him, and is truly irreproachable by any body, and so after a healthful quiet life, before the great inconveniences of old age, goes more silently out of it than he came in (for I would not have him so much as cry in the exit). This innocent deceiver of the world, as Horace calls him, this *muta persona*, I take to have been more happy in his part than the greatest actors that fill the stage with show and noise, nay even than Augustus himself, who ask'd with his last breath whether he had not play'd his farce very well.

The story of Demosthenes and the 'tankard-woman' (*aquam ferentis mulierculæ*) is told in Cicero's *Tusculanæ Quæstiones*, v. 36.

Procrastination.

I am glad that you approve and applaud my design of withdrawing myself from all tumult and business of the world, and consecrating the little rest of my time to those studies to which nature had so motherly inclin'd me, and from which fortune, like a step-mother, has so long detain'd me. But nevertheless (you say, which *but* is *ærugo mera*, a rust which spoils the good metal it grows upon. But you say) you would advise me not to precipitate that resolution, but to stay a while longer with patience and complaisance, 'till I had gotten such an estate as might afford me (according to the saying of that person whom you and I love very much, and would believe as soon as another man) *cum dignitate otium*. This were excellent advice to Joshua, who could bid the sun stay too. But there 's no fooling with life, when it is once turn'd beyond forty. The seeking of a fortune then is but a desperate after-game, 'tis a hundred to one if a man fling two sixes and recover all; especially if his hand be no luckier than mine. There is some help for all the defects of fortune, for if a man cannot attain to the length of his wishes, he may have his remedy by cutting of them shorter. Epicurus writes a letter to Idomeneus (who was then a very powerful, wealthy, and, it seems, a bountiful person), to recommend to him, who had made so many men rich, one Pythocles, a friend of his, whom he desir'd might be made a rich man too; but I entreat you that you would not do it just the same way as you have done to many less deserving persons, but in the most gentlemanly manner of obliging him, which is not to add any thing to his estate, but to take something from his desires. The sum of this is, that for the uncertain hopes of some conveniences we ought not to defer the execution of a work that is necessary, especially when the use of those things which we would stay for may otherwise be supply'd, but the loss of time never recover'd: nay farther yet, tho' we were sure to obtain all that we had a mind to, tho' we were sure of getting never so much by continuing the game, yet when the light of life is so near going out, and ought to be so precious, *le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle*, the play is not worth the expence of the candle: after having been long tost in a tempest, if our masts be standing, and we have still sail and tackling enough to carry us to our port, it is no matter for the want of streamers and top-gallants; *utere velis, totos pande sinus*. A gentleman in our late civil wars, when his quarters were beaten up by the enemy, was taken prisoner and lost his life afterwards, only by staying to put on a band and adjust his periwig: he would escape like a person of quality or not at all, and dy'd the noble martyr of ceremony and gentility.

Vision of Oliver Cromwell—from the 'Discourse.'

I was interrupted by a strange and terrible apparition; for there appeared to me (arising out of the earth, as I conceived) the figure of a man taller than a giant, or indeed, than the shadow of any giant in the evening. His body was naked; but that nakedness adorned or rather deformed all over with several figures, after the manner of the Britons, painted upon it: and I perceived that most of them were the representations of the late battles in our civil wars, and, if I be not much mistaken, it was the battle of Naseby that was drawn upon his breast. His eyes were like burning brass, and there were three crowns of the same metal (as I guessed), and that looked as red-hot too, upon his head. He held in his right-hand a sword that was yet bloody, and nevertheless the motto of it was, *Pax quæritur bello* ['We war for peace']; and in his left-hand a thick book, upon the back of which was written in letters of gold, 'Acts, ordinances, protestations, covenants, engagements, declarations, remonstrances,' &c. Though this sudden, unusual, and dreadful object might have quelled a greater courage than mine; yet so it pleased God (for there is nothing bolder than a man in a vision) that I was not at all daunted, but asked him resolutely and briefly, 'What art thou?' And he said, 'I am called the North-west Principality, His Highness the Protector of the Commonwealth of England, Scotland, and Ireland, and the dominions belonging thereunto; for I am that angel to whom the Almighty has committed the government of those three kingdoms, which thou seest from this place.' And I answered and said, 'If it be so, sir, it seems to me that for almost these twenty years past Your Highness has been absent from your charge: for not only if any angel, but if any wise and honest man had, since that time, been our governor, we should not have wandered thus long in these laborious and endless labyrinths of confusion; but either not have entered at all into them, or at least have returned back before we had absolutely lost our way: but instead of Your Highness we have had since such a protector as was his predecessor Richard the Third to the king his nephew; for he presently slew the commonwealth, which he pretended to protect, and set up himself in the place of it: a little less guilty indeed in one respect, because the other slew the innocent, and this man did but murder a murderer. Such a protector we have had as we would have been glad to have changed for an enemy, and rather received a constant Turk than this every-month's apostate; such a protector as man is to his flocks, which he sheers, and sells, or devours himself; and I would fain know what the wolf, which he protects him from, could do more. Such a protector'—— and, as I was proceeding, methought His Highness began to put on a displeased and threatening countenance (as men use to do when their dearest friends happen to be traduced in their company), which gave me the first rise of jealousy against him; for I did not believe that Cromwell, amongst all his foreign correspondences, had ever held any with angels. However, I was not hardened enough yet to venture a quarrel with him then: and therefore, as I had spoken to the Protector himself in Whitehall, 'I desired him that His Highness would please to pardon me, if I had unwittingly spoken any thing to the disparagement of a person whose relations to His Highness I had not the honour to know.' At which he told me, 'that he had no other concernment for His late Highness, than as he took him to be the greatest man that ever was of the English nation, if not (said he) of the whole world; which gives me a just title to the defence of his reputation, since I now account myself, as it were, a naturalized English angel, by having had so long the management of the affairs of that country. And pray, countryman (said he very kindly and very flatteringly), for I would not have you fall into the general error of the world, that detests and decries so extraordinary a virtue; what can be more extraordinary than that a person of mean birth, no fortune, no eminent qualities of body (which have sometimes) or of mind (which have often, raised men to the highest dignities), should have the courage to attempt, and the happiness to succeed in so improbable a design, as the destruction of one of the most ancient, and in all appearance most solidly founded monarchies upon earth? That he should have the power or boldness to put his prince and master to an open and infamous death: to banish that numerous and strongly allied family: to do all this under the name and wages of a parliament: to trample upon them too as he pleased, and spurn them out of doors when he grew weary of them; to raise up a new and unheard-of monster out of their ashes; to stifle that in the very infancy, and set up himself above all things that ever were called sovereign in England; to oppress all his enemies by arms, and all his friends afterwards by artifice; to serve all parties patiently for a while, and to command them victoriously at last; to overrun each corner of the three nations, and overcome with equal facility both the riches of the south and the poverty of the north; to be feared and courted by all foreign princes, and adopted a brother to the gods of the earth; to call together parliaments with a word of his pen, and scatter them again with the breath of his mouth; to be humbly and daily petitioned to that he would please to be hired, at the rate of two millions a year, to be the master of those who had hired him before to be their servant: to have the estates and lives of three kingdoms as much at his disposal as was the little inheritance of his father, and to be as noble and liberal in the spending of them; and lastly (for there is no end of all the particulars of his glory), to bequeath all this with one word to his posterity; to die with peace at home, and triumph abroad; to be buried among kings, and with more than regal solemnity; and to leave a name behind him, not to be extinguished but with the whole world; which, as it is now too little for his praises, so might have been too for his conquests, if the short line of his human life could have been stretched out to the extent of his immortal designs?'

Even those who do not read Cowley now are familiar—indirectly through Cowper—with

God the first garden made, and the first city Cain:

which is no doubt the original of Cowper's

God made the country and man made the town.

Other pregnant lines from Cowley are—

Hope, fortune's cheating lottery!
Where for one prize an hundred blanks there be.

The world 's a scene of changes, and to be
Constant in Nature were inconstancy.

Plenty as well as want can separate friends.

The first collection of Cowley's works (folio, 1668) contained the *Discourses by way of Essays in Prose and Verse*. Ten editions of Cowley's works appeared before 1721, another by Aikin in 1802, and one by Grosart in 1881 (2 vols.).

Lord Clarendon.

Edward Hyde, Earl of Clarendon, was born 18th February 1608 at Dinton, near Salisbury, third son of a Wiltshire squire. Destined for the Church, he went up to Magdalen Hall in 1622; but the death of his elder brothers having left him the heir, he quitted Oxford for the Middle Temple in 1625. Though he rose in his profession, he loved letters better than law; for his friends he chose such brilliant spirits as Falkland, Ben Jonson, Selden, Hales, and Chillingworth, and, in his own words, 'was never so proud, or thought himself so good a man, as when he was the worst in the company.' He married twice—in 1629, Ann, daughter of Sir George Ayliffe, whose death six months afterwards 'shook all the frame of his resolutions;' next, in 1632, Frances, daughter of Sir Thomas Aylesbury, Master of Requests and of the Mint. She bore him four sons and two daughters; and with her, till her death in 1667, he 'lived very comfortably in the most uncomfortable times, and very joyfully in those times when matter of joy was administered.'

In 1640 he was returned for Wootton-Bassett to the Short Parliament, for Saltash to the Long; and up to the summer of 1641 he acted heartily with the popular party. Then he drew back. Enough, he deemed, had been done; a victorious oligarchy might prove more formidable than a humbled king; nor could he conceive 'a religion without bishops.' Charles's answer to the Grand Remonstrance was of Hyde's composing, as were most of the subsequent able manifestoes; and though in a midnight interview with the king he declined to take St John's post of Solicitor-General, thenceforward he and Falkland and Colepeper formed a veritable privy council. Unhappily they were not allowed to know everything; unfortunately for the king, their advice was not always followed; thus the attempted arrest of the five members had neither their privity nor their approval. Still Hyde headed the royalist opposition in the Commons, till in May 1642 he slipped away and followed Charles into Yorkshire. He witnessed Edgehill, in 1643 was knighted and made Chancellor of the Exchequer, in March 1645 attended the Prince of Wales to the west of England, and with him a twelvemonth later passed on to Scilly and Jersey. In Scilly, on 18th May 1646, he commenced his *History;* in Jersey he tarried two whole years. From November 1649 till March 1651 he was engaged in a fruitless embassy to Spain; next for nine years he filled the office of a 'Caleb Balderstone' in the needy, greedy, factious little court of Charles II., sometimes with 'neither clothes nor fire to preserve him from the sharpness of the season, and with not three sous in the world to buy a fagot.'

Charles had made him High Chancellor in 1658, and at the Restoration he was confirmed in that dignity, in November 1660 being created Baron Hyde, and in the following April Earl of Clarendon. To this period belongs the strangest episode in all his Autobiography. In November 1659 his daughter Anne (1638–71), then lady-in-waiting to the Princess of Orange, had entered into a secret marriage-contract with the king's brother, James, Duke of York; and nine months later they were privately married at her father's house. On learning the news, if news indeed it was, he burst into a passion of the coarsest invective against her; yet people fancied that in Catherine of Braganza he purposely selected a barren bride for the king, that so his own daughter might some day come to the throne. Nor as chief Minister was he otherwise popular. A bigoted Churchman, a thorough Conservative, and always a lawyer, he would fain have restored things to the *status quo ante bellum*. He loved a Papist little better than a sectary, and accordingly would have nothing to do with Charles's toleration. He looked sourly on Charles's vices, yet stooped to impose Charles's mistress on Charles's queen. He could not satisfy the Cavaliers, who contrasted his opulence with their own broken fortunes; he did more than enough to irritate the Puritans. The sale of Dunkirk, the Dutch war, the very Plague and Great Fire, all heightened his unpopularity; and in 1667 he fell an easy unlamented victim to a court cabal. The great seal was taken from him; impeachment for high-treason followed; and quitting the kingdom at Charles's bidding, the old man settled at Montpellier. There and at Moulins he spent nearly six tranquil years; and afterwards from Rouen he sent a last piteous entreaty that Charles would permit him to 'die in his own country and among his own children.' His petition was disregarded, and at Rouen he died 9th December 1674. No monument marks his grave in Westminster Abbey.

Men's estimates of Clarendon have varied widely. Southey calls him 'the wisest, most upright of statesmen;' the Scottish Whig historian, George Brodie, 'a miserable sycophant and canting hypocrite.' The truth lies somewhere between the two verdicts, but Southey's is much the truer of the two. The failings and merits of the statesman are mirrored in his great *History of the Rebellion in England* (3 vols. 1704–7), with its supplement and continuation, more faulty and less valuable, the *History of the Civil War in Ireland* (1721), and the *Life of Edward, Earl of Clarendon* (3 vols. 1759). The publication of the *History of the Rebellion* in the reign of Queen Anne was an event of some importance in English politics as well as in English letters, since the glowing picture which it unfolded of the Cavalier cause and party is believed to have been one cause of the Tory and Jacobite reaction which brought Harley and St John into power. The original editors of the work were Bishop Smalridge, Dean Aldrich, and Bishop Atterbury, the last of whom successfully defended himself and his colleagues (1731) against Oldmixon's accusation that they had falsified the text. An apology more than a history, a vindication of

the author and of Charles I., the *History* is not, does not profess to be, impartial; it suppresses the truth where the truth seemed unfavourable; and it is grossly inaccurate—the result of a fallible memory. But, Mr Green notwithstanding, it does not 'by deliberate and malignant falsehood' pervert the whole action of Clarendon's adversaries; careless and ungenerous he might be, wilfully dishonest he was not. And though his style is prolix and redundant, though it 'suffocates us by the length of its periods,' his splendid stateliness, his narrative skill, his development of motives, and, above all, his marvellous skill in portraiture (shown best in the character of Falkland), have rendered the *History* an imperishable classic.

Reception of the Liturgy at Edinburgh in 1637.

On the Sunday morning appointed for the work, the Chancellor of Scotland and others of the Council being present in the cathedral church, the dean began to read the Liturgy, which he had no sooner entered upon but a noise and clamour was raised throughout the church, that no voice could be heard distinctly, and then a shower of stones and sticks and cudgels were thrown at the dean's head. The bishop went up into the pulpit, and from thence put them in mind of the sacredness of the place, of their duty to God and the King; but he found no more reverence, nor was the clamour or disorder less than before. The Chancellor, from his seat, commanded the provost and magistrates of the city to descend from the gallery in which they sat, and by their authority to suppress the riot; which at last with great difficulty they did, by driving the rudest of those who made the disturbance out of the church, and shutting the doors, which gave the dean opportunity to proceed in the reading of the Liturgy, which was not at all intended or hearkened to by those who remained within the church; and if it had, they who were turned out continued their barbarous noise, brake the windows, and endeavoured to break down the doors; so that it was not possible for any to follow their devotions.

When all was done that at that time could be done there, and the Council and magistrates went out of the church to their houses, the rabble followed the bishops with all the opprobrious language they could invent, of bringing in superstition and Popery into the kingdom, and making the people slaves; and were not content to use their tongues, but employed their hands too in throwing dirt and stones at them, and treated the Bishop of Edinburgh (whom they looked upon as most active that way) so rudely that with great difficulty he got into a house after they had torn his habit, and was from thence removed to his own with great hazard of his life. As this was the reception it had in the cathedral, so it fared not better in the other churches in the city, but was entertained with the same hollowing and outcries, and threatening the men whose office it was to read it with the same bitter execrations against bishops and Popery.

Hitherto no person of condition or name appeared, or seemed to countenance this seditious confusion; it was the rabble, of which nobody was named, and, which is more strange, not one apprehended: and it seems the bishops thought it not of moment enough to desire or require any help or protection from the Council; but, without conferring with them or applying themselves to them, they despatched away an express to the King with a full and particular information of all that had passed, and a desire that he would take that course he thought best for the carrying on his service.

Until this advertisement arrived from Scotland, there were very few in England who had heard of any disorders there, or of anything done there which might produce any. The King himself had been always so jealous of the privileges of that his native kingdom (as hath been touched before), and that it might not be dishonoured by a suspicion of having any dependence upon England, that he never suffered any thing relating to that to be debated or so much as communicated to his Privy Council in this (though many of that nation were, without distinction, Councillors of England), but handled all those affairs himself with two or three Scotchmen who always attended in the Court for the business of that kingdom, which was upon the matter still despatched by the sole advice and direction of the Marquis of Hambleton [Hamilton].

And the truth is, there was so little curiosity either in the Court or the country to know any thing of Scotland, or what was done there, that when the whole nation was solicitous to know what passed weekly in Germany and Poland and all other parts of Europe, no man ever inquired what was doing in Scotland, nor had that kingdom a place or mention in one page of any gazette, so little the world heard or thought of that people; and even after the advertisement of this preamble to rebellion, no mention was made of it at the Council-board, but such a despatch made into Scotland upon it as expressed the King's dislike and displeasure, and obliged the lords of the Council there to appear more vigorously in the vindication of his authority, and suppression of those tumults. But all was too little. That people, after they had once begun, pursued the business vigorously, and with all imaginable contempt of the government; and though in the hubbub of the first day there appeared nobody of name or reckoning, but the actors were really of the dregs of the people, yet they discovered by the countenance of that day that few men of rank were forward to engage themselves in the quarrel on the behalf of the bishops; whereupon more considerable persons every day appeared against them, and, as heretofore in the case of St Paul (Acts xiii. 50), *the Jews stirred up the devout and honourable women*, the women and ladies of the best quality declared themselves of the party, and with all the reproaches imaginable made war upon the bishops, as introducers of Popery and superstition, against which they avowed themselves to be irreconcilable enemies: and their husbands did not long defer the owning the same spirit; insomuch as within few days the bishops durst not appear in the streets nor in any courts or houses, but were in danger of their lives; and such of the lords as durst be in their company, or seemed to desire to rescue them from violence, had their coaches torn in pieces, and their persons assaulted, insomuch as they were glad to send for some of those great men who did indeed govern the rabble though they appeared not in it, who readily came and redeemed them out of their hands. So that by the time new orders came from England, there was scarce a bishop left in Edinburgh, and not a minister who durst read the Liturgy in any church.

Character of Hampden.

Mr Hampden was a man of much greater cunning, and it may be of the most discerning spirit, and of the greatest address and insinuation to bring any thing to pass which he desired of any man of that time, and who laid the design deepest. He was a gentleman of a good extraction and a fair fortune, who from a life of great pleasure and license had on a sudden retired to extraordinary sobriety and strictness, and yet retained his usual cheerfulness and affability; which, together with the opinion of his wisdom and justice and the courage he had shewed in opposing the ship-money, raised his reputation to a very great height, not only in Buckinghamshire where he lived, but generally throughout the kingdom. He was not a man of many words, and rarely began the discourse, or made the first entrance upon any business that was assumed; but a very weighty speaker, and after he had heard a full debate, and observed how the House was like to be inclined, took up the argument, and shortly and clearly and craftily so stated it that he commonly conducted it to the conclusion he desired; and if he found he could not do that, he was never without the dexterity to divert the debate to another time, and to prevent the determining any thing in the negative which might prove inconvenient in the future. He made so great a show of civility and modesty and humility, and always of mistrusting his own judgment and of esteeming his with whom he conferred for the present, that he seemed to have no opinions or resolutions but such as he contracted from the information and instruction he received upon the discourses of others, whom he had a wonderful art of governing and leading into his principles and inclinations whilst they believed that he wholly depended upon their counsel and advice. No man had ever a greater power over himself or was less the man that he seemed to be, which shortly after appeared to every body when he cared less to keep on the mask.

Character of Lord Falkland.

In this unhappy battle [the first of Newbury] was slain the Lord Viscount Falkland: a person of such prodigious parts of learning and knowledge, of that inimitable sweetness and delight in conversation, of so flowing and obliging a humanity and goodness to mankind, and of that primitive simplicity and integrity of life, that if there were no other brand upon this odious and accursed civil war than that single loss, it must be most infamous and execrable to all posterity.

'Turpe mori post te solo non posse dolore.'

Before this Parliament his condition of life was so happy that it was hardly capable of improvement. Before he came to twenty years of age he was master of a noble fortune, which descended to him by the gift of a grandfather, without passing through his father or mother, who were then both alive, and not well enough contented to find themselves passed by in the descent. His education for some years had been in Ireland, where his father was Lord Deputy; so that when he returned into England to the possession of his fortune, he was unentangled with any acquaintance or friends, which usually grow up by the custom of conversation, and therefore was to make a pure election of his company, which he chose by other rules than were prescribed to the young nobility of that time. And it cannot be denied, though he admitted some few to his friendship for the agreeableness of their natures and their undoubted affection to him, that his familiarity and friendship for the most part was with men of the most eminent and sublime parts, and of untouched reputation in point of integrity; and such men had a title to his bosom.

He was a great cherisher of wit and fancy and good parts in any man, and, if he found them clouded with poverty or want, a most liberal and bountiful patron towards them, even above his fortune; of which in those administrations he was such a dispenser as if he had been trusted with it to such uses, and if there had been the least of vice in his expense, he might have been thought too prodigal. He was constant and pertinacious in whatsoever he resolved to do, and not to be wearied by any pains that were necessary to that end. And therefore, having once resolved not to see London (which he loved above all places) till he had perfectly learned the Greek tongue, he went to his own house in the country, and pursued it with that indefatigable industry that it will not be believed in how short a time he was master of it, and accurately read all the Greek historians.

In this time, his house being within ten miles of Oxford, he contracted familiarity and friendship with the most polite and accurate men of that university, who found such an immenseness of wit, and such a solidity of judgment in him, so infinite a fancy bound in by a most logical ratiocination, such a vast knowledge that he was not ignorant in any thing, yet such an excessive humility as if he had known nothing, that they frequently resorted and dwelt with him as in a college situated in a purer air; so that his house was a university bound in a lesser volume, whither they came not so much for repose as study, and to examine and refine those grosser propositions which laziness and consent made current in vulgar conversation.

Many attempts were made upon him by the instigation of his mother (who was a lady of another persuasion in religion, and of a most masculine understanding, allayed with the passion and infirmities of her own sex) to pervert him in his piety to the Church of England, and to reconcile him to that of Rome; which they prosecuted with the more confidence, because he declined no opportunity or occasion of conference with those of that religion, whether priests or laics, having diligently studied the controversies, and exactly read all or the choicest of the Greek and Latin Fathers, and having a memory so stupendous that he remembered on all occasions whatsoever he read. And he was so great an enemy to that passion and uncharitableness which he saw produced by difference of opinion in matters of religion, that in all those disputations with priests and others of the Roman Church he affected to manifest all possible civility to their persons, and estimation of their parts; which made them retain still some hope of his reduction, even when they had given over offering farther reasons to him to that purpose. But this charity towards them was much lessened, and any correspondence with them quite declined, when by sinister arts they had corrupted his two younger brothers, being both children, and stolen them from his house and transported them beyond seas, and perverted his sisters: upon which occasion he writ two large discourses against the principal positions of that religion, with that sharpness of style and full weight of reason that the Church is deprived of great jewels in the concealment of them, and that they are not published to the world.

He was superior to all those passions and affections which attend vulgar minds, and was guilty of no other ambition than of knowledge, and to be reputed a lover of all good men; and that made him too much a contemner of those arts which must be indulged in the transactions of human affairs. In the last short Parliament he was a burgess in the House of Commons; and from the debates, which were there managed with all imaginable gravity and sobriety, he contracted such a reverence to parliaments that he thought it really impossible that they could ever produce mischieve or inconvenience to the kingdom, or that the kingdom could be tolerably happy in the intermission of them. . . .

He had a courage of the most clear and keen temper, and so far from fear that he was not without appetite of danger; and therefore upon any occasion of action he always engaged his person in those troops which he thought by the forwardness of the commanders to be most like to be farthest engaged; and in all such encounters he had about him a strange cheerfulness and companiableness, without at all affecting the execution that attended them; in which he took no delight, but took pains to prevent it where it was not by resistance necessary: insomuch that at Edgehill, when the enemy was routed, he was like to have incurred great peril by interposing to save those who had thrown away their arms, and against whom it may be others were more fierce for their having thrown them away: insomuch as a man might think he came into the field only out of curiosity to see the face of danger, and charity to prevent the shedding of blood. Yet in his natural inclination he acknowledged he was addicted to the profession of a soldier; and shortly after he came to his fortune, and before he came to age, he went into the Low Countries, with a resolution of procuring command, and to give himself up to it; from which he was converted by the complete inactivity of that summer: and so he returned into England, and shortly after entered upon that vehement course of study we mentioned before, till the first alarum from the north; and then again he made ready for the field, and though he received some repulse in the command of a troop of horse, of which he had a promise, he went a volunteer with the Earl of Essex.

From the entrance into this unnatural war, his natural cheerfulness and vivacity grew clouded, and a kind of sadness and dejection of spirit stole upon him which he had never been used to; yet being one of those who believed that one battle would end all differences, and that there would be so great a victory on one side that the other would be compelled to submit to any conditions from the victor (which supposition and conclusion, generally sunk into the minds of most men, prevented the looking after many advantages which might then have been laid hold of) he resisted those indispositions, *et in luctu bellum inter remedia erat*. But after the King's return from Brainford, and the furious resolution of the two Houses not to admit any treaty for peace, those indispositions which had before touched him grew into a perfect habit of uncheerfulness; and he who had been so exactly unreserved and affable to all men that his face and countenance was always present and vacant to his company, and held any cloudiness and less pleasantness of the visage a kind of rudeness or incivility, became on a sudden less communicable, and thence very sad, pale, and exceedingly affected with the spleen. In his clothes and habit, which he had intended before always with more neatness and industry and expense than is usual to so great a mind, he was not now only incurious but too negligent; and in his reception of suitors, and the necessary or casual addresses to his place, so quick and sharp and severe, that there wanted not some men (who were strangers to his nature and disposition) who believed him proud and imperious; from which no mortal man was ever more free. . . .

When there was any overture or hope of peace he would be more erect and vigorous, and exceedingly solicitous to press any thing which he thought might promote it; and sitting amongst his friends, often, after a deep silence and frequent sighs, would, with a shrill and sad accent, ingeminate the word *Peace, Peace*, and would passionately profess that the very agony of the war, and the view of the calamities and desolation

LORD CLARENDON.

From an Engraving Drawn and Engraved from Life by D. Loggan in the National Portrait Gallery.

the kingdom did and must endure, took his sleep from him, and would shortly break his heart. This made some think, or pretend to think, that he was so much enamoured on peace, that he would have been glad the King should have bought it at any price; which was a most unreasonable calumny; as if a man that was himself the most punctual and precise in every circumstance that might reflect upon conscience or honour could have wished the King to have committed a trespass against either. . . .

In the morning before the battle, as always upon action, he was very cheerful, and put himself into the first rank of the Lord Byron's regiment, who was then advancing upon the enemy, who had lined the hedges on both sides with musketeers; from whence he was shot with a musket on the lower part of the belly, and in the instant falling from his horse, his body was not found till the next morning, till when there was some hope he might have been a prisoner; though his nearest friends, who knew his temper, received small comfort from that imagination. Thus fell that incomparable young man, in the four-and-thirtieth year of his age, having so much despatched the business of life, that the oldest rarely attain to that immense knowledge, and the youngest enter not into the world with more innocence: and whosoever leads such a life need not care upon how short warning it is taken from him.

The Battle of Stratton.

Towards the middle of May, the Earl of Stamford marched into Cornwall, by the north part, with a body of fourteen hundred horse and dragoons, and five thousand four hundred foot by the poll, with a train of thirteen brass ordnance, and a mortar piece, and a very plentiful magazine of victual and ammunition, and every way in as good an equipage as could be provided by men who wanted no money; whilst the King's small forces, being not half the number, and unsupplied with every useful thing, were at Lanson [Launceston]; of whom the enemy had so full a contempt, though they knew they were marching to them, within six or seven miles, that they considered only how to take them after they were dispersed, and to prevent their running into Pendennis Castle to give them further trouble. To which purpose having encamped themselves upon the flat top of a very high hill, to which the ascents were very steep every way, near Stratton, being the only part of Cornwall eminently disaffected to the King's service, they sent a party of twelve hundred horse and dragoons, under the command of Sir George Chudleigh, father to their Major-general, to Bodmin to surprise the high shrief [sheriff], and principal gentlemen of the country; and thereby, not only to prevent the coming up of any more strength to the King's party, but, under the awe of such a power of horse, to make the whole country rise for them. This design, which was not in itself unreasonable, proved fortunate to the King. For his forces which marched from Lanson, with a resolution to fight with the enemy, upon any disadvantage of place or number (which, how hazardous soever, carried less danger with it than retiring into the county, or anything else that was in their power), easily now resolved to assault the camp in the absence of their horse; and with this resolution they marched on Monday the fifteenth of May within a mile of the enemy; being so destitute of all provisions, that the best officers had but a biscuit a man a day, for two days, the enemy looking upon them as their own.

On Tuesday the sixteenth of May, about five of the clock in the morning, they disposed themselves to their work, having stood in their arms all the night. The number of foot was about two thousand four hundred, which they divided into four parts, and agreed on their several provinces. The first was commanded by the Lord Mohun and Sir Ralph Hopton, who undertook to assault the camp on the south side. Next them, on the left hand, Sir John Berkely and Sir Bevil Greenvill were to force their way. Sir Nicholas Slanning and Colonel Trevannion were to assault the north side; and on their left hand, Colonel Thomas Basset, who was Major-general of their foot, and Colonel William Godolphin were to advance with their party; each party having two pieces of cannon to dispose as they found necessary: Colonel John Digby commanding the horse and dragoons, being about five hundred, stood upon a sandy common which had a way to the camp, to take any advantage he could of the enemy, if they charged; otherwise, to be firm as a reserve.

In this manner the fight begun; the King's forces pressing with their utmost vigour those four ways up the hill, and the enemy's as obstinately defending their ground. The fight continued with very doubtful success till towards three of the clock in the afternoon, when word was brought to the chief officers of the Cornish that their ammunition was spent to less than four barrels of powder; which (concealing the defect from the soldiers) they resolved could be only supplied with courage: and therefore, by messengers to one another, they agreed to advance with their full bodies, without making any more shot, till they reached the top of the hill, and so might be upon even ground with the enemy; wherein the officer's courage and resolution was so well seconded by the soldier that they began to get ground in all places, and the enemy, in wonder of the men who out-faced their shot with their swords, to quit their post. Major-general Chudleigh, who order'd the battle, failed in no part of a soldier; and when he saw his men recoil from less numbers, and the enemy in all places gaining the hill upon him, himself advanced, with a good stand of pikes, upon that party which was led by Sir John Berkely and Sir Bevil Greenvill, and charged them so smartly that he put them into disorder; Sir Bevil Greenvill in the shock being borne to the ground, but quickly relieved by his companion, they so reinforced the charge, that having killed most of the assailants and dispersed the rest, they took the Major-general prisoner, after he had behaved himself with as much courage as a man could do. Then the enemy gave ground apace, insomuch as the four parties, growing nearer and nearer as they ascended the hill, between three and four of the clock they all met together upon one ground near the top of the hill, where they embraced with unspeakable joy, each congratulating the other's success, and all acknowledging the wonderful blessing of God; and being there possessed of some of the enemy's cannon, they turned them upon the camp, and advanced together to perfect their victory. But the enemy no sooner understood the loss of their Major-general but their hearts failed them; and being so resolutely pressed, and their ground lost, upon the security and advantage whereof they wholely depended, some of them threw down their arms and others fled; dispersing themselves, and every

man shifting for himself, their general, the Earl of Stamford, giving the example, who (having stood at a safe distance all the time of the battle, environed with all the horse, which in small parties, though it is true their whole number was not above six or seven score, might have done great mischief to the several parties of foot, who with so much difficulty scaled the steep hill) as soon as he saw the day lost, and some said sooner, made all imaginable haste to Exciter [Exeter], to prepare them for the condition they were shortly to expect.

Character of Charles I.

But it will not be unnecessary to add the short character of his person, that posterity may know the inestimable loss which the nation then underwent, in being deprived of a prince whose example would have had a greater influence upon the manners and piety of the nation than the most strict laws can have. To speak first of his private qualifications as a man, before the mention of his princely and royal virtues; he was, if ever any, the most worthy of the title of an honest man; so great a lover of justice, that no temptation could dispose him to a wrongful action, except it were so disguised to him that he believed it to be just. He had a tenderness and compassion of nature which restrained him from ever doing a hard-hearted thing; and therefore he was so apt to grant pardon to malefactors, that his judges represented to him the damage and insecurity to the public that flowed from such his indulgence; and then he restrained himself from pardoning either murders or highway robberies, and quickly discerned the fruits of his severity by a wonderful reformation of those enormities. He was very punctual and regular in his devotions; so that he was never known to enter upon his recreations or sports, though never so early in the morning, before he had been at public prayers; so that on hunting-days his chaplains were bound to a very early attendance. And he was likewise very strict in observing the hours of his private cabinet devotions, and was so severe an exactor of gravity and reverence in all mention of religion, that he could never endure any light or profane word in religion, with what sharpness of wit soever it was covered: though he was well pleased and delighted with reading verses made upon any occasion, no man durst bring before him any thing that was profane or unclean; that kind of wit had never any countenance then. He was so great an example of conjugal affection, that they who did not imitate him in that particular did not brag of their liberty: and he did not only permit but direct his bishops to prosecute those scandalous vices in the ecclesiastical courts against persons of eminence and near relation to his service.

His kingly virtues had some mixture and allay that hindered them from shining in full lustre, and from producing those fruits they should have been attended with. He was not in his nature bountiful, though he gave very much: which appeared more after the duke of Buckingham's death, after which those showers fell very rarely; and he paused too long in giving, which made those to whom he gave less sensible of the benefit. He kept state to the full, which made his Court very orderly, no man presuming to be seen in a place where he had no pretence to be. He saw and observed men long before he received any about his person, and did not love strangers, nor very confident men. He was a patient hearer of causes, which he frequently accustomed himself to at the Council board; and judged very well, and was dexterous in the mediating part; so that he often put an end to causes by persuasion, which the stubbornness of men's humours made dilatory in courts of justice.

He was very fearless in his person, but not enterprising; and had an excellent understanding, but was not confident enough of it; which made him oftentimes change his own opinion for a worse, and follow the advice of a man that did not judge so well as himself. And this made him more irresolute than the conjuncture of his affairs would admit. If he had been of a rougher and more imperious nature, he would have found more respect and duty; and his not applying some severe cures to approaching evils proceeded from the lenity of his nature and the tenderness of his conscience, which in all cases of blood made him choose the softer way, and not hearken to severe counsels, how reasonably soever urged. This only restrained him from pursuing his advantage in the first Scots expedition, when, humanly speaking, he might have reduced that nation to the most slavish obedience that could have been wished. But no man can say he had then many who advised him to it, but to the contrary; by a wonderful indisposition all his Council had had to fighting or any other fatigue. He was always an immoderate lover of the Scottish nation, having not only been born there, but educated by that people, and besieged by them always, having few English about him until he was King; and the major number of his servants being still of those, who he thought could never fail him; and then no man had such an ascendant over him by the lowest and humblest insinuations as duke Hambleton [Hamilton] had.

As he excelled in all other virtues, so in temperance he was so strict that he abhorred all deboshry to that degree that at a great festival solemnity where he once was, when very many of the nobility of the English and Scots were entertained, being told by one who withdrew from thence what vast draughts of wine they drank, and that there was one earl who had drank most of the rest down, and was not himself moved or altered, the King said that he deserved to be hanged; and that earl coming shortly after into the room where his majesty was, in some gaiety, to show how unhurt he was from that battle, the King sent some one to bid him withdraw from his majesty's presence; nor did he in some days after appear before the King.

There were so many miraculous circumstances contributed to his ruin, that men might well think that heaven and earth conspired it, and that the stars designed it. Though he was from the first declension of his power so much betrayed by his own servants that there were very few who remained faithful to him, yet that treachery proceeded not from any treasonable purpose to do him any harm, but from particular and personal animosities against other men. And afterwards, the terror all men were under of the Parliament, and the guilt they were conscious of themselves, made them watch all opportunities to make themselves gracious to those who could do them good; and so they became spies upon their master, and from one piece of knavery were hardened and confirmed to undertake another, till at last they had no hope of preservation but by the destruction of their master. And after all this, when a man might reasonably believe that less than a universal defection of three

nations could not have reduced a great King to so ugly a fate, it is most certain that in that very hour when he was thus wickedly murdered in the sight of the sun, he had as great a share in the hearts and affections of his subjects in general, was as much beloved, esteemed, and longed for by the people in general of the three nations, as any of his predecessors had ever been. To conclude: he was the worthiest gentleman, the best master, the best friend, the best husband, the best father, and the best Christian that the age in which he lived had produced. And if he was not the best King, if he was without some parts and qualities which have made some kings great and happy, no other prince was ever unhappy who was possessed of half his virtues and endowments, and so much without any kind of vice.

This unparalleled murder and parricide was committed upon the thirtieth of January, in the year, according to the account used in England, 1648, in the forty and ninth year of his age, and when he had such excellent health, and so great vigour of body, that when his murderers caused him to be opened (which they did; and were some of them present at it with great curiosity) they confessed and declared that no man had ever all his vital parts so perfect and unhurt: and that he seemed to be of so admirable a composition and constitution, that he would probably have lived as long as nature could subsist. His body was immediately carried into a room at Whitehall, where he was exposed for many days to the public view, that all men might know that he was not alive. And he was then embalmed, and put into a coffin, and so carried to St James's, where he likewise remained several days. They who were qualified to order his funeral, declared that he should be buried at Windsor in a decent manner, provided that the whole expense should not exceed five hundred pounds. The Duke of Richmond, the Marquis of Hertford, the Earls of Southampton and Lindsey, who had been of his bed-chamber, and always very faithful to him, desired those who governed that they might have leave to perform the last duty to their dead master, and to wait upon him to his grave; which, after some pauses, they were permitted to do, with this, that they should not attend the corpse out of the town; since they resolved it should be privately carried to Windsor without pomp or noise, and then they should have timely notice, that if they pleased, they might be at his interment. And accordingly it was committed to four of those servants, who had been by them appointed to wait upon him during his imprisonment, that they should convey the body to Windsor, which they did. And it was that night placed in that chamber which had usually been his bed-chamber: and the next morning it was carried into the great hall, where it remained till the lords came; who arrived there in the afternoon, and immediately went to Colonel Whitchcott, the governor of the castle, and shewed the order they had from the Parliament to be present at the burial, which he admitted. But when they desired that his Majesty might be buried according to the form of the Common Prayer Book, the Bishop of London being present with them to officiate, he expressly, positively, and roughly refused to consent to it; and said it was not lawful; that the Common Prayer Book was put down, and he would not suffer it to be used in that garrison where he commanded; nor could all the reasons, persuasions, and entreaties prevail with him to suffer it. Then they went into the church, to make choice of a place to bury it in. But when they entered into it, which they had been so well acquainted with, they found it so altered and transformed, all tombs, inscriptions, and those landmarks pulled down, by which all men knew every particular place in that church, and such a dismal mutation over the whole, that they knew not where they were: nor was there one old officer that had belonged to it, or knew where the princes had used to be interred. At last there was a fellow of the town who undertook to tell them the place, where, he said, there was a vault, in which King Harry the Eighth and Queen Jane Seymour were interr'd. As near that place as could conveniently be, they caused the grave to be made. There the King's body was laid without any words, or other ceremonies than the tears and sighs of the few beholders. Upon the coffin was a plate of silver fixt with these words only, 'King Charles, 1648.' When the coffin was put in, the black velvet pall that had covered it was thrown over it, and then the earth thrown in; which the governor stayed to see perfectly done, and then took the keys of the church, which was seldom put to any use.

Execution of Montrose.

As soon as he had ended his discourse he was ordered to withdraw, and after a short space was again brought in, and told by the Chancellor, that he was on the morrow, being the one-and-twentieth of May 1650, to be carried to Edenborough cross, and there to be hanged upon a gallows thirty feet high, for the space of three hours, and then to be taken down, and his head to be cut off upon a scaffold, and hanged on Edenborough tollbooth, and his legs and arms to be hanged up in other public towns of the kingdom, and his body to be buried at the place where he was to be executed, except the Kirk should take off his excommunication, and then his body might be buried in the common place of burial. He desired 'that he might say somewhat to them,' but was not suffered, and so was carried back to the prison.

That he might not enjoy any ease or quiet during the short remainder of his life, their ministers came presently to insult over him with all the reproaches imaginable; pronounced his damnation, and assured him that the judgment he was the next day to undergo was but an easy prologue to that which he was to undergo afterwards. And after many such barbarities, they offered to intercede for him to the Kirk upon his repentance, and to pray with him; but he too well understood the form of their common prayers in those cases to be only the most virulent and insolent imprecations against the persons of those they prayed against ('Lord, vouchsafe yet to touch the obdurate heart of this proud incorrigible sinner, this wicked, perjured, traitorous, and profane person, who refuses to harken to the voice of thy Kirk,' and the like charitable expressions), and therefore he desired them to spare their pains, and to leave him to his own devotions. He told them that they were a miserable, deluded, and deluding people, and would shortly bring that poor nation under the most insupportable servitude ever people had submitted to. He told them he was prouder to have his head set upon the place it was appointed to be than he could have been to have his picture hang in the King's bedchamber: that he was so far from being troubled that his four limbs were to be hanged

in four cities of the kingdom, that he heartily wished he had flesh enough to be sent to every city in Christendom, as a testimony of the cause for which he suffered.

The next day they executed every part and circumstance of that barbarous sentence with all the inhumanity imaginable; and he bore it with all the courage and magnanimity, and the greatest piety, that a good Christian could manifest. He magnified the virtue, courage, and religion of the last King, exceedingly commended the justice and goodness and understanding of the present King, and prayed that they might not betray him as they had done his father. When he had ended all he meant to say, and was expecting to expire, they had yet one scene more to act of their tyranny. The hangman brought the book that had been published of his truly heroic actions whilst he had commanded in that kingdom, which book was tied in a small cord that was put about his neck. The marquis smiled at this new instance of their malice, and thanked them for it, and said he was pleased that it should be there, and was prouder of wearing it than ever he had been of the Garter; and so renewing some devout ejaculations, he patiently endured the last act of the executioner.

Thus died the gallant Marquis of Montrose, after he had given as great a testimony of loyalty and courage as a subject can do, and performed as wonderful actions in several battles, upon as great inequality of numbers, and as great disadvantages in respect of arms and other preparations for war, as hath been performed in this age. He was a gentleman of a very ancient extraction, many of whose ancestors had exercised the highest charges under the King in that kingdom, and had been allied to the Crown itself. He was of very good parts, which were improved by a good education: he had always a great emulation, or rather a great contempt of the Marquis of Argyle (as he was too apt to contemn those he did not love), who wanted nothing but honesty and courage to be a very extraordinary man, having all other good talents in a great degree. He was in his nature fearless of danger, and never declined any enterprise for the difficulty of going through with it, but exceedingly affected those which seemed desperate to other men, and did believe somewhat to be in himself which other men were not acquainted with, which made him live more easily towards those who were, or were willing to be, inferior to him, and towards whom he exercised wonderful civility and generosity, than with his superiors or equals. He was naturally jealous, and suspected those who did not concur with him in the way not to mean so well as he. He was not without vanity, but his virtues were much superior, and he well deserved to have his memory preserved and celebrated amongst the most illustrious persons of the age in which he lived.

Escape of Charles II. after the Battle of Worcester.

When the night covered them, he found means to withdraw himself with one or two of his own servants, whom he likewise discharged when it began to be light; and after he had made them cut off his hair, he betook himself alone into an adjacent wood, and relied only upon Him for his preservation who alone could and did miraculously deliver him.

When the darkness of the night was over, after the King had cast himself into that wood, he discerned another man, who had gotten upon an oak in the same wood, near the place where the King had rested himself, and had slept soundly. The man upon the tree had first seen the King, and knew him, and came down from the tree to him, and was known to the King, being a gentleman of the neighbour county of Staffordshire, who had served his late majesty during the war, and had now been one of the few who resorted to the King after his coming to Worcester. His name was Carelesse, who had had a command of foot, above the degree of a captain, under the Lord Loughborough. He persuaded the King, since it could not be safe for him to go out of the wood, and that as soon as it should be fully light, the wood itself would probably be visited by those of the country, who would be searching to find those whom they might make prisoners, that he would get up into that tree where he had been, where the boughs were so thick with leaves that a man would not be discovered there without a narrower inquiry than people usually make in places which they do not suspect. The King thought it good counsel, and with the other's help climbed into the tree, and then helped his companion to ascend after him, where they sat all that day, and securely saw many who came purposely into the wood to look after them, and heard all their discourse, how they would use the King himself if they could take him. This wood was either in or upon the borders of Staffordshire; and though there was a highway near one side of it, where the King had entered into it, yet it was large, and all other sides of it opened amongst enclosures, and it pleased God that Carelesse was not unacquainted with the neighbour villages. And it was part of the King's good fortune that this gentleman was a Roman Catholic, and thereby was acquainted with those of that profession of all degrees: and it must never be denied that those of that faith, that is, some of them, had a very great share in his majesty's preservation.

The day being spent in the tree, it was not in the King's power to forget that he had lived two days with eating very little, and two nights with as little sleep; so that when the night came he was willing to make some provision for both: so that he resolved, with the advice and assistance of his companion, to leave his blessed tree; so when the night was dark, they walked through the wood into those enclosures which were farthest from any highway, and making a shift to get over hedges and ditches, and after walking at least eight or nine miles, which were the more grievous to the King by the weight of his boots (for he could not put them off when he cut off his hair, for want of shoes), before morning they came to a poor cottage, the owner whereof, being a Roman Catholic, was known to Carelesse. He was called up, and as soon as he knew one of them he easily concluded in what condition they both were, and presently carried them into a little barn full of hay, which was a better lodging than he had for himself. But when they were there, and had conferred with their host of the news and temper of the country, it was resolved that the danger would be the greater if they stayed together; and, therefore, that Carelesse should presently be gone, and should, within two days, send an honest man to the King, to guide him to some other place of security; and in the mean time his majesty should stay upon the hay-mow. The poor man had nothing for him

to eat, but promised him good butter-milk the next morning; and so he was once more left alone, his companion, how weary soever, departing from him before day; the poor man of the house knowing no more than that he was a friend of the captain's, and one of those who had escaped from Worcester. The King slept very well in his lodging, till the time that his host brought him a piece of bread and a great pot of butter-milk, which he thought the best food he ever had eaten. . . .

After he had rested upon this hay-mow and fed upon this diet two days and two nights, in the evening before the third night another fellow, a little above the condition of his host, came to the house, sent from Carelesse, to conduct the King to another house, more out of any road near which any part of the army was like to march. It was above twelve miles that he was to go, and was to use the same caution he had done the first night, not to go in any common road, which his guide knew well how to avoid. Here he new dressed himself, changing clothes with his landlord, and putting on those which he usually wore: he had a great mind to have kept his own shirt, but he considered that men are not sooner discovered by any mark in disguises than by having fine linen in ill clothes; and so he parted with his shirt too, and took the same his poor host had then on. Though he had foreseen that he must leave his boots, and his landlord had taken the best care he could to provide an old pair of shoes, yet they were not easy to him when he first put them on, and in a short time after grew very grievous to him. In this equipage he set out from his first lodging in the beginning of the night, under the conduct of his comrade, who guided him the nearest way, crossing over hedges and ditches, that they might be in least danger of meeting passengers. This was so grievous a march, and he was so tired, that he was even ready to despair, and to prefer being taken and suffered to rest, before purchasing his safety at that price. His shoes had after the walking a few miles hurt him so much that he had thrown them away, and walked the rest of the way in his ill stockings, which were quickly worn out; and his feet, with the thorns in getting over hedges, and with the stones in other places, were so hurt and wounded, that he many times cast himself upon the ground, with a desperate and obstinate resolution to rest there till the morning, that he might shift with less torment, what hazard soever he run. But his stout guide still prevailed with him to make a new attempt, sometimes promising that the way should be better, and sometimes assuring him that he had but little further to go; and in this distress and perplexity, before the morning they arrived at the house designed, which though it was better than that which he had left, his lodging was still in the barn, upon straw instead of hay, a place being made as easy in it as the expectation of a guest could dispose it. Here he had such meat and porridge as such people use to have, with which, but especially with the butter and the cheese, he thought himself well feasted; and took the best care he could to be supplied with other, little better, shoes and stockings; and after his feet were enough recovered that he could go, he was conducted from thence to another poor house, within such a distance as put him not to much trouble; for having not yet in his thought which way or by what means to make his escape, all that was designed was only by shifting from one house to another to avoid discovery; and being now in that quarter which was more inhabited by the Roman Catholics than most other parts in England, he was led from one to another of that persuasion, and concealed with great fidelity. But he then observed that he was never carried to any gentleman's house, though that country was full of them, but only to poor houses of poor men, which only yielded him rest, with very unpleasant sustenance; whether there was more danger in those better houses, in regard of the resort and the many servants, or whether the owners of great estates were the owners likewise of more fears and apprehensions.

Within few days, a very honest and discreet person, one Mr Hurlestone [Huddlestone], a Benedictine monk, who attended the service of the Catholics in those parts, came to him, sent by Carelesse, and was a very great assistance and comfort to him. And when the places to which he carried him were at too great a distance to walk, he provided him a horse, and more proper habit than the rags he wore. This man told him that the Lord Wilmott lay concealed likewise in a friend's house of his, which his majesty was very glad of, and wished him to contrive some means how they might speak together, which the other easily did; and within a night or two brought them into one place. Wilmott told the King that he had by very good-fortune fallen into the house of an honest gentleman, one Mr Lane, a person of an excellent reputation for his fidelity to the King, but of so universal and general a good name, that, though he had a son who had been a colonel in the King's service during the late war, and was then upon his way with men to Worcester the very day of the defeat, men of all affections in the country and of all opinions paid the old man a very great respect; that he had been very civilly treated there; and that the old gentleman had used some diligence to find out where the King was, that he might get him to his house, where he was sure he could conceal him till he might contrive a full deliverance. . . . And so they two went together to Mr Lane's house [Bentley Hall], where the King found he was welcome, and conveniently accommodated in such places as in a large house had been provided to conceal the persons of malignants, or to preserve goods of value from being plundered; where he lodged and ate very well, and began to hope that he was in present safety. Wilmott returned under the care of the monk, and expected summons when any farther motion should be thought to be necessary.

In this station the King remained in quiet and blessed security many days, receiving every day information of the general consternation the kingdom was in, out of the apprehension that his person might fall into the hands of his enemies, and of the great diligence they used in inquiry for him. He saw the proclamation that was issued out and printed, in which a thousand pounds were promised to any man who would deliver and discover the person of Charles Steward [Stuart], and the penalty of high treason declared against those who presumed to harbour or conceal him: by which he saw how much he was beholden to all those who were faithful to him. It was now time to consider how he might find himself near the sea, from whence he might find some means to transport himself. . . .

Mr Lane had a niece, or very near kinswoman, who was married to a gentleman, one Mr Norton, a person of eight or nine hundred pounds per annum, who lived within four or five miles of Bristol, which was at least four or five days' journey from the place where the King then was, but a place most to be wished for the King to be in, because he did not only know all that country very well, but knew many persons very well to whom, in an extraordinary case, he durst make himself known. It was hereupon resolved that Mrs Lane should visit this cousin, who was known to be of good affections, and that she should ride behind the King, who was fitted with clothes and boots for such a service, and that a servant of her father's, in his livery, should wait upon her. A good house was easily pitched upon for the first night's lodging, where Wilmott had notice given him to meet. And in this equipage the King begun his journey, the colonel keeping him company at a distance, with a hawk upon his fist, and two or three spaniels, which, where there were any fields at hand, warranted him to ride out of the way, keeping his company still in his eye, and not seeming to be of it. And in this manner they came to their first night's lodging; and they need not now to contrive to come to their journey's end about the close of the evening, for it was now in the month of October far advanced, that the long journeys they made could not be despatched sooner. Here the Lord Wilmott found them, and their journeys being then adjusted, he was instructed where he should be every night; and so they were seldom seen together in the journey, and rarely lodged in the same house at night. And in this manner the colonel hawked two or three days, till he had brought them within less than a day's journey of Mr Norton's house, and then he gave his hawk to the Lord Wilmott, who continued the journey in the same exercise. . . .

They came to Mr Norton's house sooner than usual, and it being on a holyday, they saw many people about a bowling-green that was before the door; and the first man the King saw was a chaplain of his own, who was allied to the gentleman of the house, and was sitting upon the rails to see how the bowlers played. So that William, by which name the King went, walked with his horse into the stable, until his mistress could provide for his retreat. Mrs Lane was very welcome to her cousin, and was presently conducted to her chamber, where she no sooner was, than she lamented the condition of a good youth who came with her, and whom she had borrowed of his father to ride before her, who was very sick, being newly recovered of an ague; and desired her cousin that a chamber might be provided for him, and a good fire made, for that he would go early to bed, and was not fit to be below stairs. A pretty little chamber was presently made ready, and a fire prepared, and a boy sent into the stable to call William, and to shew him his chamber; who was very glad to be there, freed from so much company as was below. . . . When it was supper-time, there being broth brought to the table, Mrs Lane filled a little dish, and desired the butler, who waited at the table, to carry that dish of porridge to William, and to tell him that he should have some meat sent to him presently. The butler carried the porridge into the chamber, with a napkin and spoon and bread, and spake kindly to the young man, who was willing to be eating. And the butler, looking narrowly upon him, fell upon his knees, and with tears told him he was glad to see his majesty. The King was infinitely surprised, yet recollected himself enough to laugh at the man, and to ask him what he meant. The man had been falconer to Tom Jermin, and made it appear that he knew well enough to whom he spake, repeating some particulars which the King had not forgot. Whereupon the King conjured him not to speak of what he knew, so much as to his master, though he believed him a very honest man. The fellow promised, and faithfully kept his word; and the King was the better waited upon during the time of his abode there. . . .

After some days' stay here, and communication between the King and the Lord Wilmott by letters, the King came to know that Colonel Francis Windham lived within little more than a day's journey of the place where he was, of which he was very glad. . . . At the place of meeting they rested only one night, and then the King went to the colonel's house, where he rested many days, whilst Colonel Windham projected at what place the King might embark, and how they might procure a vessel to be ready there; which was not easy to find, there being so great caution in all the ports, and so great a fear possessing those who were honest, that it was hard to procure any vessel that was outward-bound to take in any passenger.

There was a gentleman, one Mr Ellison, who lived near Lyme in Dorsetshire, and who was well known to Colonel Windham, having been a captain in the King's army, and was still looked upon as a very honest man. With him the colonel consulted how they might get a vessel to be ready to take in a couple of gentlemen, friends of his, who were in danger to be arrested, and transport them into France. Though no man would ask who the persons were, yet every man suspected who they were; at least they concluded that it was some of Worcester party. Lyme was generally as malicious and disaffected a town to the King's interest as any town in England could be, yet there was in it a master of a bark of whose honesty this captain was very confident. This man was lately returned from France, and had unladen his vessel, when Ellison asked him when he would make another voyage, and he answered: 'As soon as he could get loading for his ship.' The other asked, 'whether he would undertake to carry over a couple of gentlemen, and land them in France, if he might be as well paid for his voyage as he used to be when he was freighted by the merchants;' in conclusion, he told him he should receive fifty pounds for his fare. The large recompense had that effect, that the man undertook it; though he said he must make his provision very secretly, for that he might be well suspected for going to sea again without being freighted after he was so newly returned. Colonel Windham, being advertised of this, came, together with the Lord Wilmott, to the captain's house, from whence the lord and the captain rode to a house near Lyme, where the master of the bark met them; and the Lord Wilmott being satisfied with the discourse of the man and his wariness, and foreseeing suspicions which would arise, it was resolved that on such a night, which upon consideration of the tides was agreed upon, the man should draw out his vessel from the pier, and being at sea should come to such a point about a mile from the town, where his ship should remain upon the beach when the water was gone, which would take it off again about break of day the next

morning. There was very near that point, even in the view of it, a small inn, kept by a man who was reputed honest, to which the cavaliers of the country often resorted; and London road passed that way, so that it was seldom without company. Into that inn the two gentlemen were to come in the beginning of the night, that they might put themselves on board. And all things being thus concerted, and good earnest given to the master, the Lord Wilmott and the colonel returned to the colonel's house, about a day's journey from the place, the captain undertaking every day to look that the master should provide, and if any thing fell out contrary to expectation, to give the colonel notice at such a place, where they intended the King should be the day before he was to embark.

The King, being satisfied with these preparations, came at the time appointed to that house where he was to hear that all went as it ought to do; of which he received assurance from the captain, who found that the man had honestly put his provisions on board and had his company ready, which were but four men, and that the vessel should be drawn out that night; so that it was fit for the two persons to come to the aforesaid inn; and the captain conducted them within sight of it, and then went to his own house, not distant a mile from it; the colonel remaining still at the house where they had lodged the night before, till he might hear the news of their being embarked.

They found many passengers in the inn, and so were to be contented with an ordinary chamber, which they did not intend to sleep long in, but as soon as there appeared any light, Wilmott went out to discover the bark, of which there was no appearance. In a word, the sun rose, and nothing like a ship in view. They sent to the captain, who was as much amazed; and he sent to the town, and his servant could not find the master of the bark, which was still in the pier. They suspected the captain, and the captain suspected the master. However, it being past ten of the clock, they concluded it was not fit for them to stay longer there, and so they mounted their horses again to return to the house where they had left the colonel, who they knew resolved to stay there till he were assured that they were gone.

The truth of the disappointment was this. The man meant honestly, and had made all things ready for his departure; and the night he was to go out with his vessel he had stayed in his own house, and slept two or three hours; and the time of the tide being come that it was necessary to be on board, he took out of a cupboard some linen and other things which he used to carry with him to sea. His wife had observed that he had been for some days fuller of thoughts than he used to be, and that he had been speaking with seamen who used to go with him, and that some of them had carried provisions on board the bark; of which she had asked her husband the reason; who had told her that he was promised freight speedily, and therefore he would make all things ready. She was sure that there was yet no lading in the ship, and therefore when she saw her husband take all those materials with him, which was a sure sign that he meant to go to sea, and it being late in the night, she shut the door, and swore he should not go out of his house. He told her he must go, and was engaged to go to sea that night, for which he should be well paid. His wife told him she was sure he was doing somewhat that would undo him, and she was resolved he should not go out of his house; and if he should persist in it, she would call the neighbours, and carry him before the mayor to be examined, that the truth might be found out. The poor man, thus mastered by the passion and violence of his wife, was forced to yield to her, that there might be no farther noise, and so went into his bed.

And it was very happy that the King's jealousy hastened him from that inn. It was the solemn fast day, which was observed in those times principally to inflame the people against the King and all those who were loyal to him; and there was a chapel in that village and over against that inn, where a weaver, who had been a soldier, used to preach, and utter all the villainy imaginable against the order of government: and he was then in the chapel preaching to his congregation when the King went from thence, and telling the people that Charles Steward was lurking somewhere in that country, and that they would merit from God Almighty if they could find him out. The passengers who had lodged in the inn that night had, as soon as they were up, sent for a smith to visit their horses, it being a hard frost. The smith, when he had done what he was sent for, according to the custom of that people, examined the feet of the other two horses, to find more work. When he had observed them, he told the host of the house that one of those horses had travelled far, and that he was sure that his four shoes had been made in four several counties; which, whether his skill was able to discover or no, was very true. The smith going to the sermon told this story to some of his neighbours, and so it came to the ears of the preacher when his sermon was done. And immediately he sent for an officer, and searched the inn, and inquired for those horses; and being informed that they were gone, he caused horses to be sent to follow them, and to make inquiry after the two men who rode those horses, and positively declared that one of them was Charles Steward.

When they came again to the colonel, they presently concluded that they were to make no longer stay in those parts, nor any more to endeavour to find a ship upon that coast; and so, without farther delay, they rode back to the colonel's house, where they arrived in the night. Then they resolved to make their next attempt more southward, in Hampshire and Sussex.

Character of Oliver Cromwell.

He was one of those men *quos vituperare ne inimici quidem possunt nisi ut simul laudent;* for he could never have done half that mischief without great parts of courage and industry and judgment. And he must have had a wonderful understanding in the natures and humours of men, and as great a dexterity in the application of them, who from a private and obscure birth (though of good family), without interest or estate, alliance or friendship, could raise himself to such a height, and govern and knead such opposite and contradictory tempers, humours, and interests into a consistence that might serve to his designs and to their own destruction, whilst himself grew insensibly powerful enough to cashier those by whom he had climbed, in the instant they projected to demolish their own building. Of whom Paterculus said of Cinna may very justly be said of him, *Ausum eum quæ nemo auderet bonus, perficere quæ nullo nisi fortissimo perfici possent*, that a more wicked man with more wickedness ever

brought to pass what he desired more wickedly, more in the face and contempt of religion and moral honesty; yet wickedness as great as his could never have accomplished those trophies without the assistance of a great spirit, an admirable circumspection and sagacity, and a most magnanimous resolution. When he appeared first in the Parliament, he seemed to have a person in no degree gracious, no ornament of discourse, none of those talents which use to reconcile the affections of the standers-by: yet as he grew into place and authority, his parts seemed to be renewed, as if he had concealed faculties till he had occasion to use them; and when he was to act the part of a great man, he did it without any indecency, through the want of custom.

After he was confirmed and invested Protector by 'The humble Petition and Advice,' he consulted with very few upon any action of importance, nor communicated any enterprise he resolved upon with more than those who were to have principal parts in the execution of it; nor to them sooner than was absolutely necessary. What he once resolved, in which he was not rash, he would not be dissuaded from, nor endure any contradiction of his power and authority, but extorted obedience from them who were not willing to yield it. . . . Thus he subdued a spirit that had been often troublesome to the most sovereign power, and made Westminster Hall as obedient and subservient to his commands as any of the rest of his quarters. In all other matters which did not concern the life of his jurisdiction, he seemed to have great reverence for the law, and rarely interposed between party and party. And as he proceeded with this kind of indignation and haughtiness with those who were refractory and dared to contend with his greatness, so towards those who complied with his good pleasure and courted his protection, he used a wonderful civility, generosity, and bounty.

To reduce three nations, which perfectly hated him, to an entire obedience to all his dictates; to awe and govern those nations by an army that was indevoted to him and wished his ruin, was an instance of a very prodigious address. But his greatness at home was but a shadow of the glory he had abroad. It was hard to discover which feared him most, France, Spain, or the Low Countries, where his friendship was current at the value he put upon it. And as they did all sacrifice their honour and their interest to his pleasure, so there is nothing he could have demanded that either of them would have denied him. . . . He was not a man of blood, and totally declined Machiavell's method, which prescribes upon any alteration of a government, as a thing absolutely necessary, to cut off all the heads of those, and extirpate their families, who are friends to the old one. And it was confidently reported that in the council of officers it was more than once proposed that there might be a general massacre of all the royal party, as the only expedient to secure the government, but Cromwell would never consent to it; it may be, out of too great a contempt of his enemies. In a word, as he had all the wickednesses against which damnation is denounced, and for which hell-fire is prepared, so he had some virtues which have caused the memory of some men in all ages to be celebrated; and he will be looked upon by posterity as a brave bad man.

The best edition of the *History* is that by W. Dunn Macray (6 vols. Oxford, Clarendon Press, 1888). There are also twenty-five essays by Clarendon, his *Contemplations on the Psalms* (begun in 1647, and finished, like the Life, during his second exile), several controversial writings, and 3 vols. of his State Papers (1767–86; calendared, 1872–76). See Ranke's able analysis of the *History*; the Hon. Agar-Ellis's *Historical Inquiry respecting the Character of Clarendon* (1827); Lady Theresa Lewis's *Lives of the Friends and Contemporaries of Clarendon* (3 vols. 1852); two articles by Peter Bayne in the *Contemporary Review* (1876); the *Life of Clarendon*, by T. H. Lister (3 vols. 1838); and Gardiner's *History of the Great Civil War* (1886–91).

Sir Matthew Hale (1609–76), one of the most upright of judges, acquired credit also by his writings. He avoided identifying himself with either party in the Civil War, and was a judge both during the Commonwealth and under Charles II.; he was appointed Chief-Baron of the Exchequer in 1660, and Lord Chief-Justice of the King's Bench eleven years afterwards. Amidst the corruptions of Charles II.'s reign, Sir Matthew Hale stands out with peculiar lustre as an impartial, incorruptible, and determined administrator of justice; and he sought to mitigate the severity of such laws as the Conventicle Act. Yet one of his most notable acts was the condemnation of two old women accused of witchcraft at Bury St Edmunds in 1662—for he was a devout believer in witches. His works bear on natural philosophy, divinity, and law—on gravitation, the Torricellian experiment, *The Pleas of the Crown*, *The Primitive Origination of Mankind*. Several of his works were published after his death; many of his MSS. were never printed. His best-known work, the *Contemplations, Moral and Divine*—meditations or discourses of the chief end of man, of contentation, of humility, of afflictions, of the great audit, and the like, with two devotional poems—was in the press at his death. The letter of advice to his children, of which the following is part, was written about the year 1662:

On Speech.

CHILDREN—I thank God I came well to Farrington this Saturday, about five of the clock, and because I have some leisure time at my inn, I could not spend that time more to my own contentment, and your benefit, than by my letter to give you all good Counsel: the subject whereof, at this time, shall be concerning Speech; because much of the good or evil that befalls persons doth occasionally happen by the well or ill managing of that part of human conversation.—I shall, as I have leisure and opportunity, at other times, give you my directions concerning other subjects.

And herein I shall advise you, First, how you are to entertain the Speeches of others, according to the divers varieties thereof. Secondly, how you are to manage and order your own Speech. . . . Now, as concerning your *own* Speech, and how you are to manage it, something may be collected out of what goes before; but I shall add some things else.

Let your Speech be true. Never speak any thing for a Truth which you know or believe to be false: it is a great sin against God, that gave you a tongue to speak your mind, and not to speak a lie: it is a great offence against Humanity itself; for where there is no truth, there can be no safe society between man and man:

and it is an injury to the speaker, for besides the base disreputation it casts upon him, it doth in time bring a man to that baseness of mind, that he can scarce tell how to tell truth, or to avoid lying, even when he hath no colour of necessity for it; and in time, he comes to such a pass, that as another man cannot believe he tells a truth, so he himself scarce knows when he tells a lie. And observe it, a Lie ever returns, with discovery and shame at the last.

As you must be careful not to lie, so you must avoid coming near it. You must not equivocate: you must not speak that absolutely which you have but by hear-say or relation: you must not speak that as upon knowledge which you have but by conjecture or opinion only. . . . Be not over-earnest, loud, or violent in Talking, for it is unseemly; and earnest and loud talking make you overshoot and lose your business: when you should be considering and pondering your thoughts, and how to express them significantly and to the purpose, you are striving to keep your tongue going, and to silence an opponent, not with reason but with noise.

Be careful not to interrupt another in his talk. Hear him out: you will understand him the better, and be able to give him the better answer. It may be, if you will give him leave, he will say somewhat more than you have yet heard or well understood, or that which you did not expect.

Always, before you speak, especially where the business is of moment, consider before-hand; weigh the sense of your mind which you intend to utter; think upon the expressions you intend to use, that they be significant, pertinent, and inoffensive: and whereas it is the ordinary course of inconsiderate persons to speak their words, and then to think; or not to think till they speak; think first, and speak after, if it be in any matter of moment or seriousness. . . . Avoid swearing in your ordinary communication, unless called to it by the magistrate: and not only the grosser oaths, but the lesser; and not only oaths, but imprecations, earnest and deep protestations. As you have the commendable example of good men to justify a solemn oath before a magistrate, so you have the precept of our Saviour forbidding it otherwise. . . . If there be occasion for you to speak in any company, always be careful, if you speak at all, to speak latest; especially if strangers are in company: for by this means you will have the advantage of knowing the sense, judgment, temper, and relations of others, which may be a great light and help to you in ordering your speech; and you will better know the inclination of the company, and speak with more advantage and acceptation, and with more security against giving offence. . . .

I have but little more to write at this time, but to wish and command you to remember my former counsels that I have often given you. Begin and end the day with private prayers to God, upon your knees; read the Scriptures, often and seriously; be attentive to the public worship of God in the church; keep yourselves still in some good employment; for idleness is the devil's opportunity, and the nursery of vain and sinful thoughts, which corrupt the mind and disorder the life. Let the Girls take care of such business of my family as is proper for them; and their recreations may be walking abroad in the fields, in fair or frosty mornings, some work with their needle, reading of history or herbals, setting of flowers or herbs, practising their music, and such innocent and harmless exercises. Let the Boys be diligent at their books, and when they have performed their tasks, I do not deny them such recreations as may be healthy, safe, and harmless. Be you all kind and loving one to another, honcuring your minister, not bitter or harsh to my servants. Be respectful to all. Bear my absence patiently, cheerfully, and faithfully. Do all things as if I were present among you, and beheld you; for you have a greater Father than I am, that always and in all places beholds you, and knows your hearts and thoughts. Study to requite the love and care and expense of your father for you, with dutifulness, observance, and obedience to him; and account it an honour that God hath given you an opportunity, in my absence, by your care, faithfulness, and industry, to pay some part of that debt that by the laws of nature and gratitude you owe unto me. Be frugal in my family, but let there be no want: provide conveniently for the poor that come to my door. And I pray God to fill all your hearts with his grace, fear, and love; and to let you see the advantage and comfort of serving him; and that his blessing, and presence, and comfort, and direction, and providence be with you and over you all.—I am your ever loving father,

MATTHEW HALE.

Richard Baxter (1615–91), born at Rowton, in Shropshire, was educated chiefly at the endowed school of Wroxeter, leaving with some Latin, a smattering of Greek, no Hebrew, and no mathematics. 'My faults,' he said, 'are no disgrace to any university, for I was of none; I have little but what I had out of books, and inconsiderable helps of country tutors. Weakness and pain helped me to study how to die; that set me on studying how to live.' In 1638 he was ordained, and was appointed master of the Free School of Dudley. From 1640 to 1642 he was pastor of Kidderminster, beloved and revered. During the Civil War he sided with the Parliament, and as chaplain in the army was present at the sieges of Bridgwater, Exeter, Bristol, and Worcester. He was disgusted with extreme views, political and religious, and vehement disputes about liberty of conscience, and was glad to leave the army and return to his old parishioners of Kidderminster, amongst whom, in spite of feeble health, he laboured with great success for fourteen years. Whilst there, during his recovery from a severe illness, he wrote his work *The Saints' Everlasting Rest* (1650). When Cromwell assumed the supreme power Baxter openly expressed his disapprobation, and in a conference with the Protector told him that 'the honest people of the land took their ancient monarchy to be a blessing and not an evil.' He was always opposed to intolerance. 'We intended not,' he said, 'to dig down the banks, or pull up the hedge, and lay all waste and common, when we desired the prelates' tyranny might cease.' Presbyterian though he was, he was not hostile to a modified Episcopacy. After the Restoration he was appointed one of the royal chaplains, but, like Owen, refused a bishopric offered him by Clarendon. The Act of Uniformity in 1662

drove him out of the Established Church, and he retired to Acton, in Middlesex, where, in spite of hardship and persecution, he spent several years in study and literary labour. The Act of Indulgence in 1672 allowed him to settle in London and divide his time between preaching and writing. In 1685 he published a *Paraphrase on the New Testament*, a practical treatise, in which certain passages were held to be seditious, and Baxter was tried and condemned by the infamous Jeffreys. When Baxter endeavoured to speak, 'Richard! Richard!' ejaculated the Judge, 'dost thou think we 'll hear thee poison the court? Richard, thou art an old fellow, an old knave; thou hast written books enough to load a cart. Hadst thou been whipt out of thy writing trade forty years ago, it had been happy.' He was sentenced to pay five hundred marks, and in default to be imprisoned in the King's Bench until it was paid. Through the generous exertions of a Catholic peer, Lord Powis, the fine was remitted, and after eighteen months' imprisonment Baxter was set at liberty. He had now five years of tranquillity, dying 'in great peace and joy' on the 8th of December 1691.

Baxter was one of the most eloquent and moving preachers of his time, and a most voluminous writer; he wrote, Orme reports, no less than one hundred and sixty-eight separate works or publications, from folios to pamphlets. His practical treatises are still read and republished, especially his *Saints' Everlasting Rest* (1650) and *Call to the Unconverted* (1657)—the latter so popular that twenty thousand copies have been sold in one year. His *Life of Faith* (1670), *Reasons of the Christian Religion* (1672), *Christian Directory* (1675), are only less well known. His *Catholic Theology* (1675) and *Methodus Theologiæ Christianæ* (1681) are controversial works on religious subjects. In 1696 appeared the *Reliquiæ Baxterianæ: Mr Richard Baxter's Narrative of the most Memorable Passages of his Life and Times*, an autobiography which, like Baxter's writings generally, was a favourite book with Dr Johnson. In the next century it had no less warm an admirer in Coleridge, who terms it 'an inestimable work;' adding, 'I may not unfrequently doubt Baxter's memory, or even his competence, in consequence of his particular modes of thinking; but I could almost as soon doubt the Gospel verity as his veracity.' Another Churchman, Isaac Barrow, said that 'his practical writings were never mended, and his controversial seldom confuted.' His catholicity and tolerance led some to upbraid him as an Arminian, while others denounced him as a Calvinist. Though a keen controversialist, he was a singularly large-hearted man: he had come, he said in 1675, after a lifetime of study, to 'perceive that most of the doctrinal controversies among Protestants are far more about equivocal words than matter; and it wounded my soul to perceive what work both tyrannical and unskilful disputing clergymen had made these thirteen hundred years in the world!' Of his *Poetical Fragments* the best known is the hymn, 'Lord, it belongs not to my care,' still a favourite; the great physicist, Professor Clerk-Maxwell, used often to repeat it. The following extracts are all from his *Reliquiæ:*

The Country Clergy in 1620.

We lived in a country that had but little preaching at all: in the village where I was born there was four readers successively in six years time, ignorant men, and two of them immoral in their lives; who were all my school-masters. In the village where my father lived, there was a reader of about eighty years of age that never preached, and had two churches about twenty miles distant: his eyesight failing him, he said common-prayer without book; but for the reading of the psalms and chapters, he got a common thresher and day-labourer one year, and a taylor another year (for the clerk could not read well): and at last he had a kinsman of his own (the excellentest stage-player in all the country, and a good gamester and good fellow), that got orders and supplied one of his places! After him another younger kinsman, that could write and read, got orders: and at the same time another neighbour's son that had been a while at school turn'd minister, and who would needs go further than the rest, ventur'd to preach (and after got a living in Staffordshire), and when he had been a preacher about twelve or sixteen years, he was fain to give over, it being discovered that his orders were forged by the first ingenious stage-player. After him another neighbour's son took orders, when he had been a while an attorney's clerk, and a common drunkard, and tipled himself into so great poverty that he had no other way to live: it was feared that he and more of them came by their orders the same way with the forementioned person: these were the school-masters of my youth (except two of them), who read common prayer on Sundays and holy-days, and taught school and tipled on the week-days, and whipt the boys when they were drunk, so that we changed them very oft. Within a few miles about us, were near a dozen more ministers that were near eighty years old apiece, and never preached; poor ignorant readers, and most of them of scandalous lives: only three or four constant competent preachers lived near us, and those (though conformable all save one) were the common marks of the people's obloquy and reproach, and any that had but gone to hear them, when he had no preaching at home, was made the derision of the vulgar rabble, under the odious name of a Puritane.

Youthful Faults.

I was much addicted to the excessive gluttonous eating of apples and pears: which I think laid the foundation of that imbecillity and flatulency of my stomach which caused the bodily calamities of my life. To this end, and to concur with naughty boys that gloried in evil, I have oft gone into other men's orchards, and stoln their fruit, when I had enough at home.

Special Mercies.

And yet two wonderful mercies I had from God: that I was never overwhelm'd with real melancholy. My distemper never went so far as to possess me with any inordinate fancies, or damp me with sinking sadness,

although the physicians call'd it the hypocondriack melancholy. I had at several times the advice of no less than six and thirty physicians, by whose order I us'd druggs without number almost, which God thought not fit to make successful for a cure: and indeed all authors that I read acquainted me that my disease was incurable; whereupon I at last forsook the doctors for the most part, except when the urgency of a symptom, or pain, constrained me to seek some present ease. The second mercy which I met with was, that my pains, though daily and almost continual, did not very much disable me from my duty; but I could study, and preach, and walk almost as well if I had been free: (of which more anon).

Cured of Inclination to Gaming.

While I look back to this, it maketh me remember how God at that time did cure my inclination to gaming: About seventeen years of age, being at Ludlow Castle, where many idle gentlemen had little else to do, I had a mind to learn to play at tables; and the best gamester in the house undertook to teach me! As I remember, the first or second game, when he had so much the better that it was an hundred to one, besides the difference of our skills, the standers by laugh'd at me, as well as he, for not giving it up, and told me the game was lost: I knew no more but that it was not lost till all my table-men were lost, and would not give it over till then. He told me that he would lay me an hundred to one of it, and in good earnest laid me down ten shillings to my six pence: as soon as ever the money was down, whereas he told me that there was no possibility of my game, but by one cast often, I had every cast the same I wished, and he had every one according to my desire, so that by that time one could go four or five times about the room his game was gone, which put him in so great an admiration that I took the hint, and believed that the devil had the ruling of the dice, and did it to entice me on to be a gamester. And so I gave him his ten shillings again, and resolved I would never more play at tables whilst I lived.

Fruits of Experience.

I now see more good and more evil in all men than heretofore I did. I see that good men are not so good as I once thought they were, but have more imperfections; and that nearer approach and fuller trial doth make the best appear more weak and faulty than their admirers at a distance think. And I find that few are so bad as either malicious enemies or censorious separating professors do imagine. In some indeed I find that human nature is corrupted into a greater likeness to devils than I once thought any on earth had been. But even in the wicked, usually there is more for grace to make advantage of, and more to testifie for God and holiness, than I once believed there had been. I less admire gifts of utterance, and bare profession of religion, than I once did; and have much more charity for many who, by the want of gifts, do make an obscurer profession than they. I once thought that almost all that could pray movingly and fluently, and talk well of religion, had been saints. But experience hath opened to me what odious crimes may consist with high profession; and I have met with divers obscure persons, not noted for any extraordinary profession or forwardness in religion, but only to live a quiet blameless life, whom I have after found to have long lived, as far as I could discern, a truly godly and sanctified life; only, their prayers and duties were by accident kept secret from other men's observation. Yet he that upon this pretence would confound the godly and the ungodly, may as well go about to lay heaven and hell together.

Of his own and other Men's Knowledge.

Heretofore I knew much less than now, and yet was not half so much acquainted with my ignorance. I had a great delight in the daily new discoveries which I made, and of the light which shined in upon me (like a man that cometh into a country where he never was before): but I little knew either how imperfectly I understood those very points whose discovery so much delighted me, nor how much might be said against them, nor how many things I was yet a stranger to: But now I find far greater darkness upon all things, and perceive how very little it is that we know, in comparison of that which we are ignorant of, and have far meaner thoughts of my own understanding, though I must needs know that it is better furnished than it was then. Accordingly I had then a far higher opinion of learned persons and books than I have now; for what I wanted myself, I thought every reverend divine had attained, and was familiarly acquainted with; and what books I understood not by reason of the strangeness of the terms or matter, I the more admired, and thought that others understood their worth. But now experience hath constrained me against my will to know that reverend learned men are imperfect, and know but little as well as I, especially those that think themselves the wisest: and the better I am acquainted with them, the more I perceive that we are all yet in the dark: and the more I am acquainted with holy men, that are all for heaven, and pretend not much to subtilties, the more I value and honour them. And when I have studied hard to understand some abstruse admired book (as *De Scientia Dei*, *De Providentia circa Malum*, *De Decretis*, *De Prædeterminatione*, *De Libertate Creaturæ*, &c.) I have but attained the knowledge of humane imperfections, and to see that the author is but a man as well as I. And at first I took more upon my author's credit than now I can do; and when an author was highly commended to me by others, or pleased me in some part, I was ready to entertain the whole; whereas now I take and leave in the same author, and dissent in some things from him that I like best, as well as from others.

On the Credit due to History.

I am much more cautelous [cautious] in my belief of history than heretofore; not that I run into their extream that will believe nothing because they cannot believe all things. But I am abundantly satisfyed by the experience of this age that there is no believing two sorts of men, ungodly men and partial men (though an honest heathen of no religion may be believed, where enmity against religion byasseth him not): yet a debauched Christian, besides his enmity to the power and practice of his own religion, is seldom without some further byass of interest, or faction; especially when these concurr, and a man is both ungodly and ambitious, espousing an interest contrary to a holy heavenly life, and also factious, embodying himself with a sect or party suited to his spirit and designs, there is no believing his word or oath. If you read any man partially bitter against others, as differing

from him in opinion, or as cross to his greatness, interest, or designs, take heed how you believe any more than the historical evidence distinct from his word compelleth you to believe. The prodigious lies which have been published in this age in matters of fact, with unblushing confidence, even where thousands of multitudes of eye and ear witnesses knew all to be false, doth call men to take heed what history they believe, especially where power and violence affordeth that priviledge to the reporter, that no man dare answer him or detect his fraud, or if they do, their writings are all suppressed. As long as men have liberty to examine and contradict one another, one may partly conjecture, by comparing their words, on which side the truth is like to lie. But when great men write history, or flatterers by their appointment, which no man dare contradict, believe it but as you are constrained. Yet in these cases I can freely believe history: 1. If the person shew that he is acquainted with what he saith. 2. And if he shew you the evidences of honesty and conscience, and the fear of God, which may be much perceived in the spirit of a writing. 3. If he appear to be impartial and charitable, and a lover of goodness and of mankind, and not possessed of malignity or personal ill-will and malice, nor carried away by faction or personal interest. Conscionable men dare not lye: but faction and interest abate men's tenderness of conscience. And a charitable impartial heathen may speak truth in a love to truth and hatred of a lye; but ambitious malice and false religion will not stick to serve themselves on anything. . . . Sure I am, that as the lies of the Papists, of Luther, Zwinglius, Calvin, and Beza, are visibly malicious and impudent, by the common plenary contradicting evidence, and yet the multitude of their seduced ones believe them all, in despight of truth and charity; so in this age there have been such things written against parties and persons, whom the writers design to make odious, so notoriously false, as you would think that the sense of their honour at least should have made it impossible for such men to write. My own eyes have read such words and actions asserted with most vehement, iterated, unblushing confidence, which abundance of ear-witnesses, even of their own parties, must needs know to have been altogether false: and therefore having myself now written this history of myself, notwithstanding my protestation that I have not in anything wilfully gone against the truth, I expect no more credit from the reader than the self-evidencing light of the matter, with concurrent rational advantages from persons, and things, and other witnesses, shall constrain him to, if he be a person that is unacquainted with the author himself, and the other evidences of his veracity and credibility.

Character of Cromwell.

And as he went on, though he yet resolved not what form the new Commonwealth should be moulded into, yet he thought it but reasonable that he should be the chief person who had been chief in their deliverance (for the Lord Fairfax he knew had but the name). At last, as he thought it lawful to cut off the king, because he thought he was lawfully conquered, so he thought it lawful to fight against the Scots that would set him up, and to pull down the Presbyterian majority in the Parliament, which would else by restoring him undo all which had cost them so much blood and treasure. And accordingly he conquereth Scotland, and pulleth down the Parliament: being the easilier perswaded that all this was lawful, because he had a secret byas and eye towards his own exaltation: for he (and his officers) thought that when the king was gone a government there must be, and that no man was so fit for it as he himself, as best deserving it, and as having, by his wit and great interest in the army, the best sufficiency to manage it: yea, they thought that God had called them by successes to govern and take care of the Commonwealth, and of the interest of all his people in the land; and that if they stood by and suffered the Parliament to do that which they thought was dangerous, it would be required at their hands, whom they thought God had made the guardians of the land.

Having thus forced his conscience to justifie all his cause (the cutting off the king, the setting up himself and his adherents, the pulling down the Parliament and the Scots), he thinketh that the end being good and necessary, the necessary means cannot be bad: and accordingly he giveth his interest and cause leave to tell him how far sects shall be tollerated and commended, and how far not; and how far the ministry shall be owned and supported, and how far not; yea, and how far professions, promises, and vows shall be kept, or broken; and therefore the Covenant he could not away with; nor the ministers, further than they yielded to his ends, or did not openly resist them. He seemed exceeding open hearted, by a familiar rustick affected carriage (especially to his soldiers in sporting with them): but he thought secrecy a vertue, and dissimulation no vice, and simulation, that is, in plain English, a lie, or perfidiousness, to be a tollerable fault in a case of necessity: being of the same opinion with the Lord Bacon (who was not so precise as learned), that 'the best composition and temperature is, to have openness in fame and opinion, secrecy in habit, dissimulation in seasonable use, and a power to feign if there be no remedy' (Essay 6. pag. 31). Therefore he kept fair with all, saving his open or unreconcileable enemies. He carried it with such dissimulation, that Anabaptists, Independants, and Antinomians did all think that he was one of them: but he never endeavoured to perswade the Presbyterians that he was one of them, but only that he would do them justice, and preserve them, and that he honoured their worth and piety; for he knew that they were not so easily deceived. In a word, he did as our prelates have done, begin low and rise higher in his resolutions as his condition rose, and the promises which he made in his lower condition, he used as the interest of his higher following condition did require, and kept up as much honesty and godliness in the main as his cause and interest would allow (but there they left him): and his name standeth as a monitory monument or pillar to posterity to tell them the instability of man in strong temptations, if God leave him to himself: what great success and victories can do to lift up a mind that once seemed humble: what pride can do to make man selfish, and corrupt the heart with ill designs: what selfishness and ill designs can do to bribe the conscience, and corrupt the judgment, and make men justifie the greatest errours and sins, and set against the clearest truth and duty: what bloodshed and great enormities of life an erring deluded judgment may draw men to, and patronize; and that when God hath dreadful judgments to execute,

an erroneous sectary, or a proud self-seeker, is oftner his instrument than an humble, lamb-like, innocent saint.

Character of Sir Matthew Hale.

He was a man of no quick utterance, but often hesitant; but spake with great reason. He was most precisely just; insomuch as I believe he would have lost all he had in the world rather than do an unjust act. Patient in hearing the tediousest speech which any man had to make for himself. The pillar of justice, the refuge of the subject who feared oppression, and one of the greatest honours of his Majestie's government; for with some other upright judges, he upheld the honour of the English nation, that it fell not into the reproach of arbitrariness, cruelty, and utter confusion. Every man that had a just cause was almost past fear if he could but bring it to the court or assize where he was judge; for the other judges seldom contradicted him. He was the great instrument for rebuilding London; for when an act was made for deciding all controversies that hindered it, he was the constant judge, who for nothing followed the work, and by his prudence and justice removed a multitude of great impediments. His great advantage for innocency was, that he was no lover of riches or of grandeur. His garb was too plain; he studiously avoided all unnecessary familiarity with great persons, and all that manner of living which signifyeth wealth and greatness. He kept no greater a family than myself. I lived in a small house, which, for a pleasant back-side, he had a mind of; but caused a stranger, that he might not be suspected to be the man, to know of me whether I were willing to part with it, before he would meddle with it. In that house he liveth contentedly, without any pomp, and without costly or troublesome retinue or visitors; but not without charity to the poor. He continued the study of physicks and mathematicks still, as his great delight. . . . He had got but a very small estate, though he had long the greatest practice, because he would take but little money, and undertake no more business than he could well despatch. He often offered to the lord chancellor to resign his place, when he was blamed for doing that which he supposed was justice. He had been the learned Selden's intimate friend, and one of his executors; and because the Hobbians and other infidels would have persuaded the world that Selden was of their mind, I desired him to tell me the truth therein. He assured me that Selden was an earnest professor of the Christian faith, and so angry an adversary to Hobbs that he hath rated him out of the room.

Observance of the Sabbath in Baxter's Youth.

I cannot forget that in my youth, in those late times when we lost the labours of some of our conformable godly teachers, for not reading publicly the Book of Sports [re-enforced on the clergy by Laud in 1633] and dancing on the Lord's Day, one of my father's own tenants was the town-piper, hired by the year, for many years together, and the place of the dancing assembly was not a hundred yards from our door. We could not, on the Lord's Day, either read a chapter, or pray, or sing a psalm, or catechise, or instruct a servant, but with the noise of the pipe and tabor, and the shoutings in the street, continually in our ears. Even among a tractable people, we were the common scorn of all the rabble in the streets, and called puritans, precisians, and hypocrites, because we rather chose to read the Scriptures than to do as they did; though there was no savour of nonconformity in our family. And when the people by the book were allowed to play and dance out of public service-time, they could so hardly break off their sports that many a time the reader was fain to stay till the piper and players would give over. Sometimes the morris-dancers would come into the church in all their linen, and scarfs, and antic dresses, with morris-bells jingling at their legs; and as soon as common prayer was read, did haste out presently to their play again.

Baxter's *Practical Works*, in 23 vols., were edited, with a Life, by Orme in 1830; and have been reprinted in four. There are shorter Lives by Rev. A. B. Grosart (1879), Dean Boyle (1883), and J. H. Davies (1886).

Thomas Goodwin (1600–80), born at Rollesby, in Norfolk, studied at Cambridge, where he was made vicar of Trinity Church; but becoming an Independent, he preached in London, and then to the English congregation at Arnheim, in Holland. He was afterwards a member of the Westminster Assembly, chaplain to Cromwell's Council of State, and president of Magdalen College, Oxford. Deprived at the Restoration, he in his later years preached to an Independent congregation in London. He published sermons full of fervour, elaborate expositions of Scripture, and some controversial pamphlets. His devotional works are still prized by evangelical divines.

John Owen (1616–83), one of the greatest of the Puritan divines, was born at Stadhampton, in Oxfordshire, and studied at Queen's College with extraordinary diligence and zeal. Driven from the university by Laud's statutes, he became a private chaplain, and having written a polemical *Display of Arminianism*, was appointed to a living in Essex. He passed from Presbyterianism to Independency, and repeatedly preached before the Long Parliament. Cromwell took him as chaplain to Ireland in 1649, and set him to regulate the affairs of Trinity College; and in 1650 brought him to Edinburgh, where he spent six months. Subsequently he was promoted to the deanery of Christ Church College in Oxford, and soon after to the vice-chancellorship of the university, offices he held till Cromwell's death. He was one of the Triers appointed to purge the Church of scandalous ministers, opposed the giving of the crown to Cromwell, and the year after Cromwell's death was ejected from the deanery. He bought an estate at Stadhampton, and formed a congregation there. After the Restoration he was favoured by Lord Clarendon, who offered him high preferment in the Church if he would conform—an obviously impossible suggestion. Owen also declined invitations from congregations in New England and from Harvard College. Ultimately he ministered to a congregation of Independents in Leadenhall Street. Spite of his opposition to the Church, Owen's character for singular moderation, together with his repute for ability and influence, secured him the esteem of Churchmen and courtiers, and even of the

king himself, who sent for him, and after a conversation of two hours gave him a thousand guineas to be distributed among those who had suffered most from the penal laws. Owen was a man of vast learning, of very decided views, and a powerful controversialist, though he showed a courtesy and moderation in argument all too unusual on either side in those days. He was appallingly industrious and voluminous as an author. Collected editions of his works appeared in 1828 (28 vols.) and 1850 (24 vols.). Among the works are many sermons, *An Exposition on the Epistle to the Hebrews*, *A Discourse of the Holy Spirit*, and *The Divine Original and Authority of the Scriptures*. His style is far from admirable; his argumentation is terribly discursive, wordy, and tedious; yet there are powerful, terse, and memorable passages and pages, as in this passage on sloth from the exposition of the 130th Psalm:

> Great opportunities for service neglected and great gifts not improved are oftentimes the occasion of plunging the soul into great depths. Gifts are given to trade withal for God; opportunities are the market-days for that trade: to napkin up the one and let slip the other will end in trouble and disconsolation. Disquietments and perplexities of heart are worms that will certainly breed in the rust of unexercised gifts. God loseth a revenue of glory and honour by such slothful souls, and he will make them sensible of it. I know some at this day whose omissions of opportunities for service are ready to sink them into the grave.

John Howe (1630–1705), a great Nonconformist divine, was a native of Loughborough, in Leicestershire, where his father was curate. At Cambridge he was the friend of Cudworth and Henry More, and he subsequently studied at Oxford. In 1652 he was ordained minister of Great Torrington, in Devonshire. Upon public fasts he used to begin at nine in the morning with a prayer of a quarter of an hour, then read and expounded Scripture for about three-quarters, prayed an hour, preached another hour, and prayed again for half-an-hour. The people then sang for a quarter of an hour, when he retired and took a little refreshment; he then went into the pulpit again, prayed an hour more, preached another hour, and concluded with a prayer of half-an-hour! In 1657 Howe was chosen by Cromwell to reside at Whitehall as one of his chaplains. As he had not coveted the office, he seems never to have liked it. From the 'affected disorderliness' of the Protector's family in religious matters Howe despaired of doing good in his office. But he continued to be chaplain to the Protector, and, after Oliver's death, to Richard Cromwell. When Richard was set aside the minister returned to Great Torrington, but was ejected by the Act of Uniformity in 1662. He was subsequently a minister in Ireland and London, and found leisure to write those admirable works of practical divinity which ranked him among the most gifted and eminent of the Nonconformist divines of England. From 1685 till the Declaration of Indulgence the 'Platonic Puritan' was in Holland; and he died in London in 1705. The principal works of John Howe are his *Living Temple* (1676–1702), a treatise on *Delighting in God*, *The Blessedness of the Righteous*, *The Vanity of Man as Mortal*, a *Tractate on the Divine Presence*, an *Inquiry into the Doctrine of the Trinity*, and *The Redeemer's Dominion over the Invisible World* (1699). Robert Hall acknowledged that he had learned more from John Howe than from any other author he ever read, and said there was 'an astonishing magnificence in his conceptions.' Unhappily the matter of his works is vastly better than the manner; endless digressions render most of his works wearisome, his sentences are unwieldy, and the argument is but rarely illumined by lighter touches. His letters of consolation are admirable for their tenderness and Christian philosophy; that to Lady Russell after the execution of her husband is especially fine: sent unsigned, its authorship was soon discovered, and led to a lifelong friendship. A touching and dignified persuasion not to sorrow as those who have no hope, but to live for duties left, concludes thus:

> I multiply words, being loth to lose my design; and shall only add that consideration, which cannot but be valuable with you, upon his first proposal, who had all the advantages imaginable to give it its full weight—I mean that of those dear pledges left behind: my own heart even bleeds to think of the case of those sweet babes, should they be bereaved of their other parent too. And even your continued visible dejection would be their unspeakable disadvantage. You will always naturally create in them a reverence of you; and I cannot but apprehend how the constant mien, aspect, and deportment of such a parent will insensibly influence the temper of dutiful children; and if that be sad and despondent, depress their spirits, blunt and take off the edge and quickness upon which their future usefulness and comfort will much depend. Were it possible their now glorious father should visit and inspect you, would you not be troubled to behold a frown in that bright serene face? You are to please a more penetrating eye, which you will best do by putting on a temper and deportment suitable to your weighty charge and duty, and to the great purposes for which God continues you in the world, by giving over unnecessary solitude and retirement, which (though it pleases) doth really prejudice you, and is more than you can bear. Nor can any rules of decency require more. Nothing that is necessary and truly Christian ought to be reckoned unbecoming. David's example is of too great authority to be counted a pattern of indecency. The God of heaven lift up the light of his countenance upon you, and thereby put gladness into your heart; and give you to apprehend him saying to you, 'Arise and walk in the light of the Lord.'
>
> That I have used so much freedom in this paper, I make no apology for; but do, therefore, hide myself in the dark, not judging it consistent with that plainness which I thought the case might require, to give any other account of myself than that I am one deeply sensible of your and your noble relatives' great affliction, and who scarce ever bow the knee before the mercy-seat without remembering it: and who shall ever be, madam, your

ladyship's most sincere honourer, and most humble devoted servant.

A collected edition of Howe's works, with a Life by Calamy, was published in 1724. Other Lives are by Hunt (1810), Dunn (1836), Urwick (1846), Hewlett (1848), and especially Rogers (1836; new ed. 1879).

John Flavel (1627–91), born at Bromsgrove, and educated at Oxford, took Presbyterian orders in 1650, and was ejected from his living at Dartmouth in 1662. He continued to preach there privately, and after the Declaration of Indulgence (1687) was minister of a Nonconformist church till his death. He published some thirty works, filling in some of the collected editions six volumes. His writings were very popular, and sometimes—as in *Husbandry Spiritualised* and *Navigation Spiritualised*—show, along with higher qualities, abundance of elaborate ingenuity and perverse fancy.

Ralph Cudworth (1617–88), a very learned divine, was a chief of the group of Cambridge Platonists. Born at Aller, in Somerset, he studied at Cambridge, where, in 1645, he was appointed Regius Professor of Hebrew, and that chair he occupied till his death. He held a series of Church livings, and was Master of Christ's College from 1654, an appointment he retained after the Restoration in spite of his submission to the Government of the Commonwealth. His *True Intellectual System of the Universe* (1678) was designed as a refutation of atheism and contemporary freethinking. It executes only part of his design—the establishment of the three fundamental or essential truths of true religion: 'First, that all things in the world do not float without a head and governor; but that there is a God, an omnipotent understanding Being, presiding over all. Secondly, that this God being essentially good and just, there is something in its own nature immutably and eternally just and unjust; and not by arbitrary will, law, and command only. And, lastly, that we are so far forth principals or masters of our own actions as to be accountable to justice for them, or to make us guilty and blameworthy for what we do amiss, and to deserve punishment accordingly.' Against Hobbes, he maintained the natural and everlasting distinction between justice and injustice, as also the freedom of the human will; but he differs from most subsequent opponents of Hobbism, in ascribing our recognition of right and wrong entirely to the reasoning faculties, and in no degree to sentiment or emotion. In the *Intellectual System* ethical questions are but incidentally and occasionally touched upon; but the work is so discursive as to find room for disquisitions on the meaning of the pagan mythology and the relation of the Platonic to the Christian trinity, and though sagacious and large-minded, fatigues by its redundant digressions. In combating the atheists, Cudworth displays a prodigious amount of erudition, and that rare candour which prompts a controversialist to give a fair statement of the opinions and arguments which he means to refute. This honourable distinction brought upon him the reproach of insincerity; and by some contemporaries the epithets of Arian, Socinian, Deist, and even Atheist were freely applied to him. 'He has raised,' says Dryden, 'such strong objections against the being of a God and Providence, that many think he has not answered them'—'the common fate,' as Shaftesbury remarked, 'of those who dare to appear fair authors.' The clamour seems to have disheartened the philosopher who refrained from publishing the other portions of his scheme. He left behind him several manuscript works, one of which, *A Treatise concerning Eternal and Immutable Morality*, was published in 1731 by Bishop Chandler, and was a real contribution to ethics. Some of his unprinted writings are now in the British Museum. His sermon before the House of Commons in 1647 shows the best side of the Latitudinarian school of which he was a representative, and, according to Mackintosh, may fairly be compared with Taylor's *Liberty of Prophesying* (published the year before) 'for charity, piety, and the most liberal toleration.' Dugald Stewart noted that 'the *Intellectual System* of Cudworth embraces a field much wider than his treatise of *Immutable Morality*. The latter is particularly directed against the doctrines of Hobbes and of the Antinomians; but the former aspires to tear up by the roots all the principles, both physical and metaphysical, of the Epicurean philosophy. It is a work, certainly, which reflects much honour on the talents of the author, and still more on the boundless extent of his learning; but it is so ill suited to the taste of the present age, that, since the time of Mr Harris and Dr Price, I scarcely recollect the slightest reference to it in the writings of our British metaphysicians.' Interest cannot be said to have revived since Dugald Stewart's time.

The first specimen is the beginning of the famous sermon to the House of Commons (on 1 John ii. 3, 4); the others, fragments from the torso of the *Intellectual System*.

Of Knowledge and Religion.

We have much enquiry concerning knowledge in these latter times. The sons of Adam are now as busy as ever himself was about the tree of knowledge of good and evil, shaking the boughs of it, and scrambling for the fruit; whilst, I fear, many are too unmindful of the tree of life. And though there be now no cherubims with their flaming swords to fright men off from it, yet the way that leads to it seems to be so solitary and untrodden, as if there were but few that had any mind to taste of the fruit of it. There be many that speak of new glimpses and discoveries of truth, of dawnings of gospel-light; and no question but God hath reserved much of this for the very evening and sun-set of the world; for in the latter days knowledge shall be increased: but yet I wish we could in the mean time see that day to dawn which the Apostle speaks of, and that day-star to arise in men's hearts. I wish, whilst we talk of light and dispute about truth, we could walk more as children of the light. Whereas, if S. John's rule be good here in the text, that

truly knows Christ but he that keepeth his
lments, it is much to be suspected that many
ıich pretend to light have a thick and gloomy
within over-spreading our souls.

be now many large volumes and discourses
oncerning Christ, thousands of controversies dis-
infinite problems determined concerning his
humanity, union of both together, and what
hat our bookish Christians, that have all their
n writings and papers, think they are now com-
ırnished with all kind of knowledge concern-
ıt; and when they see all their leaves lying
ɛm, they think they have a goodly stock of
ge and truth, and cannot possibly miss of the
eaven; as if religion were nothing but a little
ı, a mere paper-skill.

S. John's rule here be good, we must not judge
nowing of Christ by our skill in books and
ut by our keeping of his commandments. And
ır, will discover many of us (notwithstanding all
which we boast of round about us) to have
ıut Egyptian darkness within our hearts.

ılgar sort think that they know Christ enough
ıeir creeds and catechisms and confessions of
d if they have but a little acquainted themselves
ɛe, and like parrots conned the words of them,
ɔt not but that they are sufficiently instructed in
ıysteries of the kingdom of heaven. Many of
learned, if they can but wrangle and dispute
ırist, imagine themselves to be grown great
s in the school of Christ.

eatest part of the world, whether learned or un-
think that there is no need of purging and
of their hearts for the right knowledge of
d his gospel; but though their lives be never
l, their hearts never so foul within, yet they may
ırist sufficiently out of their treatises and dis-
ıut of their meer systems and bodies of divinity:
deny not to be useful in a subordinate way;
our Saviour prescribeth his disciples another
ɔ come to the right knowledge of divine truths,
of God's will; He that will do my father's will
) shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of
e is a true Christian indeed, not he that is only
ght, but he that is God-taught; he that hath
n from the Holy One (as our Apostle calleth it),
ıeth him all things; he that hath the spirit of
thin him, that searcheth out the deep things of
as no man knoweth the things of a man save
of a man which is in him, even so the things
ıoweth no man but the Spirit of God.

:l paper can never make us Christians, can never
ıew nature, a living principle in us; can never
ist or any true notions of spiritual things in our
The Gospel, that new law which Christ de-
the world, it is not merely a dead letter without
quickening spirit within us. Cold theorems
ms, dry and jejune disputes, lean syllogistical
s, could never yet of themselves beget the least
)f true heavenly light, the least sap of saving
ge in any heart. All this is but the groping of
dark spirit of man after truth, to find it out with
endeavours, and feel it with his own cold and
l hands. Words and syllables, which are but
gs, cannot possibly convey the living notions of
truths to us. The secret mysteries of a divine
life, of a new nature, of Christ formed in our hearts, they cannot be written or spoken, language and expressions cannot reach them; neither can they be ever truly understood, except the soul itself be kindled from within, and awakened into the life of them. A painter that would draw a rose, though he may flourish some likeness of it in figure and colour, yet he can never paint the scent and fragrancy; or if he would draw a flame, he cannot put a constant heat into his colours; he cannot make his pencil drop a sound, as the echo in the epigram mocks at him —*Si vis similem pingere, pinge sonum.* All the skill of cunning artizans and mechanicks cannot put a principle of life into a statue of their own making. Neither are we able to inclose in words and letters the life, soul, and essence of any spiritual truths, and, as it were, to incorporate it in them.

Some philosophers have determined that ἀρέτη is not διδακτον, virtue cannot be taught by any certain rules or precepts. Men and books may propound some directions to us, that may set us in such a way of life and practice as in which we shall at last find it within ourselves, and be experimentally acquainted with it; but they cannot teach it us like a mechanick art or trade. No, surely, there is a spirit in man; and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth understanding. But we shall not meet with this spirit any where but in the way of obedience: the knowledge of Christ and the keeping of his commandments must always go together, and be mutual causes of one another.

Two Atheist Arguments.

And lastly, the topick of evils in general is insisted upon by them, not those which are called *culpæ*, evils of fault (for that is a thing which the Democritick Atheists utterly explode in the genuine sense of it), but the evils of pain and trouble, which they dispute concerning after this manner. The supposed Deity and maker of the world was either willing to abolish all evils, but not able; or he was able but not willing; or thirdly, he was neither willing nor able; or else lastly, he was both able and willing. This latter is the only thing that answers fully to the notion of a God. Now, that the supposed creator of all things was not thus both able and willing to abolish all evils is plain, because then there would have been no evils at all left. Wherefore since there is such a deluge of evils overflowing all, it must needs be that either he was willing and not able to remove them, and then he was impotent; or else he was able and not willing, and then he was envious; or lastly, he was neither able nor willing, and then he was both impotent and envious.

In the twelfth place, the Atheists further dispute in this manner. If the world were made by any Deity, then it would be governed by a providence; and if there were any providence, it must appear in human affairs. But here it is plain that all is *Tohu* and *Bohu*, chaos and confusion; things happening alike to all, to the wise and foolish, religious and impious, virtuous and vicious. (For these names the Atheist cannot chuse but make use of, though by taking away natural morality they really destroy the things.) From whence it is concluded that all things float up and down, as they are agitated and driven by the tumbling billows of careless fortune and chance. The impieties of Dionysius, his scoffing abuses of religion, and whatsoever was then sacred or worship'd under the notion of a God, were most notorious; and yet it is

observed that he fared never a jot the worse for it. *Hunc nec Olympius Jupiter fulmine percussit, nec Æsculapius misero diuturnoque morbo tabescentem interemit; verum in suo lectulo mortuus, in Tympanidis regum illatus est, eamque potestatem, quam ipse per scelus nactus erat, quasi justam & legitimam hæreditatis loco tradidit:* Neither did Jupiter Olympius strike him with a thunderbolt, nor Æsculapius inflict any languishing disease upon him; but he died in his bed, and was honourably interred, and that power which he had wickedly acquired, he transmitted as a just and lawful inheritance to his posterity. And Diogenes the Cynick, though much a Theist, could not but acknowledge that Harpalus, a famous robber or pirate in those times, who, committing many villanous actions, notwithstanding lived prosperously, did thereby *Testimonium dicere contra deos*, bear testimony against the Gods. Though it has been objected by the Theists, and thought to be a strong argument for providence, that there were so many tables hung up in temples, the monuments of such as having prayed to the gods in storms and tempests, had escaped shipwreck; yet as Diagoras observed, *Nusquam picti sunt qui naufragium fecerunt*, there are no tables extant of those of them who were shipwreck'd. Wherefore it was not considered by these Theists, how many of them that prayed as well to the gods did notwithstanding suffer shipwreck; as also how many of those which never made any devotional addresses at all to any deity escaped equal dangers of storms and tempests.

Moreover, it is consentaneous to the opinion of a God, to think that thunder rattling in the clouds with thunderbolts should be the immediate significations of his wrath and displeasure: whereas it is plain that these are flung at random, and that the fury of them often lights upon the innocent, whilst the notoriously guilty escape untouched; and therefore we understand not how this can be answered by any Theists.

Tohu and *Bohu* are the Hebrew words rendered 'without form and void' in the second verse of Genesis in the Authorised Version. The Latin quotation is from Cicero, *De Finibus*, iii. 35

Christianity Confirmed from the Existence of Wizards and Demoniacs.

To this phænomenon of apparitions might be added those two others of magicians or wizards, dæmoniacks or *Energumeni;* both of these proving also the real existence of spirits, and that they are not mere phancies and imaginary inhabitants of men's brains only, but real inhabitants of the world. As also that among those spirits there are some foul, unclean, and wicked ones (though not made such by God, but by their own apostacy), which is some confirmation of the truth of Christianity, the Scripture insisting so much upon these evil dæmons or devils, and declaring it to be one design of our Saviour Christ's coming into the world, to oppose these confederate powers of the kingdom of darkness, and to rescue mankind from the thraldom and bondage thereof. As for wizards and magicians, persons who associate and confederate themselves in a peculiar manner with these evil spirits, for the gratification of their own revenge, lust, ambition, and other passions; besides the Scriptures, there hath been so full an attestation given to them by persons unconcerned in all ages, that those our so confident exploders of them in this present age can hardly escape the suspicion of having some hankering towards atheism. But as for the dæmoniacks and *Energumeni*, it hath been wondered that there should be so many of them in our Saviour's time, and hardly any, or none, in this present age of ours. Certain it is, from the writings of Josephus, in sundry places, that the Pharisaick Jews were then generally possessed with an opinion of these δαιμονιζόμενοι, dæmoniacks, men possessed with devils, or infested by them. And that this was not a mere phrase or form of speech only amongst them for persons very ill affected in their bodies may appear from hence, that Josephus declares it as his opinion concerning the dæmons or devils, that they were . . . . the spirits or souls of wicked men deceased getting into the bodies of the living. From hence it was that the Jews, in our Saviour's time, were not at all surprised with his casting out of devils, it being usual for them also to exorcise the same; an art which they pretended to have learn'd from Solomon.

See Tulloch's *Rational Theology in England* (1872), Martineau's *Types of Ethical Theory* (vol. ii. 1885), and monographs by Ch. E. Lowrey (New York, 1884) and W. R. Scott (1891).

Sir Richard Fanshawe, poet and translator as well as royalist diplomat, was born at Ware Park, Hertfordshire, in 1608, studied at Jesus College, Cambridge, and went abroad to study languages. In the Civil War he sided with the king, and while at Oxford married in 1644 the brave and lively Anne Harrison (1625–80). In 1648 he became treasurer to the navy under Prince Rupert, in 1651 was taken prisoner at Worcester, and on Cromwell's death withdrew to the Continent. After the Restoration he was appointed ambassador at the courts of Portugal and Spain, and died suddenly at Madrid, 26th June 1666. Fanshawe's works include *The Faithfull Shepheard* (1647), a translation from the Italian of Guarini's *Pastor Fido; Selected Parts of Horace* (1652), perhaps his happiest effort in translation; a translation into Latin verse of Fletcher's *Faithful Shepherdess; The Lusiad* (1655), a translation from Camoens, criticised by Mickle as harsh and unpoetical, but praised by Southey and commended by Burton; and *Querer per Solo Querer* ('To Love for Love's Sake'), a dramatic romance translated from the Spanish of Hurtado de Mendoza, and quoted by Charles Lamb with commendation both of play and translator. In the first scene of *The Faithfull Shepheard*, Linco and Silvio during a boar-hunt converse thus:

Linco. Fond youth, for a wild boar so far to roam,
Whom thou must hunt with danger; when at home
One 's safely lodg'd!
Silvio. Dost thou speak seriously?
How near is it?
Lin. As thou art now to me.
Sil. Th' art mad.
Lin. Thou art.
Sil. In what wood doth he rest?
Lin. Silvio 's the wood, and cruelty the beast!
Sil. Mad, I was sure!
Lin. To have a nymph so fair
(Rather a goddess of perfections rare),
Fresher and sweeter than a rose new blown,
Softer and whiter than an old swan's down,

From whom there lives not at this day a swain
So proud 'mongst us but sighs and sighs in vain;
To have, I say, this matchless paragon
By gods and men reserv'd for thee, nay thrown
Into thine arms without one sigh or tear,
And thou unworthy! to disvalue her;
Art thou not then a beast, a savage one?
Rather a senseless clod, a stock, a stone?
Sil. If not to be in love be cruelty,
Then cruelty 's a vertue; nor do I
Repent but boast I lodge him in my breast
By whom I 've conquer'd Love, the greater beast.
Lin. How could'st thou conquer, silly idiot,
Whom thou ne're try'dst.
Sil. In that I try'd him not.
Lin. O hadst thou try'd him, Silvio, and once found
In mutual lovers what true joyes are found,
I know thou 'ldst say, O Love, the sweetest guest,
Why hast thou been an alien to this breast?
Leave, leave the woods, leave following beasts, fond boy,
And follow love.

Lady Fanshawe wrote Memoirs of her own life, to which were added extracts from the correspondence of her husband. They were published in 1829, edited by Sir N. Harris Nicolas, but unfortunately from a very imperfect and inaccurate copy of the original manuscript. The original is extant; and few works of so much historical and general interest have escaped careful and competent re-editing.

An Irish Ghost.

We went to the Lady Honor O'Brien's; . . . she was the youngest daughter of the Earl of Thomond. There we staid three nights, the first of which I was surprised by being laid in a chamber, when, about one o'clock, I heard a voice that awakened me. I drew the curtain, and in the casement of the window I saw by the light of the moon a woman leaning into the window through the casement, in white, with red hair, and pale and ghastly complexion. She spake loud, and in a tone I had never heard, thrice, 'A horse!' and then with a sigh more like the wind than breath, she vanished, and to me her body looked more like a thick cloud than substance. I was so much frightened that my hair stood on end, and my night-clothes fell off. I pulled and pinched your father, who never woke during the disorder I was in; but at last was much surprised to see me in this fright, and more so when I related the story and shewed him the window opened. Neither of us slept more that night, but he entertained me with telling me how much more these apparitions were usual in this country than in England; and we concluded the cause to be the great superstition of the Irish, and the want of that knowing faith which should defend them from the power of the Devil, which he exercises among them very much. About five o'clock the lady of the house came to see us, saying she had not been in bed all night, because a cousin O'Brien of hers, whose ancestors had owned that house, had desired her to stay with him in his chamber, and that he died at two o'clock, and she said: 'I wish you to have had no disturbance, for 'tis the custom of the place, that when any of the family are dying the shape of a woman appears in the window every night till they be dead. This woman was many ages ago got with child by the owner of this place, who murdered her in his garden, and flung her into the river under the window; but truly I thought not of it when I lodged you here, it being the best room in the house.' We made little reply to her speech, but disposed ourselves to be gone suddenly.

Domestic Diplomacy.

My husband had provided very good lodgings for us [at Bristol], and as soon as he could come home from the council, where he was at my arrival, he with all expressions of joy received me in his arms, and gave me a hundred pieces of gold, saying: 'I know thou that keeps my heart so well will keep my fortune, which from this I will ever put into thy hands as God shall bless me with increase;' and now I thought myself a perfect queen, and my husband so glorious a crown, that I more valued myself to be called by his name than born a princess; for I knew him very wise and very good, and his soul doated on me—upon which confidence I will tell you what happened. My Lady Rivers, a brave woman, and one that had suffered many thousand pounds loss for the king, and whom I had a great reverence for, and she a kindness for me as a kinswoman, in discourse she tacitly commended the knowledge of state affairs, and that some women were very happy in a good understanding thereof, as my Lady Aubigny, Lady Isabel Thynne, and divers others, and yet none was at first more capable than I; that in the night she knew there came a post from Paris from the queen, and that she would be extremely glad to hear what the queen commanded the king in order to his affairs, saying if I would ask my husband privately he would tell me what he found in the packet, and I might tell her. I, that was young and innocent, and to that day had never in my mouth 'What news?' began to think there was more inquiring into public affairs than I thought of, and that it being a fashionable thing would make me more beloved of my husband, if that had been possible, than I then was. When my husband returned home from council, after welcoming him, as his custom ever was he went with his handful of papers into his study for an hour or more. I followed him; he turned hastily and said: 'What wouldst thou have, my life?' I told him I heard the prince had received a packet from the queen, and I guessed it was that in his hand, and I desired to know what was in it. He smilingly replied: 'My love, I will immediately come to thee; pray thee, go, for I am very busy.' When he came out of his closet, I revived my suit; he kissed me, and talked of other things. At supper I would eat nothing; he as usual sat by me, and drank often to me, which was his custom, and was full of discourse to company that was at table. Going to bed, I asked again, and said I could not believe he loved me if he refused to tell me all he knew; but he answered nothing, but stopped my mouth with kisses. So we went to bed; I cried, and he went to sleep. Next morning early, as his custom was, he called to rise, but began to discourse with me first, to which I made no reply; he rose, came on the other side of the bed, and kissed me, and drew the curtains softly and went to court. When he came home to dinner, he presently came to me as was usual, and when I had him by the hand, I said: 'Thou dost not care to see me troubled;' to which he, taking me in his arms, answered: 'My dearest soul, nothing upon earth can afflict me like that: but when you asked me of my business, it was wholly

out of my power to satisfy thee; for my life and fortune shall be thine, and every thought of my heart in which the trust I am in may not be revealed; but my honour is my own, which I cannot preserve if I communicate the prince's affairs; and pray thee with this answer rest satisfied.' So great was his reason and goodness, that, upon consideration, it made my folly appear to me so vile, that from that day until the day of his death I never thought fit to ask him any business but what he communicated freely to me in order to his estate or family.

Lucy Hutchinson, born in 1620 in the Tower of London, was the daughter of its lieutenant, Sir Allan Apsley; in 1638 she married Colonel John Hutchinson (1615–64), governor afterwards of Nottingham Castle, and one of the judges of Charles I. During 1664–71 Mrs Hutchinson wrote *Memoirs* of her husband's life for her children's instruction, which were not designed for publication, and were first published by a collateral descendant, the Rev. Julius Hutchinson, in 1806. This peculiarly interesting and valuable narrative, besides adding to our knowledge of the Civil War in Nottinghamshire, sheds much light on the domestic life of the time, the position of women in society, and the state of education and manners. The unsought graces of the style and its obvious sincerity and truthfulness heighten the effect of a charming picture of a Puritan gentleman and a Puritan home; and the wifely affection conspicuous throughout (even the very exaggeration of her husband's merits and importance) stirs us to warm sympathy with both the author and the subject of the memoir, which is an undesigned rebutter of hundreds of royalist taunts and sneers levelled against Puritans as naturally all narrow-minded, bitter, and uncultured. Though he signed the sentence which condemned Charles I. to the scaffold, Colonel Hutchinson testified against Cromwell's usurpation, and lived in retirement till the Restoration. He was included then in the Act of Amnesty, but in 1663 was arrested on a groundless suspicion of treasonable conspiracy, and died after eleven months' imprisonment in Sandown Castle, Kent, 11th September 1664. Mrs Hutchinson was an exceptionally learned lady—knew French and Latin thoroughly, had some knowledge of Greek and Hebrew, and was well read in theology. She translated Lucretius into English verse, and part of the *Æneid* (both yet in MS.), and wrote two theological essays, published in 1817. In an autobiographical fragment prefixed to the *Memoirs*, Mrs Hutchinson describes her youthful precocity and early training thus:

> For my father and mother fancying me then beautiful, and more than ordinarily apprehensive, applied all their cares, and spared no cost to improve me in my education, which procured me the admiration of those that flattered my parents. By that time I was four years old I read English perfectly, and having a great memory, I was carried to sermons, and while I was very young could remember and repeat them exactly, and being caressed, the love of praise tickled me, and made me attend more heedfully. When I was about seven years of age, I remember I had at one time eight tutors in several qualities, languages, music, dancing, writing, and needlework; but my genius was quite averse from all but my book, and that I was so eager of, that my mother thinking it prejudiced my health, would moderate me in it; yet this rather animated me than kept me back, and every moment I could steal from my play I would employ in any book I could find, when my own were locked up from me. After dinner and supper I still had an hour allowed me to play, and then I would steal into some hole or other to read. My father would have me learn Latin, and I was so apt that I outstript my brothers who were at school, although my father's chaplain that was my tutor was a pitiful dull fellow. My brothers, who had a great deal of wit, had some emulation at the progress I made in my learning, which very well pleased my father, though my mother would have been contented I had not so wholly addicted myself to that as to neglect my other qualities: as for music and dancing, I profited very little in them, and would never practise my lute or harpsichords but when my masters were with me; and for my needle I absolutely hated it; play among other children I despised, and when I was forced to entertain such as came to visit me, I tired them with more grave instructions than their mothers, and pluckt all their babies to pieces, and kept the children in such awe that they were glad when I entertained myself with elder company; to whom I was very acceptable, and living in the house with many persons that had a great deal of wit; and very profitable serious discourses being frequent at my father's table and in my mother's drawing-room, I was very attentive to all, and gathered up things that I would utter again to great admiration of many that took my memory and imitation for wit. It pleased God that through the good instructions of my mother, and the sermons she carried me to, I was convinced that the knowledge of God was the most excellent study, and accordingly applied myself to it, and to practise as I was taught: I used to exhort my mother's maids much, and to turn their idle discourses to good subjects; but I thought, when I had done this on the Lord's day, and every day performed my due tasks of reading and praying, that then I was free to anything that was not sin, for I was not at that time convinced of the vanity of conversation which was not scandalously wicked, I thought it no sin to learn or hear witty songs and amorous sonnets or poems, and twenty things of that kind, wherein I was so apt that I became the confidante in all the loves that were managed among my mother's young women, and there was none of them but had many lovers and some particular friends beloved above the rest.

Even more classical is the picture of the sweet domesticities that rather furthered than hindered her (unpublished) translation of Lucretius:

> I turned it into English in a room where my children practised the several qualities they were taught with their tutors, and I numbered the syllables of my translation by the threads of the canvas I wrought in, and set them down with a pen and ink that stood by me.

Thus she records in the *Memoirs* how her husband defended himself (generally rather than explicitly) before the Convention Parliament of 1660:

Colonel Hutchinson on his Defence.

When it came to Inglesby's turn, he, with many tears, professt his repentance for that murther, and told a false tale, how Cromwell held his hand, and forced him to subscribe the sentence, and made a most whining recantation; after which he retired, and another had almost ended, when Colonel Hutchinson, who was not there at the beginning, came in, and was told what they were about, and that it would be expected he should say something. He was surprized with a thing he expected not, yet neither then nor in any the like occasion did he ever fail himself, but told them, 'that for his actings in those days, if he had erred, it was the inexperience of his age and the defect of his judgment, and not the malice of his heart, which had ever prompted him to pursue the general advantage of his country more than his own; and if the sacrifice of him might conduce to the publick peace and settlement, he should freely submit his life and fortunes to their dispose; that the vain expense of his age, and the great debts his public employments had run him into, as they were testimonies that neither avarice nor any other interest had carried him on, so they yielded him just cause to repent that he ever forsook his own blessed quiet to embark in such a troubled sea, where he had made shipwrack of all things but a good conscience. And as to that particular action of the king, he desired them to believe he had that sense of it that befitted an Englishman, a Christian, and a gentleman. What he expressed was to this effect, but so handsomely delivered that it generally tooke the whole house: only one gentleman stood up and said he had expressed himself as one that was much more sorry for the events and consequences than for the actions; but another replied that when a man's words might admit of two interpretations, it befitted gentlemen always to receive that which might be most favourable. As soon as the colonel had spoken, he retired into a room where Inglesby was, with his eyes yet red, who had called up a little spirit to succeed his whinings, and embracing Colonel Hutchinson: 'O colonel,' said he, 'did I ever imagine we could be brought to this! Could I have suspected it when I brought them Lambert in the other day, this sword should have redeemed us from being dealt with as criminals, by that people for whom we had so gloriously exposed ourselves.' The colonel told him he had foreseen, ever since those usurpers thrust out the lawful authority of the land to enthrone themselves, it could end in nothing else; but the integrity of his heart in all he had done made him as cheerfully ready to suffer as to triumph in a good cause. The result of the House that day was to suspend Colonel Hutchinson and the rest from sitting in the House. Monk, after all his great professions, now sate still, and had not one word to interpose for any person, but was as forward to set vengeance on foot as any man.

The Life of Colonel Hutchinson has been repeatedly reprinted; the best edition is that by Mr C. H. Firth (1885).

Margaret, Duchess of Newcastle (c.1624–74), was distinguished even more for her indefatigable pursuit of literature than for her faithful attachment to her lord in his long exile during the time of the Commonwealth. She was the youngest of the eight children of Sir Charles Lucas, of St John's, near Colchester, and in 1643 became a maid of honour to Henrietta Maria. Having accompanied the queen to France, she met with William Cavendish, Marquis (afterwards Duke) of Newcastle (1592–1676), and was married to him at Paris in 1645. The Marquis took up his residence at Antwerp till the troubles were over, and there Margaret wrote *Philosophical Fancies* and *Poems and Fancies*, both published in 1653. Her husband assisted her in her compositions, a circumstance which Horace Walpole ridiculed in his *Royal and Noble Authors;* and so industrious were the noble pair that they filled more than a dozen mighty volumes, folio, with plays, poems, orations, observations on experimental philosophy, &c., whilst the Duke by himself produced, besides plays and poems, two works upon horsemanship. His share in his wife's literary enterprises is sometimes expressly indicated, but was usually unimportant. 'It pleased God,' the Duchess Margaret said, 'to command his servant Nature to indue me with a poetical and philosophical genius even from my very birth.' In her dresses the Duchess was as peculiar as in her books. 'I took great delight,' she confesses, 'in attiring myself in fine dressing and fashions, especially such fashions as I did invent myself.' Of these we learn something from Secretary Pepys: 'Met my Lady Newcastle going with her coaches and footmen all in velvet; herself with her velvet cap, her hair about her ears, many black patches about her mouth, without anything about her neck, and a black vest fitted to the body.' Pepys afterwards saw her in her coach, with a hundred boys and girls running after her. The Duchess wrote an autobiography (1656), and a Life of her husband the Duke (1667), a work which Charles Lamb considered a jewel for which no casket was rich enough. There is a singular charm in the complete devotion of the writer to her husband (whom she ranks above Julius Cæsar), as well as in the picture presented of antiquated gallantry, chivalrous loyalty, and pure affection. After the Restoration they lived in this country, the Duke being mainly occupied in managing what was recoverable of his once vast estates. Loving and flattering one another, the Duke and Duchess lived on in their eccentric—and, in spite of their heavy losses, magnificent—way for many years; and when both were gone, a stately monument in Westminster Abbey bore record that there lay 'the loyal Duke of Newcastle and his Duchess,' adding, in language written by the Duchess, which Addison admired, 'Her name was Margaret Lucas, youngest sister to the Lord Lucas of Colchester; a noble family, for all the brothers were valiant, and all the sisters virtuous.' The philosophising of 'the Female Oracle,' mostly worthless, is, even when sound, wonderfully tedious, though sometimes enlightened by weighty and pithy sayings. Her plays are almost unreadable. Her most popular poem was *The Pastime and Recreation of the Queen of Fairies in Fairy Land.* It often echoes Shakespeare, but has some fine lines of the

Duchess's own, such as those descriptive of the elf queen:

She on a dewy leaf doth bathe,
And as she sits, the leaf doth wave;
There like a new-fallen flake of snow,
Doth her white limbs in beauty shew.
Her garments fair her maids put on,
Made of the pure light from the sun.

Mirth and Melancholy deals with allegorical personifications. The former woos the poetess to dwell with her, promising sport and pleasure, and drawing a gloomy but forcible sketch of her rival Melancholy:

Her voice is low, and gives a hollow sound;
She hates the light, and is in darkness found;
Or sits with blinking lamps, or tapers small,
Which various shadows make against the wall.
She loves nought else but noise which discord makes,
As croaking frogs whose dwelling is in lakes;
The raven's hoarse, the mandrake's hollow groan,
And shrieking owls which fly i' the night alone;
The tolling bell, which for the dead rings out;
A mill, where rushing waters run about;
The roaring winds, which shake the cedars tall,
Plough up the seas, and beat the rocks withal.
She loves to walk in the still moonshine night,
And in a thick dark grove she takes delight;
In hollow caves, thatched houses, and low cells,
She loves to live, and there alone she dwells.

These are fragments from the *Lives*:

The White-Coats.

Amongst the rest of his army, my lord had chosen for his own regiment of foot 3000 of such valiant, stout, and faithful men (whereof many were bred in the moorish grounds of the northern parts) that they were ready to die at my lord's feet, and never gave over, whensoever they were engaged in action, until they had either conquer'd the enemy or lost their lives. They were called White-Coats for this following reason: My lord being resolved to give them new liveries, and there being not red cloth enough to be had, took up so much of white as would serve to cloath them, desiring withal their patience until he had got it dyed; but they impatient of stay, requested my lord that he would be pleased to let them have it un-dyed as it was, promising they themselves would die it in the enemies blood: which request my lord granted them, and from that time they were called White-Coats.

The Duke's Diet.

In his diet he is so sparing and temperate, that he never eats nor drinks beyond his set proportion, so as to satisfie onely his natural appetite: he makes but one meal a day, at which he drinks two good glasses of small-beer, one about the beginning, the other at the end thereof, and a little glass of sack in the middle of his dinner; which glass of sack he also uses in the morning for his breakfast, with a morsel of bread. His supper consists of an egg and a draught of small-beer. And by this temperance he finds himself very healthful, and may yet live many years, he being now of the age of seventy three, which I pray God from my soul to grant him.

His Recreation and Exercise.

His prime pastime and recreation hath always been the exercise of mannage and weapons; which heroick arts he used to practise every day; but I observing that when he had over-heated himself, he would be apt to take cold, prevail'd so far that at last he left the frequent use of the mannage, using nevertheless still the exercise of weapons; and though he doth not ride himself so frequently as he hath done, yet he takes delight in seeing his horses of mannage rid by his escuyers, whom he instructs in that art for his own pleasure. But in the art of weapons (in which he has a method beyond all that ever were famous in it, found out by his own ingenuity and practice) he never taught any body but the now Duke of Buckingham, whose guardian he hath been, and his own two sons. The rest of his time he spends in musick, poetry, architecture and the like.

The *Lives* were edited in 1872 by Mr Lower, and in 1886 by Mr C. H. Firth. The Life of the Duchess and a selection from her poems and other works were edited by Mr Jenkins in 1872.

Richard Crashaw, the most mystical of the English poets, was the only child of William Crashaw (1572–1626), a Puritan incumbent of Whitechapel, himself a writer of religious poems as well as a strenuous controversialist. Richard, probably born in 1612, was educated at Charterhouse and Pembroke Hall, Cambridge, and was elected to a fellowship at Peterhouse in 1637. He spent much of the following years in religious offices and in writing devotional poetry, and, as the preface to his works tells us, 'like a primitive saint, offering more prayers by night than others usually offer in the day.' His intimacy with Nicholas Ferrar and his own Catholic tendencies led him and five other Fellows to refuse the Solemn League and Covenant, whereupon, in 1643, he was ejected by the Parliamentary Commissioners, found his way to Paris, endured great privation, and became a convert to the Roman Catholic faith. Through the friendship of Cowley, Crashaw obtained the notice of Henrietta Maria, then (1646) at Paris, and was recommended by her about 1648 to the dignitaries of the Church in Italy. At first attached to the service of Cardinal Palotta in Rome, he then became a sub-canon of the church of Loretto; and there he died in August 1649. Cowley honoured his memory in one of the finest elegies in the language (see page 644).

While at Cambridge, Crashaw published, in 1634, a volume of Latin poems and epigrams, in one of which—not otherwise noteworthy—occurs the famous line on the miracle at Cana:

Nympha pudica Deum vidit et erubuit.

The conceit is found already in a hymn of St Ambrose. Crashaw's not very perfect pentameter has been very variously Englished and quoted. The rendering by Pope's friend, Aaron Hill, is:

The bashful stream hath seen its God and blush'd;

and Dryden has it in this form:

The conscious water saw its God and blush'd.

Mr Grosart quotes a French version of it by Victor Hugo.

In 1646, on the eve of his departure for France, appeared Crashaw's English poems, *Steps to the Temple: Sacred Poems, with other Delights of the Muses.* The greater part of the volume consists of religious poetry, in which the poet addresses the Saviour, the Virgin Mary, and Mary Magdalene, with all the passionate earnestness and fervour of a lover. He had a warm admiration for the ecstatic writings of St Teresa, to whom two of his best poems or hymns are addressed. Of the hymns Coleridge says: 'These verses were ever present to my mind whilst writing the second part of *Christabel;* if indeed . . . they did not suggest the first thought of the whole poem.' In these flights into the third heavens, 'with all his garlands and singing robes about him,' Crashaw, whom Dr George Macdonald calls 'the loveliest of our angel-birds,' as hardly having a foothold on this world, but floating in the upper air of it, expatiates amidst

An hundred thousand loves and graces,
And many a mystic thing
Which the divine embraces
Of the dear Spouse of Spirits with them will bring;
For which it is no shame
That dull mortality must not know a name.

Such seem to have been his daily contemplations, the heavenly manna on which his young spirit fed with delight. This mystical mode of thought and fancy naturally led to exaggeration and to conceits. Conceits pervaded all the poetry of the time, and Crashaw could hardly escape the infection, even if there had not been in his case special predisposing causes. But amidst all his abstractions, metaphors, and apostrophes, Crashaw is seldom tedious. His imagination was only too copious, and what Coleridge called his 'power and opulence of invention,' at times wonderfully suggestive, was unbridled. Coleridge says he gave in his poems the full ebullience of his imagination, unshapen into form; and Swinburne notes the 'dazzling intricacy and affluence in refinement, the supple and cunning implication, the choiceness and subtlety,' of the poet. Though his ardour is genuine, at times his fantastic imagery and incongruous conceits tend to make solemn things all but ludicrous. But his versification is sometimes highly musical; and except Milton no poet of his day (not Cowley, whom his age preferred) is so rich in the genuine ore of poetry. He had much in common with George Herbert, but, if more melodious and less crabbed, is less simple and direct. Unhappily his life was short, and even in it he did not realise his own dream (page 680):

A happy soul, that all the way
To heaven hath a summer's day.

The poet was an accomplished scholar, and his translations from the Latin and Italian possess both force and beauty. He translated part of the *Sospetto d'Herode* from the Italian of Giambattista Marino (or Marini), from whom the overloading of poetry with conceits was called *stilo Marinesco* or Marinism; but Crashaw outdid Marino in Marinism, and to the Italian's conceits added many ornaments of his own.

Crashaw's motives in joining the Church of Rome were naturally suspected by unfriends in his own day, and, rather on theological than æsthetical grounds, Puritans like Prynne denounced him as a 'fickle shuttlecock' and 'pitiful wire-drawer.' In the reign of 'good taste and common sense' his poetry had few admirers: even during the romantic revival Hazlitt grouped him (oddly enough) with Donne and Davies, as having mistaken learning for poetry, and spoke unsympathetically of 'his seething brain' and of his 'pouring out his devout raptures and zealous enthusiasm in a torrent of poetical hyperboles.' Coleridge, as we have seen, proclaimed his direct influence on *Christabel;* parallels have been found in Shelley; and many poets and critics in the later half of the nineteenth century have acknowledged Crashaw's fascination.

Crashaw thus describes the abode of Satan:

Below the bottome of the great Abysse,
There, where one center reconciles all things,
The World's profound heart pants; there placed is
Mischiefe's old master; close about him clings
A curl'd knot of embracing snakes, that kisse
His correspondent cheekes: these loathsome strings
Hold the perverse prince in eternal ties
Fast bound, since first he forfeited the skies. . . .

Struck with these great concurrences of things,
Symptomes so deadly unto Death and him,
Faine would he have forgot what fatall strings
Eternally bind each rebellious limbe;
He shooke himselfe, and spread his spatious wings,
Which like two bosom'd sailes, embrace the dimme
Aire with a dismall shade, but all in vaine:
Of sturdy adamant is his strong chaine.

While thus Heav'n's highest counsails, by the low
Footsteps of their effects, he trac'd too well,
He tost his troubled eyes—embers that glow
Now with new rage, and wax too hot for Hell;
With his foule clawes he fenc'd his furrowed brow,
And gave a gastly shreeke, whose horrid yell
Ran trembling through the hollow vault of Night,
The while his twisted tayle he gnaw'd for spight.

The judge of torments and the king of teares,
He fills a burnisht throne of quenchlesse fire:
And for his old faire roabes of light, he weares
A gloomy mantle of darke flames; the tire
That crownes his hated head on high appeares:
Where seav'n tall hornes (his empire's pride) aspire.
And to make up Hell's majesty, each horne
Seav'n crested Hydras, horribly adorne.

His eyes, the sullen dens of Death and Night,
Startle the dull ayre with a dismall red:
Such his fell glances, as the fatall light
Of staring comets, that looke kingdomes dead.
From his black nostrills and blew lips, in spight
Of Hell's owne stinke, a worser stench is spread.
His breath Hell's lightning is: and each deepe groane
Disdaines to think that Heav'n thunders alone.

His flaming eyes' dire exhalation,
Unto a dreadfull pile gives fiery breath;
Whose unconsum'd consumption preys upon
The never-dying life of a long death.
In this sad house of slow destruction,
(His shop of flames) hee fryes himself, beneath
A masse of woes; his teeth for torment gnash,
While his steele sides sound with his tayle's strong lash.

Satan remembers his own quarrel with Heaven, and notes that his future prospects are darker:

Heaven's golden-winged herald late he saw
To a poore Galilean virgin sent; . . .
Mad with spight,
He markt how the poore shepheards ran to pay
Their simple tribute to the Babe whose Birth
Was the great businesse both of Heav'n and earth.

He cannot comprehend

That He Whom the sun serves should faintly peepe
Through clouds of infant flesh: that He the old
Eternall Word should be a child, and weepe:
That He Who made the fire should feare the cold:
That Heav'n's high Majesty His court should keepe
In a clay-cottage by each blast control'd:
That Glories Self should serve our griefs and feares,
And from Eternity submit to yeares.

Yet he sees that his power is seriously threatened, fears that hell too may be wrested from him, and takes counsel with the powers of hell, and commissions Cruelty to go and stir up Herod to jealousy and suspicion against the Babe (hence the title of the poem), and to take steps at once to defend himself and carry out Satan's schemes.

The beginning of *Sainte Mary Magdalene or the Weeper* is characteristic:

Hail, sister springs!
Parents of sylver-footed rills!
Ever-bubling things!
Thawing crystall! Snowy hills
Still spending, never spent! I mean
Thy fair eyes, sweet Magdalene!

Heavens thy fair eyes be;
Heavens of ever-falling starres.
'Tis seed-time still with thee;
And starres thou sow'st, whose harvest dares
Promise the Earth to counter-shine
Whatever makes heavn's forehead fine.

The Flaming Heart ('upon the book and picture of the Seraphical Saint Teresa, as she is usually expressed with a seraphim biside her') ends thus:

O thou undanted daughter of desires!
By all thy dowr of lights and fires;
By all the eagle in thee, all the dove;
By all thy lives and deaths of love;
By thy large draughts of intellectuall day,
And by thy thirsts of love more large then they;
By all thy brim-fill'd bowles of feirce desire,
By thy last morning's draught of liquid fire;
By the full kingdome of that finall kisse
That seiz'd thy parting soul, and seal'd thee His;
By all the Heav'n thou hast in Him
(Fair sister of the seraphim!);
By all of Him we have in thee,
Leave nothing of my self in me.
Let me so read thy life that I
Unto all life of mine may dy.

The first of the following elaborate similes little allegories reminds us of a passage in Jer Taylor's *Holy Dying*, and the second of on Shakespeare's best-known sonnets:

I 've seen indeed the hopefull bud
Of a ruddy rose that stood
Blushing to behold the ray
Of the new-saluted Day;
His tender toppe not fully spread;
The sweet dash of a shower new shead,
Invited him no more to hide
Within himselfe the purple pride
Of his forward flower; when lo,
While he sweetly 'gan to shew
His swelling gloryes, Auster spide him;
Cruel Auster thither hy'd him,
And with the rush of one rude blast
Sham'd not spitefully to wast
All his leaves so fresh and sweet,
And lay them trembling at his feet.
I 've seen the Morning's lovely ray
Hover o'er the new-borne Day,
With rosie wings, so richly bright,
As if he scorned to thinke of Night,
When a ruddy storme, whose scowle
Made heaven's radiant face looke foule,
Call'd for an untimely night
To blot the newly blossomed light.
But were the roses' blush so rare,
Were the Morning's smile so faire
As is he, nor cloud nor wind
But would be courteous, would be kind.

Amidst his visions of angels ascending descending, Crashaw had little time to de to earthly love. But the second part of the S is mainly secular, and contains elegies, epita and even verses in praise of women. We q entire his version of *Musick's Duell*, based, the paraphrase in Ford's *Lover's Melancholy* page 481), on the Latin of the Roman Jesuit fessor Strada. It is a version, not a translat and much of the substance is Crashaw's own:

Now westward Sol had spent the richest beams
Of noon's high glory, when, hard by the streams
Of Tiber, on the sceane of a greene plat,
Under protection of an oake there sate
A sweet Lute's-master, in whose gentle aires
He lost the daye's heat, and his owne hot cares.
Close in the covert of the leaves there stood
A Nightingale, come from the neighbouring wood
(The sweet inhabitant of each glad tree,
Their muse, their syren, harmless syren she).
There stood she listning, and did entertaine
The musick's soft report, and mold the same
In her owne murmures, that whatever mood
His curious fingers lent, her voyce made good:
The man perceiv'd his rivall, and her art,
Dispos'd to give the light-foot lady sport,
Awakes his lute, and 'gainst the fight to come
Informs it in a sweet præludium

:aines, and ere the warre begin,
ıkirmishes on every string,
h a flying touch: and streightway she
ıer dainty voyce as readily,
ıand sweet distinguish'd tones,
s up in soft divisions
ımes of wild notes; to let him know
ll taste, she could do something too.
le hands' instinct then taught each string
heerefullnesse; and made them sing
ne dance; now negligently rash
his arme, and with a long drawne dash
ogether; then distinctly tripps
› that; then quicke returning skipps
:s this again, and pauses there.
res every measure, every where
ith art; sometimes as if in doubt,
yet, and fearing to be out,
plaine ditty in one long-spun note
: sleeke passage of her open throat,
wrinckled song; then doth shee point it
· accents, and severely joynt it
ninutives, that being rear'd
rting warbles evenly shar'd,
veet selfe shee wrangles. Hee amazed
›o small a channell should be rais'd
of a voyce, whose melody
into such sweet variety,
ıer yet, that tickled with rare art
strings (each breathing in his part)
· doe fall out; the grumbling base
ıans disdaines the treble's grace;
:rch't treble chirps at this, and chides,
nger (Moderatour) hides
the sweet quarrell, rowsing all,
ill at once; as when the trumpets call
› th' harvest of Death's field, and woo
s into their hands: this lesson too
him back; her supple brest thrills out
ı, and staggers in a warbling doubt
sweetnesse, hovers o're her skill,
ı wav'd notes with a trembling bill
series of her slippery song;
shee suddenly into a throng
icke sobs, whose thundring volleyes float
hemselves over her lubrick throat
ıurmurs, 'still'd out of her breast,
ubling spring; the sugred nest
ious soule, that there does lye
ıtreames of liquid melodie;
st seed-plot, whence in ripen'd aires
:aded harvest fairly reares
lropping tops, plow'd by her breath,
: reciprocally labloureth
:t soyle; it seemes a holy quire
th' name of great Apollo's lyre,
:r-roofe rings with the sprightly notes
›p'd angel-imps, that swill their throats
ıf morning Helicon, and then
t-anthems to the eares of men,
ın from their beds, still murmuring
an sleepe while they their mattens sing
e service), whose so early lay
: eye-lidds of the blushing Day!
night heare her kindle her soft voyce,
murmur of a sparkling noyse,

And lay the ground-worke of her hopefull song,
Still keeping in the forward streame, so long,
Till a sweet whirle-wind (striving to get out)
Heaves her soft bosome, wanders round about,
And makes a pretty earthquake in her breast,
Till the fledg'd notes at length forsake their nest,
Fluttering in wanton shoales, and to the sky,
Wing'd with their owne wild ecchos, pratling fly.
Shee opes the floodgate, and lets loose a tide
Of streaming sweetnesse, which in state doth ride
On the wav'd backe of every swelling straine,
Rising and falling in a pompous traine.
And while she thus discharges a shrill peale
Of flashing aires, she qualifies their zeale
With the coole epode of a graver noat,
Thus high, thus low, as if her silver throat
Would reach the brazen voyce of War's hoarce bird;
Her little soule is ravisht, and so pour'd
Into loose extasies, that she is plac't
Above her selfe, Musick's Enthusiast.
Shame now and anger mixt a double staine
In the Musitian's face; yet once againe,
Mistresse! I come; now reach a straine, my lute,
Above her mocke, or be for ever mute;
Or tune a song of victory to me,
Or to thy selfe, sing thine own obsequie:
So said, his hands sprightly as fire, he flings
And with a quavering coynesse tasts the strings.
The sweet-lip't sisters, musically frighted,
Singing their feares, are fearefully delighted,
Trembling as when Apollo's golden haires
Are fan'd and frizled, in the wanton ayres
Of his own breath, which marryed to his lyre
Doth tune the spheares, and make Heaven's selfe looke higher.
From this to that, from that to this he flyes,
Feeles Musick's pulse in all her arteryes;
Caught in a net which there Apollo spreads,
His fingers struggle with the vocall threads.
Following those little rills, he sinkes into
A sea of Helicon; his hand does goe
Those pathes of sweetnesse which with nectar drop,
Softer than that which pants in Hebe's cup.
The humourous strings expound his learnèd touch,
By various glosses; now they seeme to grutch,
And murmur in a buzzing dinne, then gingle
In shrill-tongu'd accents, striving to be single.
Every smooth turne, every delicious stroake
Gives life to some new grace; thus doth h' invoke
Sweetnesse by all her names; thus, bravely thus
(Fraught with a fury so harmonious)
The lute's light genius now does proudly rise,
Heav'd on the surges of swolne rapsodyes,
Whose flourish (meteor-like) doth curle the aire
With flash of high-borne fancyes: here and there
Dancing in lofty measures, and anon
Creeps on the soft touch of a tender tone,
Whose trembling murmurs melting in wild aires
Runs to and fro, complaining his sweet cares,
Because those pretious mysteryes that dwell
In Musick's ravish't soule he dares not tell,
But whisper to the world: thus doe they vary
Each string his note, as if they meant to carry
Their Master's blest soule (snatcht out at his eares
By a strong extasy) through all the spheares
Of Musick's heaven, and seat it there on high
In th' empyræum of pure harmony.

At length (after so long, so loud a strife
Of all the strings, still breathing the best life
Of blest variety, attending on
His fingers fairest revolution
In many a sweet rise, many as sweet a fall)
A full-mouth'd diapason swallowes all.
This done, he lists what she would say to this,
And she, (although her breath's late exercise
Had dealt too roughly with her tender throate,)
Yet summons all her sweet powers for a noate.
Alas! in vaine! for while (sweet soule!) she tryes
To measure all those wild diversities
Of chatt'ring strings, by the small size of one
Poore simple voyce, rais'd in a naturall tone;
She failes, and failing grieves, and grieving dyes.
She dyes: and leaves her life the Victor's prise,
Falling upon his lute: O, fit to have
(That liv'd so sweetly) dead so sweet a grave!

Wishes.

To his Supposed Mistresse.

Who ere she be,
That not impossible she
That shall command my heart and me;

Where ere she lye,
Lock't up from mortall eye,
In shady leaves of Destiny;

Till that ripe birth
Of studied Fate stand forth,
And teach her faire steps tread our Earth;

Till that divine
Idæa take a shrine
Of chrystall flesh, through which to shine;

Meet you her, my wishes,
Bespeake her to my blisses,
And be ye call'd, my absent kisses.

I wish her beauty
That owes not all its duty
To gaudy tire or glistring shoo-tye.
. . . . . .
More than the spoyle
Of shop, or silkeworme's toyle,
Or a bought blush, or a set smile.

A face that's best
By its owne beauty drest,
And can alone commend the rest.
. . . . . .
A cheeke where Youth,
And blood, with pen of Truth
Write what their reader sweetly ru'th.
. . . . . .
Lipps, where all day
A lover's kisse may play,
Yet carry nothing thence away.
. . . . . .
Eyes, that displace
The neighbour diamond, and out-face
That sunshine, by their own sweet grace.

Tresses, that weare
Jewells but to declare
How much themselves more pretious are. . . .

Dayes, that need borrow
No part of their good morrow
From a fore-spent night of sorrow.
. . . . . .
Life, that dares send
A challenge to his end,
And when it comes say, Welcome friend!

Sydnæan showers
Of sweet discourse, whose powers
Can crown old Winter's head with flowers.

Soft silken hours;
Open sunnes; shady bowers;
'Bove all, nothing within that lowers.

What ere delight
Can make Daye's forehead bright,
Or give downe to the wings of Night.
. . . . . .
I wish her store
Of worth may leave her poore
Of wishes; and I wish——no more.

From 'In Praise of Lessius' Rule of Health.'

Heark hither, reader! wilt thou see
Nature her own physician be?
Wilt see a man all his own wealth,
His own musick, his own health?
A man whose sober soul can tell
How to wear her garments well?
Her garments, that upon her sit,
As garments should do, close and fit?
A well-clothed soul that's not opprest
Nor choked with what she should be drest?
A soul sheath'd in a crystall shrine,
Through which all her bright features shine?
As when a piece of wanton lawn,
A thin aërial vail, is drawn
O're Beauty's face, seeming to hide,
More sweetly shews the blushing bride;
A soul whose intellectual beams
No mists do mask, no lazie steams?
A happie soul, that all the way
To Heav'n hath a Summer's day?
Would'st see a man whose well-warmed bloud
Bathes him in a genuine floud?
A man whose tuned humours be
A seat of rarest harmonie?
Would'st see blithe looks, fresh cheeks, beguil
Age? Would'st see December smile?
Would'st see a nest of roses grow
In a bed of reverend snow?
Warm thoughts, free spirits flattering
Winter's self into a Spring?
In sum, would'st see a man that can
Live to be old, and still a man?
Whose latest and most leaden houres
Fall with soft wings, stuck with soft flowres,
And when Life's sweet fable ends,
His soul and bodie part like friends;
No quarrels, murmures, no delay;
A kisse, a sigh, and so away?
This rare one, reader, wouldst thou see,
Heark hither: and thyself be he.

Part of an ode prefixed to a little prayer-book given to a young gentlewoman.

Lo! here a little volume, but great book
(Feare it not, sweet,
It is no hipocrit),
Much larger in itselfe than in its looke.
A nest of new-born sweets;
Whose native fires, disdaining
To ly thus folded and complaining
Of these ignoble sheets,
Affect more comly bands
(Fair one) from thy kind hands;
And confidently look
To find the rest
Of a rich binding in your breast.
It is, in one choise handfull, Heavn and all
Heavn's royall host incampt thus small;
To prove that true, schooles use to tell,
Ten thousand angels in one point can dwell.
It is Love's great artillery,
Which here contracts it self, and comes to ly
Close couch't in your white bosom, and from thence,
As from a snowy fortress of defence,
Against the ghostly foe to take your part,
And fortify the hold of your chast heart.
It is an armory of light:
Let constant use but keep it bright,
You'l find it yields
To holy hands and humble hearts,
More swords and sheilds
Than sin hath snares or Hell hath darts.
Only be sure
The hands be pure
That hold these weapons, and the eyes
Those of turtles, chaste and true,
Wakefull and wise,
Here is a freind shall fight for you.
Hold but this book before your heart,
Let Prayer alone to play his part.
But O the heart
That studyes this high art
Must be a sure housekeeper,
And yet no sleeper.

Dear soul, be strong!
Mercy will come e're long,
And bring his bosome full of blessings—
Flowers of never-fading graces,
To make immortal dressings,
For worthy soules whose wise embraces
Store up themselves for Him Who is alone
The spouse of virgins and the Virgin's son.

From 'Hymn to the Name above every Name, the Name of Jesus.'

Come, lovely Name! Life of our hope!
Lo, we hold our hearts wide ope!
Unlock Thy cabinet of Day,
Dearest Sweet, and come away.
Lo, how the thirsty Lands
Gasp for thy golden showres, with long-stretcht hands!
Lo, how the laboring Earth,
That hopes to be
All Heaven by thee,
Leapes at Thy birth!
The attending World, to wait Thy rise,
First turn'd to eyes;
And then, not knowing what to doe,
Turn'd them to teares, and spent them too.
Come, royall Name! and pay the expence
Of all this pretious patience:
O come away
And kill the death of this delay!
O see, so many worlds of barren yeares
Melted and measur'd out in seas of teares:
Oh, see the weary liddes of wakefull hope
(Love's eastern windowes) all wide ope
With curtains drawn,
To catch the daybreak of Thy dawn.
Oh, dawn at last, long-lookt-for day!
Take Thine own wings and come away.
Lo, where aloft it comes! It comes among
The conduct of adoring spirits, that throng
Like diligent bees, and swarm about it.
O, they are wise,
And know what sweetes are suck't from out it.
It is the hive
By which they thrive,
Where all their hoard of hony lies.
Lo, where it comes, upon the snowy Dove's
Soft back, and brings a bosom big with loves.
Welcome to our dark world, thou womb of Day!
Unfold Thy fair conceptions, and display
The birth of our bright joyes
. . . . . .
Sweet Name! in Thy each syllable
A thousand blest Arabias dwell;
A thousand hills of frankincense;
Mountains of myrrh and beds of spices,
And ten thousand paradises,
The soul that tasts Thee takes from thence.
How many unknown worlds there are
Of comforts, which Thou hast in keeping!
How many thousand mercyes there
In Pitty's soft lap ly a-sleeping!
Happy he who has the art
To awake them,
And to take them
Home, and lodge them in his heart.
Oh, that it were as it was wont to be!
When Thy old freinds, on fire all full of Thee,
Fought against frowns with smiles; gave glorious chase
To persecutions; and against the face
Of Death and feircest dangers, durst with brave
And sober pace march on to meet a grave!
On their bold brests about the world they bore Thee,
And to the teeth of Hell stood up to teach Thee;
In centre of their inmost soules they wore Thee,
Where rackes and torments striv'd in vain to reach Thee.
Little, alas, thought they
Who tore the fair breasts of Thy freinds,
Their fury but made way
For Thee, and serv'd them in Thy glorious ends.
What did their weapons, but with wider pores
Inlarge Thy flaming-brested lovers,
More freely to transpire
That impatient fire
The heart that hides Thee hardly covers?
What did their weapons but sett wide the doores
For Thee? fair purple doores of Love's devising;
The ruby windowes which inricht the east

Of Thy so oft-repeated rising!
Each wound of theirs was Thy new morning,
And re-enthroned Thee in Thy rosy nest,
With blush of Thine Own blood Thy day adorning:
It was the witt of love oreflowd the bounds
Of wrath, and made Thee way through all these wounds.
Welcome, dear, all-adored Name!
For sure there is no knee
That knows not Thee;
Or if there be such sonns of shame,
Alas! what will they doe
When stubborn rocks shall bow,
And hills hang down their heavn-saluting heads
To seek for humble beds
Of dust, where, in the bashfull shades of night,
Next to their own low Nothing they may ly,
And couch before the dazeling light of Thy dread Majesty.
They that by Love's mild dictate now
Will not adore Thee,
Shall then with just confusion bow
And break before thee.

The *Steps* of 1646 were reprinted in 1648; and as *Carmen Deo Nostro* (from one of the poems), with twelve vignettes from Crashaw's own designs, but without the translations from Marino and Strada, in 1652. There are poorer editions or selections (1670, 1775, and 1858), but the fullest is that by Grosart (for the Fuller Worthies Library, 1872). W. Tutin published a selection from the Poems in 1887 and 1893; the *English Poems*, almost quite complete, in 2 vols. in 1900; and, separately, the secular poems as *The Delights of the Muses* (1 vol. 1900). And see Professor Dowden's *Puritan and Anglican* (1901).

Henry Vaughan (1622–95), long regarded with disdain as 'one of the harshest of the inferior order of the poetic school of conceits,' is now classed with George Herbert and Crashaw as a religious poet of exquisite feeling and fancy, tender and delicate expression, and meditative mysticism; though much of what he wrote is uncouth and obscure, dull and tedious, broken only occasionally by noble thoughts. Born at the farmhouse of Newton, near Skethiog, in the parish of Llansaintffraed in Brecon, on 17th April 1622, he called himself 'Silurist' as a native of the territory of the ancient Silures; and he was twin-brother of Thomas Vaughan (1622–66), the alchemist. The brothers studied at Jesus College, Oxford, and shared the loyalty of their family for the royal cause. Both of them suffered imprisonment and deprivation, although only Thomas actually bore arms for the king. Early a devoted admirer of Ben Jonson, Randolph, and the other poets of the day, in 1646 he published his first *Poems, with the Tenth Satyre of Juvenal Englished*. He now studied medicine, became M.D., and settled down to practise first at Brecon, and then at his birthplace. *Olor Iscanus* ('Swan of Usk'), a collection of poems and translations, was sent to his brother in Oxford, and published without authority in 1651. A serious illness deepened his religious convictions, and henceforward time and eternity, sin and grace, were his main themes. *Silex Scintillans* ('Sparks from the Flint;' two parts, 1650–55) are religious poems and meditations. *Flores Solitudinis* and *The Mount of Olives* (1652) are devotional prose pieces. *Thalia Rediviva: the Pastimes and Diversions of a Countrey Muse* (1678), is a collection of poems by the twin-brothers—elegies, translations, religious verses. Henry Vaughan died 23rd April 1695; and his grave in Llansaintffraed churchyard was restored in 1896. The close similarity between Vaughan's *Retreate* and Wordsworth's famous ode on *Intimations of Immortality* has often and justly been dwelt on. The earlier poem is at least an intimation or forerunner of the more famous one. The *Retreate* and *Beyond the Veil* are universally counted amongst the purest and most exquisite reflective pieces of the age in which Vaughan lived. He complains of the proverbial poverty and suffering of poets:

As they were merely thrown upon the stage,
The mirth of fools, and legends of the age.

But he was not without hopes of renown, and he wished the river of his native vale, the Usk, to share in the distinction:

When I am laid to rest hard by thy streams,
And my sun sets where first it sprang in beams,
I'll leave behind me such a large kind light
As shall redeem thee from oblivious night,
And in these vows which, living yet, I pay,
Shed such a precious and enduring ray,
As shall from age to age thy fair name lead
Till rivers leave to run, and men to read!

Early Rising and Prayer.

When first thy eyes unveil, give thy soul leave
To do the like; our bodies but forerun
The spirit's duty: true hearts spread and heave
Unto their God, as flowers do to the sun:
Give Him thy first thoughts then, so shalt thou keep
Him company all day, and in Him sleep.

Yet never sleep the sun up; prayer shou'd
Dawn with the day: there are set awful hour
'Twixt heaven and us; the manna was not good
After sunrising; fair day sullies flowres:
Rise to prevent the sun; sleep doth sins glut,
And heaven's gate opens when this world's is shut.

Walk with thy fellow-creatures; note the hush
And whispers amongst them. There 's not a spring
Or leafe but hath his morning-hymn; each bush
And oak doth know I AM. Canst thou not sing?
O leave thy cares and follies! Go this way,
And thou art sure to prosper all the day.

Serve God before the world; let Him not go
Until thou hast a blessing; then resigne
The whole unto Him; and remember who
Prevailed by wrestling ere the sun did shine.
Pour oyl upon the stones, weep for thy sin,
Then journey on, and have an eie to heav'n.

Mornings are mysteries; the first world's youth,
Man's resurrection, and the future's bud,
Shroud in their births; the crown of life, light, truth,
Is styled their 'starre,' the 'stone,' and 'hidden food.'
Three blessings wait upon them, two of which
Should move; they make us holy, happy, rich.

When the world 's up, and every swarm abroad,
Keep well thy temper; mix not with each clay;
Dispatch necessities; life hath a load
Which must be carri'd on, and safely may;
Yet keep those cares without thee; let the heart
Be God's alone, and choose the better part. . . .

(From *Silex Scintillans.*)

From 'The Rainbow.'

Still young and fine! but what is still in view
We slight as old and soil'd, though fresh and new.
How bright wert thou when Shem's admiring eye
Thy burnisht flaming arch did first descry!
When Terah, Nahor, Haran, Abram, Lot,
The youthful world's gray fathers, in one knot
Did with intentive looks watch every hour
For thy new light, and trembled at each shower!
When thou dost shine, darkness looks white and fair,
Forms turn to musick, clouds to smiles and air:
Rain gently spends his honey-drops, and pours
Balm on the cleft earth, milk on grass and flowers.
Bright pledge of peace and sunshine! the sure tye
Of my Lord's hand, the object of his eye!
When I behold thee, though my light be dim,
Distinct, and low, I can in thine see Him,
Who looks upon thee from his glorious throne,
And mindes the covenant 'twixt all and One. . . .

(From *Silex Scintillans.*)

Monsieur Gombauld.

[From *Olor Iscanus.* Written after reading the romance *Endymion*, by the French Protestant poet J. O. de Gombauld (1570–1666), which was translated in 1637.]

I 'ave read thy soul's faire night-peece, and have seen
Th' amours and courtship of the silent queen;
Her stoln descents to earth, and what did move her
To juggle first with heav'n, then with a lover;
With Latmos' lowder rescue, and, alas!
To find her out, a hue and crie in brasse;
Thy journall of deep mysteries, and sad
Nocturnall pilgrimage; with thy dreams clad
In fancies darker than thy cave; thy glasse
Of sleepie draughts; and as thy soul did passe
In her calm voyage, what discourse she heard
Of spirits, what dark groves and ill-shap'd guard
Ismena led thee through; with thy proud flight
O'r Periardes, and deep-musing night
Near fair Eurota' banks; what solemn green
The neighbour shades weare; and what forms are seen
In their large bowers, with that sad path and seat
Which none but light-heel'd nymphs and fairies beat;
Their solitary life, and how exempt
From common frailty, the severe contempt
They have of man, their priviledge to live
A tree or fountain, and in that reprieve
What ages they consume: with the sad vale
Of Diophania; and the mournfull tale
Of th' bleeding, vocall myrtle: these and more,
Thy richer thoughts, we are upon the score
To thy rare fancy for. Nor doest thou fall
From thy first majesty, or ought at all
Betray consumption. Thy full vig'rous bayes
Wear the same green, and scorne the lene decayes
Of stile or matter; just so I have known
Some chrystal spring, that from the neighbour down
Deriv'd her birth, in gentle murmurs steal
To the next vale, and proudly there reveal
Her streams in lowder accents, adding still
More noise and waters to her channell, till
At last, swoln with increase, she glides along
The lawnes and meadows, in a wanton throng
Of frothy billows, and in one great name
Swallows the tributary brooks' drown'd fame.
Nor are they meere inventions, for we
In th' same peece find scatter'd philosophie
And hidden, dispers't truths, that enfolded lye
In the dark shades of deep allegorie,
So neatly weav'd, like arras, they descrie
Fables with truth, fancy with mysterie.
So that thou hast, in this thy curious mould,
Cast that commended mixture wish'd of old,
Which shall these contemplations render far
Lesse mutable, and lasting as their star;
And while there is a people, or a sunne,
Endymion's storie with the moon shall runne.

From 'The Timber.'

Sure thou didst flourish once, and many springs,
Many bright mornings, much dew, many showers,
Passed ore thy head; many light hearts and wings
Which now are dead, lodg'd in thy living bowers.

And still a new succession sings and flies,
Fresh groves grow up, and their green branches shoot
Towards the old and still enduring skies,
While the low violet thrives at their root.

But thou beneath the sad and heavy line
Of death, doth waste all senseless, cold, and dark,
Where not so much as dreams of light may shine,
Nor any thought of greenness, leaf, or bark.

And yet as if some deep hate and dissent,
Bred in thy growth betwixt high winds and thee,
Were still alive, thou dost great storms resent
Before they come, and know'st how near they be.

Else all at rest thou lyest, and the fierce breath
Of tempests can no more disturb thy ease;
But this thy strange resentment after death
Means onely those who broke, in life, thy peace.

So murthered man, when lovely life is done,
And his blood freez'd, keeps in the center still
Some secret sense, which makes the dead blood run
At his approach that did the body kill.

And is there any murth'rer worse than sin?
Or any storms more foul than a lewd life?
Or what resentient can work more within
Then true remorse, when with past sins at strife?

The Retreate.

Happy those early dayes, when I
Shin'd in my angell-infancy!
Before I understood this place
Appointed for my second race,
Or taught my soul to fancy ought
But a white, celestiall thought;
When yet I had not walkt above
A mile or two from my first love,
And looking back, at that short space,
Could see a glimpse of His bright face;

When on some gilded cloud, or flowre,
My gazing soul would dwell an houre,
And in those weaker glories spy
Some shadows of eternity;
Before I taught my tongue to wound
My conscience with a sinfull sound,
Or had the black art to dispence
A sev'rall sinne to ev'ry sence,
But felt through all this fleshly dresse
Bright shootes of everlastingnesse.
O how I long to travell back,
And tread again that ancient track!
That I might once more reach that plaine,
Where first I left my glorious traine;
From whence th' inlightned spirit sees
That shady City of palme trees.
But ah! my soule with too much stay
Is drunk, and staggers in the way!
Some men a forward motion love,
But I by backward steps would move;
And when this dust falls to the urn,
In that state I came, return.

Beyond the Veil.

They are all gone into the world of light!
And I alone sit lingring here;
Their very memory is fair and bright,
And my sad thoughts doth clear.

It glows and glitters in my cloudy brest,
Like stars upon some gloomy grove,
Or those faint beams in which this hill is drest,
After the sun's remove.

I see them walking in an air of glory,
Whose light doth trample on my days:
My days, which are at best but dull and hoary,
Meer glimering and decays.

O holy Hope! and high Humility,
High as the heavens above!
These are your walks, and you have shew'd them me,
To kindle my cold love.

Dear, beauteous Death! the jewel of the just,
Shining no where but in the dark;
What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust,
Could man outlook that mark!

He that hath found some fledg'd bird's nest may know
At first sight if the bird be flown;
But what fair well or grove he sings in now,
That is to him unknown.

And yet, as angels in some brighter dreams
Call to the soul, when man doth sleep:
So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted theams,
And into glory peep.

If a star were confin'd into a tomb,
Her captive flames must needs burn there;
But when the hand that lockt her up gives room,
She 'l shine through all the sphære.

O Father of eternal life, and all
Created glories under Thee!
Resume Thy spirit from this world of thrall
Into true liberty.

Either disperse these mists, which blot and fill
My perspective still as they pass:
Or else remove me hence unto that hill,
Where I shall need no glass.

(From *Silex Scintillans*)

Childe-hood.

I cannot reach it; and my striving eye
Dazles at it as at eternity.
Were now that Chronicle alive,
Those white designs which children drive,
And the thoughts of each harmless hour,
With their content too in my pow'r,
Quickly would I make my path ev'n,
And by meer playing go to Heaven.

Why should men love
A wolf more than a lamb or dove?
Or choose hell-fire and brimstone streams
Before bright-stars and God's own beams?
Who kisseth thorns will hurt his face,
But flowers do both refresh and grace;
And sweetly living—fie on men!
Are, when dead, medicinal then;
If seeing much should make staid eyes,
And long experience should make wise;
Since all that age doth teach is ill,
Why should I not love childe-hood still?
Why, if I see a rock or shelf,
Shall I from thence cast down my self?
Or by complying with the world,
From the same precipice be hurl'd?
Those observations are but foul,
Which make me wise to lose my soul.

And yet the practice worldlings call
Business, and weighty action all,
Checking the poor childe for his play,
But gravely cast themselves away.

Dear, harmless age! the short, swift span
Where weeping Virtue parts with man;
Where love without lust dwells, and bends
What way we please without self-ends.

An age of mysteries! which he
Must live twice that would God's face see;
Which angels guard, and with it play,
Angels! which foul men drive away.

How do I study now, and scan
Thee more than ere I studyed man,
And onely see through a long night
Thy edges and thy bordering light
O for thy center and mid-day!
For sure that is 'the narrow way!'

The World.

I saw Eternity the other night,
Like a great ring of pure and endless light,
All calm, as it was bright;
And round beneath it, Time in hours, days, years,
Driv'n by the spheres
Like a vast shadow mov'd; in which the world
And all her train were hurl'd.
The doting lover in his quaintest strain
Did there complain;
Neer him, his lute, his fancy, and his slights,
Wit's sour delights,

With gloves, and knots, the silly snares of pleasure,
Yet his dear treasure,
All scatter'd lay, while he his eyes did pour
Upon a flowr.

The darksome statesman, hung with weights and woe,
Like a thick midnight-fog, mov'd there so slow,
He did not stay, nor go;
Condemning thoughts—like sad eclipses—scowl
Upon his soul,
And clouds of crying witnesses without
Pursued him with one shout.
Yet digg'd the mole, and lest his ways be found,
Workt under ground,
Where he did clutch his prey; but one did see
That policie;
Churches and altars fed him; perjuries
Were gnats and flies;
It rain'd about him bloud and tears, but he
Drank them as free.

The fearfull miser on a heap of rust
Sate pining all his life there, did scarce trust
His own hands with the dust,
Yet would not place one peece alone, but lives
In fear of theeves.
Thousands there were as frantick as himself,
And hugg'd each one his pelf;
The downright epicure plac'd heav'n in sense,
And scorn'd pretence;
While others, slipt into a wide excesse,
Said little lesse;
The weaker sort, slight, triviall wares inslave,
Who think them brave;
And poor despised Truth sate counting by
Their victory.

Yet some, who all this while did weep and sing,
And sing and weep, soar'd up into the ring;
But most would use no wing.
O fools—said I—thus to prefer dark night
Before true light!
To live in grots and caves, and hate the day
Because it shews the way,
The way which from this dead and dark abode
Leads up to God;
A way where you might tread the sun, and be
More bright than he!
But as I did their madness so discusse
One whisper'd thus,
'This ring the Bridegroome did for none provide,
But for His bride.'

There is an edition of Vaughan's complete works by Grosart (4 vols. 1868–71), one of *Silex Scintillans* and other sacred poems by Lyte (1847), and one of the *Poems* by E. K. Chambers (2 vols. 1896). See Dr John Brown's *Horæ Subsecivæ*, F. T. Palgrave in *Cymmrodorion* (1891), Miss L. J. Guiney in the *Atlantic Monthly* of 1894 (reprinted in her *Little English Gallery*, 1894), and Professor Dowden's *Puritan and Anglican* (1901).

John Wilkins (1614–72), Bishop of Chester, was the son of an Oxford goldsmith, but was born near Daventry, in Northamptonshire; and he studied at New Inn Hall and Magdalen Hall in Oxford. As chaplain to Lord Say, Lord Berkeley, and the Court-Palatine of the Rhine, he found time for extensive studies in mathematics and physics; and having sided with the popular party during the Civil War, he received the headship of Wadham College. He was one of a small knot of university men who used to meet for the cultivation of experimental philosophy as a diversion from the painful thoughts excited by public calamities, and who, after the Restoration, were incorporated by Charles II. under the title of the Royal Society. Having married a sister of Oliver Cromwell in 1656, he was enabled, by a dispensation from the Protector, to retain his office in Wadham College, notwithstanding a rule which made celibacy imperative; three years afterwards he became Master of Trinity College, Cambridge. At the Restoration he was ejected from this office; but his politics being neither violent nor unaccommodating, he became preacher at Grey's Inn, rector of St Laurence Jewry, and Dean of Ripon; and, by the favour of the Duke of Buckingham, was advanced in 1668 to the see of Chester. Bishop Burnet praised Wilkins 'as a man of as great mind, as true a judgment, as eminent virtues, and of as good a soul as any I ever knew. Though he married Cromwell's sister, yet he made no other use of that alliance but to do good offices, and to cover the University of Oxford from the sourness of Owen and Goodwin.' On the other hand, like his friend and son-in-law Tillotson and other moderate Churchmen, Wilkins was much disliked by the High-Church party; Tories thought him a trimmer, and Anthony Wood maliciously said 'there was nothing deficient in him but a constant mind and settled principles.' He wrote some theological and mathematical works, and in early life (1638) published *The Discovery of a New World; or a Discourse tending to prove that 'tis probable there may be another Habitable World in the Moon: with* [in the 3rd edition, 1640] *a Discourse concerning the Possibility of a Passage thither.* The principal part of the work is an earnest attempt to refute religious and other objections to the doctrine of a plurality of worlds. Only in the fourteenth and last chapter does he become a pioneer on the path Swift in satire and E. A. Poe and Jules Verne in pure creative fiction were also to adventure on, when he seriously supports the proposition 'that it is possible for some of our posterity to find out a conveyance to this other world, and, if there be inhabitants there, to have commerce with them.' He admits that this feat has in the present state of human knowledge an air of utter impossibility; yet from this no hostile inference ought to be drawn, seeing that many things formerly supposed impossible have actually been accomplished. 'If we do but consider,' says he, 'by what steps and leasure all arts do usually rise to their growth, we shall have no cause to doubt why this also may not hereafter be found out amongst other secrets. It hath constantly yet been the method of Providence not presently to shew us all, but to lead us on by degrees from the knowledge of one thing to

another. 'Twas a great while ere the planets were distinguished from the fixed stars; and some time after that ere the morning and evening stars were found to be the same. And in greater space, I doubt not but this also, and other as excellent mysteries, will be discovered.' Wilkins goes on to discuss the difficulties in the way of accomplishing the aerial journey. He disposes, in sufficiently airy fashion, of the obstacles presented by 'the natural heaviness of a man's body' and 'the extreme coldness and thinness of the ethereal air'—he held that there *was* air all the way; and having made it appear that even a swift journey to the moon would probably occupy a period of six months, even if a man could fly a thousand miles in a day (the distance being, as he computed, 179,712 miles), he naturally stumbles on the question, 'And how were it possible for any to tarry so long without diet or sleep?'

I suppose there could be no trusting to that fancy of Philo the Jew (mentioned before), who thinks that the musick of the spheres should supply the strength of food. Nor can we well conceive how a man should be able to carry so much luggage with him as might serve for his viaticum in so tedious a journey. But if he could, yet he must have some time to rest and sleep in. And I believe he shall scarce find any lodgings by the way. No inns to entertain passengers, nor any castles in the air—unless they be enchanted ones—to receive poor pilgrims or errant knights. And so, consequently, he cannot have any possible hopes of reaching thither.

He has, however, first to make the preliminary large postulate, 'Supposing a man could fly or by other means raise himself twenty miles upwards or thereabouts' above the vaporous atmosphere; then, he believes, he would be beyond the influence of the magnetical virtue of the earth and the force of gravity, and so 'it were possible for him to come unto the moon.' This is seriously argued at length—such was then the state of science. The difficulty as to sleep is a minor one: 'Seeing we do not then spend ourselves in any labour, we shall not, it may be, need the refreshment of sleep. But if we do, we cannot desire a softer bed than the air, where we may repose ourselves firmly and safely as in our chambers.' The necessary supply of food still remains to be provided for:

And here 'tis considerable, that since our bodies will then be devoid of gravity, and other impediments of motion, we shall not at all spend ourselves in any labour, and so, consequently, not much need the reparation of diet; but may, perhaps, live altogether without it, as those creatures have done who, by reason of their sleeping for many days together, have not spent any spirits, and so not wanted any food, which is commonly related of serpents, crocodiles, bears, coockoes, swallows, and such-like. To this purpose Mendoza reckons up divers strange relations: as that of Epimenides, who is storied to have slept seventy-five years; and another of a rustic in Germany, who, being accidentally covered with a hayrick, slept there for all the autumn and the winter following without any nourishment.

Perhaps the greatest difficulty of all is, By what conveyance are we to get to the moon? and for this he is ready to invent a flying-machine:

If it be here inquired, what means there may be conjectured for our ascending beyond the sphere of the earth's magnetical vigor, I answer: 1. 'Tis not perhaps impossible that a man may be able to fly by the application of wings to his own body; as angels are pictured, as Mercury and Dædalus are feigned, and as hath been attempted by divers, particularly by a Turk in Constantinople, as Busbequius relates. 2. If there be such a great ruck [the roc] in Madagascar as Marcus Polus the Venetian mentions, the feathers in whose wings are twelve foot long, which can swoop up a horse and his rider, or an elephant, as our kites do a mouse; why then, it is but teaching one of these to carry a man, and he may ride up thither, as Ganymede does upon an eagle. Or if neither of these ways will serve, yet do I seriously, and upon good grounds, affirm it possible to make a flying chariot, in which a man may sit, and give such a motion unto it as shall convey him through the air. And this perhaps might be made large enough to carry divers men at the same time, together with food for their viaticum and commodities for traffic. It is not the bigness of anything in this kind that can hinder its motion, if the motive faculty be answerable thereunto. We see a great ship swims as well as a small cork, and an eagle flies in the air as well as a little gnat. This engine may be contrived from the same principles by which Archytas made a wooden dove and Regiomontanus a wooden eagle.

The particulars of the machine he reserves for some other occasion. In 1640 Wilkins published, and appended to the new edition of the *Discovery*, a *Discourse concerning a New Planet: tending to prove that 'tis probable our Earth is one of the Planets*—one of the earliest defences of the Copernican system as developed by Galileo in 1632. In 1641 Wilkins discussed writing in cipher and shorthand and communication by signals, in a work entitled *Mercury, or the Secret and Swift Messenger: showing how a Man may with Privacy and Speed communicate his Thoughts to a Friend at any Distance.* Here also he pointed out the indubitable advantages of a 'flying chariot,' if such a thing could be invented; and questioned the possibility of two friends at a distance communicating by help of 'needles touched by the same loadstone, indicating by sympathy the same letters on similar alphabets arranged on circular discs, with other possibilities of magnetical operations'—an unrealised dream of a future telegraph. In 1668 he produced a great treatise entitled *An Essay towards a Real Character and a Philosophical Language*, which was published by the Royal Society, and was based in the main on the *Ars Signorum* of George Dalgarno of Aberdeen (1626–87), long a schoolmaster in Oxford, and author of the *Didascalocophus, or Deaf and Dumb Man's Tutor.* Wilkins was the deviser of one of the most ingenious of the impossible schemes for securing perpetual motion; and he wrote on natural theology, and published sermons.

John Milton

stands high above all the poets of his age, and in the whole range of English poetry is second only to Shakespeare. He was born in London, 9th December 1608, at the 'Spread Eagle' in Bread Street, a house afterwards destroyed in the Great Fire of 1666. His grandfather was Richard Milton of Stanton St Johns, near Shotover, in Oxfordshire, a zealous Catholic, who in the year 1601 was twice fined £60 for absenting himself from the parish church and refusing to conform. His son John, the poet's father, became a Protestant, was accordingly disinherited, and established himself in London as a scrivener, a lawyer who drew contracts and arranged loans. The father's firmness under trial and his sufferings for conscience' sake tinctured the temper of the son, who was a stern, unbending champion of religious freedom; and like his father, who carefully instructed him in the art, the poet loved music. The younger Milton was educated with great care. He had as private tutor a Scottish Presbyterian, Thomas Young, M.A. of St Andrews, and at twelve he was sent to St Paul's School, London. Thence he removed to Christ's College, Cambridge, being admitted a pensioner in February 1625. He was a severe student, of a nice and haughty temper, jealous of constraint or control; and he complained that the fields around Cambridge had no soft shades to attract the muse. How far his own temper was the cause of some unpleasant incidents in his college career must be matter of conjecture; but it seems indubitable that he was once chastised in some manner by his tutor, and that he had even to leave the university for a while. Though designed for the Church, he preferred a 'blameless silence' to what he considered 'servitude and forswearing.' At this time, in his twenty-first year, he had written his grand *Hymn on the Nativity*, any one verse of which was sufficient to show that a new master's hand was touching the lyre of English poetry. It was not by any means his first venture in verse, for Milton ranks along with Cowley and Pope as one of the most precocious of English poets, his versions of two of the Psalms having been produced when he was fifteen years old. In 1632 he left the university, and found a new home with his father, who had retired from business and had purchased a small property at Horton, in Buckinghamshire. Here he lived nearly six years, studying the classical literatures, and here he wrote *L'Allegro*, *Il Penseroso*, *Arcades*, *Comus*, and *Lycidas*. The *Arcades* formed a portion of a 'mask' or masque 'presented' to the Countess-Dowager of Derby, at Harefield, near to Horton. *Comus*, also a masque, was produced at Ludlow Castle in 1634, before the Earl of Bridgewater, then president of Wales. This drama was founded on an actual occurrence. The Earl of Bridgewater then resided at Ludlow; his sons, Lord Brackley and Mr Thomas Egerton, and his daughter, Lady Alice Egerton, were benighted in passing through Haywood Forest in Herefordshire, on their way to Ludlow, and the lady was for a short time lost. The story was of course told to their father upon their arrival; and Milton wrote the masque on a moralised or spiritualised treatment of the incident, at the request of his friend Henry Lawes, who taught music in the family. Lawes set it to music, and it was acted on Michaelmas-night 1634, the two brothers, the young lady, and Lawes all taking part in the representation. Masques, in which the dramatic element was subordinate to spectacle, pageant, and music, had long been popular, and in Ben Jonson's and Beaumont's hands had high merit; now the taste for them had declined, and by a curious fate, though Puritans had reviled masques as well as

JOHN MILTON.
From the Portrait by Pieter Van der Plaas in the National Portrait Gallery.

other dramatic forms, the Puritan poet wrote the last of the masques. But it is wonderfully unlike most earlier masques—loftier and holier in feeling, rather closely modelled in some parts on Greek patterns, and splendid in lyric, monologue, and dialogue. *Comus* was first published in 1637, not by its author, but by Henry Lawes, who, in a dedication to Lord Bridgewater, says: 'Although not openly acknowledged by the author, yet it is a legitimate offspring, so lovely and so much desired, that the often copying of it hath tired my pen to give my several friends satisfaction.' *Lycidas*, written in the end of 1637, is a monody or elegy on a college companion of Milton's, Edward King, who perished by shipwreck on his passage from Chester to Ireland. This exquisite poem, of which Tennyson said to Edward FitzGerald, '*Lycidas* is a touchstone of poetic taste,' formed Milton's contribution to the collection of thirty-six obituary verses, Greek, Latin, and English, to the memory of his friend, which was sent out from the Cambridge University press early in 1638. The four poems of his Horton period are sufficient to lift him into the front rank of English poets; *Lycidas* shows already traces of the Puritan controversialist. Milton's significance as the most conspicuous literary representative of the Puritan movement has been dealt with by Dr Gardiner above at pages 542–546.

In April 1638 the poet left the paternal roof, taking one English man-servant with him, and travelled for fifteen months in France and Italy. In Paris he was introduced to Grotius. In Italy he visited Genoa, Leghorn, and Pisa; remaining four months in Florence, and nearly four in Rome, with a few days in Naples, and returning homewards by the 'Leman lake' to Geneva and Paris. His society was courted by the 'choicest Italian wits;' he made acquaintance with the veteran Manso, formerly the friend of Tasso, to whom one of the finest of his Latin poems is addressed, and at Florence he visited Galileo, then a prisoner of the Inquisition. The poet had been with difficulty restrained from testifying against popery within the shadow of the Vatican; and on his return to his native country he engaged in controversy against prelates and royalists, and with characteristic ardour vindicated the utmost freedom of thought and expression. Between the king and his Scottish subjects the feud had begun that in 1642 was to issue in the great Civil War; Milton, now engaged in tutoring his sister's children, the Phillips boys, had taken a long farewell of poetry, though it may fairly be argued that many of his arguments are dithyrambs rather than prose tracts — all but lyrical embodiments of passion, fervid admiration, and lofty contempt.

Before the commencement of the Civil War he had begun to write against Episcopacy, and he continued during the whole of the ensuing stormy period to devote his pen to the service of his party, even to the defence of that boldest of their measures, the execution of the king; and in the treatises that thus took origin he fully displayed his stern and inflexible principles on religion and on civil government. The first, *Of Reformation touching Church Discipline in England*, was published in 1641, and the same year appeared *Of Prelatical Episcopacy*, a reply to Bishop Hall's *Humble Remonstrance* in favour of Episcopacy. A defence of the *Remonstrance* having been published by the Bishop, Milton replied with *Animadversions* (1641); and in 1642 *An Apology for Smectymnuus* (another reply to Hall under this name, composed of the initials of the names of five Puritan ministers: Stephen Marshall, Edward Calamy, Thomas Young, Matthew Newcomen, and William Spurstow—*w* in the last name being resolved into a double *u*), and *The Reason of Church Government urged against Prelaty*, a more elaborate treatise in two books.

In 1643 Milton married Mary, the daughter of Richard Powell, a cavalier of Oxfordshire, to whom the poet was presumably known, as years before Mr Powell had borrowed £500 from his father. He brought his wife to London; but in the short space of a month the studious habits and philosophical austerity of the republican poet proved so depressing to the cavalier's daughter that she left his house on a visit to her parents, and showed no intention of returning. Milton had already resolved to repudiate her, and published a treatise on divorce, in which he argues that the law of Moses allowed of divorcement for 'unfitness or contrariety of mind' as well as for scandalous faults. This dangerous doctrine, which he maintained through life, brought on him much suspicion, dislike, and abhorrence even from his own party. Two years after her desertion—when the poet was practically enforcing his opinions by paying his addresses to 'a very handsome and witty gentlewoman'—his wife returned to him repentant. He doubtless recognised that his faults of temper must have proved repellent to a child-wife of seventeen; but it does not appear that their after-life was really happy, though she bore him three daughters. He behaved with great generosity to her parents when the further progress of the Civil War involved them in ruin. The year 1643 produced his *Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce*, and next year *The Judgment of Martin Bucer concerning Divorce*. In 1644 appeared a *Tractate on Education* and the noblest of his prose works, his *Areopagitica, a Speech for the Liberty of Unlicensed Printing*. The book on divorce, it has been shown, was written not after his wife had left his house, but before she had paid that lengthy visit to her father. And it was the proceedings taken against Milton for publishing his views on divorce without the license required by the Parliament that led him to write *Areopagitica*, which was also published without the official imprimatur. The Areopagus (Mars Hill) was the court at Athens that dealt with morality and blasphemy; and the choice of the name *Areopagitica* by Milton is explained by the passage

in the work that records how for atheism 'the books of Protagoras were by the judges of Areopagus commanded to be burnt and himself banished the territory.' In 1645 he followed up his heretical works on matrimony with *Expositions upon the Four Chief Places of Scripture which treat of Marriage*, and a pamphlet called *Colasterion*. Another celebrated work is a reply to the *Eikon Basilike*, under the title of *Eikonoklastes* (see GAUDEN, page 587). *The Tenure of Kings and Magistrates* (1649), defending the execution of the king, was written during the trial, and published a fortnight after the execution. It led to the famous controversy with the celebrated scholar Salmasius, or De Saumaise, a French Protestant then a professor at Leyden, who, at the request of Charles II., had in the same year published in Latin a defence of Charles I. Milton's reply was the great *Joannis Miltoni Angli pro Populo Anglicano Defensio* (1650); a second *Defensio* (1654) was directed against Du Moulin, son of a famous French Calvinist, and Morus (More), son of a Scottish Protestant professor in France. There were numerous continuations and replies; and the war on both sides was carried on with a degree of virulent abuse and personality which, though common in the age of the disputants, is calculated to strike a modern reader with amazement. Salmasius triumphantly ascribes the loss of Milton's sight to the fatigues of the controversy; while Milton, on the other hand, is said to have boasted that his severities had tended to shorten the life of Salmasius. Amid the majestic eloquence of the second *Defensio* one reads with astonishment a detailed account of alleged amours of Morus with the maid-servants of Salmasius and other people, and his neglect of his illegitimate children; while even the bookseller who published the work must be elaborately shown up as a fraudulent bankrupt, a cheat, an impostor, and a thief! And the same *Defensio* it is which is so extremely interesting as containing a great deal of autobiographical matter. In 1649 Milton, whose skill as a Latinist was especially valuable when diplomatic correspondence was conducted almost wholly in Latin, had been appointed foreign or Latin secretary to the Council of State. His salary was to be £288 per annum (worth about £1000 nowadays), which was reduced when the duties were shared, first with Meadows, and afterwards with Marvell. At first his special duties were the drafting of letters sent by the Council of State to foreign states and princes; the replies were also examined and translated by him. It fell to him to send the indignant letters on the massacre of the Vaudois Protestants to the Duke of Savoy and Louis XIV. He expressed his private feelings in the sonnet *On the late Massacre in Piedmont* (1655).

For ten years Milton's eyesight had been failing, owing to the 'wearisome studies and midnight watchings' of his youth. The last remains of it were sacrificed in writing his (first) *Defensio;* he was willing and proud to make the sacrifice; and by the close of the year 1652 he was totally blind, 'dark, dark, irrecoverably dark.' His wife died about the same time. In November 1656 he married Katherine Woodcock, daughter of a Captain Woodcock of Hackney; a child was born to them in October 1657, but both mother and child died in the February following. The poet consecrated to her memory one of his solemn and touching sonnets:

Methought I saw my late espoused saint
Brought to me like Alcestis from the grave,
Whom Jove's great son to her glad husband gave,
Rescued from Death by force, though pale and faint.
Mine, as whom washed from spot of childbed taint
Purification in the Old Law did save,
And such as yet once more I trust to have
Full sight of her in Heaven without restraint,
Came vested all in white, pure as her mind;
Her face was veiled, yet to my fancied sight,
Love, goodness, sweetness, in her person shined
So clear, as in no face with more delight.
But, oh! as to embrace me she inclined,
I waked, she fled, and day brought back my night.

In 1659 appeared *A Treatise of Civil Power in Ecclesiastical Causes*, and *Considerations touching the likeliest means to remove hirelings out of the Church*. In 1660, on the very brink of the Restoration—and the tide was running strongly against all Milton's ideas of liberty—the eager and fearless poet published *The Ready and Easy Way to establish a Free Commonwealth*, in the form of a letter to General Monk (of all people in the world!), containing a scheme for a perpetual Parliament, elections or selections taking place only to fill vacancies caused by death, and a draft measure of local government. The 'inconveniency of readmitting the kingship' is strongly insisted on. The last paragraph begins thus:

What I have spoken is the language of that which is not called amiss 'the good old cause.' If it seem strange to any, it will not seem more strange, I hope, than convincing to backsliders. Thus much I should perhaps have said, though I was sure I should have spoken only to trees and stones; and had none to cry to, but with the prophet: 'O earth, earth, earth!' to tell the very soil itself what her perverse inhabitants are deaf to. Nay, though what I have spoke should happen (which thou suffer not who didst create mankind free! nor thou next who didst redeem us from being servants of men!) to be the last words of our expiring liberty.

The Restoration deprived Milton of his public employment, and drove him into hiding, but by the interest of his friends—Marvell certainly, and according to a pretty story D'Avenant also—and perhaps partly because his pamphlets showed how little of a practical politician he was, his name was included in the general amnesty. The great poet was now at liberty to pursue his private studies, and to realise the devout aspirations of his youth for an immortality of literary fame. His spirit was unsubdued, and he resolved now to set about 'things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme.'

Milton long hesitated on what subject he should write a great epic, and at first thought of the Arthurian legend or some other matter from national history; but finally decided that scriptural history was of more universal and enthralling interest. His disrespectful allusions to old English history shows how little the legendary Arthur could have done to draw out the Puritan's best energies. *Paradise Lost*, or the fall of man, had long been before his mind as a subject for poetry; and two drafts of a dramatic treatment of this theme are preserved among his manuscripts in Trinity College Library, Cambridge. His genius was better adapted for an epic than a dramatic poem; *Samson*, though cast in a dramatic form, has little of dramatic interest or variety of character.

Paradise Lost, planned long before, was really begun about 1658, when the division of the secretary's duties had given him greater leisure; it was completed about 1664. He had then married a third time. His helpless state moved him to ask his friend Dr Paget to recommend him a wife. Paget recommended his own cousin, Elizabeth Minshull, daughter of a respectable yeoman living near Nantwich. They were married in 1663, the lady being then in her twenty-fifth year. She had no children, and survived her husband for fifty-three years. We get an interesting glimpse of him soon after this from Ellwood the Quaker, who visited Milton at a cottage at Chalfont, in Bucks, to which the poet had withdrawn from the Plague then raging in the metropolis (1665). The undutifulness of his daughters had added to his unhappiness; and doubtless they found their father harsh and exacting. *Paradise Lost* was published in 1667. The copyright was purchased by Samuel Simmons, a bookseller, on the following terms: an immediate payment of £5, and £5 more when 1300 copies should be sold; the like sum after the same number of the second edition—each edition to consist of 1500 copies—and other £5 after the sale of the third. The third edition was not published till 1678, when the poet was no more, and his widow sold all her claims to Simmons for £8. It appears that in 1669 the poet became entitled to his second payment, so that 1300 copies of *Paradise Lost* had been sold within less than two years of its publication—a proof that the nation was not, as has been vulgarly supposed, insensible to the merits of the divine poem then entering on its course of immortality. In eleven years from the date of its publication 3000 copies had been sold; some modern critics have doubted whether *Paradise Lost*, if published in our own time, would have met with a greater demand. The fall of man was a theme well suited to the taste of the serious part of the community in that age, apart from its claims as a work of genius. The Puritans, though depressed, were not extinct, nor was their beatific vision quenched by the gross sensualism of the times. Compared with Dryden's plays, how pure, how lofty must Milton's epic have appeared! The blank verse of *Paradise Lost* was, however, a stumbling-block. So long a poem in this measure had not before been attempted, and ere the second edition was published Samuel Simmons procured from Milton a short and spirited explanation of his reasons for departing from the 'troublesome bondage of rhyming.' In 1671 the poet published his *Paradise Regained* and *Samson Agonistes*. The former we owe to Ellwood's remark when he was asked by Milton for his opinion of the earlier and greater epic, 'Thou hast said much here of Paradise Lost, but what hast thou to say of Paradise Found?' *Samson Agonistes* is dramatic in form, but its spirit is lyrical. Both poems show a tendency to greater simplicity in style, even at times to baldness; they were noble pendants to the great work, at worst were 'the ebb of a mighty tide;' Mr Gosse has praised part of *Paradise Regained* (in Book iv.) as showing 'greater variety and fullness of technical excellence than any other passage in English poetry.' The survey of Greece and Rome in *Paradise Regained*, and the description of the banquet in the grove, are as rich in restrained exuberance as anything in *Paradise Lost;* while the brief sketch of the thunder-storm in the wilderness is perhaps the most strikingly effective passage of the kind in all Milton's works.

Many of Milton's critics have, rather needlessly, regretted that he devoted so much of his time to politics, and did not wholly reserve himself for poetry; forgetting that he was great largely because he was a great and public-spirited Englishman. As Professor Raleigh argues, 'We could not have had anything at all like *Paradise Lost* from a dainty, shy poet-scholar; nor anything half so great.' Furthermore, Milton's prose works raise every question they touch, even when they cannot be said to solve them. In politics Milton was a thorough-going idealist. Though his pamphlets are occasional and personal, though he wrote with intensely practical aims, his arguments are based on a complete philosophy of life. In 1669 Milton had published his *History of England*, down to the time of the Norman Conquest (written long before), in which he retold the fables of Geoffrey of Monmouth and other highly unauthentic writers, as useful to poets and orators, and possibly 'containing in them many footsteps and relics of something true.' The actual history of the struggles of the Angles, Saxons, and Danes, and their contribution to the national history, he treats with as little reverence, calling them 'the battles of the kites and crows.' The whole is a jejune and perfunctory performance, of interest as showing his and his contemporaries' attitude towards early history. Besides a Latin grammar, a compendium of Ramus's logic, collections of Latin epistles and college exercises, and *A History of Moscovia*, he wrote an unimportant *Treatise of True Religion, Heresy, Schism, Toleration, and the Best Means to prevent the Growth of Popery* (1673). It had been con-

jectured, from passages in *Paradise Regained*, and from his treatise on *True Religion*, that Milton's theological opinions underwent a change in his advanced years; and the fact was made apparent by the discovery in 1823, in the State-Paper Office, of an elaborate work in Latin, a *Treatise on Christian Doctrine*, which was translated and published by Dr Sumner, and gave occasion for Macaulay's famous essay in the *Edinburgh Review*. In the beginning of this work Milton explains his reasons for compiling it. 'I deemed it safest and most advisable,' he says, 'to compile for myself, by my own labour and study, some original treatise, which should be always at hand, derived solely from the Word of God itself.' In this treatise Milton avows and defends Arian or semi-Arian opinions; defends an Arminian type of free-will against Calvinism; denounces Sabbatarianism; insists that the decalogue was abrogated, with the Mosaic law, by the gospel; and supports not only his own views on divorce, but maintains the lawfulness of polygamy. His philosophy passes from theism to something suspiciously like complete pantheism. He was evangelical on the Fall, the Atonement, and what are called the 'saving doctrines' of Christianity. It is the duty of believers, he says, to join themselves, if possible, to a Church duly constituted; yet such as cannot do this conveniently or with full satisfaction of conscience are not to be considered as excluded from the blessing bestowed by God on the Churches. In his later years he was not attached to any religious body, and attended no kind of public worship.

The active and studious life of the poet was now near a close. His later years were rendered comfortable by his wife; his daughters had learnt embroidery and gone elsewhere; he had the solace of music and the attention of friends; and though he had long been a sufferer from gout and other maladies, his mind was calm and bright to the last. He died without a struggle in his house in the Artillery Walk, Bunhill Fields—a small house rated at 'four hearths'—on Sunday the 8th of November 1674, and was buried in the chancel of St Giles's, Cripplegate, beside his father.

Milton had in him elements of temperament not easily harmonised; he was the child at once of the Renaissance and of Puritanism, a passionate lover of beauty and freedom, yet remorseless in seeking to conform all things to the standard of the Bible in its Puritan interpretation. He was vehemently Puritan, and yet what a trying Puritan to his allies! An open repudiator of the doctrine of the Trinity—for he was an Arian; an assertor of the right of free printing of heresies, and so of free-thinking itself; a pleader for free divorce; a defender of polygamy, who in his later years went to neither church nor chapel. And a Puritan, wise beyond what is written, who must needs inherit the curses on him who adds to what is written in the Book by writing a sort of novel in verse on the most sacred of divine things, and deal with the Persons of the Godhead as with actors on the stage. The great poem partakes in like manner of contrasted Classicism and Biblicism, Hellenism and Hebraism. The form and method, spite of the religious purpose, are as far as practicable cast in classical mould; the matter and substance biblical, religious, theological, eminently dogmatic. The preliminary statement of the subject, the invocation, and much in the general machinery of the plot remind us of Virgil, especially the way in which long speeches are used, undramatically and unepically, to explain the events that preceded and those that are to follow the stages of the story actually represented in the poem—from the revolt of the Angels to the Last Judgment. There are resemblances in method to Lucan's *Pharsalia* also. On the other hand, *Paradise Lost* as a Christian poem on a religious subject finds a nearer analogue in Dante's *Divina Commedia*, with which at the same time it has been contrasted as inspired by Protestant freedom of conscience. Milton's conception of God's law makes it absolutely the outcome of God's will, and the unreasoning obedience of all creatures is so unhesitatingly demanded that Milton's God has been compared to an arbitrary Asiatic tyrant against whom rebellion is inevitable. For Milton freedom lay only in heroic obedience to God's law, heroic patience under God's will. *Paradise Lost* contains not merely an epic on the Fall and the Divine plan of redemption, but a deliberate theodicy Milton expressly designed 'to justify the ways of God to men.' To keep such heterogeneous elements in perfectly harmonious and poetic combination is obviously beyond the powers of mere man. Attempts to explain the inexplicable are inevitably difficult and unsuccessful; satisfactorily to explain the mystery of evil is beyond even Milton's powers; contradictions are inevitable where divine processes are represented under anthropomorphic forms. We know that God's will is instantly fulfilled; yet one-half of Milton's plot is to help God's will to fulfilment, the other half to oppose it. The Omnipotent is seriously alarmed at the risk He stands in, until relieved by the Son. We cannot without partly shutting our eyes, as it were, take seriously a battle between the Creator and His creatures. We cannot follow the poet's idea of the Son of God, who seems sometimes a mere double of God. Satan's superhuman intelligence should have shown him the absurdity of rebelling against Omnipotence; and this splendid creation, the hero of the poem, appeals to us only if we more or less consciously diminish him almost within mere human limits. The difficulties that are perhaps inseparable from even the most elaborate system of theological metaphysics are, treated as parts of a poem, mere incongruities and impossibilities. M. Scherer, one of the most sympathetic foreign critics of English poetry and a hearty admirer of Milton's genius, goes so far as to say that if the work survives, it is in spite of its subject; that when Milton tries to

escape from the impossible Scripture conditions and gives rein to creative imagination he comes near burlesque, as when Satan becomes a toad and a cormorant. The cosmology of Heaven and Hell and Eden, with the gate and bridge, are equally impossible and unimaginable. So keenly does he feel the incongruities that he thus sums up his elaborate criticism of Milton (a criticism by a French critic, be it remembered !) :

'*Paradise Lost* is an unreal poem, a grotesque poem, a tiresome poem. There is not one reader in a hundred who can read books nine and ten without a smile, or books eleven and twelve without a yawn. The thing does not hold together : it is a pyramid balanced on its apex, the most terrible of problems solved by the most childish of means. And yet *Paradise Lost* is immortal. It lives by virtue of some episodes which will be for ever famous. In contrast with Dante, who must be read as a whole if we wish really to grasp his beauties, Milton ought not to be read except in fragments ; but these fragments form part of the patrimony of the human race. The invocation to Light, the character of Eve, the description of the earthly paradise, of the morning of the world, of its first love, are all masterpieces. The discourses of the prince of hell are incomparably eloquent. . . . *Paradise Lost* is, moreover, strewn with incomparable lines. The poetry of Milton is the very essence of poetry. The author seems to think but in images, and these images are grand and proud as his own soul—a marvellous mingling of the sublime and the picturesque. Every word of his vocabulary of expression is a discovery and unique. . . . He has not only imagery and vocabulary, but the period, the great musical phrase, a little loaded with ornament and involved with inversions, but swaying all with its superb undulation. After all and above all, he has an indefinable serenity and victoriousness, a sustained equality, an indomitable power.'

Though *Paradise Lost* had an immediate and striking success ; though Marvell and Denham recognised its author's greatness ; though few sympathised with Waller's and Winstanley's depreciation ; though Dryden's saying, 'This man cuts us all out and the ancients too,' was sufficiently emphatic, as was also his later praise of 'one of the greatest, most noble, and most sublime poems which either this age or nation has produced,' it was not till the eighteenth century that Milton was a popular poet in England. Addison expressed in the *Spectator* —not without modest censures—the admiration of his time, and since then his pre-eminence has been undisputed. Milton left no school, but his influence is plainly to be traced in Thomson and Young, Gray and Akenside, Blair and Glover. Bentley's portentous scheme to weed out by brilliant conjectural emendations the innumerable and stupid errors of the blind author's amanuenses and editors was prompted by honest zeal. Coleridge and De Quincey were admiring expositors and critics ; Keats praised Milton with enthusiasm and delicate insight ; and Landor even said of the poet, 'It may be doubted if the Creator ever created one altogether so great.'

The one great poet who connects the age of Shakespeare with the age of Dryden, the only poet of the seventeenth century except Dryden not forgotten in the eighteenth, Milton stands alone, and cannot be traced to any one line of descent in the earlier history of English literature. Dryden said Milton acknowledged to him that Spenser was his original. But this can only mean that Spenser was his first love ; there is small trace of Spenser save in some of the early poems ; Milton can as little be said to be of the school of Spenser as of the school of Donne. Yet he was nurtured by the Elizabethans ; he studied Jonson and the dramatists assiduously ; one finds here and there marks of the influence of the Fletcher brothers, of Browne of Tavistock, of Sylvester's Du Bartas, of Crashaw, of Heywood even (pages 433, 434), not to speak of the whole range of the classical poets. Yet the broad imagination, moral fervour, profound thought, the marvellous art, the vitalising power that welded all his materials into his great poem, are like those of no one else ; just as his magic style and diction are unique and unapproachable. Milton took blank verse from the hands of the dramatists and modified and moulded it into a rhythm of unparalleled majesty. Before his time it had not, save in one or two early Elizabethan poems, been used for poetry other than drama. From his time on Milton's metre, or rather Milton's diction, has been industriously imitated ; and blank verse seems to us the normal vehicle for various kinds of graver poetry. But Milton's verse is unapproached not merely in its splendour, but in its swinging rhythm, its harmonious and skilfully varied distribution of accents and pauses. There is something striking and imposing even in his long catalogues of names and cities, generally sonorous and musical. True, he has, more than most poets, the defects of his qualities. His majestic diction is even in his hands not quite natural ; any imitation of it becomes wholly artificial. He is mainly responsible for that 'poetic diction' which, sinking from fresh invention to stale convention, stirred placid Wordsworth to reformatory wrath. He is too profuse in learned illustration ; Mark Pattison said, approvingly, 'that an appreciation of Milton is the last reward of consummated scholarship.' Few great poets are so utterly without humour ; alone among the greatest poets he has not sung of love. His is not the atmosphere of creatures not too great and good for human nature's daily food, and his warmest admirers reverence rather than love. Adam and Eve are the only human characters in *Paradise Lost*, and even they, as Dr Johnson very justly and significantly said, were in a state no other man or woman could

know. Landor denied, what most critics admit, that Satan is really the hero of the poem; and even Landor knew not what interest Milton had in making him so august a personage. But with all the limitations that can be urged, in spite of antinomies and anachronisms, in spite of anthropomorphic gods and theological argumentativeness, *Paradise Lost* is a splendid and unequalled work of poetic art, a triumph of human genius in thought and word.

Hymn on the Nativity.

It was the winter wild,
While the heaven-born child
All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies;
Nature, in awe to him,
Had doffed her gaudy trim,
With her great Master so to sympathize:
It was no season then for her
To wanton with the Sun, her lusty paramour.

Only with speeches fair
She woos the gentle air
To hide her guilty front with innocent snow,
And on her naked shame,
Pollute with sinful blame,
The saintly veil of maiden white to throw;
Confounded, that her Maker's eyes
Should look so near upon her foul deformities.

But he, her fears to cease,
Sent down the meek-eyed Peace:
She, crowned with olive green, came softly sliding
Down through the turning sphere,
His ready harbinger,
With turtle wing the amorous clouds dividing;
And, waving wide her myrtle wand,
She strikes a universal peace through sea and land.

No war, or battle's sound,
Was heard the world around;
The idle spear and shield were high uphung;
The hooked chariot stood
Unstained with hostile blood;
The trumpet spake not to the armèd throng;
And kings sat still with awful eye,
As if they surely knew their sovran Lord was by.

But peaceful was the night,
Wherein the Prince of Light
His reign of peace upon the earth began.
The winds, with wonder whist,
Smoothly the waters kissed,
Whispering new joys to the mild Ocean,
Who now hath quite forgot to rave,
While birds of calm sit brooding on the charmèd wave.

The stars, with deep amaze,
Stand fixed in steadfast gaze,
Bending one way their precious influence,
And will not take their flight,
For all the morning light,
Or Lucifer that often warned them thence;
But in their glimmering orbs did glow,
Until their Lord himself bespake, and bid them go.

And, though the shady gloom
Had given day her room,
The Sun himself withheld his wonted speed,
And hid his head for shame,
As his inferior flame
The new-enlightened world no more should need:
He saw a greater Sun appear
Than his bright throne or burning axletree could bear.

The shepherds on the lawn,
Or ere the point of dawn,
Sat simply chatting in a rustic row;
Full little thought they than
That the mighty Pan
Was kindly come to live with them below:
Perhaps their loves, or else their sheep,
Was all that did their silly thoughts so busy keep.

When such music sweet
Their hearts and ears did greet
As never was by mortal finger strook,
Divinely-warbled voice
Answering the stringed noise,
As all their souls in blissful rapture took:
The air, such pleasure loth to lose,
With thousand echoes still prolongs each heavenly close.

Nature, that heard such sound,
Beneath the hollow round
Of Cynthia's seat the Airy region thrilling,
Now was almost won
To think her part was done,
And that her reign had here its last fulfilling:
She knew such harmony alone
Could hold all Heaven and Earth in happier union.

At last surrounds their sight
A globe of circular light,
That with long beams the shamefaced Night arrayed;
The helmèd cherubim
And sworded seraphim
Are seen in glittering ranks with wings displayed,
Harping in loud and solemn quire,
With unexpressive notes, to Heaven's new-born Heir.

Such music (as 'tis said)
Before was never made,
But when of old the Sons of Morning sung,
While the Creator great
His constellations set,
And the well-balanced World on hinges hung,
And cast the dark foundations deep,
And bid the weltering waves their oozy channel keep.

Ring out, ye crystal spheres!
Once bless our human ears,
If ye have power to touch our senses so;
And let your silver chime
Move in melodious time;
And let the base of heaven's deep organ blow;
And with your ninefold harmony
Make up full consort to the angelic symphony.

For, if such holy song
Enwrap our fancy long,
Time will run back and fetch the Age of Gold;
And speckled Vanity
Will sicken soon and die,
And leprous Sin will melt from earthly mould;
And Hell itself will pass away,
And leave her dolorous mansions to the peering day.

Yea, Truth and Justice then
Will down return to men,
Orbed in a rainbow; and, like glories wearing,
Mercy will sit between,
Throned in celestial sheen,
With radiant feet the tissued clouds down steering;
And Heaven, as at some festival,
Will open wide the gates of her high palace-hall.

But wisest Fate says No,
This must not yet be so;
The Babe yet lies in smiling infancy
That on the bitter cross
Must redeem our loss,
So both himself and us to glorify:
Yet first, to those ychained in sleep,
The wakeful trump of doom must thunder through the deep.

With such a horrid clang
As on Mount Sinai rang,
While the red fire and smouldering clouds outbrake:
The aged Earth, aghast
With terror of that blast,
Shall from the surface to the centre shake,
When, at the world's last session,
The dreadful Judge in middle air shall spread his throne.

And then at last our bliss
Full and perfect is,
But now begins; for from this happy day
The Old Dragon under ground,
In straiter limits bound,
Not half so far casts his usurpèd sway,
And, wroth to see his kingdom fail,
Swinges the scaly horror of his folded tail.

The Oracles are dumb;
No voice or hideous hum
Runs through the archèd roof in words deceiving.
Apollo from his shrine
Can no more divine,
With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos leaving.
No nightly trance, or breathèd spell,
Inspires the pale-eyed priest from the prophetic cell.

The lonely mountains o'er,
And the resounding shore,
A voice of weeping heard and loud lament;
From haunted spring, and dale
Edged with poplar pale,
The parting Genius is with sighing sent;
With flower-inwoven tresses torn
The Nymphs in twilight shade of tangled thickets mourn.

In consecrated earth,
And on the holy hearth,
The Lars and Lemures moan with midnight plaint;
In urns, and altars round,
A drear and dying sound
Affrights the flamens at their service quaint;
And the chill marble seems to sweat,
While each peculiar power foregoes his wonted seat.

Peor and Baälim
Forsake their temples dim,
With that twice-battered god of Palestine:
And moonèd Ashtaroth,
Heaven's queen and mother both,
Now sits not girt with tapers' holy shine:
The Libyc Hammon shrinks his horn;
In vain the Tyrian maids their wounded Thammuz mo

And sullen Moloch, fled,
Hath left in shadows dread
His burning idol all of blackest hue;
In vain with cymbals' ring
They call the grisly king,
In dismal dance about the furnace blue;
The brutish gods of Nile as fast,
Isis, and Orus, and the dog Anubis haste.

Nor is Osiris seen
In Memphian grove or green,
Trampling the unshowered grass with lowings lou
Nor can he be at rest
Within his sacred chest;
Nought but profoundest Hell can be his shroud;
In vain, with timbreled anthems dark,
The sable-stolèd sorcerers bear his worshiped ark.

He feels from Juda's land
The dreaded Infant's hand;
The rays of Bethlehem blind his dusky eyn;
Nor all the gods beside
Longer dare abide,
Not Typhon huge ending in snaky twine:
Our Babe, to show his Godhead true,
Can in his swaddling bands control the damnèd crew

So, when the sun in bed,
Curtained with cloudy red,
Pillows his chin upon an orient wave,
The flocking shadows pale
Troop to the infernal jail,
Each fettered ghost slips to his several grave,
And the yellow-skirted fays
Fly after the night-steeds, leaving their moon-loved m

But see! the Virgin blest
Hath laid her Babe to rest.
Time is our tedious song should here have ending:
Heaven's youngest-teemèd star
Hath fixed her polished car,
Her sleeping Lord with handmaid lamp attending:
And all about the courtly stable
Bright-harnessed Angels sit in order serviceable.

Scene from 'Comus.'

Lady. This is the place, as well as I may guess,
Whence even now the tumult of loud mirth
Was rife, and perfect in my listening ear;
Yet nought but single darkness do I find.
What might this be? A thousand fantasies
Begin to throng into my memory,
Of calling shapes, and beckoning shadows dire,
And airy tongues that syllable men's names
On sands and shores and desert wildernesses.
These thoughts may startle well, but not astound
The virtuous mind, that ever walks attended
By a strong siding champion, Conscience.
O, welcome, pure-eyed Faith, white-handed Hope,
Thou hovering angel girt with golden wings,
And thou unblemished form of Chastity!
I see ye visibly, and now believe
That He, the Supreme Good, to whom all things il
Are but as slavish officers of vengeance,
Would send a glistering guardian, if need were,

keep my life and honour unassailed. . . . .
as I deceived, or did a sable cloud
rn forth her silver lining on the night?
lid not err: there does a sable cloud
rn forth her silver lining on the night,
ıd casts a gleam over this tufted grove.
annot hallo to my brothers, but
ch noise as I can make to be heard farthest
l venture; for my new-enlivened spirits
ɔmpt me, and they perhaps are not far off.

Song.

'eet Echo, sweetest nymph, that liv'st unseen
Within thy airy shell
By slow Meander's margent green,
ıd in the violet-embroidered vale
Where the love-lorn nightingale
ghtly to thee her sad song mourneth well:
nst thou not tell me of a gentle pair
That likest thy Narcissus are?
O, if thou have
Hid them in some flowery cave,
Tell me but where,
Sweet Queen of Parley, Daughter of the Sphere!
So may'st thou be translated to the skies,
ıd give resounding grace to all Heaven's harmonies!

Comus. Can any mortal mixture of earth's mould
eathe such divine enchanting ravishment?
re something holy lodges in that breast,
ıd with these raptures moves the vocal air
› testify his hidden residence.
ɔw sweetly did they float upon the wings
silence, through the empty-vaulted night,
every fall smoothing the raven down
darkness till it smiled! I have oft heard
y mother Circe with the Sirens three,
nidst the flowery-kirtled Naiades,
ılling their potent herbs and baleful drugs,
ho, as they sung, would take the prisoned soul,
ıd lap it in Elysium: Scylla wept,
ıd chid her barking waves into attention,
ıd fell Charybdis murmured soft applause.
:t they in pleasing slumber lulled the sense,
ıd in sweet madness robbed it of itself;
ıt such a sacred and home-felt delight,
ıch sober certainty of waking bliss,
ıever heard till now.

The Spirit's Epilogue in 'Comus.'

To the ocean now I fly,
And those happy climes that lie
Where day never shuts his eye,
Up in the broad fields of the sky.
There I suck the liquid air,
All amidst the gardens fair
Of Hesperus, and his daughters three
That sing about the golden tree.
Along the crisped shades and bowers
Revels the spruce and jocund Spring;
The Graces and the rosy-bosomed Hours
Thither all their bounties bring.
There eternal Summer dwells,
And west winds with musky wing
About the cedarn alleys fling
Nard and cassia's balmy smells.
Iris there with humid bow
Waters the odorous banks, that blow
Flowers of more mingled hue
Than her purfled scarf can shew,
And drenches with Elysian dew
(List, mortals, if your ears be true)
Beds of hyacinth and roses,
Where young Adonis oft reposes,
Waxing well of his deep wound,
In slumber soft, and on the ground
Sadly sits the Assyrian queen.
But far above, in spangled sheen,
Celestial Cupid, her famed son, advanced,
Holds his dear Psyche, sweet entranced
After her wandering labours long,
Till free consent the gods among
Make her his eternal bride,
And from her fair unspotted side
Two blissful twins are to be born,
Youth and Joy; so Jove hath sworn.

But now my task is smoothly done:
I can fly, or I can run
Quickly to the green earth's end,
Where the bowed welkin slow doth bend,
And from thence can soar as soon
To the corners of the moon.
Mortals, that would follow me,
Love Virtue; she alone is free.
She can teach ye how to climb
Higher than the sphery chime;
Or, if Virtue feeble were,
Heaven itself would stoop to her.

L'Allegro.

Hence, loathed Melancholy,
Of Cerberus and blackest Midnight born
In Stygian cave forlorn
'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights unholy!
Find out some uncouth cell,
Where brooding Darkness spreads his jealous wings,
And the night-raven sings;
There, under ebon shades and low-browed rocks,
As ragged as thy locks,
In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.
But come, thou Goddess fair and free,
In Heaven yclept Euphrosyne,
And by men heart-easing Mirth;
Whom lovely Venus, at a birth,
With two sister Graces more,
To ivy-crownèd Bacchus bore:
Or whether (as some sages sing)
The frolic wind that breathes the spring,
Zephyr, with Aurora playing,
As he met her once a-Maying,
There, on beds of violets blue,
And fresh-blown roses washed in dew,
Filled her with thee, a daughter fair,
So buxom, blithe, and debonair.
Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee
Jest, and youthful Jollity,
Quips and Cranks and wanton Wiles,
Nods and Becks and wreathèd Smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek;
Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides.

Come, and trip it, as you go,
On the light fantastic toe;
And in thy right hand lead with thee
The mountain-nymph, sweet Liberty;
And, if I give thee honour due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
To live with her, and live with thee,
In unreproved pleasures free;
To hear the lark begin his flight,
And, singing, startle the dull night,
From his watch-tower in the skies,
Till the dappled dawn doth rise;
Then to come, in spite of sorrow,
And at my window bid good-morrow,
Through the sweet-briar or the vine,
Or the twisted eglantine;
While the cock, with lively din,
Scatters the rear of darkness thin;
And to the stack, or the barn-door,
Stoutly struts his dames before:
Oft listening how the hounds and horn
Cheerly rouse the slumbering morn,
From the side of some hoar hill,
Through the high wood echoing shrill:
Sometimes walking, not unseen,
By hedgerow elms, on hillocks green,
Right against the eastern gate
Where the great Sun begins his state,
Robed in flames and amber light,
The clouds in thousand liveries dight;
While the ploughman, near at hand,
Whistles o'er the furrowed land,
And the milkmaid singeth blithe,
And the mower whets his scythe,
And every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale.
Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures,
Whilst the landskip round it measures:
Russet lawns, and fallows grey,
Where the nibbling flocks do stray;
Mountains on whose barren breast
The labouring clouds do often rest;
Meadows trim, with daisies pied;
Shallow brooks, and rivers wide;
Towers and battlements it sees
Bosomed high in tufted trees,
Where perhaps some beauty lies,
The cynosure of neighbouring eyes.
Hard by a cottage chimney smokes
From betwixt two aged oaks,
Where Corydon and Thyrsis met
Are at their savoury dinner set
Of herbs and other country messes,
Which the neat-handed Phillis dresses;
And then in haste her bower she leaves,
With Thestylis to bind the sheaves;
Or, if the earlier season lead,
To the tanned haycock in the mead.
Sometimes, with secure delight,
The upland hamlets will invite,
When the merry bells ring round,
And jocund rebecks sound
To many a youth and many a maid
Dancing in the chequered shade,
And young and old come forth to play
On a sunshine holiday,
Till the livelong daylight fail:
Then to the spicy nut-brown ale,
With stories told of many a feat,
How Faery Mab the junkets eat.
She was pinched and pulled, she said;
And he, by Friar's lantern led,
Tells how the drudging goblin sweat
To earn his cream-bowl duly set,
When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
His shadowy flail hath threshed the corn
That ten day-labourers could not end;
Then lies him down, the lubber fiend,
And, stretched out all the chimney's length,
Basks at the fire his hairy strength,
And crop-full out of doors he flings,
Ere the first cock his matin rings.
Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,
By whispering winds soon lulled asleep.
Towered cities please us then,
And the busy hum of men,
Where throngs of knights and barons bold,
In weeds of peace, high triumphs hold,
With store of ladies, whose bright eyes
Rain influence, and judge the prize
Of wit or arms, while both contend
To win her grace whom all commend.
There let Hymen oft appear
In saffron robe, with taper clear,
And pomp, and feast, and revelry,
With mask and antique pageantry;
Such sights as youthful poets dream
On summer eves by haunted stream.
Then to the well-trod stage anon,
If Jonson's learned sock be on,
Or sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child,
Warble his native wood-notes wild,
And ever, against eating cares,
Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
Married to immortal verse,
Such as the meeting soul may pierce,
In notes with many a winding bout
Of linkèd sweetness long drawn out
With wanton heed and giddy cunning,
The melting voice through mazes running,
Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony;
That Orpheus' self may heave his head
From golden slumber on a bed
Of heaped Elysian flowers, and hear
Such strains as would have won the ear
Of Pluto to have quite set free
His half-regained Eurydice.
These delights if thou canst give,
Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

Il Penseroso.

Hence, vain deluding Joys,
The brood of Folly without father bred!
How little you bested,
Or fill the fixèd mind with all your toys!
Dwell in some idle brain,
And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess,
As thick and numberless
As the gay motes that people the sun-beams,
Or likest hovering dreams,
The fickle pensioners of Morpheus' train.

But, hail! thou Goddess sage and holy!
Hail, divinest Melancholy!
Whose saintly visage is too bright
To hit the sense of human sight,
And therefore to our weaker view
O'erlaid with black, staid Wisdom's hue;
Black, but such as in esteem
Prince Memnon's sister might beseem,
Or that starred Ethiop queen that strove
To set her beauty's praise above
The Sea-Nymphs, and their powers offended.
Yet thou art higher far descended:
Thee bright-haired Vesta long of yore
To solitary Saturn bore;
His daughter she; in Saturn's reign
Such mixture was not held a stain.
Oft in glimmering bowers and glades
He met her, and in secret shades
Of woody Ida's inmost grove,
Whilst yet there was no fear of Jove.
Come, pensive Nun, devout and pure,
Sober, steadfast, and demure,
All in a robe of darkest grain,
Flowing with majestic train,
And sable stole of cypress lawn
Over thy decent shoulders drawn.
Come; but keep thy wonted state,
With even step, and musing gait,
And looks commercing with the skies,
Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes:
There, held in holy passion still,
Forget thyself to marble, till
With a sad leaden downward cast
Thou fix them on the earth as fast.
And join with thee calm Peace and Quiet,
Spare Fast, that oft with gods doth diet,
And hears the Muses in a ring
Aye round about Jove's altar sing;
And add to these retired Leisure,
That in trim gardens takes his pleasure;
But, first and chiefest, with thee bring
Him that yon soars on golden wing,
Guiding the fiery-wheelèd throne,
The Cherub Contemplation;
And the mute Silence hist along,
'Less Philomel will deign a song,
In her sweetest saddest plight,
Smoothing the rugged brow of Night,
While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke
Gently o'er the accustomed oak.
Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of folly,
Most musical, most melancholy!
Thee, chauntress, oft the woods among
I woo, to hear thy even-song;
And, missing thee, I walk unseen
On the dry smooth-shaven green,
To behold the wandering moon,
Riding near her highest noon,
Like one that had been led astray
Through the heaven's wide pathless way,
And oft, as if her head she bowed,
Stooping through a fleecy cloud.
Oft, on a plat of rising ground,
I hear the far-off curfew sound,
Over some wide-watered shore,
Swinging slow with sullen roar;
Or, if the air will not permit,
Some still removèd place will fit,
Where glowing embers through the room
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom,
Far from all resort of mirth,
Save the cricket on the hearth,
Or the bellman's drowsy charm
To bless the doors from nightly harm.
Or let my lamp, at midnight hour,
Be seen in some high lonely tower,
Where I may oft outwatch the Bear,
With thrice great Hermes, or unsphere
The spirit of Plato, to unfold
What worlds or what vast regions hold
The immortal mind that hath forsook
Her mansion in this fleshly nook;
And of those demons that are found
In fire, air, flood, or underground,
Whose power hath a true consent
With planet or with element.
Sometime let gorgeous Tragedy
In sceptred pall come sweeping by,
Presenting Thebes, or Pelops' line,
Or the tale of Troy divine,
Or what (though rare) of later age
Ennobled hath the buskined stage.
But, O sad Virgin! that thy power
Might raise Musæus from his bower;
Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing
Such notes as, warbled to the string,
Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,
And made Hell grant what love did seek;
Or call up him that left half-told
The story of Cambuscan bold,
Of Camball, and of Algarsife,
And who had Canace to wife,
That owned the virtuous ring and glass,
And of the wondrous horse of brass
On which the Tartar king did ride;
And if aught else great bards beside
In sage and solemn tunes have sung,
Of turneys, and of trophies hung,
Of forests, and enchantments drear,
Where more is meant than meets the ear.
Thus, Night, oft see me in thy pale career,
Till civil-suited Morn appear,
Not tricked and frounced, as she was wont
With the Attic boy to hunt,
But kerchieft in a comely cloud,
While rocking winds are piping loud,
Or ushered with a shower still,
When the gust hath blown his fill,
Ending on the rustling leaves,
With minute-drops from off the eaves.
And, when the sun begins to fling
His flaring beams, me, Goddess, bring
To archèd walks of twilight groves,
And shadows brown, that Sylvan loves,
Of pine, or monumental oak,
Where the rude axe with heavèd stroke
Was never heard the nymphs to daunt,
Or fright them from their hallowed haunt.
There, in close covert, by some brook,
Where no profaner eye may look,
Hide me from day's garish eye,
While the bee with honeyed thigh,

That at her flowery work doth sing,
And the waters murmuring,
With such consort as they keep,
Entice the dewy-feathered Sleep.
And let some strange mysterious dream
Wave at his wings, in airy stream
Of lively portraiture displayed,
Softly on my eyelids laid;
And, as I wake, sweet music breathe
Above, about, or underneath,
Sent by some Spirit to mortals good,
Or the unseen Genius of the wood.
But let my due feet never fail
To walk the studious cloister's pale,
And love the high embowèd roof,
With antique pillars massy-proof,
And storied windows richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light.
There let the pealing organ blow,
To the full-voiced quire below,
In service high and anthems clear,
As may with sweetness, through mine ear,
Dissolve me into ecstasies,
And bring all Heaven before mine eyes.
And may at last my weary age
Find out the peaceful hermitage,
The hairy gown and mossy cell,
Where I may sit and rightly spell
Of every star that heaven doth shew,
And every herb that sips the dew,
Till old experience do attain
To something like prophetic strain.
These pleasures, Melancholy, give;
And I with thee will choose to live.

Song on May Morning.

Now the bright morning-star, Day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her
The flowery May, who from her green lap throws
The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose.
Hail, bounteous May, that dost inspire
Mirth, and youth, and warm desire!
Woods and groves are of thy dressing;
Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.
Thus we salute thee with our early song,
And welcome thee, and wish thee long.

Lycidas.

Yet once more, O ye laurels, and once more,
Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never sere,
I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude,
And with forced fingers rude
Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year.
Bitter constraint and sad occasion dear
Compels me to disturb your season due;
For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,
Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer.
Who would not sing for Lycidas? he knew
Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.
He must not float upon his watery bier
Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,
Without the meed of some melodious tear.
Begin, then, Sisters of the sacred well
That from beneath the seat of Jove doth spring;
Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the string.
Hence with denial vain and coy excuse:
So may some gentle Muse
With lucky words favour *my* destined urn,
And as he passes turn,
And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud!
For we were nursed upon the self-same hill,
Fed the same flock, by fountain, shade, and rill;
Together both, ere the high lawns appeared
Under the opening eyelids of the Morn,
We drove a-field, and both together heard
What time the grey-fly winds her sultry horn,
Battening our flocks with the fresh dews of night,
Oft till the star that rose at evening bright
Toward heaven's descent had sloped his westering wheel.
Meanwhile the rural ditties were not mute;
Tempered to the oaten flute
Rough Satyrs danced, and Fauns with cloven heel
From the glad sound would not be absent long;
And old Damœtas loved to hear our song.
But, oh! the heavy change, now thou art gone,
Now thou art gone and never must return!
Thee, Shepherd, thee the woods and desert caves,
With wild thyme and the gadding vine o'ergrown,
And all their echoes, mourn.
The willows, and the hazel copses green,
Shall now no more be seen
Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft lays.
As killing as the canker to the rose,
Or taint-worm to the weanling herds that graze,
Or frost to flowers, that their gay wardrobe wear,
When first the white-thorn blows;
Such, Lycidas, thy loss to shepherd's ear.
Where were ye, Nymphs, when the remorseless deep
Closed o'er the head of your loved Lycidas?
For neither were ye playing on the steep
Where your old bards, the famous Druids, lie,
Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high,
Nor yet where Deva spreads her wizard stream.
Ay me! I fondly dream
'Had ye been there,' . . . for what could that have done?
What could the Muse herself that Orpheus bore,
The Muse herself, for her enchanting son,
Whom universal nature did lament,
When, by the rout that made the hideous roar,
His gory visage down the stream was sent,
Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian shore?
Alas! what boots it with uncessant care
To tend the homely, slighted, shepherd's trade,
And strictly meditate the thankless Muse?
Were it not better done, as others use,
To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
Or with the tangles of Neæra's hair?
Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise
(That last infirmity of noble mind)
To scorn delights and live laborious days;
But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,
And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
Comes the blind Fury with the abhorred shears,
And slits the thin-spun life. 'But not the praise,'
Phœbus replied, and touched my trembling ears:
'Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,
Nor in the glistering foil
Set off to the world, nor in broad rumour lies,
But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes
And perfect witness of all-judging Jove;
As he pronounces lastly on each deed,
Of so much fame in heaven expect thy meed.'

ıtain Arethuse, and thou honoured flood,
sliding Mincius, crowned with vocal reeds,
ıin I heard was of a higher mood.
my oat proceeds,
:ns to the Herald of the Sea,
ıe in Neptune's plea.
l the waves, and asked the felon winds,
rd mishap hath doomed this gentle swain?
stioned every gust of rugged wings
ws from off each beaked promontory.
:w not of his story;
: Hippotades their answer brings,
a blast was from his dungeon strayed:
.vas calm, and on the level brine
nope with all her sisters played.
ıat fatal and perfidious bark,
:he eclipse, and rigged with curses dark,
k so low that sacred head of thine.
Camus, reverend sire, went footing slow,
tle hairy, and his bonnet sedge,
ht with figures dim, and on the edge
hat sanguine flower inscribed with woe.
ıo hath reft,' quoth he, 'my dearest pledge?'
ıe, and last did go,
t of the Galilean Lake;
ssy keys he bore of metals twain
den opes, the iron shuts amain).
k his mitred locks, and stern bespake:—
ell could I have spared for thee, young swain,
such as, for their bellies' sake,
nd intrude, and climb into the fold!
care they little reckoning make
w to scramble at the shearers' feast,
ve away the worthy bidden guest.
ɔuths! that scarce themselves know how to hold
·hook, or have learnt aught else the least
:he faithful herdman's art belongs!
:ks it them? What need they? They are sped;
ıen they list, their lean and flashy songs
their scrannel pipes of wretched straw;
gry sheep look up, and are not fed,
ıln with wind and the rank mist they draw,
ırdly, and foul contagion spread;
.what the grim wolf with privy paw
vours apace, and nothing said.
two handed engine at the door
eady to smite once, and smite no more.'
ı, Alpheus; the dread voice is past
unk thy streams; return, Sicilian Muse,
the vales, and bid them hither cast
lls and flowerets of a thousand hues.
ys low, where the mild whispers use
s, and wanton winds, and gushing brooks,
.e fresh lap the swart star sparely looks,
ither all your quaint enamelled eyes,
the green turf suck the honeyed showers,
ple all the ground with vernal flowers.
e rathe primrose that forsaken dies,
ed crow-toe, and pale jessamine,
te pink, and the pansy freaked with jet,
ving violet,
k-rose, and the well-attired woodbine,
.wslips wan that hang the pensive head,
ry flower that sad embroidery wears;
ranthus all his beauty shed,
adillies fill their cups with tears,
To strew the laureate hearse where Lycid lies.
For so, to interpose a little ease,
Let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise.
Ay me! whilst thee the shores and sounding seas
Wash far away, where'er thy bones are hurled;
Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides,
Where thou perhaps under the whelming tide
Visit'st the bottom of the monstrous world;
Or whether thou, to our moist vows denied,
Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus old,
Where the great Vision of the guarded mount
Looks towards Namancos and Bayona's hold.
Look homeward, Angel, now, and melt with ruth:
And, O ye dolphins, waft the hapless youth.

Weep no more, woeful shepherds, weep no more,
For Lycidas, your sorrow, is not dead,
Sunk though he be beneath the watery floor.
So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed,
And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
And tricks his beams, and with new-spangled ore
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky:
So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high,
Through the dear might of Him that walked the waves,
Where, other groves and other streams along,
With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves,
And hears the unexpressive nuptial song,
In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love.
There entertain him all the Saints above,
In solemn troops, and sweet societies,
That sing, and singing in their glory move,
And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.
Now, Lycidas, the shepherds weep no more;
Henceforth thou art the Genius of the shore,
In thy large recompense, and shalt be good
To all that wander in that perilous flood.

Thus sang the uncouth swain to the oaks and rills,
While the still morn went out with sandals grey:
He touched the tender stops of various quills,
With eager thought warbling his Doric lay:
And now the sun had stretched out all the hills,
And now was dropt into the western bay.
At last he rose, and twitched his mantle blue:
To-morrow to fresh woods, and pastures new.

When the Assault was intended to the City.

Captain or Colonel, or Knight in Arms,
Whose chance on these defenceless doors may seize,
If deed of honour did thee ever please,
Guard them, and him within protect from harms.
He can requite thee; for he knows the charms
That call fame on such gentle acts as these,
And he can spread thy name o'er lands and seas,
Whatever clime the sun's bright circle warms.
Lift not thy spear against the Muses' bower:
The great Emathian conqueror bid spare
The house of Pindarus, when temple and tower
Went to the ground; and the repeated air
Of sad Electra's poet had the power
To save the Athenian walls from ruin bare.

Sonnet on his Blindness.

When I consider how my light is spent
Ere half my days in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent which is death to hide
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent

To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest He returning chide,
'Doth God exact day-labour, light denied?'
I fondly ask. But Patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies, 'God doth not need
Either man's work or his own gifts. Who best
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best. His state
Is kingly: thousands at his bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
They also serve who only stand and wait.'

On the late Massacre in Piedmont.

Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints, whose bones
Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold;
Even them who kept thy truth so pure of old,
When all our fathers worshiped stocks and stones,
Forget not: in thy book record their groans
Who were thy sheep, and in their ancient fold
Slain by the bloody Piemontese, that rolled
Mother with infant down the rocks. Their moans
The vales redoubled to the hills, and they
To heaven. Their martyred blood and ashes sow
O'er all the Italian fields, where still doth sway
The triple Tyrant; that from these may grow
A hundredfold, who, having learnt thy way,
Early may fly the Babylonian woe.

Satan's Address to the Sun.

O thou that, with surpassing glory crowned,
Look'st from thy sole dominion like the god
Of this new World—at whose sight all the stars
Hide their diminished heads - to thee I call,
But with no friendly voice, and add thy name,
O Sun, to tell thee how I hate thy beams,
That bring to my remembrance from what state
I fell, how glorious once above thy sphere,
Till pride and worse ambition threw me down,
Warring in Heaven against Heaven's matchless King!
Ah, wherefore? He deserved no such return
From me, whom he created what I was
In that bright eminence, and with his good
Upbraided none; nor was his service hard.
What could be less than to afford him praise,
The easiest recompense, and pay him thanks,
How due? Yet all his good proved ill in me,
And wrought but malice. Lifted up so high,
I sdained subjection, and thought one step higher
Would set me highest, and in a moment quit
The debt immense of endless gratitude,
So burdensome, still paying, still to owe;
Forgetful what from him I still received;
And understood not that a grateful mind
By owing owes not, but still pays, at once
Indebted and discharged—what burden then?
Oh, had his powerful destiny ordained
Me some inferior Angel, I had stood
Then happy; no unbounded hope had raised
Ambition. Yet why not? Some other Power
As great might have aspired, and me, though mean,
Drawn to his part. But other Powers as great
Fell not, but stand unshaken, from within
Or from without to all temptations armed!
Hadst thou the same free will and power to stand?
Thou hadst. Whom hast thou then, or what, to accuse,
But Heaven's free love dealt equally to all?
Be then his love accursed, since, love or hate,
To me alike it deals eternal woe.
Nay, cursed be thou; since against his thy will
Chose freely what it now so justly rues.
Me miserable! which way shall I fly
Infinite wrath and infinite despair?
Which way I fly is Hell; myself am Hell;
And, in the lowest deep, a lower deep
Still threatening to devour me opens wide,
To which the Hell I suffer seems a Heaven.
O, then, at last relent! Is there no place
Left for repentance, none for pardon left?
None left but by submission; and that word
Disdain forbids me, and my dread of shame
Among the Spirits beneath, whom I seduced
With other promises and other vaunts
Than to submit, boasting I could subdue
The Omnipotent. Ay me! they little know
How dearly I abide that boast so vain,
Under what torments inwardly I groan.
While they adore me on the throne of Hell,
With diadem and sceptre high advanced,
The lower still I fall, only supreme
In misery: such joy ambition finds!
But say I could repent, and could obtain,
By act of grace, my former state; how soon
Would highth recal high thoughts, how soon unsay
What feigned submission swore! Ease would rec
Vows made in pain, as violent and void
(For never can true reconcilement grow
Where wounds of deadly hate have pierced so dee
Which would but lead me to a worse relapse
And heavier fall: so should I purchase dear
Short intermission, bought with double smart.
This knows my Punisher; therefore as far
From granting he, as I from begging, peace.
All hope excluded thus, behold, instead
Of us, outcast, exiled, his new delight,
Mankind, created, and for him this World!
So farewell hope, and, with hope, farewell fear,
Farewell remorse! All good to me is lost;
Evil, be thou my Good: by thee at least
Divided empire with Heaven's King I hold,
By thee, and more than half perhaps will reign;
As Man ere long, and this new World, shall know

(From *Paradise Lost*, Book iv. l.

Assembling of the Fallen Angels.

All these and more came flocking, but with lool
Downcast and damp; yet such wherein appeared
Obscure some glimpse of joy to have found their C
Not in despair, to have found themselves not lost
In loss itself; which on his countenance cast
Like doubtful hue. But he, his wonted pride
Soon recollecting, with high words, that bore
Semblance of worth, not substance, gently raised
Their fainting courage, and dispelled their fears:
Then straight commands that, at the warlike soun
Of trumpets loud and clarions, be upreared
His mighty standard. That proud honour claimed
Azazel as his right, a Cherub tall:
Who forthwith from the glittering staff unfurled
The imperial ensign; which, full high advanced,
Shone like a meteor streaming to the wind,
With gems and golden lustre rich emblazed,
Seraphic arms and trophies; all the while
Sonorous metal blowing martial sounds:

ıch the universal host up-sent
ıt that tore Hell's concave, and beyond
ed the reign of Chaos and old Night.
a moment through the gloom were seen
ıousand banners rise into the air,
›rient colours waving: with them rose
st huge of spears; and thronging helms
ıred, and serried shields in thick array
›th immeasurable. Anon they move
fect phalanx to the Dorian mood
es and soft recorders—such as raised
ghth of noblest temper heroes old
ıg to battle, and instead of rage
:rated valour breathed, firm, and unmoved
dread of death to flight or foul retreat;
'anting power to mitigate and swage
solemn touches troubled thoughts, and chase
sh and doubt and fear and sorrow and pain
mortal or immortal minds. Thus they,
ıing united force with fixèd thought,
l on in silence to soft pipes that charmed
painful steps o'er the burnt soil. And now
ıced in view they stand—a horrid front
:adful length and dazzling arms, in guise
rriors old, with ordered spear and shield,
ing what command their mighty Chief
o impose. . . . He, above the rest
pe and gesture proudly eminent,
like a tower. His form had yet not lost
r original brightness, nor appeared
han Archangel ruined, and the excess
ry obscured: as when the sun new-risen
through the horizontal misty air
of his beams, or, from behind the moon,
ı eclipse, disastrous twilight sheds
lf the nations, and with fear of change
xes monarchs. Darkened so, yet shone
: them all the Archangel: but his face
scars of thunder had intrenched, and care
ı his faded cheek, but under brows
ıntless courage, and considerate pride
ıg revenge. Cruel his eye, but cast
of remorse and passion, to behold
llows of his crime, the followers rather
›ther once beheld in bliss), condemned
ver now to have their lot in pain—
ns of Spirits for his fault amerced
aven, and from eternal splendours flung
s revolt—yet faithful how they stood,
glory withered; as, when heaven's fire
scathed the forest oaks or mountain pines,
singèd top their stately growth, though bare,
s on the blasted heath. He now prepared
eak; whereat their doubled ranks they bend
wing to wing, and half enclose him round
all his peers: Attention held them mute.
: he assayed, and thrice, in spite of scorn,
, such as Angels weep, burst forth: at last
s interwove with sighs found out their way.

(From *Paradise Lost*, Book i. l. 522.)

The Garden of Eden.

on he fares, and to the border comes
len, where delicious Paradise,
nearer, crowns with her enclosure green,
th a rural mound, the champaign head
Of a steep wilderness, whose hairy sides
With thicket overgrown, grotesque and wild,
Access denied; and overhead up-grew
Insuperable highth of loftiest shade,
Cedar, and pine, and fir, and branching palm,
A sylvan scene, and, as the ranks ascend
Shade above shade, a woody theatre
Of stateliest view. Yet higher than their tops
The verdurous wall of Paradise up-sprung,
Which to our general sire gave prospect large
Into his nether empire neighbouring round.
And higher than that wall a circling row
Of goodliest trees, loaden with fairest fruit,
Blossoms and fruits at once of golden hue,
Appeared, with gay enamelled colours mixed;
On which the sun more glad impressed his beams
Than in fair evening cloud, or humid bow,
When God hath showered the earth: so lovely seemed
That landskip. And of pure now purer air
Meets his approach, and to the heart inspires
Vernal delight and joy, able to drive
All sadness but despair. Now gentle gales,
Fanning their odoriferous wings, dispense
Native perfumes, and whisper whence they stole
Those balmy spoils. As, when to them who sail
Beyond the Cape of Hope, and now are past
Mozambic, off at sea north-east winds blow
Sabean odours from the spicy shore
Of Araby the Blest, with such delay
Well pleased they slack their course, and many a league
Cheered with the grateful smell old Ocean smiles.

(From *Paradise Lost*, Book vi. l. 131.)

Morning Hymn in Paradise.

'These are thy glorious works, Parent of good,
Almighty! thine this universal frame,
Thus wondrous fair: Thyself how wondrous then!
Unspeakable! who sitt'st above these heavens
To us invisible, or dimly seen
In these thy lowest works; yet these declare
Thy goodness beyond thought, and power divine.
Speak, ye who best can tell, ye Sons of Light,
Angels—for ye behold him, and with songs
And choral symphonies, day without night,
Circle his throne rejoicing—ye in Heaven;
On Earth join, all ye creatures, to extol
Him first, him last, him midst, and without end.
Fairest of Stars, last in the train of Night,
If better thou belong not to the Dawn,
Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling morn
With thy bright circlet, praise him in thy sphere
While day arises, that sweet hour of prime.
Thou Sun, of this great World both eye and soul,
Acknowledge him thy greater; sound his praise
In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st,
And when high noon hast gained, and when thou fall'st.
Moon, that now meet'st the orient Sun, now fliest,
With the fixed Stars, fixed in their orb that flies;
And ye five other wandering Fires, that move
In mystic dance, not without song, resound
His praise who out of Darkness called up Light.
Air, and ye Elements, the eldest birth
Of Nature's womb, that in quaternion run
Perpetual circle, multiform, and mix
And nourish all things, let your ceaseless change
Vary to our great Maker still new praise.

Ye Mists and Exhalations, that now rise
From hill or steaming lake, dusky or gray,
Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,
In honour to the World's great Author rise;
Whether to deck with clouds the uncoloured sky,
Or wet the thirsty earth with falling showers,
Rising or falling, still advance his praise.
His praise, ye Winds, that from four quarters blow,
Breathe soft or loud; and wave your tops, ye Pines,
With every Plant, in sign of worship wave.
Fountains, and ye, that warble, as ye flow,
Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praise.
Join voices, all ye living Souls. Ye Birds,
That, singing, up to Heaven-gate ascend,
Bear on your wings and in your notes his praise.
Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk
The earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep,
Witness if *I* be silent, morn or even,
To hill or valley, fountain, or fresh shade,
Made vocal by my song, and taught his praise.
Hail, universal Lord! Be bounteous still
To give us only good; and, if the night
Have gathered aught of evil, or concealed,
Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark.'

So prayed they innocent, and to their thoughts
Firm peace recovered soon, and wonted calm.
On to their morning's rural work they haste,
Among sweet dews and flowers, where any row
Of fruit-trees, over-woody, reached too far
Their pampered boughs, and needed hands to check
Fruitless embraces: or they led the vine
To wed her elm; she, spoused, about him twines
Her marriageable arms, and with her brings
Her dower, the adopted clusters, to adorn
His barren leaves.

(From *Paradise Lost*, Book v. l. 153.)

Evening in Paradise.

Now came still Evening on, and Twilight gray
Had in her sober livery all things clad;
Silence accompanied; for beast and bird,
They to their grassy couch, these to their nests
Were slunk, all but the wakeful nightingale.
She all night long her amorous descant sung:
Silence was pleased. Now glowed the firmament
With living sapphires; Hesperus, that led
The starry host, rode brightest, till the Moon,
Rising in clouded majesty, at length
Apparent queen, unveiled her peerless light,
And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw;
When Adam thus to Eve:—'Fair consort, the hour
Of night, and all things now retired to rest,
Mind us of like repose; since God hath set
Labour and rest, as day and night, to men
Successive, and the timely dew of sleep,
Now falling with soft slumberous weight, inclines
Our eye-lids. Other creatures all day long
Rove idle, unemployed, and less need rest;
Man hath his daily work of body or mind
Appointed, which declares his dignity,
And the regard of Heaven on all his ways;
While other animals unactive range,
And of their doings God takes no account.
To-morrow, ere fresh morning streak the east
With first approach of light, we must be risen,
And at our pleasant labour, to reform
Yon flowery arbours, yonder alleys green,
Our walk at noon, with branches overgrown,
That mock our scant manuring, and require
More hands than ours to lop their wanton growth.
Those blossoms also, and those dropping gums,
That lie bestrewn, unsightly and unsmooth,
Ask riddance, if we mean to tread with ease.
Meanwhile, as Nature wills, Night bids us rest.'

To whom thus Eve, with perfect beauty adorned
'My author and disposer, what thou bidd'st
Unargued I obey. So God ordains:
God is thy law, thou mine: to know no more
Is woman's happiest knowledge, and her praise.
With thee conversing, I forget all time,
All seasons, and their change; all please alike.
Sweet is the breath of Morn, her rising sweet,
With charm of earliest birds; pleasant the Sun,
When first on this delightful land he spreads
His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flower,
Glistering with dew; fragrant the fertile Earth
After soft showers; and sweet the coming-on
Of grateful Evening mild; then silent Night,
With this her solemn bird, and this fair Moon,
And these the gems of Heaven, her starry train:
But neither breath of Morn, when she ascends
With charm of earliest birds; nor rising Sun
On this delightful land; nor herb, fruit, flower,
Glistering with dew; nor fragrance after showers;
Nor grateful Evening mild; nor silent Night,
With this her solemn bird; nor walk by moon,
Or glittering star-light, without thee is sweet.
But wherefore all night long shine these? for whom
This glorious sight, when sleep hath shut all eyes?

To whom our general ancestor replied:—
'Daughter of God and Man, accomplished Eve,
Those have their course to finish round the Earth
By morrow evening, and from land to land
In order, though to nations yet unborn,
Ministering light prepared, they set and rise;
Lest total Darkness should by night regain
Her old possession, and extinguish life
In nature and all things; which these soft fires
Not only enlighten, but with kindly heat
Of various influence foment and warm,
Temper or nourish, or in part shed down
Their stellar virtue on all kinds that grow
On Earth, made hereby apter to receive
Perfection from the Sun's more potent ray.
These, then, though unbeheld in deep of night,
Shine not in vain. Nor think, though men were n
That Heaven would want spectators, God want pr
Millions of spiritual creatures walk the Earth
Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep:
All these with ceaseless praise his works behold
Both day and night. How often, from the steep
Of echoing hill or thicket, have we heard
Celestial voices to the midnight air,
Sole, or responsive each to other's note,
Singing their great Creator! Oft in bands
While they keep watch, or nightly rounding walk,
With heavenly touch of instrumental sounds
In full harmonic number joined, their songs
Divide the night, and lift our thoughts to Heaven.'

Thus talking, hand in hand alone they passed
On to their blissful bower. It was a place
Chosen by the sovran Planter, when he framed

All things to Man's delightful use. The roof
Of thickest covert was inwoven shade,
Laurel and myrtle, and what higher grew
Of firm and fragrant leaf; on either side
Acanthus, and each odorous bushy shrub,
Fenced up the verdant wall; each beauteous flower,
Iris all hues, roses, and jessamine,
Reared high their flourished heads between, and wrought
Mosaic; under foot the violet,
Crocus, and hyacinth, with rich inlay
Broidered the ground, more coloured than with stone
Of costliest emblem. Other creature here,
Beast, bird, insect, or worm, durst enter none;
Such was their awe of Man. . . .

Thus at their shady lodge arrived, both stood,
Both turned, and under open sky adored
The God that made both Sky, Air, Earth, and Heaven,
Which they beheld, the Moon's resplendent globe,
And starry Pole:—'Thou also madest the Night,
Maker Omnipotent; and thou the Day,
Which we, in our appointed work employed,
Have finished, happy in our mutual help
And mutual love, the crown of all our bliss
Ordained by thee; and this delicious place,
For us too large, where thy abundance wants
Partakers, and uncropt falls to the ground.
But thou hast promised from us two a race
To fill the Earth, who shall with us extol
Thy goodness infinite, both when we wake,
And when we seek, as now, thy gift of sleep.'

(From *Paradise Lost*, Book iv. l. 598.)

Expulsion from Paradise.

He added not; for Adam, at the news
Heart-stroock, with chilling gripe of sorrow stood,
That all his senses bound; Eve, who unseen
Yet all had heard, with audible lament
Discovered soon the place of her retire:—

'O unexpected stroke, worse than of Death!
Must I thus leave thee, Paradise? thus leave
Thee, native soil? these happy walks and shades,
Fit haunt of Gods, where I had hope to spend,
Quiet, though sad, the respite of that day
That must be mortal to us both? O flowers,
That never will in other climate grow,
My early visitation, and my last
At even, which I bred up with tender hand
From the first opening bud, and gave ye names,
Who now shall rear ye to the Sun, or rank
Your tribes, and water from the ambrosial fount?
Thee, lastly, nuptial bower, by me adorned
With what to sight or smell was sweet, from thee
How shall I part, and whither wander down
Into a lower world, to this obscure
And wild? How shall we breathe in other air
Less pure, accustomed to immortal fruits?'

Whom thus the Angel interrupted mild:—
'Lament not, Eve, but patiently resign
What justly thou hast lost; nor set thy heart,
Thus over-fond, on that which is not thine.
Thy going is not lonely; with thee goes
Thy husband; him to follow thou art bound;
Where he abides, think there thy native soil.'

Adam, by this from the cold sudden damp
Recovering, and his scattered spirits returned,
To Michael thus his humble words addressed:—

'Celestial, whether among the Thrones, or named
Of them the highest—for such of shape may seem
Prince above princes—gently hast thou told
Thy message, which might else in telling wound,
And in performing end us. What besides
Of sorrow, and dejection, and despair,
Our frailty can sustain, thy tidings bring—
Departure from this happy place, our sweet
Recess, and only consolation left
Familiar to our eyes; all places else
Inhospitable appear, and desolate,
Nor knowing us, nor known. And, if by prayer
Incessant I could hope to change the will
Of him who all things can, I would not cease
To weary him with my assiduous cries;
But prayer against his absolute decree
No more avails than breath against the wind,
Blown stifling back on him that breathes it forth:
Therefore to his great bidding I submit.
This most afflicts me—that, departing hence,
As from his face I shall be hid, deprived
His blessed countenance. Here I could frequent,
With worship, place by place where he voutsafed
Presence Divine, and to my sons relate,
"On this mount He appeared; under this tree
Stood visible; among these pines his voice
I heard; here with him at this fountain talked."
So many grateful altars I would rear
Of grassy turf, and pile up every stone
Of lustre from the brook, in memory
Or monument to ages, and thereon
Offer sweet-smelling gums, and fruits, and flowers.
In yonder nether world where shall I seek
His bright appearances, or footstep trace?
For, though I fled him angry, yet, recalled
To life prolonged and promised race, I now
Gladly behold though but his utmost skirts
Of glory, and far off his steps adore.' . . .

Now too nigh
The Archangel stood, and from the other hill
To their fixed station, all in bright array,
The Cherubim descended, on the ground
Gliding meteorous, as evening mist
Risen from a river o'er the marish glides,
And gathers ground fast at the labourer's heel
Homeward returning. High in front advanced,
The brandished sword of God before them blazed,
Fierce as a comet; which with torrid heat,
And vapour as the Libyan air adust,
Began to parch that temperate clime; whereat
In either hand the hastening Angel caught
Our lingering parents, and to the eastern gate
Led them direct, and down the cliff as fast
To the subjected plain—then disappeared.
They, looking back, all the eastern side beheld
Of Paradise, so late their happy seat,
Waved over by that flaming brand; the gate
With dreadful faces thronged and fiery arms.
Some natural tears they dropped, but wiped them soon;
The world was all before them, where to choose
Their place of rest, and Providence their guide.
They, hand in hand, with wandering steps and slow,
Through Eden took their solitary way.

(From *Paradise Lost*, Book xi. l. 263; Book xii. l. 625.)

Satan's Survey of Greece.

Westward, much nearer by south-west; behold
Where on the Ægean shore a city stands,
Built nobly, pure the air and light the soil—
Athens, the eye of Greece, mother of arts
And eloquence, native to famous wits
Or hospitable, in her sweet recess,
City or suburban, studious walks and shades.
See there the olive-grove of Academe,
Plato's retirement, where the Attic bird
Trills her thick-warbled notes the summer long;
There, flowery hill, Hymettus, with the sound
Of bees' industrious murmur, oft invites
To studious musing; there Ilissus rolls
His whispering stream. Within the walls then view
The schools of ancient sages—his who bred
Great Alexander to subdue the world,
Lyceum there; and painted Stoa next.
There thou shalt hear and learn the secret power
Of harmony, in tones and numbers hit
By voice or hand, and various-measured verse,
Æolian charms and Dorian lyric odes,
And his who gave them breath, but higher sung,
Blind Melesigenes, thence Homer called,
Whose poem Phœbus challenged for his own.
Thence what the lofty grave Tragedians taught
In chorus or iambic, teachers best
Of moral prudence, with delight received
In brief sententious precepts, while they treat
Of fate, and chance, and change in human life,
High actions and high passions best describing.
Thence to the famous Orators repair,
Those ancient whose resistless eloquence
Wielded at will that fierce democraty,
Shook the Arsenal, and fulmined over Greece
To Macedon and Artaxerxes' throne.
To sage Philosophy next lend thine ear,
From heaven descended to the low-roofed house
Of Socrates—see there his tenement—
Whom, well inspired, the oracle pronounced
Wisest of men; from whose mouth issued forth
Mellifluous streams, that watered all the schools
Of Academics old and new, with those
Surnamed Peripatetics, and the sect
Epicurean, and the Stoic severe.
These here revolve, or, as thou likest, at home,
Till time mature thee to a kingdom's weight;
These rules will render thee a king complete
Within thyself, much more with empire joined.

(From *Paradise Regained*, Book iv. l. 237.)

Milton was one of the first Latinists of his time, and the first English writer of Latin verse who could be named alongside of Buchanan. It is curious that two of the greatest British writers known to the Continent by their Latin works should both, the Scot and the Englishman alike, have been exponents of a doctrine as to kings, government, and peoples peculiarly abhorrent to all loyalists, royalists, and *jure divino* men wherever found. Milton's Latinity is illustrated not merely in his secretarial work, his *Epistolæ Familiares*, and his early *Prolusiones*, but in his Latin poems, the first and second *Defensiones*, and his *Doctrina Christiana*.

Milton's English prose style is lofty, vigorous, expressive, clear, and adorned with profuse and pregnant imagery, and his vocabulary is rich, varied, and effective, in the Saxon as well as in the Latin elements of it. His model was sonorous oratory; 'the long winding sentence, propped on epithets and festooned with digressions, was the habitual vehicle of his meaning.' Hence, like other monuments of the age, even his best work shows undue fondness for the Latin idiom in the construction of sentences; occasional paragraphs, like the commencement of the *Areopagitica*, read like a translation from the Latin. But the force and directness with which he sped his Saxon monosyllables made them at least as deadly as his sesquipedalian artillery. 'It is to be regretted,' said Lord Macaulay, 'that the prose writings of Milton should in our time be so little read. As compositions, they deserve the attention of every man who wishes to become acquainted with the full power of the English language. They abound with passages compared with which the finest declamations of Burke sink into insignificance. They are a perfect field of cloth of gold. The style is stiff with gorgeous embroidery. Not even in the earlier books of the *Paradise Lost* has he ever risen higher than in those parts of his controversial works in which his feelings, excited by conflict, find a vent in bursts of devotional and lyric rapture. It is, to borrow his own majestic language, "a sevenfold chorus of hallelujahs and harping symphonies."'

A translated extract from the *Defensio Secunda* has been given above at pages 544, 545. The following specimens of Milton's own English are taken from *The Reason of Church Government* (containing the reminiscences of his early projects), from the treatise *Of Education*, and from the *Areopagitica:*

I must say, therefore, that after I had, from my first years, by the ceaseless diligence and care of my father (whom God recompense!), been exercised to the tongues, and some sciences, as my age would suffer, by sundry masters and teachers, both at home and at the schools, it was found that whether aught was imposed me by them that had the overlooking, or betaken to of mine own choice in English, or other tongue, prosing or versing, but chiefly the latter, the style, by certain vital signs it had, was likely to live. But much latelier, in the private academies of Italy, whither I was favoured to resort, perceiving that some trifles which I had in memory, composed at under twenty or thereabout (for the manner is, that every one must give some proof of his wit and reading there), met with acceptance above what was looked for; and other things which I had shifted, in scarcity of books and conveniences, to patch up among them, were received with written encomiums, which the Italian is not forward to bestow on men of this side the Alps; I began thus far to assent both to them and divers of my friends here at home, and not less to an inward prompting, which now grew daily upon me, that by labour and intent study (which I take to be my portion in this life), joined with the strong propensity of

nature, I might perhaps leave something so written to aftertimes as they should not willingly let it die. These thoughts at once possessed me, and these other, that if I were certain to write as men buy leases, for three lives and downward, there ought no regard be sooner had than to God's glory, by the honour and instruction of my country. For which cause, and not only for that I knew it would be hard to arrive at the second rank among the Latins, I applied myself to that resolution which Ariosto followed against the persuasions of Bembo, to fix all the industry and art I could unite to the adorning of my native tongue; not to make verbal curiosities the end—that were a toilsome vanity; but to be an interpreter and relater of the best and sagest things among mine own citizens throughout this island in the mother dialect. That what the greatest and choicest wits of Athens, Rome, or modern Italy, and those Hebrews of old did for their country, I, in my proportion, with this over and above, of being a Christian, might do for mine; not caring to be once named abroad, though perhaps I could attain to that, but content with these British islands as my world; whose fortune hath hitherto been, that if the Athenians, as some say, made their small deeds great and renowned by their eloquent writers, England hath had her noble achievements made small by the unskilful handling of monks and mechanics.

Time serves not now, and perhaps I might seem too profuse, to give any certain account of what the mind at home, in the spacious circuits of her musing, hath liberty to propose to herself, though of highest hope and hardest attempting. Whether that epic form, whereof the two poems of Homer, and those other two of Virgil and Tasso, are a diffuse, and the book of Job a brief model; or whether the rules of Aristotle herein are strictly to be kept, or nature to be followed, which in them that know art and use judgment is no transgression, but an enriching of art: and, lastly, what king or knight before the Conquest might be chosen, in whom to lay the pattern of a Christian hero. And as Tasso gave to a prince of Italy his choice, whether he would command him to write of Godfrey's expedition against the Infidels, or Belisarius against the Goths, or Charlemain against the Lombards; if to the instinct of nature and the emboldening of art aught may be trusted, and that there be nothing adverse in our climate, or the fate of this age, it haply would be no rashness, from an equal diligence and inclination, to present the like offer in our own ancient stories; or whether those dramatic constitutions wherein Sophocles and Euripides reign shall be found more doctrinal and exemplary to a nation. The Scripture also affords us a divine pastoral drama in the Song of Solomon, consisting of two persons and a double chorus, as Origen rightly judges; and the Apocalypse of St John is the majestic image of a high and stately tragedy, shutting up and intermingling her solemn scenes and acts with a sevenfold chorus of hallelujahs and harping symphonies: and this my opinion, the grave authority of Pareus, commenting that book, is sufficient to confirm. Or if occasion shall lead, to imitate those magnific odes and hymns, wherein Pindarus and Callimachus are in most things worthy, some others in their frame judicious, in their matter most, and end faulty. But those frequent songs throughout the law and prophets beyond all these, not in their divine argument alone, but in the very critical art of composition, may be easily made appear over all the kinds of lyric poesy to be incomparable. These abilities, wheresoever they be found, are the inspired gift of God, rarely bestowed, but yet to some (though most abuse) in every nation: and are of power, besides the office of a pulpit, to inbreed and cherish in a great people the seeds of virtue and public civility, to allay the perturbations of the mind, and set the affections in right tune; to celebrate in glorious and lofty hymns the throne and equipage of God's almightiness, and what he works, and what he suffers to be wrought with high providence in his church; to sing victorious agonies of martyrs and saints, the deeds and triumphs of just and pious nations, doing valiantly through faith against the enemies of Christ; to deplore the general relapses of kingdoms and states from justice and God's true worship. Lastly, whatsoever in religion is holy and sublime, in virtue amiable or grave, whatsoever hath passion or admiration in all the changes of that which is called fortune from without, or the wily subtleties and refluxes of man's thoughts from within; all these things, with a solid and treatable smoothness, to paint out and describe. Teaching over the whole book of sanctity and virtue, through all the instances of example, with such delight to those, especially of soft and delicious temper, who will not so much as look upon Truth herself, unless they see her elegantly dressed; that whereas the paths of honesty and good life appear now rugged and difficult, though they be indeed easy and pleasant, they would then appear to all men both easy and pleasant, though they were rugged and difficult indeed. And what a benefit would this be to our youth and gentry may be soon guessed by what we know of the corruption and bane which they suck in daily from the writings and interludes of libidinous and ignorant poetasters, who having scarce ever heard of that which is the main consistence of a true poem, the choice of such persons as they ought to introduce, and what is moral and decent to each one, do for the most part lay up vicious principles in sweet pills, to be swallowed down, and make the taste of virtuous documents harsh and sour. But because the spirit of man cannot demean itself lively in this body without some repeating intermission of labour and serious things, it were happy for the commonwealth if our magistrates, as in those famous governments of old, would take into their care not only the deciding of our contentious law cases and brawls, but the managing of our public sports and festival pastimes, that they might be, not such as were authorised awhile since, the provocations of drunkenness and lust, but such as may inure and harden our bodies, by martial exercises, to all warlike skill and performances; and may civilise, adorn, and make discreet our minds, by the learned and affable meeting of frequent academies, and the procurement of wise and artful recitations, sweetened with eloquent and graceful enticements to the love and practice of justice, temperance, and fortitude; instructing and bettering the nation at all opportunities, that the call of wisdom and virtue may be heard everywhere, as Solomon saith: 'She crieth without, she uttereth her voice in the streets, in the top of high places, in the chief concourse, and in the openings of the gates.' Whether this may be not only in pulpits, but after another persuasive method, at set and solemn paneguries, in theatres, porches, or what other place or way may win most upon the people, to receive at once both recreation

good men have consented shall be the reward in those whose publi-hed labours advance the good of mankind; then know that so far to distrust the judgment and the honesty of one who hath but a common repute in learning and never yet offended, as not to count him fit to print his mind without a tutor and examiner, lest he should drop a schism or something of corruption, is the greatest displeasure and indignity to a free and knowing spirit that can be put upon him. What advantage is it to be a man, over it is to be a boy at school, if we have only scaped the ferula to come under the fescue of an Imprimatur?—if serious and elaborate writings, as if they were no more than the theme of a grammar lad under his pedagogue, must not be uttered without the cursory eyes of a temporising and extemporising licenser? He who is not trusted with his own actions, his drift not being known to be evil, and standing to the hazard of law and penalty, has no great argument to think himself reputed in the commonwealth wherein he was born for other than a fool or a foreigner. When a man writes to the world, he summons up all his reason and deliberation to assist him; he searches, meditates, is industrious, and likely consults and confers with his judicious friends; after all which done, he takes himself to be informed in what he writes, as well as any that writ before him; if in this, the most consummate act of his fidelity and ripeness, no years, no industry, no former proof of his abilities can bring him to that state of maturity, as not to be still mistrusted and suspected unless he carry all his considerate diligence, all his midnight watchings and expense of Palladian oil, to the hasty view of an unleisured licenser, perhaps much his younger, perhaps far his inferior in judgment, perhaps one who never knew the labour of book-writing; and if he be not repulsed or slighted, must appear in print like a puny with his guardian, and his censor's hand on the back of his title, to be his bail and surety that he is no idiot or seducer; it cannot be but a dishonour and derogation to the author, to the book, to the privilege and dignity of learning. . . .

And lest some should persuade ye, Lords and Commons, that these arguments of learned men's discouragement at this your order are mere flourishes and not real, I could recount what I have seen and heard in other countries, where this kind of inquisition tyrannises; when I have sat among their learned men (for that honour I had) and been counted happy to be born in such a place of philosophic freedom as they supposed England was, while themselves did nothing but bemoan the servile condition into which learning amongst them was brought; that this was it which had damped the glory of Italian wits; that nothing had been there written now these many years but flattery and fustian. There it was that I found and visited the famous Galileo, grown old, a prisoner to the Inquisition for thinking in astronomy otherwise than the Franciscan and Dominican licensers thought. And though I knew that England then was groaning loudest under the prelatical yoke, nevertheless I took it as a pledge of future happiness that other nations were so persuaded of her liberty. Yet was it beyond my hope that those worthies were then breathing in her air, who should be her leaders to such a deliverance as shall never be forgotten by any revolution of time that this world hath to finish. . . .

Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks; methinks I see her as an eagle mewing her mighty youth, and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full mid-day beam; purging and unscaling her long-abused sight at the fountain itself of heavenly radiance; while the whole noise of timorous and flocking birds, with those also that love the twilight, flutter about amazed at what she means, and in their envious gabble would prognosticate a year of sects and schisms. . . .

Though all the winds of doctrine were let loose to play upon the earth, so Truth be in the field, we do injuriously by licensing and prohibiting to misdoubt her strength. Let her and Falsehood grapple; who ever knew Truth put to the worse in a free and open encounter? Her confuting is the best and surest suppressing. He who hears what praying there is for light and clear knowledge to be sent down among us, would think of other matters to be constituted beyond the discipline of Geneva, framed and fabricked already to our hands. Yet when the new light which we beg for shines in upon us, there be who envy and oppose, if it come not first in at their casements. What a collusion is this, whenas we are exhorted by the wise man to use diligence, 'to seek for wisdom as for hidden treasures,' early and late, that another order shall enjoin us to know nothing but by statute! When a man hath been labouring the hardest labour in the deep mines of knowledge, hath furnished out his findings in all their equipage, drawn forth his reasons as it were a battle ranged, scattered and defeated all objections in his way, calls out his adversary into the plain, offers him the advantage of wind and sun, if he please, only that he may try the matter by dint of argument; for his opponents then to skulk, to lay ambushments, to keep a narrow bridge of licensing where the challenger should pass, though it be valour enough in soldiership, is but weakness and cowardice in the wars of Truth. For who knows not that Truth is strong, next to the Almighty? She needs no policies, nor stratagems, nor licensings, to make her victorious; those are the shifts and the defences that error uses against her power; give her but room, and do not bind her when she sleeps.

The Reformation.

When I recall to mind at last, after so many dark ages wherein the huge overshadowing train of error had almost swept all the stars out of the firmament of the church, how the bright and blissful Reformation by Divine power strook through the black and settled night of ignorance and antichristian tyranny, methinks a sovereign and reviving joy must needs rush into the bosom of him that reads or hears, and the sweet odour of the returning Gospel imbathe his soul with the fragrancy of heaven. Then was the sacred Bible sought out of the dusty corners where profane falsehood and neglect had thrown it; the schools opened; divine and human learning raked out of the embers of forgotten tongues, the princes and cities trooping apace to the new-erected banner of salvation; the martyrs with the unresistible might of weakness shaking the powers of darkness, and scorning the fiery rage of the old red dragon.

. . . . . .

Then amidst the hymns and hallelujahs of saints, some one may perhaps be heard offering at high strains in new and lofty measure to sing and celebrate thy divine mercies and marvellous judgments in this land throughout all

ages; whereby this great and warlike nation, instructed and inured to the fervent and continual practice of truth and righteousness, and casting far from her the rags of her whole vices, may press on hard to that high and happy emulation to be found the soberest, wisest, and most Christian people at that day when thou, the eternal and shortly expected King, shalt open the clouds to judge the several kingdoms of the world, and distributing national honours and rewards to religious and just commonwealths, shalt put an end to all earthly tyrannies, proclaiming thy universal and mild monarchy through heaven and earth; where they undoubtedly that by their labours, counsels, and prayers have been earnest for the common good of religion and their country, shall receive above the inferior orders of the blessed, the regal addition of principalities, legions, and thrones into their glorious titles, and in supereminence of beatific vision, progressing the dateless and irrevoluble circle of eternity, shall clasp inseparable hands with joy and bliss, in overmeasure for ever.

But they contrary that by the impairing and diminution of the true faith, the distresses and servitude of their country, aspire to high dignity, rule, and promotion here, after a shameful end in this life (which God grant them), shall be thrown down eternally into the darkest and deepest gulf of hell, where under the despiteful control, the trample and spurn of all the other damned that in the anguish of their torture shall have no other ease than to exercise a raving and bestial tyranny over them as their slaves and negroes, they shall remain in that plight for ever, the basest, the lowermost, the most dejected, most underfoot, and down-trodden vassals of perdition. (From *Of Reformation in England.*)

Truth.

Truth, indeed, came once into the world with her Divine Master, and was a perfect shape, most glorious to look on; but when he ascended and his apostles after him were laid asleep, then straight arose a wicked race of deceivers, who, as that story goes of the Egyptian Typhon with his conspirators, how they dealt with the god Osiris, took the virgin Truth, hewed her lovely form into a thousand pieces, and scattered them to the four winds. From that time ever since the sad friends of Truth, such as durst appear, imitating the careful search that Isis made for the mangled body of Osiris, went up and down gathering up limb by limb still as they could find them. We have not yet found them all, Lords and Commons! nor ever shall do till her Master's second coming; he shall bring together every joint and member, and mould them into an immortal feature of loveliness and perfection. (From *Areopagitica.*)

Of the Roman Power in Britain.

Thus expired this great empire of the Romans; first in Britain, soon after in Italy itself; having borne chief sway in this island (though never thoroughly subdued, or all at once in subjection) if we reckon from the coming in of Julius to the taking of Rome by Alaric, in which year Honorius wrote those letters of discharge into Britain, the space of four hundred and sixty-two years. And with the empire fell also what before in this western world was chiefly Roman—learning, valour, eloquence, history, civility, and even language itself—all these together, as it were with equal pace, diminishing and decaying. Henceforth we are to steer by another sort of authors, near enough to the times they write, as in their own country, if that would serve, in time not much belated, some of equal age, in expression barbarous; and to say how judicious I suspend awhile. This we must expect; in civil matters to find them dubious relaters, and still to the best advantage of what they term Mother Church, meaning indeed themselves; in most other matters of religion blind, astonished, and strook with superstition as with a planet; in one word, monks. Yet these guides, where can be had no better, must be followed; in gross it may be true enough; in circumstance each man as his judgment gives him may reserve his faith or bestow it. (From *History of England.*)

From the beginning the reception of Milton in France was hesitating, doubtful, and fluctuating. Voltaire in some measure felt the grandeur of *Paradise Lost*, and translated some of it, rather freely. But he was naturally unable to appreciate Milton: Pococurante in *Candide* probably only exaggerates Voltaire's own opinion when he refers to *Paradise Lost* as an 'obscure, eccentric, and disgusting poem,' and speaks of Milton as 'a barbarian who constructed a long commentary on the book of Genesis in harsh verse.' Certainly this view was not confined to Voltaire's Pococurante, though the second French translator of the *Paradise Lost* was the son of the great Racine. But after the Revolution Milton was made a hero. The Romanticists enrolled him amongst the greatest of poets. The translation by the venerable Jacques Delille was well received though utterly feeble; Chateaubriand, an enthusiastic admirer, produced an impossible attempt at a literal translation; a less unsatisfactory rendering appeared in 1838. Taine's elaborate appreciation again attracted interest in France to Milton; and Sainte-Beuve gave a wider acceptance to Taine's estimate of 'England's most splendid and most complex poetic genius.' 'Vast knowledge, close logic, and grand passion; these are his marks.' 'He was not born for the drama, but for the ode. He does not create souls, but constructs arguments and experiences emotions.' 'Milton's landscapes are a school of virtue.'

In Germany, as might have been expected, Milton's reception was friendlier from the first, though there too he found unsympathetic critics; *Paradise Lost* gave a great impulse to German poetry, and like and dislike of Milton were for long the notes of the two great German critical schools. *Paradise Lost* was twice translated into German in the seventeenth century, three times in the eighteenth century, and no less than six times in the nineteenth. Gottsched and the Leipzig school advocated in the early eighteenth century a humble adherence to French standards of taste, an almost slavish imitation of French models; Bodmer and the Zurich or Swiss school stood up for Nature, for poetic power and depth rather than formal correctness and elegance, for religious subjects as the greatest, for rhymelessness and blank verse, and for Milton. Bodmer was himself one of the translators of *Paradise Lost* (1732); and on the whole

Bodmer and the Swiss school triumphed in a controversy somewhat analogous to that of Classicism and Romanticism in the following century, a controversy that in a way foreshadowed the great literary struggle at the close of the eighteenth and the early nineteenth centuries. And the triumph of the Swiss school prepared the way for the 'seraphic school' and for Klopstock, and secured the enthusiastic welcome given in Germany to the 'German Milton.' But except in the first flush of that enthusiasm, even German critics agreed that Klopstock at his best never rises to Milton's height, and that the *Messias* stands on an altogether lower plane, both of thought and expression. Herder and Lessing, it should be added, were fully conscious of Milton's poetic greatness.

Gottsched, in defence of his thesis, eagerly welcomed the unfavourable comments made in England—some of them by Milton's embittered political enemies, who saw in the poet mainly the hateful defender of the king's assassins. Gottsched imported into Germany Lauder's charge against Milton of having shamelessly plagiarised from various modern writers of Latin verse.

William Lauder, a wooden-legged Edinburgh graduate, a competent Latinist but an unsuccessful candidate for scholastic posts, settled in London as a literary hack. In 1747, in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, he made his famous charge against Milton, alleging *Paradise Lost* to be largely composed of translations from the *Adamus Exsul* of Grotius; the *Poemata Sacra* (1633) of Ramsay, an Edinburgh minister; from Masenius, Staphorstius, Taubmann, and other even less-known authors; finally (1753), he extended the list of authors whom Milton had plundered to ninety-seven! But long ere his frenzy rose so high, Lauder's friends, including Samuel Johnson, had been convinced that the passages he cited from these authors were, very many of them at least, not in the actual works named, which had been fraudulently garbled for his own purposes by the malevolent critic. Lauder had himself—as he ultimately confessed to Johnson—foisted into the quotations given as from the authors named passages which he had copied verbatim from William Hog's Latin version of *Paradise Lost* (published 1690). Lauder died in 1771.

On the other hand, it is perfectly known and recognised that Milton, an omnivorous reader, was influenced to some extent both in idea and expression by poetic predecessors, as well as by commentators on Scripture and systematic theologians; yet the comparisons of parallel passages only serve, on the whole, to show Milton's vast superiority. Bishop Ponet's translation (1549) of a Latin tragedy (no longer extant) by the Italian refugee Ochino seems to have left its mark on Milton's memory; there are obvious parallels noted by Dunster (1800) and others between Milton and Sylvester's translation of Du Bartas (see above at Sylvester, page 346); Gosse (1879) and Edmundson insisted on Milton's debt to the Dutch Vondel's Latin play *Lucifer* (1654), and so too the German critic Aug. Müller (1891). But none of the passages cited in the least diminish Milton's credit as a great poet, great both in creation and in expression. Nor would it prove Milton less original if the ingenious suggestion were true that the debates in Heaven reflect Milton's knowledge of actual debates in the Long Parliament or the Westminster Assembly; or that Belial may possibly be an uncomplimentary sketch of Sir Harry Vane, or some other of the contemporary personages whom the poet distrusted.

Probably no English author but Shakespeare has had accorded to him in as full measure as Milton the homage of constant quotation—often by the vulgar little read in poetry and all-unconscious whence their pet phrases come. How constantly does one hear cited not merely short passages or parts of passages like:

> Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise
> (That last infirmity of noble minds)
> To scorn delights and live laborious days;

but single lines or fragments such as 'Peace hath her victories not less renowned than war;' 'Better to reign in hell than serve in heaven;' 'The mind can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven;' 'More is meant than meets the ear;' 'Not to know me argues yourself unknown;' 'Hence, loathed melancholy;' 'Trip on the light fantastic toe;' 'Death the gate of life;' 'Laughter holding both his sides;' 'Fallen on evil days;' 'Smoothing the rugged brow of night;' 'The world was all before them;' 'Fit audience find though few;' 'To temper justice with mercy;' 'To make darkness visible;' 'Heaven in her eye;' 'Confusion worse confounded;' 'To-morrow to fresh woods and pastures new.' Many of these phrases have passed from Milton into current speech; some appear in curious combinations and permutations, and, like the last, are persistently misquoted; and some have through too frequent citation in unsuitable connections been degraded into a kind of irritating slang.

Milton's nephew, Edward Phillips, wrote a Life of the poet, as did Toland, Symonds, Mitford, and Todd; but all biographies were superseded by the magistral Life by Professor Masson (6 vols. 1859–80; index vol. 1894), a stupendous monument of learned industry and scholarly research. The German Life by Alfred Stern, *Milton und seine Zeit* (Leip., 2 vols. 1877–78), is also exceptionally rich in material; and there is a great essay by Von Treitschke (1886). In spite of its prejudices, Dr Samuel Johnson's sketch retains its literary interest; and there are short Lives by Mark Pattison (1880) and Dr Garnett (1889). There are studies of his life and works by Professor W. P. Trent (1899) and Professor Walter Raleigh (1900); and see Professor Dowden's *Puritan and Anglican* (1901). Mr Robert Bridges has written a special treatise on the versification of Milton's later poems (1893). The standard edition of Milton's poems is that of Professor Masson (3 vols. 1874; new ed. 1890), who published also two one-volume editions. Beeching's (1900) attaches much significance to Milton's own spellings as affecting the prosody and even the meaning (*mee, ye*, for *me, ye*, indicating emphasis). Earlier editions were the famous one by Bentley (1732), and those by Boydell (1794), Todd (1801), Sir E. Brydges (1835), and James Montgomery (1843). Bradshaw's Aldine edition appeared in 1697. There have been editions of the prose works in 1697, by Toland (1698; republished in 1738 and 1753),

Symmons (1806), Fletcher (1833), Mitford (1851), and St John (Bohn, 4 vols. 1848–53). Macaulay's criticism in the *Essays* is characteristically brilliant. In 1690–94 Hog (Hogæus) rendered most of Milton's poems into Latin; and there are Latin versions of *Paradise Lost* by Joseph Trapp (1741) and William Dobson (1750). The English translation of the first *Defensio* usually cited is that by Joseph Washington (about 1690); of the second, that by Dr Fellowes (1806); and there is another by Archdeacon Wrangham (1816). G. Jenny has written an interesting book (1890) on the influence of Milton on German literature in the eighteenth century. The portrait given on page 687, less familiar than those from the engravings by Faithorne, is from the painting by the Dutch painter Van der Plaas (1647–1704), now in the National Portrait Gallery.

Andrew Marvell was born in the village of Winestead, in the south-east angle of Yorkshire, on 31st March 1621. His father, also Andrew Marvell (c. 1586–1641), was rector of Winestead, which living he resigned in 1624 for the mastership of Hull grammar-school. A romantic story is told of the circumstances attending the elder Marvell's death. A young lady from the opposite side of the Humber had visited him on the occasion of the baptism of one of his children. She was to return next day, and though the weather proved tempestuous, insisted on fulfilling the promise she had made to her mother. Mr Marvell accompanied her; but having a presentiment of danger, he threw his cane ashore from the boat, saying to the spectators that in case he should perish the cane was to be given to his son, with the injunction that he should remember his father. His fears were but too truly verified; the boat went down in the storm, and the party perished. The mother of the young lady, it is added, provided for the orphan son of the drowned minister, and at her death left him her fortune. Young Marvell studied in 1633–41 at Trinity College, Cambridge, and then travelled for four years in Holland, France, Italy, and Spain. A letter from Milton to Secretary Bradshaw was in 1823 discovered in the State-Paper Office, in which the poet recommends Marvell as a person well fitted to assist himself in his office of Latin secretary, he being a good scholar and lately engaged by Lord Fairfax to give some instruction in the languages to his daughter. The letter is dated 21st February 1653. Marvell, however, was not engaged as Milton's assistant till 1657; meanwhile he was tutor at Eton to a ward of Cromwell's, and there got to know John Hales. In January 1659 he took his seat in Richard Cromwell's Parliament as member for Hull. He was not, like Waller, an eloquent speaker, but his consistency and integrity made him highly esteemed and respected. He maintained a close correspondence with his constituents, and his letters fill four hundred printed pages. His constituents, in return, occasionally sent him a stout cask of ale; and he was one of the last paid members, receiving in session 6s. 8d. per diem. In 1663–65 he went as a secretary of embassy to Russia, Sweden, and Denmark. Charles II. delighted in his society, and believing, like Sir Robert Walpole, that every man had his price, he sent Lord Danby, his treasurer, to wait upon Marvell, with an offer of a place at court and an immediate present of a thousand pounds. The inflexible member resisted his offers, and it is said humorously illustrated his independence by calling his servant to witness that he had dined for three days successively on a shoulder of mutton. The story adds—but the whole seems highly improbable—that when the treasurer was gone Marvell was forced to send to a friend to borrow a guinea. The patriot preserved his integrity to the last, and satirised the profligacy and arbitrary measures of the court with much wit and pungency. He died 18th August 1678, at the time of the Popish Plot, not without suspicion of poison, but really the victim of a tertian ague, unskilfully treated by an ignorant, obstinate doctor. The town of Hull voted

ANDREW MARVELL.
From the Picture in the National Portrait Gallery.

£50 to erect a monument to Marvell's memory, but the court interfered and forbade the votive tribute.

Marvell's prose writings were exceedingly popular in their day, but, written for temporary purposes, they have mostly gone out of date with the events that produced them. In 1672–73 he attacked Dr (afterwards Bishop) Parker in a piece entitled *The Rehearsal Transprosed*, in which he vindicates the fair fame of Milton, who, he says, 'was and is a man of as great learning and sharpness of wit as any man.' This controversy has won him a part as interlocutor in one of the most vigorous of Landor's *Imaginary Conversations*, where he is made to slay the Bishop over again, and to say far finer things about Milton than he had said in his own works. One of Marvell's treatises, *An Account of the Growth of Popery and Arbitrary Government in England* (1677), was considered so formidable that a reward was offered for the dis-

covery of the author and printer. As in the case of Milton and other Puritans, the energy and independence of Marvell in theological controversy verged upon freethinking and rationalism. *A Short Historical Essay concerning General Councils*, appended to one of his controversial tracts, is so free in its criticism of the mode of securing agreement at the Council of Nice that it looks very like a polemic against the dogmas there formulated and so forced on the Christian Church. And one is not surprised to find that this essay was republished in the interests of the eighteenth-century Deists. Ample evidence of that vein of sportive humour and raillery on national manners and absurdities, afterwards so effectively employed by Addison, Steele, Arbuthnot, and Swift, may be found in Marvell. He wrote with great liveliness, point, and vigour, though he was often coarse and personal. His poetry was, in his own time, an embellishment to his character of patriot and controversialist rather than a substantive ground of honour and distinction; yet even Sainte-Beuve (whose attention was called to him by Matthew Arnold) greeted in him a worthy though not co-equal rival of Milton, a more martial and less purely Christian champion of the same Christian and patriotic English renaissance. Only a lovable man could have written his verses on *The Emigrants in the Bermudas*. His poem on *The Nymph Complaining for the Death of her Fawn* is a triumph of grace and pathos. 'Music the mosaic of the air,' from his *Music's Empire*, illustrates a tendency to occasional conceits; 'Only human eyes can weep,' from *Eyes and Tears*, shows suggestive (if not strictly accurate) observation and phrasing. A different aspect of his genius, recalling the frank and half-pagan sensuousness of another party and an earlier age than his own, is seen in the lines *To his Coy Mistress*, and in those entitled *The Garden*. The former, perhaps his very finest verses, are too much like some of Donne's warmer amoretti for quotation in full; yet this specimen of them must at least be quoted:

> But at my back I always hear
> Time's wingèd chariot hurrying near,
> And yonder all before us lie
> Deserts of vast eternity.

The luscious stanzas on *The Garden*—a superior English rendering of a Latin exercise of Marvell's own—are not extravagantly praised by Palgrave as 'a test of any reader's insight into the most poetical aspects of poetry,' although the affinity which they display is not so much with Shelley's airy raptures as with the luxuriant fancies of Keats.

The Emigrants in the Bermudas.

Where the remote Bermudas ride
In the ocean's bosom unespied,
From a small boat that rowed along,
The listening winds received this song:
'What should we do but sing his praise
That led us through the watery maze
Unto an isle so long unknown,
And yet far kinder than our own?
Where he the huge sea-monsters wracks,
That lift the deep upon their backs;
He lands us on a grassy stage,
Safe from the storms and prelates' rage.
He gave us this eternal spring
Which here enamels everything,
And sends the fowls to us in care,
On daily visits thro' the air.
He hangs in shades the orange bright,
Like golden lamps in a green night,
And does in the pomegranates close
Jewels more rich than Ormus shews.
He makes the figs our mouths to meet,
And throws the melons at our feet.
But apples, plants of such a price,
No tree could ever bear them twice!
With cedars chosen by his hand
From Lebanon he stores the land;
And makes the hollow seas that roar,
Proclaim the ambergrease on shore.
He cast (of which we rather boast)
The Gospel's pearl upon our coast;
And in these rocks for us did frame
A temple where to sound his name.
O let our voice his praise exalt,
Till it arrive at heaven's vault,
Which then perhaps rebounding may
Echo beyond the Mexique bay.'
Thus sang they in the English boat
An holy and a chearful note,
And all the way, to guide their chime,
With falling oars they kept the time.

The Nymph Complaining for the Death of her Fawn.

The wanton troopers riding by
Have shot my fawn, and it will die.
Ungentle men! They cannot thrive
Who killed thee. Thou ne'er didst, alive,
Them any harm; alas! nor could
Thy death yet do them any good.
I'm sure I never wished them ill,
Nor do I for all this, nor will:
But, if my simple prayers may yet
Prevail with Heaven to forget
Thy murder, I will join my tears
Rather than fail. But O my fears!
It cannot die so. Heaven's King
Keeps register of every thing,
And nothing may we use in vain;
Even beasts must be with justice slain;
Else men are made their deodands.
Though they should wash their guilty hands
In this warm life-blood, which doth part
From thine, and wound me to the heart,
Yet could they not be clean; their stain
Is dyed in such a purple grain.
There is not such another in
The world to offer for their sin.

Inconstant Sylvio, when yet
I had not found him counterfeit,
One morning, I remember well,
Tied in this silver chain and bell,

Gave it to me: nay, and I know
What he said then, I 'm sure I do.
Said he: 'Look how your huntsman here
Hath taught a fawn to hunt his deer.'
But Sylvio soon had me beguiled:
This waxed tame, while he grew wild,
And quite regardless of my smart,
Left me his fawn, but took his heart.

Thenceforth I set myself to play
My solitary time away
With this; and very well content
Could so mine idle life have spent;
For it was full of sport, and light
Of foot and heart, and did invite
Me to its game: it seemed to bless
Itself in me; how could I less
Than love it? Oh, I cannot be
Unkind to a beast that loveth me!

Had it lived long, I do not know
Whether it too might have done so
As Sylvio did; his gifts might be
Perhaps as false, or more, than he.
But I am sure, for aught that I
Could in so short a time espy,
Thy love was far more better than
The love of false and cruel man.

With sweetest milk and sugar first
I it at mine own fingers nursed;
And as it grew so every day,
It waxed more white and sweet than they.
It had so sweet a breath! and oft
I blushed to see its foot more soft,
And white, shall I say than my hand?
Nay, any lady's of the land!

It was a wondrous thing how fleet
'Twas on those little silver feet.
With what a pretty skipping grace
It oft would challenge me the race;
And when 't had left me far away,
'Twould stay, and run again, and stay;
For it was nimbler much than hinds,
And trod as if on the four winds.

I have a garden of my own,
But so with roses overgrown,
And lilies, that you would it guess
To be a little wilderness;
And all the spring-time of the year
It only loved to be there.
Among the beds of lilies I
Have sought it oft, where it should lie;
Yet could not, till itself would rise,
Find it, although before mine eyes;
For in the flaxen lilies' shade,
It like a bank of lilies laid.
Upon the roses it would feed,
Until its lips even seemed to bleed;
And then to me 'twould boldly trip,
And print those roses on my lip.
But all its chief delight was still
On roses thus itself to fill;
And its pure virgin limbs to fold
In whitest sheets of lilies cold.
Had it lived long, it would have been
Lilies without, roses within.

O help! O help! I see it faint
And die as calmly as a saint!
See how it weeps! The tears do come
Sad, slowly, dropping like a gum.
So weeps the wounded balsam; so
The holy frankincense doth flow;
The brotherless Heliades
Melt in such amber tears as these. . . .

From 'A Poem upon the Death of His Late Highness, the Lord Protector.'

He without noise still travelled to his end,
As silent suns to meet the night descend;
The stars that for him fought had only power
Left to determine now his fatal hour,
Which, since they might not hinder, yet they cast
To choose it worthy of his glories past.
No part of time but bare his mark away
Of honour—all the year was Cromwell s day!
But this of all the most auspicious found,
Twice had in open field him victor crowned,
When up the armed mountains of Dunbar
He marched, and through deep Severn, ending war:
What day should him eternize but the same
That had before immortalized his name?
That so whoe'er would at his death have joyed
In their own griefs might find themselves employed,
But those that sadly his departure grieved,
Yet joyed, remembering what he once achieved.
And the last minute his victorious ghost
Gave chase to Ligny on the Belgic coast:
Here ended all his mortal toils; he laid
And slept in peace under the laurel shade.
. . . . . .
I saw him dead: a leaden slumber lies,
And mortal sleep, over those wakeful eyes;
Those gentle rays under the lids were fled,
Which through his looks that piercing sweetness shed;
That port, which so majestic was and strong,
Loose, and deprived of vigour, stretched along;
All withered, all discoloured, pale and wan,
How much another thing, no more that man!
O human glory vain! O death! O wings!
O worthless world! O transitory things!
Yet dwelt that greatness in his shape decayed,
That still, though dead, greater than death, he laid,
And in his altered face you something feign
That threatens Death he yet will live again!

The Character of Holland.

[A satire on Holland as supporting the cause of the pretender Charles II., then an exile there.]

Holland, that scarce deserves the name of land,
As but the off-scouring of the British sand,
And so much earth as was contributed
By English pilots when they heaved the lead;
Or what by the ocean's slow alluvion fell,
Of shipwrecked cockle and the muscle-shell;
This indigested vomit of the sea
Fell to the Dutch by just propriety.
Glad then, as miners who have found the ore,
They, with mad labour, fished the land to shore:
And dived as desperately for each piece
Of earth as if 't had been of ambergreese;
Collecting anxiously small loads of clay,
Less than what building swallows bear away;

Or than those pills which sordid beetles roll,
Transfusing into them their dunghill soul.
How did they rivet, with gigantic piles,
Thorough the centre their new-catched miles;
And to the stake a struggling country bound,
Where barking waves still bait the forced ground;
Building their watery Babel far more high
To reach the sea, than those to scale the sky.
Yet still his claim the injured ocean laid,
And oft at leap-frog o'er their steeples played;
As if on purpose it on land had come
To shew them what 's their *mare liberum*.
A daily deluge over them does boil;
The earth and water play at level-coil.[1]
The fish ofttimes the burgher dispossessed,
And sat, not as a meat, but as a guest;
And oft the Tritons and the sea-nymphs saw
Whole shoals of Dutch served up for cabillau;[2]
Or, as they over the new level ranged,
For pickled herring, pickled heeren[3] changed.
Nature, it seemed, ashamed of her mistake,
Would throw their land away at duck and drake,
Therefore necessity, that first made kings,
Something like government among them brings;
For, as with Pigmies, who best kills the crane,
Among the hungry he that treasures grain,
Among the blind the one-eyed blinkard reigns,
So rules among the drowned he that drains.
Not who first see the rising sun commands,
But who could first discern the rising lands.
Who best could know to pump an earth so leak,
Him they their Lord and Country's Father speak.
To make a bank was a great plot of state;
Invent a shovel, and be a magistrate.
Hence some small dike-grave[4] unperceived invades
The power, and grows, as 'twere, a king of spades;
But, for less envy, some-joined states endures,
Who look like a commission of the sewers:
For these Half-anders,[5] half-wet, and half-dry,
Nor bear strict service, nor pure liberty.
'Tis probable religion, after this,
Came next in order; which they could not miss.
How could the Dutch but be converted, when
The Apostles were so many fishermen?
Besides, the waters of themselves did rise,
And, as their land, so them did re-baptise.

[1] A game otherwise called 'hitch-buttock.' [2] *Kabeljauw* is Dutch for 'cod-fish.' [3] *Heeren* is Dutch for 'men,' 'gentlemen.' [4] Earl of a dike. [5] A pun on Hollanders, as *Whole-anders*.

A Horatian Ode upon Cromwell's Return from Ireland.

The forward youth that would appear,
Must now forsake his muses dear,
Nor in the shadows sing
His numbers languishing:
'Tis time to leave the books in dust,
And oil the unused armour's rust,
Removing from the wall
The corselet of the hall.
So restless Cromwell could not cease
In the inglorious arts of peace,
But through adventurous war
Urged his active star;
And, like the three-forked lightning, first
Breaking the clouds where it was nurst,
Did thorough his own side
His fiery way divide;
(For 'tis all one to courage high,
The emulous, or enemy,
And with such to inclose
Is more than to oppose;)
Then burning through the air he went,
And palaces and temples rent;
And Cæsar's head at last
Did through his laurels blast.
'Tis madness to resist or blame
The force of angry heaven's flame;
And if we would speak true,
Much to the man is due
Who from his private gardens, where
He lived reserved and austere,
As if his highest plot
To plant the bergamot,
Could by industrious valour climb
To ruin the great work of Time,
And cast the kingdoms old,
Into another mould.
Though Justice against Fate complain,
And plead the ancient rights in vain,
(But those do hold or break,
As men are strong or weak),
Nature, that hateth emptiness,
Allows of penetration less,
And therefore must make room
Where greater spirits come.
What field of all the civil war,
Where his were not the deepest scar?
And Hampton shows what part
He had of wiser art;
Where, twining subtile fears with hope,
He wove a net of such a scope
That Charles himself might chase
To Carisbrook's narrow case,
That thence the royal actor borne,
The tragic scaffold might adorn,
While round the armed bands,
Did clap their bloody hands:
He nothing common did or mean
Upon that memorable scene,
But with his keener eye
The axe's edge did try;
Nor called the gods with vulgar spite
To vindicate his helpless right,
But bowed his comely head
Down, as upon a bed.
This was that memorable hour,
Which first assured the forced power;
So when they did design
The capitol's first line,
A bleeding head, where they begun,
Did fright the architects to run;
And yet in that the state
Foresaw its happy fate.
And now the Irish are ashamed
To see themselves in one year tamed:
So much one man can do,
That does both act and know.
They can affirm his praises best,
And have, though overcome, confessed
How good he is, how just,
And fit for highest trust.

Nor yet grown stiffer with command,
But still in the republic's hand,
(How fit he is to sway,
That can so well obey!)
He to the Commons' feet presents
A kingdom for his first year's rents;
And, what he may, forbears
His fame, to make it theirs;
And has his sword and spoils ungirt,
To lay them at the public's skirt:
So when the falcon high
Falls heavy from the sky,
She, having killed, no more doth search,
But on the next green bough to perch;
Where, when he first does lure,
The falconer has her sure.
What may not then our isle presume,
While victory his crest does plume?
What may not others fear,
If thus he crowns each year?
As Cæsar he ere long to Gaul,
To Italy a Hannibal,
And to all states not free,
Shall climacteric be.
The Pict no shelter now shall find
Within his party-coloured mind,
But from this valour sad,
Shrink underneath the plaid;
Happy if in the tufted brake,
The English hunter him mistake,
Nor lay his hounds in near
The Caledonian deer.
But thou, the war's and fortune's son
March indefatigably on,
And for the last effect,
Still keep the sword erect;
Beside the force it has to fright
The spirits of the shady night,
The same arts that did gain
A power, must it maintain.

Marvell's Poems were printed in folio in 1681 with a preface by widow, and again by Cooke in 1726. Captain E. Thompson ed his Works (3 vols. 1776); but the only complete and accurate ion is that of Dr A. B. Grosart (4 vols. 1872–74). There is an irable selection by G. A. Aitken (1892).

Algernon Sidney (1622–82), son of the Earl Leicester, was carefully educated, accompanied father to Denmark and France, and when his her was Lord Deputy of Ireland, commanded a op of horse against the Irish rebels. In 1643, ing the Civil War, Sidney was permitted to urn to England, where he immediately joined parliamentary forces, and, as colonel of a regi- nt of horse, was present at several engage- nts. He was likewise successively governor of ichester, Dublin, and Dover. In 1648 he was ned a member of the court for trying the king, ich, however, he did not attend, though not m any disapproval of the intentions of those o composed it. The usurpation of Cromwell ve offence to Sidney, who declined to accept ce either under the Protector or his son hard; but when the Long Parliament re- ered power, he readily consented to act as e of the Council of State. At the time of the Restoration he was engaged on an embassy to Denmark and Sweden; and, apprehensive of the vengeance of the royalists, he remained abroad for seventeen years, flitting from place to place —Venice, Rome, Brussels, Augsburg. After his return to England by the king's permission in 1677, he opposed the measures of the court, a course which Hume and others held to be ungrateful to the king. A more serious charge was first presented in Dalrymple's *Memoirs of Great Britain*, published in 1773. The English patriots, with Lord William Russell at their head, intrigued with Barillon, the French ambassador, to prevent war between France and England, their purpose being to preclude Charles II. from having the command of the large funds which on such an occasion must have been entrusted to him, and which he might have used against the liberties of the nation; while Louis was not less anxious to prevent the English from joining the list of his enemies. The association was a strange one; but it never would have been held as a moral stain upon the patriots if Sir John Dalrymple had not discovered amongst Barillon's papers one containing a list of persons receiving bribes from the French monarch, amongst whom appears the name of Sidney, together with those of several other leading Whig members of Parliament. Lord Russell was not of the number, but that Sidney stooped to receive the money is admitted by Hallam, Macaulay, and Firth (though disputed by Ewald)—doubtless for public and not personal uses. But it is evident, as Lord Macaulay argued, that national feeling in England was at a low ebb when Charles II. was willing to become the deputy of France, and a man like Algernon Sidney would have been content to see England reduced to the condition of a French province in the wild hope that a foreign despot would assist him to establish his darling republic. It should be remembered that Sidney was as openly hostile to William of Orange as to Charles. He took a conspicuous part in the proceedings by which the Whigs endeavoured to exclude the Duke of York from the throne; and when that attempt failed, he seems to have joined in the conspiracy for an insurrection to accomplish the same object. This was exposed in consequence of the detection of an inferior plot for the assassination of the king, in which the patriots Russell, Sidney, and others were dexterously inculpated by the court. Sidney was tried for high treason before the infamous Chief-Justice Jeffreys. Although the only witness against him was an abandoned character, Lord Howard, and nothing could be produced that even ostensibly strengthened the evidence, except some manuscripts in which the lawfulness of resisting tyrants was asserted, the right of deposing kings maintained, and a preference given to a free over an arbitrary government, the jury were servile enough to obey the directions of the judge and pronounce him guilty. Sidney was

beheaded on the 7th of December 1682, 'very resolutely, and like a true rebel and Republican,' the Duke of York said.

Except some of his letters and an essay 'On Love,' the only published work of Algernon Sidney is *Discourses on Government*, which first appeared in 1698. The Discourses were written in reply to the *Patriarcha* of Sir Robert Filmer (page 559); and though tedious and diffuse, are weighty and learned, and contain admirably vigorous passages.

Liberty and Government.

Such as enter into society must, in some degree, diminish their liberty. Reason leads them to this: No one man or family is able to provide that which is requisite for their convenience or security, whilst every one has an equal right to everything, and none acknowledges a superior to determine the controversies that upon such occasions must continually arise, and will probably be so many and great that mankind cannot bear them. Therefore tho' I do not believe that Bellarmin said a commonwealth could not exercise its power; for he could not be ignorant that Rome and Athens did exercise theirs, and that all the regular kingdoms in the world are commonwealths; yet there is nothing of absurdity in saying that man cannot continue in the perpetual and entire fruition of the liberty that God hath given him. The liberty of one is thwarted by that of another; and whilst they are all equal, none will yield to any, otherwise than by a general consent. This is the ground of all just governments; for violence or fraud can create no right; and the same consent gives the form to them all, how much soever they differ from each other. Some small numbers of men, living within the precincts of one city, have as it were cast into a common stock the right which they had of governing themselves and children, and by common consent joining in one body, exercised such power over every single person as seemed beneficial to the whole; and this men call perfect democracy. Others chose rather to be governed by a select number of such as most excelled in wisdom and virtue; and this, according to the signification of the word, was called aristocracy; or when one man excelled all others, the government was put into his hands, under the name of monarchy. But the wisest, best, and far the greatest part of mankind, rejecting these simple species, did form governments mixed or composed of the three, as shall be proved hereafter, which commonly received their respective denomination from the part that prevailed, and did deserve praise or blame as they were well or ill proportioned.

It were a folly hereupon to say that the liberty for which we contend is of no use to us, since we cannot endure the solitude, barbarity, weakness, want, misery, and dangers that accompany it whilst we live alone, nor can enter into a society without resigning it; for the choice of that society, and the liberty of framing it according to our own wills, for our own good, is all we seek. This remains to us whilst we form governments, that we ourselves are judges how far 'tis good for us to recede from our natural liberty; which is of so great importance, that from thence only we can know whether we are freemen or slaves; and the difference between the best government and the worst doth wholly depend on a right or wrong exercise of that power. If men are naturally free, such as have wisdom and understanding will always frame good governments; but if they are born under the necessity of a perpetual slavery, no wisdom can be of use to them; but all must for ever depend on the will of their lords, how cruel, mad, proud, or wicked soever they be. . . .

The Grecians, amongst others who followed the light of reason, knew no other original title to the government of a nation than that wisdom, valour, and justice which was beneficial to the people. These qualities gave beginning to those governments which we call *Heroum Regna* [the Governments of the Heroes]; and the veneration paid to such as enjoyed them proceeded from a grateful sense of the good received from them; they were thought to be descended from the gods, who in virtue and beneficence surpassed other men: the same attended their descendants, till they came to abuse their power, and by their vices shewed themselves like to or worse than others. Those nations did not seek the most ancient but the most worthy, and thought such only worthy to be preferred before others who could best perform their duty.

Upon the same grounds we may conclude that no privilege is peculiarly annexed to any form of government, but that all magistrates are equally the ministers of God, who perform the work for which they are instituted; and that the people which institutes them may proportion, regulate, and terminate their power as to time, measure, and number of persons, as seems most convenient to themselves, which can be no other than their own good. For it cannot be imagined that a multitude of people should send for Numa, or any other person to whom they owed nothing, to reign over them, that he might live in glory and pleasure; or for any other reason than that it might be good for them and their posterity. This shews the work of all magistrates to be always and everywhere the same, even the doing of justice and procuring the welfare of those that create them. This we learn from common sense: Plato, Aristotle, Cicero, and the best human authors lay it as an immovable foundation, upon which they build their arguments relating to matters of that nature.

(From Chap. i., sects. 10, 16, and 20.)

See the Lives of Sidney by Meadley (1813), R. Chase Sidney (1835), Santvoord (New York, 1881), Ewald (1873), and G. M. Blackburne (1885); and Firth in the *Dictionary of National Biography* (1897).

George Fox, founder of the Society of Friends, or Quakers, was one of the foremost religious revolutionaries of the age. He was the son of a weaver at Fenny Drayton, in Leicestershire, and was born in 1624. Having been apprenticed to a shoemaker who traded in wool and cattle, he spent much of his youth in tending sheep, an employment which afforded ample room for solitary meditation. When about nineteen years of age, he was one day vexed by a disposition to intemperance which he observed in two professedly religious friends whom he met at a fair. 'I went away,' says he in his *Journal*, 'and, when I had done my business, returned home; but I did not go to bed that night, nor could I sleep; but sometimes walked up and down, and sometimes prayed,

ied to the Lord, who said unto me: "Thou iow young people go together into vanity, d people into the earth; thou must forsake ung and old, keep out of all, and be a er to all."' This divine communication was lously obeyed; the advices of his friends to to take tobacco, and the like had naturally ght with him. From 1646 he ceased attend- it church; and leaving his relations and , he wandered about the country Bible in a small competency he had supplying his r wants. Now and for the rest of his life, ad many dreams and visions, and received atural messages from heaven. Thus, as he s in his *Journal*, 'One morning, as I was by the fire, a great cloud came over me, and otation beset me, and I sate still. And it id, All things come by nature; and the Ele- and Stars came over me, so that I was in a it quite clouded with it; but, inasmuch as I ill and said nothing, the people of the house ed nothing. And as I sate still under it and alone, a living hope rose in me, and a true irose in me which cried: There is a living ho made all things. And immediately the and temptation vanished away, and the life er it all, and my heart was glad, and I praised ing God.' Afterwards, he tells us, 'the Lord's broke forth, and I had great openings and cies, and spoke unto the people of the of God, which they heard with attention lence, and went away and spread the fame f.' He began about the year 1647 to teach y in the vicinity of Dukinfield and Man- r, whence he travelled through several neigh- g counties. He had now come to hold that ied education is unnecessary to a minister; e existence of a separate clerical profession arranted by the Bible; that the Creator of orld is not a dweller in temples made with ; and that the Scriptures are not the rule of conduct or judgment, but that man follow 'the light of Christ within.' From 1647 he became an itinerant preacher. He went into churches while service was going d interrupted the clergymen by loudly con- ing their statements of doctrine; and by breaches of order, and the employment of nceremonious fashions of address as, 'Come thou deceiver!' he naturally gave great , which led sometimes to his imprisonment, metimes to severe treatment from the hands of pulace. He was especially hostile to services 'steeple-houses' and conducted by formalist sors' (not so much the Laudians as the is, with their long abstruse sermons and igant doctrines of verbal inspiration). The light' was the central idea of his teaching. eighed against sacerdotalism and formalism, is equally vehement against most social con- is. Priests, lawyers, and soldiers were all ous to him. The Lord forbade him to put off his hat to any, high or low, and he was required to *thee* and *thou* rich and poor equally. He denounced all public amusements, and came into collision with all sorts of people; his life is indeed little else than a record of insults, persecutions, and imprisonments. At Derby he was imprisoned in a loathsome dungeon for a year, and afterwards in a still more disgusting cell at Carlisle for half that period.

His first convert seems to have been made in 1647, and soon there were thousands of the 'Friends of Truth,' the full designation of the new communion: in 1650 the popular name of 'Quakers' was given to the 'Friends' by Judge Bennet. Fox continued to preach, dispute, to wander about, and hold conferences. In 1654 he was sent by Colonel Hacker to Cromwell; and of this memorable interview he gives an account in his *Journal*, quoted below. Carlyle's story of Fox's being equipped in a leathern suit sewed by his own hands seems to be doubtful, though Sewel (1722) distinctly alleges a complete dress of leather. Fox himself speaks only of 'leathern breeches,' a nowise outrageous garment, though no doubt his eccentricities in costume and bearing were sufficiently exasperating to his unfriends.

Amidst much opposition, Fox still continued to travel through every corner of the kingdom, expounding his views and answering objections, both verbally and in controversial pamphlets. In the course of his peregrinations he suffered frequent imprisonment, sometimes as a disturber of the peace, and sometimes because he refused to uncover his head in the presence of magistrates. He was at least eight times imprisoned, the longest spell of jail being fourteen months at Worcester in 1673–74. In 1656, the year after he and his followers refused to take the oath of abjuration, they had increased to such an extent that there were nearly one thousand of them in jail. He visited Wales and Scotland, and (after marrying a worthy widow) went to Barbadoes, Jamaica, America (where he spent nearly two years), Holland, and Germany. In these later wanderings he was accompanied by Penn, Barclay, Keith, and other Quaker leaders. He died in London, 13th November 1690. Fox's own extravagances, especially in his earlier career, and the often grotesque proceedings of some of the recruits from the Ranters, Shakers, and other eccentric sects of the time (see on Nayler at page 623), partly explain the abhorrence with which the Quakers were regarded alike by Churchmen and Nonconformists. This gradually yielded to the essentially shrewd and sober pietism of Fox; but his view of the 'inner light' as more than co-ordinate in authority with the Bible, the Quaker rejection of the sacraments, and suspicion as to their unsoundness on the Trinity (see at Penn, Vol. II. p. 39) maintained the dislike of the orthodox. Baxter and Bunyan were as uncompromisingly hostile as the professional controversialists. Fox had not merely a heart

full of love for his fellows, but a mind capable of instituting systems of registration, poor relief, education, and self-help, which have made the community he founded a social power. His preaching and writings were often mystical, and not seldom turgid and incoherent; in the *Journal* his style is usually plain and simple, but eloquent and moving.

Fox's work on the use of 'thou' and 'you' has perhaps a peculiar interest for a Cyclopædia of English Literature, inasmuch as by it he sought seriously to modify established usage, and did prevail with his followers for more than two centuries. The arguments from the usage of Amalekites, Hivites, Moabites, Shuhites, &c. are taken straight from the Scripture texts in which personages of these tribes or races are quoted; and the forms of the second personal pronouns, singular and plural, in Hebrew, Arabic, Greek, Latin, French, Manx, &c., are given with tedious superfluity. Fox and his colleagues in this work, John Stubbs and Benjamin Ferrley, fully recognise the rights of the accusative, and do not propose to supersede 'thou' by an ungrammatical use of 'thee.' The following is the first quarter or so of the title of the quaint book, *A Battle-Door for Teachers and Professors to learn Singular and Plural, You to many and Thou to one: Singular one, Thou; Plural many, You. Wherein is shewed forth by Grammar or Scripture examples how several Nations and Peoples have made a distinction between Singular and Plural*, and so on. The book bears date 1660. In the title it is affirmed, and in the book argued, and in a postscript signed by Fox specially emphasised, that the use of 'you' in speaking to one person, which he so strongly reprobates, was 'set up by the Pope in his pride.'

In Church at Ulverstone.

After this [1652] on a lecture-day, I was moved to go to the steeple-house at Ulverstone, where were abundance of professors, priests, and people . . . and after the Lord had opened my mouth to speak John Sawrey the justice came to me and said if I would speak according to the scriptures I should speak. . . . Then he said I should not speak, contradicting himself who had said just before I should speak if I would speak according to the scriptures, which I did. Now the people were quiet and heard me gladly, until the Justice Sawrey (who was the first stirrer up of cruel persecution in the north) incensed them against me and set them to hale, beat, and bruise me. Then on a sudden the people were in a rage, and fell upon me in the steeple-house before his face, knocked me down, and kicked me, and trampled upon me, he looking on; and so great was the uproar, that some tumbled over their seats for fear. At last he came and took me from the people, led me out of the steeple-house, and put me into the hands of the constables and other officers, bidding them whip me, and put me out of the town. Then they led me about a quarter of a mile, some taking hold of my collar, and some of my arms and shoulders, and shook and dragged me along. And there being many friendly people come to the market, and some of them come to the steeple-house to hear me, divers of these they knocked down also, and broke their heads, so that the blood ran down from several of them; and Judge Fell's son running after to see what they would do with me, they threw him into a ditch of water, some of them crying: 'Knock the teeth out of his head.' When they had haled me to the common-moss side, a multitude following, the constables and other officers gave me some blows over my back with willow-rods, and so thrust me among the rude multitude, who (having furnished themselves with staves, some with hedge-stakes, and others with holm or holly bushes) fell upon me, and beat me upon my head, arms, and shoulders, till they had amazed me; so that I fell down upon the wet common. And when I recovered myself again, and saw myself lying in a watery common, and the people standing about me, I lay still a little while; and the power of the Lord sprang through me, and the Eternal Refreshings refreshed me, so that I stood up again in the strengthening power of the Eternal God. And stretching out my arms amongst them, I said with a loud voice: 'Strike again! here are my arms, my head, and my cheeks!' . . . Then they began to fall out among themselves.

Interview with Oliver Cromwell.

After Captain Drury had lodged me at the Mermaid [over against the Mews at Charing Cross], he went to give the Protector an account of me. And when he came to me again, he told me the Protector did require that I should promise not to take up a carnal sword or weapon against him or the government, as it then was; and that I should write it in what words I saw good, and set my hand to it. I said little in reply to Captain Drury; but the next morning I was moved of the Lord to write a paper to the Protector, by the name of Oliver Cromwell, wherein I did in the presence of the Lord God declare that I did deny the wearing or drawing of a carnal sword, or any other outward weapon, against him or any man; and that I was sent of God to stand a witness against all violence, and against the works of darkness; and to turn people from darkness to the light, and to bring them from the occasion of war and fighting to the peaceable Gospel, and from being evil-doers, which the magistrates' sword should be a terror to. When I had written what the Lord had given me to write, I set my name to it, and gave it to Captain Drury to give to Oliver Cromwell, which he did. After some time, Captain Drury brought me before the Protector himself at Whitehall; it was in a morning, before he was dressed; and one Harvey, who had come a little among Friends [i.e. the Friends], but was disobedient, waited upon him. When I came in, I was moved to say: 'Peace be in this house;' and I bid him keep in the fear of God, that he might receive wisdom from him, that by it he might be ordered, and with it might order all things under his hand unto God's glory. I spoke much to him of truth, and a great deal of discourse I had with him about religion; wherein he carried himself very moderately. But he said we quarrelled with priests, whom he called ministers. I told him, I did not quarrel with them, but they quarrelled with me and my friends. But, said I, if we own the prophets, Christ, and the apostles, we cannot hold up such teachers, prophets, and shepherds as the prophets, Christ, and the apostles declared against; but we must declare against them by the same power and spirit. Then I shewed him that the prophets, Christ,

the apostles declared freely, and declared against
ı that did not declare freely; such as preached for
r lucre, and divined for money, and preached for
and were covetous and greedy, like the dumb dogs
could never have enough; and that they that have
same spirit that Christ, and the prophets, and the
tles had, could not but declare against all such now,
ıey did then. As I spoke, he would several times
t was very good, and it was truth. I told him, that
:hristendom (so called) had the scriptures, but they
:ed the power and spirit that those had who gave
the scriptures, and that was the reason they were
n fellowship with the Son, nor with the Father, nor
the scriptures, nor one with another. Many more
ls I had with him, but people coming in, I drew a
back; and as I was turning, he catched me by the
l, and with tears in his eyes said: 'Come again to
ıouse, for if thou and I were but an hour of a day
:her, we should be nearer one to the other;' adding,
he wished me no more ill than he did to his own
I told him if he did he wronged his own soul,
I bid him hearken to God's voice, that he might
l in his counsel, and obey it; and if he did so, that
ld keep him from hardness of heart; but if he did
hear God's voice, his heart would be hardened.
he said it was true. Then I went out; and when
:ain Drury came out after me, he told me his lord
ector said I was at liberty, and might go whither I
ld. Then I was brought into a great hall, where the
ector's gentlemen were to dine. And I asked them
: they brought me hither for. They said it was by
Protector's order, that I might dine with them. I
them let the Protector know I would not eat a bit
is bread, nor drink a sup of his drink. When he
l this he said: 'Now I see there is a people risen
come up that I cannot win, either with gifts,
ıurs, offices, or places; but all other sects and
ıle I can.' It was told him again, that we had
ook our own, and were not like to look for such
gs from him.

ı 1656, in Hyde Park, Fox 'espyed the Pro-
ɔr coming in his coach. Whereupon I rode
:o his coach-side; and some of his life-guard
ld have put me away, but he forbade them.
I rode down by his coach-side with him,
aring what the Lord gave me to say unto
of the condition and of the suffering of
ıds in the nation; shewing him how con-
y this was to Christ's word and his apostles,
to Christianity. When we were come to
es's Park gate, I left him, and at parting
desired me to come to his house.' He had
ief meeting with Cromwell very shortly before
Protector's death, described in a passage on
:h Carlyle founded a famous apostrophe:

ıe same day, taking boat, I went down [really up] to
;ston, and from thence to Hampton Court, to speak
the Protector about the sufferings of friends. I
him riding into Hampton Court Park, and before
ne at him, as he rode at the head of his life-guard,
v and felt a waft (*whiff, omen*) of death go forth
ıst him. . . . And when I came to him he looked
ı dead man. After I had laid the sufferings of friends
e him, and had warned him according as I was
moved to speak to him, he bid me come to his house.
So I returned to Kingston, and the next day went up
to Hampton Court to have spoken further with him.
But when I came, he was sick, and Harvey, who was
one that waited on him, told me the doctors were not
willing that I should come in to speak with him. So I
passed away, and never saw him any more.

The principal writings of George Fox, less frequently referred to as authorities on doctrine than Penn's and Barclay's (see Vol. II. pp. 38 and 41), are comprised in three folio volumes, printed respectively in 1694, 1698, and 1706. The first contains his *Journal* (reprinted 1885); the second, his *Epistles*; the third, his *Gospel Truth, a collection of Doctrinal Books*. A fourth folio (1659) contains *The Great Mistery*. But the list of Fox's works, many of them pamphlets, occupies fifty-three pages of Joseph Smith's *Catalogue of Friends' Books* (1868). See Lives by Marsh (1848), Janney (Phila. 1853), Watson (1860), Bickley (1884), Budge (1893), and especially Hodgkin (1896).

John Bunyan,

author of the *Pilgrim's Progress*, was born at Elstow, near Bedford, in 1628. By universal assent the 'inspired tinker' is ranked with our English classics and great masters of allegory; his masterpiece was one of the few books Dr Johnson wished had been longer; and yet, so late as 1782, Cowper dared not name him in his poetry lest the name should provoke a sneer. According to the transcript registers from the parish of Elstow, Bunyan's father, who described himself as a 'braseyer,' married Margaret Bentley on the 23rd of May 1627, and on the 30th of November 1628 their illustrious son was baptised at Elstow church. In his seventeenth year John Bunyan, who was bred to his father's trade, was—doubtless under a levy made by Parliament upon the villages of Bedfordshire—drafted into the army, and took part in the civil war between Roundhead and Royalist. It has lately been ascertained that he served in the garrison at Newport-Pagnell for two and a half years (1644–47), under the commander assumed to be the original of Butler's Hudibras, Sir Samuel Luke (see page 735). On the disbanding of the army Bunyan returned to Elstow, and about 1649 married a wife who brought him no dower of worldly wealth, for, as he put it, 'this woman and I came together as poor as poor might be, not having so much household stuff as a dish or spoon betwixt us both.' She brought with her, however, two books which had belonged to her father, the *Plain Man's Pathway to Heaven* and the *Practice of Piety*, in which they read together, and by which Bunyan was observably influenced. His *Life and Death of Mr Badman*, published in 1680, shows not a little resemblance to the first of these books. Now it was—in the years when he took a lively delight in ringing the bells of Elstow church—that he passed through the deep religious experiences so vividly described in *Grace Abounding*. There is no reason to believe that at any time Bunyan led a vicious or depraved life, or was what Southey said he was—a blackguard. Rather he seems always to have been well disposed and tender in conscience, though careless and addicted, like his neighbours, to the customary

English habit of swearing rather freely. A sincere religious enthusiast applies a severe standard to his own past life.

Dr Brown of Bedford strongly disapproves Sir Walter Scott's suggestion that, as tinkers were often Gypsies, 'the poet-apostle of the English middle classes,' as Mr Froude has called him, may have been of Gypsy race; there were Bonyons or Buingnons in Bedfordshire in the twelfth century, and the name is found in thirty different spellings. On the other hand, it has been shown that there was at least one 'Egyptian rogue' of the name of Bownian in Cornwall in 1586; but the theory of Gypsy origin is at most a speculation.

The young Bedford brazier was introduced by some Puritan friends to their minister, John Gifford, a converted royalist major who had organised a little community sometimes incorrectly described as a Baptist church, it being a church in which baptism and some other questions much debated in those days were left to the individual conscience, and not made an essential part of church life. Bunyan joined this Christian fellowship in 1653, and about 1655 he was asked by the brethren to address them in their church gatherings. This led to his beginning to preach in the villages round Bedford, and in 1656 he was brought into discussions with the followers of George Fox; this again moved him to authorship, his first book, *Some Gospel Truths Opened*, being published against the Quakers in 1656. That earliest effort of his pen, though rapidly but vigorously written, is altogether remarkable as the composition of a working-man whose schooldays had become a far-off memory. To it Edward Burrough, an eminent Quaker, replied, and Bunyan made rejoinder in *A Vindication of Gospel Truths Opened*. Two other works were published by him ere, in November 1660, he was arrested while preaching in a farmhouse at Samsell, a small hamlet a little to the south of Ampthill, in Bedfordshire. The imprisonment which followed upon this arrest lasted for twelve long years, during which Bunyan wrote *Profitable Meditations*, *Praying in the Spirit*, *Christian Behaviour*, *The Holy City*, *The Resurrection of the Dead*, *Grace Abounding*, and some smaller works. The place of incarceration was the county jail, which stood at the corner of the High Street and Silver Street, in the centre of the town of Bedford. The prisoner for conscience' sake was released after the Declaration of Indulgence of 1672, under which he became a licensed preacher, having been chosen by the church to which he belonged as their pastor. He had held this office for three years when in February 1675 the Declaration of Indulgence was cancelled and the licenses of the Nonconformist preachers recalled by proclamation. The following month a warrant was issued for his arrest, signed by no fewer than thirteen magistrates, and sealed by ten of them—a document which came to light in 1887 when the Chauncy MSS. came to the hammer at Sotheby's. Brought to trial at the midsummer sessions the Conventicle Act, Bunyan was sent to pris six months in the town jail on Bedford B It was during this later and briefer imprisoi that he wrote the first part of his mem *Pilgrim's Progress*—entered in the register Stationers' Company on 22nd December 167 licensed 18th February 1678. When first iss was shorter than in its final form—it then con no Mr Worldly Wiseman and no second m with Evangelist. The discourse with Char the Palace Beautiful, the further accounts By-ends' rich relations, the story of Diffiden wife of Giant Despair, with other not unimp passages, were added in the second and thir tions (1678 and 1679). This was followed *Life and Death of Mr Badman* in 1680, cont as Mr Froude said, a vivid picture of rough E life in the days of Charles II.; by the *Holy* his most notable work after the *Pilgrim's Pr* in 1682; and by the second part of the *Pi* containing the story of Christiana and her ch in 1684. Bunyan had been pastor of the B church for sixteen years, when, after a ride th the rain on horseback from Reading to L he was seized with a fatal illness at the ho his friend, John Strudwick, a grocer at the s the Star on Snow Hill, Holborn, and here h on the 31st of August 1688, and was bur Bunhill Fields, the Nonconformist Campo S

During the sixty years of his life Bunyan something like sixty books, but he will b remembered by three of these—the *Grace A ing*, the *Holy War*, and the *Pilgrim's Pr* and best of all by the last of the three. *Abounding* Macaulay describes as one of th remarkable pieces of autobiography in the the *Holy War* is an allegory of the strug tween God and the devil for man's soul—a gory vastly less fully realised and visualise the *opus magnum*. The *Pilgrim's Progress* at once into fame, 100,000 copies being sold the subsequent ten years of its author's l was also printed at Boston, in New Engl 1681; a Dutch translation was issued at A dam in 1682, and both this and a handsomer of 1685 were illustrated by Dutch engraver the leaders of the art of engraving in E The book was also translated into Welsh, W French, German, Polish, and Swedish b 1688 and 1743. Since then it has been tra into about a hundred languages and dialec versions in Japanese and the Canton ver being admirably illustrated by native artis have adapted scenery and costumes to C conditions.

When in 1830 Southey's edition of the *P Progress* appeared, with a Life of Bunyan, M —not a very likely person to appreciate the re power of the book, its value as a manual votional thought, its vivid realisation of the of sin and of absolute need for supernat

ion—by his famous and enthusiastic essay in *linburgh Review* revived the interest of the ed in the *Pilgrim* as an unparalleled monu- of creative literature, remarkable amongst all egories of the world in that it had a strong interest. 'In the wildest parts of Scotland *lgrim's Progress* is the delight of the peas- In every nursery the *Pilgrim's Progress* reater favourite than *Jack the Giant-killer*. reader knows the straight and narrow path l as he knows l in which he one backward rward a hun- imes. This is ghest miracle ius, that things are not should though they that the ima- ons of one should become ersonal recol- is of another. his miracle the has wrought. The style of in is delight- every reader, invaluable as idy to every who wishes tain a wide and over the sh language. vocabulary is ocabulary of mmon people. is not an ex- on, if we except echnical terms eology, which puzzle the peasant. We

JOHN BUNYAN.
From a Drawing by Robert White (1645–1703).

bserved several pages which do not contain le word of more than two syllables. Yet no has said more exactly what he meant to say. agnificence, for pathos, for vehement exhorta- r subtle disquisition, for every purpose of the he orator, and the divine, this homely dialect, lect of plain working-men, was perfectly suffi-

There is no book in our literature on which uld so readily stake the fame of the old un- d English language, no book which shows l how rich that language is in its own proper , and how little it has been improved by all has borrowed.'

aulay freely admitted that 'the *Pilgrim's ess* undoubtedly is not a perfect allegory. pes are often inconsistent with each other; metimes the allegorical disguise is altogether off. The river, for example, is emblematic of death; and we are told that every human being must pass through the river. But Faithful does not pass through it. He is martyred, not in shadow, but in reality, at Vanity Fair. Hopeful talks to Christian about Esau's birthright and about his own convictions of sin as Bunyan might have talked with one of his own congregation.' By more recent and less sympathetic critics it has even been complained that the allegory of the *Pilgrim's Progress* does not hang together, and that the details are often incongruous or even absurd. The author constantly forgets that Pilgrim carried such an incredible burden on his back, which indeed his friends were supposed not to see; and he seems to approve of a good man deserting wife and children on occasion. It is contended that though Bunyan had fervour, vigour, spiritual insight, narrative power, a gift of homely humour and satire, and extraordinary facility in handling familiar and commonplace conceptions, he yet lacked a profound imagination and the supremest gift of poetic vision. His idea of the Heavenly City, it is said, is less lofty than even the conventional one, and many of his thoughts border on vulgarity. Against such unfair depreciation Macaulay's answer still holds good: nobody, whatever his genius, could sustain a long allegory without inconsistencies; no writer, ancient or modern, has achieved this feat. The best thing an allegorist can do is to present 'a succession of analogies, each of which may separately be striking and happy, without looking very nicely to see whether they harmonise with each other.' No simile even need be expected to run on all fours. And if we go beyond Macaulay, make allowance for the dream-plot, and remember that no dream is a harmonious whole from beginning to end, we shall see that occasional lapses or incongruities hardly injure the effect of a continued reverie with dream-like episodes, and might even be said to make it liker its model. Another answer to hypercriticism is to be found in the immediate success and the

permanent vitality of the book, and its power of appealing to all kinds of Christians and unchristians in so many nations and languages. The very homeliness of conception, the familiarity of the imagery, the accepted symbolisms, the shrewd, practical common-sense, and the combination of homely vernacular and Bible English all contribute to heighten the realism of the whole.

It is the irony of history that the next very eminent English writer to attach a very high value to Bunyan and Bunyan's work should also completely reject the theological system that underlies all Bunyan's writings. Mr Froude was a much deeper critic than Macaulay; he gave full weight in human life and in literature to the ever-pressing problems of religion and ethics, but must have seemed to Bunyan almost as much an alien to the household of faith as Macaulay was. Yet, protesting throughout his book on Bunyan against the shallow judgment of those who called him 'a Philistine of genius,' Froude thus comments: 'And yet Bunyan, intensely religious as he was, and narrow as his theology was, is always human. His genius remains fresh and vigorous under the least promising conditions. All mankind being under sin together, he has no favourites to flatter, no opponents to misrepresent. There is a kindliness in his descriptions, even of the Evil One's attacks upon himself.

'The *Pilgrim's Progress*, though professedly an allegoric story of the Protestant plan of salvation, is conceived in the large, wide spirit of humanity itself. Anglo-Catholic and Lutheran, Calvinist and Deist, can alike read it with delight, and find their own theories in it. Even the Romanist has only to blot out a few paragraphs, and can discover no purer model of a Christian life to place in the hands of his children. The religion of the *Pilgrim's Progress* is the religion which must be always and everywhere, as long as man believes that he has a soul and is responsible for his actions; and thus it is that, while theological folios once devoured as manna from Heaven now lie on the bookshelves dead as Egyptian mummies, this book is wrought into the mind and memory of every well-conditioned English or American child; while the matured man, furnished with all the knowledge which literature can teach him, still finds the adventures of Christian as charming as the adventures of Ulysses or Æneas.'

Mr Froude protests against 'the common fashion' of calling Bunyan's verse doggerel, and disputes the universal judgment mainly on the (debatable) ground that 'no verse is doggerel which has a sincere and rational meaning in it.' But few will agree with him that 'Bunyan's lines are often as successful as the best lines of Quarles or George Herbert.' Perhaps the best-known is the first verse of the shepherd-boy's song in the second part of the *Pilgrim:*

> He that is down needs fear no fall,
> He that is low no pride;
> He that is humble ever shall
> Have God to be his guide.

Bunyan sometimes saw the events of everyday life through a poetical magnifier. The very simple enterprise of killing an adder is described in the extract from *Grace Abounding* as if it had been a death-struggle with a dragon. The adder's bite, though painful, is not dangerous to any healthy man; and the sting—since adders administer their poison from a hollow tooth—was the harmless forked tongue.

Allegorical pilgrimages from this to a better world were no novelty in European literature. In 1858 an interesting parallel was shown to exist between the *Pilgrim's Progress* and *Le Pèlerinage de l'Homme* of De Guileville or Guilleville, a Parisian poet who died about 1360. The pilgrimage here too was from the world and its vices and sorrows, through difficulties and dangers, to the celestial city of Jerusalem; the work was Englished as *The Pilgrimage of the Life of Man*, or *Pilgrimage de Mounde*, by Lydgate, in 1426 (printed by Mr Furnivall for the E.E.T.S., Part I., 1899). Another translation was printed by Caxton. Geiler von Kaisersberg wrote also a *Christliche Pilgerschaft zum ewigen Vaterland* in 1512; and as Bunyan seems to have learnt something from the Anabaptists, this German 'pilgrimage to the everlasting Fatherland' might possibly have indirectly influenced him. There is a detailed examination of the many resemblances between Bunyan and earlier dreamers of dreams with a purpose — including Hampole, Wyclif, Spenser, 'Piers Plowman,' and Walter Map—in Nathaniel Hill's *Guillaume de Guileville compared with Bunyan* (1858).

Hundreds of notable English writers from his own day till ours have owned their deep debt to Bunyan, and shown in their style traces of his influence. And not merely English writers: Bunyan's stamp has been found on some of Schiller's poems, and Wieland, of all people in the world, received an impulse from the English dreamer of dreams. Mr F. T. Bullen has professed that his style is wholly based on the Bible and Bunyan. Mr Henley has said of the chamæleon-like R. L. Stevenson (who surely in this respect more than any man served many masters): 'Bunyan was born a master. Stevenson was born—a student of Bunyan. There is the difference.'

From 'Grace Abounding.'

In this my relation of the merciful working of God upon my soul, it will not be amiss if in the first place I do in a few words give you a hint of my pedigree and manner of bringing up, that thereby the goodness and bounty of God towards me may be the more advanced and magnified before the sons of men.

For my descent then, it was, as is well known by many, of a low and inconsiderable generation, my father's

house being of that rank that is meanest and most despised of all the families of the land. Wherefore I have not here, as others, to boast of noble blood and of any high-born state according to the flesh, though, all things considered, I magnify the heavenly majesty, for that by this door he brought me into the world, to partake of the grace and life that is in Christ by the gospel. But notwithstanding the meanness and inconsiderableness of my parents, it pleased God to put it into their hearts to put me to school, to learn me both to read and write; the which I also attained, according to the rate of other poor men's children, though to my shame I confess I did soon lose that I had learned, even almost utterly, and that long before the Lord did work his gracious work of conversion upon my soul. As for my own natural life, for the time that I was without God in the world, it was indeed according to the course of this world, and the spirit that now worketh in the children of disobedience, Eph. ii. 2, 3. It was my delight to be taken captive by the devil at his will, 2 Tim. ii. 26, being filled with all unrighteousness; the which did also so strongly work both in my heart and life, that I had but few equals, both for cursing, swearing, lying, and blaspheming the holy name of God. Yea, so settled and rooted was I in these things, that they became as a second nature to me; the which, as I have also with soberness considered since, did so offend the Lord that even in my childhood he did scare and terrify me with fearful dreams and visions. For often after I had spent this and the other day in sin, I have been greatly afflicted while asleep with the apprehensions of devils and wicked spirits, who, as I then thought, laboured to draw me away with them, of which I could never be rid. Also I should at these years be greatly troubled with the thoughts of the fearful torments of hell-fire, still fearing that it would be my lot to be found at last among those devils and hellish fiends who are there bound down with the chains and bonds of darkness unto the judgment of the great day.

These things, I say, when I was but a child but nine or ten years old, did so distress my soul, that then, in the midst of my many sports and childish vanities, amidst my vain companions, I was often much cast down and afflicted in my mind therewith, yet could I not let go my sins. Yea, I was also then so overcome with despair of life and heaven, that I should often wish either that there had been no hell, or that I had been a devil, supposing they were only tormentors, that if it must needs be that I went thither, I might be rather a tormentor than be tormented myself.

A while after, these terrible dreams did leave me, which also I soon forgot; for my pleasures did quickly cut off the remembrance of them, as if they had never been; wherefore with more greediness, according to the strength of nature, I did still let loose the reins of my lusts, and delighted in all transgressions against the law of God; so that until I came to the state of marriage, I was the very ringleader in all manner of vice and ungodliness. Yea, such prevalency had the lusts of the flesh on my poor soul, that had not a miracle of precious grace prevented, I had not only perished by the stroke of eternal justice, but also laid myself open to the stroke of those laws which bring some to disgrace and shame before the face of the world.

In these days the thoughts of religion were very grievous to me; I could neither endure it myself, nor that any other should; so that when I have seen some read in those books that concerned Christian piety, it would be as it were a prison to me. Then I said unto God: 'Depart from me, for I desire not the knowledge of thy ways,' Job, xxi. 14, 15. I was now void of all good consideration; heaven and hell were both out of sight and mind; and as for saving and damning, they were least in my thoughts. 'O Lord, thou knowest my life, and my ways are not hid from thee.'

But this I well remember, that though I could myself sin with the greatest delight and ease, yet even then, if I had at any time seen wicked things by those who professed goodness, it would make my spirit tremble. As once, above all the rest, when I was in the height of vanity, yet hearing one to swear that was reckoned for a religious man, it had so great a stroke upon my spirit, that it made my heart ache. But God did not utterly leave me, but followed me still, not with convictions, but judgments mixed with mercy. For once I fell into a creek of the sea, and hardly escaped drowning. Another time I fell out of a boat into Bedford river, but mercy yet preserved me; besides, another time being in the field with my companions, it chanced that an adder passed over the highway, so I, having a stick, struck her over the back, and having stunned her, I forced open her mouth with my stick, and plucked her sting out with my fingers; by which act, had not God been merciful to me, I might by my desperateness have brought myself to my end. This also I have taken notice of with thanksgiving: when I was a soldier, I with others were drawn out to go to such a place to besiege it; but when I was just ready to go, one of the company desired to go in my room; to which when I had consented, he took my place, and coming to the siege, as he stood sentinel, he was shot in the head with a musket-bullet and died. Here, as I said, were judgments and mercy, but neither of them did awaken my soul to righteousness; wherefore I sinned still, and grew more and more rebellious against God, and careless of my own salvation.

Presently after this I changed my condition into a married state, and my mercy was to light upon a wife whose father and mother were counted godly; this woman and I, though we came together as poor as poor might be, not having so much household stuff as a dish or spoon betwixt us both, yet this she had for her part, *The Plain Man's Pathway to Heaven*, and *The Practice of Piety*, which her father had left when he died. In these two books I sometimes read, wherein I found some things that were somewhat pleasant to me; but all this while I met with no conviction. She also often would tell me what a godly man her father was, and how he would reprove and correct vice, both in his house and among his neighbours, and what a strict and holy life he lived in his days, both in word and deed. Wherefore these books, though they did not reach my heart to awaken it about my sad and sinful state, yet they did beget within me some desires to reform my vicious life, and fall in very eagerly with the religion of the times; to wit, to go to church twice a day, and there very devoutly both say and sing as others did, yet retaining my wicked life; but withal was so overrun with the spirit of superstition, that I adored, and that with great devotion, even all things (both the high-place, priest, clerk, vestment, service, and what else)

belonging to the church; counting all things holy that were therein contained, and especially the priest and clerk most happy, and without doubt greatly blessed, because they were the servants, as I then thought, of God, and were principal in the holy temple, to do his work therein. This conceit grew so strong upon my spirit, that had I but seen a priest, though never so sordid and debauched in his life, I should find my spirit fall under him, reverence him, and knit unto him; yea, I thought for the love I did bear unto them (supposing they were the ministers of God) I could have lain down at their feet, and have been trampled upon by them—their name, their garb, and work did so intoxicate and bewitch me. . . .

But all this while I was not sensible of the danger and evil of sin; I was kept from considering that sin would damn me, what religion soever I followed, unless I was found in Christ. Nay, I never thought whether there was such a one or no. Thus man while blind doth wander, for he knoweth not the way to the city of God, Eccles. x. 15.

But one day, amongst all the sermons our parson made, his subject was to treat of the Sabbath-day, and of the evil of breaking that, either with labour, sports, or otherwise; wherefore I fell in my conscience under his sermon, thinking and believing that he made that sermon on purpose to shew me my evil doing. And at that time I felt what guilt was, though never before that I can remember; but then I was for the present greatly loaded therewith, and so went home, when the sermon was ended, with a great burden upon my spirit. This, for that instant, did embitter my former pleasures to me; but hold, it lasted not, for before I had well dined, the trouble began to go off my mind, and my heart returned to its old course; but oh, how glad was I that this trouble was gone from me, and that the fire was put out, that I might sin again without control! Wherefore, when I had satisfied nature with my food, I shook the sermon out of my mind, and to my old custom of sports and gaming I returned with great delight. . . . But the same day, as I was in the midst of a game of cat, and having struck it one blow from the hole, just as I was about to strike it the second time, a voice did suddenly dart from heaven into my soul, which said: 'Wilt thou leave thy sins and go to heaven, or have thy sins and go to hell?' At this I was put to an exceeding maze; wherefore, leaving my cat upon the ground, I looked up to heaven, and was as if I had with the eyes of my understanding seen the Lord Jesus look down upon me, as being very hotly displeased with me, and as if he did severely threaten me with some grievous punishment for those and other ungodly practices. . . .

But quickly after this, I fell into company with one poor man that made profession of religion, who, as I then thought, did talk pleasantly of the Scriptures and of religion; wherefore, liking what he said, I betook me to my Bible, and began to take great pleasure in reading. . . . Wherefore I fell to some outward reformation both in my words and life, and did set the commandments before me for my way to heaven; which commandments I also did strive to keep, and, as I thought, did keep them pretty well sometimes, and then I should have comfort; yet now and then should break one, and so afflict my conscience; but then I should repent, and say I was sorry for it, and promise God to do better next time, and there got help again; for then I thought I pleased God as well as any man in England.

Thus I continued about a year, all which time our neighbours did take me to be a very godly and religious man, and did marvel much to see such great alteration in my life and manners; and indeed so it was, though I knew not Christ, nor grace, nor faith, nor hope; for, as I have since seen, had I then died, my state had been most fearful. But, I say, my neighbours were amazed at this my great conversion—from prodigious profaneness to something like a moral life and sober man. Now therefore they began to praise, to commend, and to speak well of me, both to my face and behind my back. Now I was, as they said, become godly; now I was become a right honest man. But oh! when I understood those were their words and opinions of me, it pleased me mighty well; for though as yet I was nothing but a poor painted hypocrite, yet I loved to be talked of as one that was truly godly. I was proud of my godliness, and indeed I did all I did either to be seen of or well spoken of by men; and thus I continued for about a twelvemonth or more.

Now you must know that before this I had taken much delight in ringing, but my conscience beginning to be tender, I thought such practice was but vain, and therefore forced myself to leave it; yet my mind hankered; wherefore I would go to the steeple-house and look on, though I durst not ring; but I thought this did not become religion neither; yet I forced myself, and would look on still. But quickly after, I began to think, 'How if one of the bells should fall?' Then I chose to stand under a main beam that lay overthwart the steeple, from side to side, thinking here I might stand sure; but then I thought again, should the bell fall with a swing, it might first hit the wall, and then rebounding upon me, might kill me for all this beam. This made me stand in the steeple-door; and now, thought I, I am safe enough; for if the bell should then fall, I can slip out behind these thick walls, and so be preserved notwithstanding. So after this I would yet go to see them ring, but would not go any further than the steeple-door; but then it came into my head, 'How if the steeple itself should fall?' And this thought (it may, for aught I know, when I stood and looked on) did continually so shake my mind, that I durst not stand at the steeple-door any longer, but was forced to flee, for fear the steeple should fall upon my head.

Another thing was my dancing; I was a full year before I could quite leave that. But all this while, when I thought I kept that or this commandment, or did by word or deed anything I thought was good, I had great peace in my conscience, and would think with myself, God cannot choose but be now pleased with me; yea, to relate it in my own way, I thought no man in England could please God better than I. But, poor wretch as I was, I was all this while ignorant of Jesus Christ, and going about to establish my own righteousness; and had perished therein, had not God in his mercy shewed me more of my state by nature.

The Golden City—from 'The Pilgrim's Progress.'

Now I saw in my dream that by this time the pilgrims were got over the Inchanted Ground, and entering into the country of Beulah, whose air was very sweet and pleasant, the way lying directly through it, they solaced them there for a season. Yea, here they

heard continually the singing of birds, and saw every day the flowers appear in the earth, and heard the voice of the turtle in the land. In this country the sun shineth night and day; wherefore it was beyond the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and also out of the reach of Giant Despair; neither could they from this place so much as see Doubting Castle. Here they were within sight of the city they were going to; also here met them some of the inhabitants thereof: for in this land the Shining Ones commonly walked, because it was upon the borders of Heaven. In this land also the contract between the bride and bridegroom was renewed; yea, here, 'as the bridegroom rejoiceth over the bride, so did their God rejoice over them.' Here they had no want of corn and wine; for in this place they met abundance of what they had sought for in all their pilgrimage. Here they heard voices from out of the city, loud voices, saying: 'Say ye to the daughter of Zion, behold thy salvation cometh, behold, his reward is with him.' Here all the inhabitants of the country called them 'the holy people, the redeemed of the Lord, sought out,' &c.

Now as they walked in this land, they had more rejoicing than in parts more remote from the kingdom to which they were bound; and drawing near to the city they had yet a more perfect view thereof: it was builded of pearls and precious stones, also the streets thereof were paved with gold; so that, by reason of the natural glory of the city, and the reflection of the sunbeams upon it, Christian with desire fell sick; Hopeful also had a fit or two of the same disease: wherefore here they lay by it a while, crying out because of their pangs: 'If you see my Beloved, tell him that I am sick of love.'

But being a little strengthened, and better able to bear their sickness, they walked on their way, and came yet nearer and nearer, where were orchards, vineyards, and gardens, and their gates opened into the highway. Now as they came up to these places, behold the gardener stood in the way, to whom the pilgrims said: Whose goodly vineyards and gardens are these? He answered: They are the King's, and are planted here for his own delight, and also for the solace of pilgrims. So the gardener had them into the vineyards, and bid them refresh themselves with dainties; he also shewed them there the King's walks and arbors where he delighted to be; and here they tarried and slept.

Now I beheld in my dream that they talked more in their sleep at this time than ever they did in all their journey; and being in a muse thereabout, the gardener said even to me: Wherefore musest thou at the matter? It is the nature of the fruit of the grapes of these vineyards to go down so sweetly as to cause the lips of them that are asleep to speak.

So I saw that when they awoke they addressed themselves to go up to the city. But as I said, the reflection of the sun upon the city (for the city was pure gold) was so extremely glorious, that they could not as yet with open face behold it, but through an instrument made for that purpose. So I saw that, as they went on, there met them two men in raiment that shone like gold; also their faces shone as the light. These men asked the pilgrims whence they came; and they told them. They also asked them where they had lodged, what difficulties and dangers, what comforts and pleasures, they had met with in their way; and they told them. Then said the men that met them: You have but two difficulties more to meet with, and then you are in the city.

Christian then and his companion asked the men to go along with them; so they told them they would; but, said they, you must obtain it by your own faith. So I saw in my dream that they went on together till they came in sight of the gate.

Now I further saw that betwixt them and the gate was a river, but there was no bridge to go over, the river was very deep. At the sight therefore of this river, the pilgrims were much stounded; but the men that went with them said: You must go through, or you cannot come at the gate.

The pilgrims then began to inquire if there was no other way to the gate; to which they answered: Yes; but there hath not any save two, to wit, Enoch and Elijah, been permitted to tread that path since the foundation of the world, nor shall, until the last trumpet shall sound. The pilgrims then, especially Christian, began to dispond in his mind, and looked this way and that; but no way could be found by them by which they might escape the river. Then they asked the men if the waters were all of a depth. They said: No; yet they could not help them in that case; for said they, You shall find it deeper or shallower, as you believe in the King of the place.

They then addressed themselves to the water, and entring, Christian began to sink, and crying out to his good friend Hopeful, he said: I sink in deep waters: the billows go over my head; all the waters go over me. Selah. Then said the other: Be of good cheer, my brother; I feel the bottom, and it is good. Then said Christian: Ah! my friend, the sorrow of death hath encompassed me about: I shall not see the land that flows with milk and honey. . . .

Then I saw in my dream that Christian was in a muse a while. To whom also Hopeful added this word: Be of good cheer; Jesus Christ maketh thee whole: and with that Christian brake out with a loud voice, Oh I see him again; and he tells me: 'When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee.' Then they both took courage, and the enemy was after that as still as a stone, until they were gone over. Christian therefore presently found ground to stand upon, and so it followed that the rest of the river was but shallow. Thus they got over. Now upon the bank of the river on the other side, they saw the two shining men again, who there waited for them. Wherefore being come out of the river, they saluted them saying: 'We are ministring spirits, sent forth to minister to those that shall be heirs of salvation.' Thus they went along towards the gate. Now you must note that the city stood upon a mighty hill; but the pilgrims went up that hill with ease, because they had these two men to lead them up by the arms; they had likewise left their mortal garments behind them in the river; for though they went in with them, they came out without them. They therefore went up here with much agility and speed, though the foundation upon which the city was framed was higher than the clouds. They therefore went up through the region of the air, sweetly talking as they went, being comforted because they got safely over the river, and had such glorious companions to attend them. . . .

Now while they were thus drawing towards the gate,

behold a company of the heavenly host came out to meet them; to whom it was said by the other two Shining Ones: These are the men that have loved our Lord when they were in the world, and that have left all for his holy name; and he hath sent us to fetch them, and we have brought them thus far on their desired journey, that they may go in and look their Redeemer in the face with joy. Then the Heavenly Host gave a great shout, saying: 'Blessed are they that are called to the marriage-supper of the Lamb.' There came also out at this time to meet them several of the King's trumpeters, cloathed in white and shining raiment, who with melodious noises and loud made even the heavens to echo with their sound. These trumpeters saluted Christian and his fellow with ten thousand welcomes from the world; and this they did with shouting and sound of trumpet.

This done, they compassed them round about on every side; some went before, some behind, and some on the right hand, some on the left (as 'twere to guard them through the upper regions) continually sounding as they went, with melodious noise, in notes on high; so that the very sight was to them that could behold it as if heaven itself was come down to meet them. Thus, therefore, they walked on together; and as they walked, ever and anon these trumpeters, even with joyful sound, would by mixing their music with looks and gestures, still signify to Christian and his brother how welcome they were into their company, and with what gladness they came to meet them: and now were these two men, as 'twere, in heaven before they came at it, being swallowed up with the sight of angels, and with hearing of their melodious notes. Here also they had the city itself in view, and they thought they heard all the bells therein to ring, to welcome them thereto; but above all, the warm and joyful thoughts that they had about their own dwelling there with such company, and that for ever and ever. Oh! by what tongue or pen can their glorious joy be expressed? Thus they came up to the gate.

Now, when they were come up to the gate, there was written over it in letters of gold: 'Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have a right to the Tree of Life, and may enter in through the gates into the city.'

Then I saw in my dream that the shining men bid them call at the gate; the which when they did, some from above looked over the gate, to wit Enoch, Moses, Elijah, &c.; to whom it was said: These pilgrims are come from the City of Destruction, for the love that they bear to the King of this place; and then the pilgrims gave in unto them each man his certificate, which they had received in the beginning: those therefore were carried in to the King, who, when he had read them, said: Where are the men? To whom it was answered: They are standing without the gate. The King then commanded to open the gate, 'That the righteous nation,' said he, 'that keepeth truth, may enter in.'

Now I saw in my dream that these two men went in at the gate; and lo, as they entered, they were transfigured, and they had raiment put on that shone like gold. There was also that met them with harps and crowns, and gave to them; the harps to praise withal, and the crowns in token of honour. Then I heard in my dream that all the bells in the city rang again for joy, and that it was said unto them: 'Enter ye into the joy of your Lord.' I also heard the men themselves, that they sang with a loud voice, saying: 'Blessing, honour, and glory, and power be to Him that sitteth upon the throne, and to the Lamb, for ever and ever.'

Now, just as the gates were opened to let in the men, I looked in after them, and behold the city shone like the sun; the streets also were paved with gold, and in them walked many men with crowns on their heads, palms in their hands, and golden harps to sing praises withal.

Seven copies of the first edition of the first part of the *Pilgrim's Progress* are in existence—a perfect copy was sold in 1901 for £1475; there is also a complete series of editions down to the thirty-fourth, with the exception of the seventeenth. Since the thirty-fourth no record has been kept, the later editions being countless. An incomplete folio edition of Bunyan's general works was published in one volume in 1692, and complete editions in two volumes folio were issued in 1736–37 and in 1767. A thick folio of 1112 pages, double columns, was also published in Edinburgh in 1771, and other collected editions have been issued in England, Scotland, and America. A statue of Bunyan by Boehm was unveiled in Bedford in 1874. See the Lives of him by Southey (1830), Offor (1862), Froude (1880), Venables (1888), and Dr John Brown of Bedford (the fullest and completest; 1885, new ed. 1888).

Robert Boyle (1627–91), the most distinguished of the 'experimental philosophers' who in England hastened to possess the new worlds of which Bacon had glimpses, was a son of the first ('great') Earl of Cork, at whose mansion of Lismore he was born. After studying at Eton and Geneva, he travelled through Italy, returning to England in 1644; and henceforward to the end of his life he devoted himself to researches and experiments in chemistry and physics. From 1644 till 1650 he lived in the manor of Stalbridge in Dorset, now his by his father's death. In 1654 he settled at Oxford. From 1645 weekly meetings were held at London and at Oxford for the cultivation of what was then termed 'the new philosophy'—in Oxford first at the lodgings of Dr Wilkins, and subsequently, for the most part, at Boyle's. These scientific students—Wilkins, Boyle, Seth Ward, Wren, Wallis, Petty—with others who afterwards joined them, were incorporated by Charles II. in 1662 as the Royal Society. Boyle, in London after 1668, was one of its most active members, and many of his treatises originally appeared in the Society's *Transactions*. He died in 1691, and his works are voluminous enough to fill five folio volumes. They consist chiefly of accounts of his experimental researches in chemistry and natural philosophy, especially on the mechanical and chemical properties of air, on freezing, boiling, refraction, specific gravity, and electricity. By means of the air-pump, the construction of which he materially improved, he made valuable discoveries. In 1662 he published experimental proof of the proportional relation between elasticity and pressure, properly called Boyle's Law (sometimes called Mariotte's, after the experimenter who in 1676 confirmed Boyle's results). His researches and results in many departments mark the final defeat of mediævalism and the triumph of the modern spirit—though he clung to the belief in

the transmutation of gold. A devout and amiable man, he published much in defence of Christianity, and on the importance of studying the Divine attributes as displayed in the material world. He devoted much time and money to missionary enterprises, and made provision for the delivery of eight lectures yearly in London 'for proving the Christian religion against notorious infidels, namely, atheists, theists, pagans, Jews, and Mohammedans; not descending lower to any controversies that are among Christians themselves.' In 1660 he was solicited by Lord Clarendon to take orders, but modestly professed himself unequal to the high duties of the pastoral office; he thought he had even a better chance to advance religion by his writings as a layman. He spent large sums in the translation and diffusion of the Scriptures, in publishing useful books (such as Burnet's *History of the Reformation*), and in advancing science. In spite of feeble health and positive illness, he continued research and writing till shortly before his death at the end of 1691. He had been elected president of the Royal Society (an honour he declined), governor of the corporation for the spread of the gospel in New England, and director of the East India Company (whose charter he helped to obtain).

Besides treatises such as *The Origin of Forms and Qualities*, *Experiments touching Colours*, *Hydrostatical Paradoxes*, disquisitions on gems, the temperature of the blood, the usefulness of experimental philosophy, *Observations touching Cold*, &c., he published books on the style of the Scriptures, against swearing, on the reconcilableness of reason and religion, on final causes, *The Christian Virtuoso* [i.e. experimentalist], and *A Treatise on Seraphic Love;* not to speak of the famous *Occasional Reflections on Several Subjects* (1665), mostly written in early life, which Butler caricatured and Swift ridiculed in his *Meditations on a Broom-stick*. Even without this association, the *Reflections* inevitably provoke a smile—lessons on the goodness of the Creator, the duty of humility, the uncertainty of life, &c., drawn from such 'occasions' as 'his manner of giving meat to his dog,' 'on sitting at ease in a coach that went very fast,' 'upon the taking of physic,' 'upon one's drinking water out of the brims of his hat,' and 'on killing a crow (out of a window) in a hog's trough, and immediately tracing the ensuing reflection with a pen made of one of his quills,' solemnly set forth in handsome type on great folio pages. Fifteen meditations turn on 'the accidents of an ague,' the first—'Upon the first invasion of the disease'—describing how the 'chilness' surprised him as he was 'sitting quietly in his chamber, delightfully entertained by an outlandish virtuoso with an account of the several attempts that are either made or designed in foreign parts to produce curiosities and improve knowledge.' The last of the series appropriately arises out of his 'reviewing and tacking together the several bills piled up in the apothecary's shop.' It will not be unfair to this voluminous author to choose our specimens not from the more ponderous works—written mostly in a plain and clear yet prolix style—but from the *Occasional Reflections*. The first is a fair average one; the second, more whimsical, contains a number of physiological remarks here omitted as now quite unsuited for general reading. But it has the reputed merit of having by its concluding paragraphs given Swift the suggestion for *Gulliver's Travels*. At least it is entitled to the credit of having fairly formulated the ingenious though simple plan for bringing veiled but effective satire to bear on home foibles by the ingenuous remarks of intelligent but imaginary foreigners; the device that was carried out in the next century by Dufresny, by Montesquieu, and by Goldsmith in his *Citizen of the World;* as also since by Morier in *Hajji Baba in England* and *Martin Toutrond*, by Mr Punch from time to time in very various guises, and by many others.

Upon the Sight of Roses and Tulips growing near one another.

It is so uncommon a thing to see tulips last till roses come to be blown, that the seeing them in this garden grow together, as it deserves my notice, so methinks it should suggest to me some reflection or other on it. And perhaps it may not be an improper one to compare the difference betwixt these two kinds of flowers to the disparity which I have often observed betwixt the fates of those young ladies that are only very handsome, and those that have a less degree of beauty, recompensed by the accession of wit, discretion, and virtue: for tulips, whilst they are fresh, do indeed by the lustre and vividness of their colours more delight the eye than roses; but then they do not alone quickly fade, but as soon as they have lost that freshness and gaudiness that solely endeared them, they degenerate into things not only undesirable but distasteful; whereas roses, besides the moderate beauty they disclose to the eye (which is sufficient to please, though not to charm) do not only keep their colour longer than tulips, but when that decays, retain a perfumed odour, and divers useful qualities and virtues that survive the spring and recommend them all the year. Thus those unadvised young ladies, that because nature has given them beauty enough despise all other qualities, and even that regular diet which is ordinarily requisite to make beauty itself lasting, not only are wont to decay betimes, but as soon as they have lost that youthful freshness that alone endeared them, quickly pass from being objects of wonder and love, to be so of pity, if not of scorn; whereas those that were as solicitous to enrich their minds as to adorn their faces, may not only with mediocrity of beauty be very desirable whilst that lasts, but notwithstanding the recess of that and youth, may by the fragrancy of their reputation and those virtues and ornaments of the mind that time does but improve, be always sufficiently endeared to those that have merit enough to discern and value such excellences, and whose esteem and friendship is alone worth their being concerned for. In a word, they prove the happiest as well as they are the wisest ladies, that, whilst they

possess the desirable qualities that youth is wont to give, neglect not the acquist [acquisition] of those that age cannot take away.

Upon the Eating of Oysters.

Eugenius. Whilst every body else is commending these oysters, either with his tongue or with his teeth, so that one of the company sticks not to say that they are as much worth as if they contained each of them a pearl, you only seemed as unconcerned a spectator, as if you thought their proper use, like that of flowers, were rather to be looked on than to be eaten.

Lindamor. I confess, Eugenius, that I found my self more inclinable to reflect on what you are doing, than to keep you company in it; and whilst I saw such persons so gustfully swallow these extolled fishes, the sight led me to take more notice than perhaps you have done of the strange power of education and custom.

Eug. And what, I pray you, has custom to do with oysters?

Lind. You will soon know that, if I tell you, that I was considering on this occasion how forward we are to think other nations absurd or barbarous for such practices, that either the same or little better may be found unscrupled at among our selves; and I acknowledge it to be one of the chief advantages I account my self to have obtained by my travels, that as I do not easily admire, so I am not forward to deride, the practice of any people for being new, and am not apt to think their customs must be therefore worse than ours, because they widely differ from them.

I could give you store of instances to justify this impartiality; but because the circumstances of eating and drinking are those which make men with the greatest confidence term other nations brutish and barbarous, I will confine my self to some examples of that nature.

We impute it for a barbarous custom to many nations of the Indians, that like beasts they eat raw flesh. And pray how much is that worse than our eating raw fish, as we do in eating these oysters? Nor is this a practice of the rude vulgar only, but of the politest and nicest persons among us, such as physicians, divines, and even ladies. And our way of eating seems much more barbarous than theirs, since they are wont to kill before they eat, but we scruple not to devour oysters alive, and kill them not with our hands or teeth, but with our stomachs, where (for aught we know) they begin to be digested before they make an end of dying. Nay, sometimes when we dip them in vinegar, we may, for sauce to one bit, devour alive a shoal of little animals, which, whether they be fishes or worms, I am not so sure as I am that I have by the help of convenient glasses seen great numbers of them swimming up and down in less than a saucer full of vinegar.

We detest and despise some other nations for feeding upon caterpillars, grasshoppers, and other insects; and others for feeding upon carrion and stinking food.

And do not many of us do as bad, when we not only eat but extol rotten cheese, whose livid colour sufficiently betrays its putrefaction, and whose odious smell offends most men's noses and turns some men's stomachs? Nay, when this cheese is grown to that high degree of rottenness that our critical palates like it best in, we then devour whole hundreds of mites, which are really crawling insects, bred out of putrefaction, and these too are so numerous and little, that our greediness makes us swallow many of them alive. . . .

Eug. You put me in mind of a fancy of your friend Mr Boyle, who was saying that he had thoughts of making a short romantick story, where the scene should be laid in some island of the southern ocean, governed by some such rational laws and customs as those of Utopia, or the New Atlantis; and in this country he would introduce an observing native, that upon his return home from his travels made in Europe should give an account of our countries and manners under feigned names, and frequently intimate in his relations (or in his answers to questions that should be made him), the reasons of his wondering to find our customs so extravagant, and differing from those of his country. For your friend imagined that by such a way of proposing many of our practices, we should ourselves be brought unawares to condemn or perhaps laugh at them, and should at least cease to wonder to find other nations think them as extravagant as we think the manners of the Dutch and Spaniards, as they are represented in our travellers' books.

Lind. I dislike not the project, and wish it were prosecuted by somebody that being impartial were more a friend to fables. For when I consider that the name of Barbarian was given by the two noblest people of the earth, the Greeks and Romans, not only to all the rest of the world, but to one another, though both those nations were highly civilized, and the courtly Persians, and other voluptuous Asiaticks were perhaps no less so than they; I doubt that most nations in styling one another's manners extravagant and absurd are guided more by education and partiality than reason; and that we laugh at many customs of strangers only because we never were bred to them, and prize many of our own only because we never considered them. And we may well believe that custom has much a larger empire than men seem to be aware of, since whole nations are wholly swayed by it that do not reckon themselves among its subjects, nor so much as dream that they are so.

THE RESTORATION.*

THOUGH the greatest writer of his generation—Milton—strove with all the energy of despair to support the falling fabric of republicanism, to no section of the community was the restoration of Charles II. more welcome than to men of letters. Notable books had been published during the Civil Wars and Protectorate, but the chief literary product had been a rank crop of unprofitable pamphlets.

An immediate result of the Restoration was the revival of the drama. For nearly eighteen years the acting of plays had been prohibited, but at the Restoration permission was given for the establishment of two theatrical companies—the King's (under Thomas Killigrew) and the Duke's (under Sir William D'Avenant). Of the famous dramatists who flourished before the outbreak of the Civil Wars only one survived—James Shirley, who in 1659 had published *The Contention of Ajax and Ulysses* (written for a private entertainment), containing the fine and solemn song, 'The glories of our blood and State,' which Bowman the actor used to sing to Charles II. Several of Shirley's plays were revived at the Restoration (*The Cardinal* and *The Traitor* most frequently); but in the preface to *The Contention* he had announced that 'nothing of this nature shall after this engage either my pen or invention,' and he kept his word. He died in 1666; and in *MacFlecknoe* (1682) Dryden held up his works, with Thomas Heywood's, to derision. On the Restoration stage revivals of old plays—notably of Beaumont and Fletcher—were constantly produced, not seldom in garbled versions. The store of old dramatic poetry was ransacked from end to end by rapacious plagiarists. Shakespeare kept his popularity, though his plays were less frequently acted than Beaumont and Fletcher's; but irreverent playwrights did not hesitate to mutilate even Shakespeare's masterpieces by wanton and insipid 'alterations.'

The foremost part in restoring the fortunes of the theatre was taken by Sir William D'Avenant, who had written for the stage in the days of Charles I. He is not to be ranked with the elder and nobler dramatists, but he possessed high accomplishments and versatile abilities, and he never grew old. In his philosophical poem *Gondibert* he achieved a solid success. Some of his songs (notably 'The lark now leaves his watery nest') are of rare excellence. He was a devoted admirer of Shakespeare, but he had lived an exile in France, and came back a modern of the moderns. Dryden found him of 'so quick a fancy that nothing was proposed to him on which he could not suddenly produce a thought extremely pleasant and surprising.' Four years before the Restoration he had obtained leave from the authorities to produce at the Cockpit an operatic piece, *The Siege of Rhodes*. After the Restoration he wrote regularly for the stage, sometimes in conjunction with Dryden, down to the year of his death (1668). Too much attention was paid by D'Avenant to spectacular effects; but it cannot be denied that the personation of women's characters by women, instead of by boys as heretofore, was a welcome innovation.

One of the earliest of the Restoration dramatists was John Wilson, Recorder of Londonderry, who wrote comedies of considerable merit on the model of Ben Jonson. To the Earl of Orrery was due the introduction of rhymed tragedies. Dryden followed Orrery's lead, and wrote play after play in rhymed heroics, mixing good poetry with intolerable fustian. Sir Robert Howard, Dryden's brother-in-law, also cultivated the heroic drama. John Crowne and, at a somewhat later date, William Lee—writers who sixty years earlier might have done excellent work—composed tragedies that, in spite of crudeness and violent exaggeration, have unmistakable power. Lee confined himself to tragedy; but Crowne, in *Sir Courtly Nice*, showed comic talent of a high order. The best picture of contemporary manners is to be found in the plays of Thomas Shadwell, whom Dryden assailed so bitterly. We must not look to Shadwell for poetry, though he was appointed poet-laureate at the Revolution; but in depicting the brisk, bustling life of the

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town he showed himself an apt pupil of the master in whose steps he essayed to tread—Ben Jonson. More refined than Shadwell was Sir George Etheredge, who may claim to be the founder of 'artificial comedy' or 'comedy of manners.' Foremost among the writers of this school are Wycherley and Congreve. The licentiousness which disfigures the Restoration drama becomes in Wycherley's plays (valuable though they be for their vigorous satire and abundant mirth) positively revolting. For wit and brilliancy Congreve has never been surpassed; indeed, the wit and brilliancy are lavished with so free a hand as to cause at times a feeling of fatigue. In tragedy Congreve does not show to advantage. Tenderness and a measure of tragic power belonged to the ill-starred poet Thomas Otway, whose *Orphan* and *Venice Preserved* stirred by their pathos many generations of playgoers. Sir John Vanbrugh wisely refrained from attempting tragedy, but his comedies are very readable for their vivacious dialogue and dexterous plots. The plays of Mrs Aphra Behn, though they transgress the bounds of decency and decorum, are bustling and diverting. Mrs Manley's contributions to the stage may be safely neglected; but the farcical comedies of Mrs Centlivre will repay perusal. Thomas Southerne, an amiable poet, who was the friend of Dryden, and in his old age was complimented by Gray, wrote tragedy and comedy with equal facility. His *Oroonoko*, founded on Mrs Behn's once-famous romance, appealed effectively to sentimental audiences, and contains a few passages that rise above mediocrity. George Farquhar, who died at nine-and-twenty (in 1707), achieved a brilliant success with *The Beaux' Stratagem*, but in his less famous plays there is no lack of exuberant spirits and comic invention. Among playwrights who would claim notice in an extended survey of the drama are the Killigrews, Sir John Sedley, Lacy the actor, Ravenscroft (a brutal writer), honest Tom Durfey, and Elkanah Settle (whose *Empress of Morocco* is prized by collectors for the 'sculptures' with which it is adorned).

Dryden's supremacy in the drama was maintained throughout the later years of the seventeenth century. His first play, *The Wild Gallant* (1663), with a plot drawn (as frequently in Restoration plays) from Spanish sources, was a distinct failure; and *The Rival Ladies*, produced later in the same year, attained only a moderate success. He established his reputation firmly in 1667 by his *Secret Love*, which placed him at the head of contemporary playwrights. In 1671 the Duke of Buckingham, collaborating with Samuel Butler and others, held up the heroic drama to ridicule in that brilliant burlesque *The Rehearsal* (Dryden figuring therein as the poet Bayes); but Dryden's popularity was secure against all assaults—though not all his plays achieved success. In 1675 appeared the last of his rhymed tragedies, *Aureng-Zebe*, and for three years he ceased to write for the stage. In *All for Love* (1677–78) he abandoned rhyme, declaring, 'In my style I have professed to imitate the divine Shakespeare, which that I might perform freely, I have disencumbered myself from rhyme, not that I condemn my former way, but that it is more proper to my present purpose.' On the present occasion he wrote 'for himself;' his earlier plays were 'given to the people.' No notice, however brief, of Dryden's connection with the stage should fail to make mention of his admirably pithy and pointed prologues and epilogues, wherein he surpassed all his contemporaries.

In the Restoration drama we see reflected the dissolute manners of the court. The inevitable reaction against Puritanism had set in strongly, sweeping away the restraints prescribed by decency and good taste. Jeremy Collier's famous attack on contemporary playwrights, in his *Short View* (1698), was inspired by honest indignation. Not only does the drama of the Restoration and the Revolution offend by its grossness, but it leaves on the reader's mind an impression of ignobility and unreality. Only in an unheroic age would the impossible 'heroic tragedy' have been tolerated. In Elizabethan plays rant and bombast can be freely found (and grossness frequently abounds), but these faults are redeemed by the presence of fine poetry and exalted sentiment. Chapman in *Bussy D'Ambois* raved furiously, but his ravings were the frenzy of a poet; Dryden's extravagances, or Crowne's, or Lee's, simply provoke the reader's impatient derision. The ignobility of the Restoration drama is shown most clearly by reference to Molière. With avidity the English dramatists seized the delicate creations of the French master, and produced coarse, depraved imitations—turning pure gold to dross.

In non-dramatic poetry Dryden established his supremacy even more firmly than in the drama. Milton was to publish *Paradise Lost*, *Paradise Regained*, and *Samson Agonistes*, but into a discussion on Restoration poetry Milton's name must not come, for he stands aloof and afar from the Restoration writers—in solitary grandeur, unregarding and unregarded. Never was a poet more divinely inspired than Milton's friend Andrew Marvell, when he wrote in earlier manhood, 'Where the remote Bermudas ride,' and his garden fancies, 'How vainly men themselves amaze,' but at the Restoration he became more scurrilous in his satires than a fishwife. The oldest surviving poet was George Wither (born in 1588), who far back in the days of James I. had written fresh-coloured eclogues and delightful songs. Always an ardent reformer, he had suffered imprisonment in youth for his outspoken satires. Through the Civil Wars his sword and pen had been freely used in the service of the Parliament. At the Restoration his possessions were confiscated and he was flung into prison, where he still continued to issue pamphlet after pamphlet. Released in 1663, he ended his stormy career four years later. It is no light task to read even the titles of his multitudinous productions. That joyous lyrist Robert Herrick, who was only three years younger than Wither, had given to the world his *Hesperides* and *Noble Numbers* in 1647–48. At the Restoration he was reinstated in his Devonshire rectory, and there died in 1674. No lyrical poet's fame is more secure to-day than Herrick's, but his fame suffered neglect for upwards of a century. The wits of the Restoration reserved their warmest praise for Edmund Waller (1605–87), whose verses to Sacharissa are occasionally models of pointed felicity, and who undoubtedly did much to perfect the form of the heroic couplet. Dryden declared in 1664 that 'the excellence and dignity of rhyme were never fully known till Mr Waller taught it;' but Dryden's eulogy was far too extravagant. Much of Waller's writing (and he wrote comparatively little) is cold and laboured. Another poet whom it was the fashion of the age to overpraise was Sir John Denham, author of the descriptive poem *Cooper's Hill*, which contains the justly celebrated address to the Thames. Great, too, was the fame of Abraham Cowley, a poet who has been badly treated by posterity. When criticism has said its last word about Cowley's tortured and inept conceits, his harshness and obscurity, the frigidity of his love-poems, and the chaotic metre of his Pindariques, a few readers in every age will be attracted by the tenderness and sincerity of his elegies, the eloquence and weightiness of his didactic verse, the archness and sprightliness (though the note of genuine passion be wanting) of the group of poems devoted to his imaginary 'Mistress.' His best work was done long before the Restoration, and in later life his poetical efforts were chiefly confined to the penning of *Pindariques*—irregular, bastard odes that pleased the town and set a bad example to younger writers. D'Avenant's *Gondibert* was written in the long rhymed quatrains that Sir John Davies had employed in *Nosce Teipsum*, and Dryden followed D'Avenant when he chose this stately but somewhat wearisome metre for *Annus Mirabilis*. Very different was the metre employed by Samuel Butler in *Hudibras*. This witty and whimsical satire on the Puritans is written in rhymed octosyllables that hurry the reader along willy-nilly. Butler's ingenuity in rhyming was simply astonishing. Rhymed octosyllables had been employed not unsuccessfully by previous writers for lampoons, but as a metrical funambulist Butler is unequalled. Moreover, by his force of genius he was able to make this skimble-skamble metre a fitting vehicle for heightened descriptive poetry and profound moral reflection. Charles Cotton, a man of varied accomplishments, in *Scarronides* attempted to write in Hudibrastic verse, but showed more indelicacy than wit. That he was, however, a genuine poet his New Year verses (admired by Charles Lamb and Wordsworth) and his poetical addresses to Izaak Walton amply testify. Other poets who resembled Cotton in the extent and variety of their attainments were Thomas Stanley and Sir Richard Fanshawe; the former translated Anacreon, the latter *Il Pastor Fido*, and both wrote graceful original poetry. A greater poet than these was Henry Vaughan, who—taking George Herbert for his model—excelled his master. After keeping silence for nearly thirty years, he published in 1678 his last volume, *Thalia Rediviva*, containing many poems that are evidently early pieces, but some that were written after the Restoration. Among his friends was Mrs Katherine Philips, 'the matchless Orinda,' who presided over a literary coterie at Cardigan, translated with the help of friends some plays of Corneille, and published a volume of miscellaneous poems, which was praised by Cowley and Dryden. Another lady who culti-

vated poetry and patronised poets was the fantastic Duchess of Newcastle, best known by her biography of her husband (who befriended Shirley, and wrote plays in which Shirley had a hand). Her verse is diffuse and rambling, but in an artificial age she had a feeling for Nature, and has left some happy descriptive passages—such as we find later in the writings of Anne Finch, Countess of Winchester (1660–1720). The poetic achievements of these titled ladies were, it must be allowed, far surpassed by the notorious Mrs Behn, whose songs at their best are hard to beat.

Dryden's first mature poem was his *Heroic Stanzas* (written in his twenty-eighth year) on the death of Oliver Cromwell (1658). Elsewhere will be found (pages 791 to 797) a record and estimate of his long and varied life-work. He continued working to the end, though his health was failing fast. His *Fables*—renderings from Chaucer, Boccaccio, and Ovid—were published at the end of 1699; and only a few days before his death (1st May 1700) he had written a prologue and epilogue for a revival of Fletcher's *Pilgrim*. No sign of decaying power is noticeable in the *Fables*. But with all his high and varied accomplishments, Dryden could not write such songs as may be found by the score among the Elizabethan dramatists. The songs scattered through his plays are well turned and tunable, but they lack the incommunicable charm of the earlier singers. To the highest regions of romantic poetry he could not ascend. But he sharpened the weapons of satire so effectively that even Pope could hardly put a finer edge upon them; he made the heroic couplet an eloquent vehicle for philosophical argument; and in his best epistles he showed more sincerity than Horace, and hardly inferior art.

In satire Dryden's aptest pupil was Oldham, who died at thirty, and to whose memory the master paid a fine tribute. A crowd of writers essayed satire, but their efforts are chiefly marked by dullness and obscurity. The most licentious was Rochester; but he must not be held responsible for all the scurrilous effusions that were fathered upon him, and it must be allowed that he had genuine talent for song-writing. Sir Charles Sedley wrote numerous gay and sparkling songs (occasionally with too much freedom), and the generous Lord Dorset handled lyric verse lightly. Thomas Flatman, the miniaturist, wrote Pindariques (after Cowley) execrably; but his poems inspired by meditations on death are profoundly impressive. John Sheffield, Earl of Mulgrave, afterwards Duke of Buckinghamshire, gained some applause by his *Essay on Satire* (1679) and *Essay on Poetry* (1682), the former containing a bitter attack on Rochester; and Wentworth Dillon, Earl of Roscommon, was extravagantly lauded for his *Essay on Translated Verse*. At the close of the century two physicians made some stir in the world of letters. Sir Richard Blackmore—'everlasting Blackmore'—published huge epics which provoked the derision of the wits; but the more furiously they lampooned him the faster he wrote, issuing folio after folio until out of sheer weariness they forbore to attack. The other was Sir Samuel Garth, a genial, cultivated man, the friend of Dryden and Pope. His fame rests—not too securely—on *The Dispensary* (1699), a mock-heroic satire that has lost its savour. Thomas D'Urfey (Tom Durfey), if only for his *Winchester Wedding*, should not be passed over; and he did really valuable service by collecting together, from every quarter, songs old and new in his *Pills to Purge Melancholy*. One of his own most popular songs, 'She rose and let me in,' was Scotticised, and wrongly attributed to Francis Sempill of Beltrees, author of the oldest version of 'Auld Langsyne' (Ebsworth's *Roxburghe Ballads*, vol. vi. pp. 193–199). The Anacreontics of John Oldmixon had a vein of sprightliness; but Pope consigned him to eternal infamy in *The Dunciad*. A playful poem, *The Despairing Lover*, by Pope's friend William Walsh, has found a place in modern anthologies; and Peter Anthony Motteux' 'Man is for the woman made' is still remembered. But never was English poetry in a more deplorable condition than in 1700—when Dryden died and the author of *The Castle of Indolence* was born.

It is commonly held that, though poetry deteriorated at the Restoration, prose was improved and refined; and Dryden is regarded by competent critics as 'the great reformer of English prose.' In the second half of the seventeenth century prose certainly began to be written with more orderliness, plainness, and conciseness; but these qualities, valuable though they be, were obtained at a heavy sacrifice. At the Restoration two writers were alive whose prose has never been surpassed for lofty, sustained eloquence—the royalist physician Sir Thomas Browne, and the Puritan poet Milton. No lessons in style were needed by

Browne or Milton from their younger contemporaries. Nor is it easy to see how the enduring charm of Walton's *Compleat Angler* could have been heightened by added graces from any later hand. Fuller will outlive South—his witty periods were richer in terse epigram and more graciously attired. Jeremy Taylor, who combines the ripe wisdom of the man of the world with the spiritual ecstasy of the divine, is widely read to-day, while Tillotson and Stillingfleet are coldly remembered and Sherlock is forgotten. When we turn from divinity to philosophy, we cannot but admit that Hobbes wrote with a force and incisiveness that were denied to Locke. The difference between the older school and the newer is nowhere more clearly seen than in comparing Clarendon's *History of the Rebellion* with Burnet's *History of my own Time*. Not only is Clarendon more generous and just in his judgments, but his diction has the weight and dignity that befit a serious historian, while Burnet writes in the facile style of modern journalism.

Few have written better prose than Cowley, whose essays have a leisurely, unstudied grace that contrasts strangely with the violent conceits of his Pindariques. Something of the same charm is found in the writings of Sir William Temple, particularly when he is discoursing on the subject of gardens. Another authority on gardening and forestry was John Evelyn, a high-minded country gentleman, whose *Diary* contains much information on the history and social life of the second half of the seventeenth century. Evelyn viewed with anxious concern the dissolute life of the king and the court, and gravely animadverted in his *Diary* on the 'inexpressible luxury and profaneness' that prevailed. But we must turn to another diarist, Samuel Pepys, if we wish to see a lively picture of Restoration society. Pepys was at once a hard-working official and frivolous man of pleasure; and in his *Diary*—the most astonishing record of its kind in existence—he set down, for several years together, in minutest detail his day-to-day experiences, never imagining that the key to the cipher in which it was written would one day be found, and that the frank confessions of his foibles and follies would be printed for the instruction and amusement of posterity.

Some of the best memoirs in the language belong to the second half of the seventeenth century. Walton's fragrant *Lives*, delightful in their artless simplicity, were written at various times, the earliest being the Life of Donne (1640), and the latest the Life of Bishop Sanderson (1678). On the Puritan side is Mrs Hutchinson's Life of her husband, Colonel Hutchinson, which is deservedly popular; but the Duchess of Newcastle—'Mad Madge,' whom Lamb chivalrously exalted—merits as full a recognition, while Lady Fanshawe is perhaps the most fascinating of the three. With these memoirs may be placed the letters of Dorothy Osborne, written a few years before the Restoration (1652–54), to her affianced husband, Sir William Temple. Such books as Ludlow's *Memoirs* and Whitelocke's *Memorials* appeal to the historical student rather than to the lover of literature. A capital, but unedifying, sketch of the court of Charles II. is afforded by the *Mémoires* which the Comte de Grammont dictated early in the next century, in his old age, to his brother-in-law, Anthony Hamilton. Very entertaining and very valuable is the posthumous *Lives of the Norths*, by Roger North (1653–1734), who—having secured, by the practice of the law, an ample fortune—retired at the Revolution (being an honest nonjuror) to his estate at Rougham, Norfolk, where he lived the life of a country gentleman, and amused himself in later years by writing memoirs of his distinguished kinsmen.

After the Restoration the study of natural science made great strides. The Royal Society, incorporated in 1662, grew out of some scientific meetings held at Oxford in the rooms of Dr John Wilkins, President of Wadham. This liberal divine is the author of some curious and fantastic treatises, written with ease and elegance. Dr Isaac Barrow was equally eminent as a mathematician and theologian. In 1669 he resigned his chair of Lucasian Professor of Mathematics to the greatest of all natural philosophers, Sir Isaac Newton. Robert Boyle, a son of Richard Boyle, Earl of Cork, cultivated natural science with success, but his moral *Reflections* are superficial and prolix. Theology and natural science were closely connected in the early days of the Royal Society, men of science (Newton among them) writing on theology, and theologians discussing scientific subjects. John Ray, the botanist, published in 1691 *The Wisdom of God manifested in the Works of the Creation*, which was widely and deservedly popular. Dr Thomas Burnet's *Sacred Theory of the Earth* combines high imagination with gorgeous wealth of expression. A most interesting group of writers were the

'Cambridge Platonists'—Henry More, Cudworth, Glanville, and others—profoundly learned men, steeped in mysticism.

The ranks of Dissent furnished many admirable writers. Richard Baxter's *Call to the Unconverted* and *Saints' Everlasting Rest* were as widely popular as *The Whole Duty of Man* (ascribed to Richard Allestree, Provost of Eton). In his old age, when he published his autobiography, Baxter became very tolerant of the opinions of others, and very critical of himself. Quakerism was well represented by the *Journal* of George Fox, Barclay's *Apology*, William Penn's *No Cross, no Crown* ('a most capital book, good thoughts in good language,' wrote Lamb to Coleridge), and the autobiography of Milton's young friend, Thomas Ellwood. To a Dissenter, John Bunyan, we owe the most popular religious work in the English language, *Pilgrim's Progress*. The Bible and Foxe's *Book of Martyrs* were Bunyan's prison companions; and *Pilgrim's Progress*, with its story of Christian's difficulties, is written in language of the bare simplicity of the Book of Genesis—language that lives in the heart of the people. Allegories are usually tedious; *Pilgrim's Progress* was a shining exception, but the more laboured *Holy War* is at times fatiguing. Bunyan's humour and irony were well displayed in his *Life and Death of Mr Badman*.

During the Civil Wars the French heroical romances found readers, translators, and imitators in England; and these interminable productions maintained their vogue at the Restoration. John Crowne, the Earl of Orrery, Sir Henry North, and others wrote romances—quite unreadable to-day—after the manner of Madeleine de Scudéry and La Calprenède. The modern novel had not been born, but Mrs Behn—in her humanitarian romance *Oroonoko*—has been claimed as a forerunner of Rousseau.

In criticism as in poetry Dryden was unrivalled. He was often captious in his judgments, but his critical dissertations are models of felicitous writing—flexible and forcible, neither ornate nor bare. For criticism and exposition no style could be better than Dryden's; and the last piece of prose to which he set his hand (the preface to his *Fables*) shows all his good qualities in full perfection—his clear and vigorous understanding, his adroitness and versatility, his large-heartedness, his pride of spirit, his manly blend of patience and disdain. An enlightened critic was John Dennis, Milton's admirer, who has never recovered from the attack made upon him by Pope. At the close of the seventeenth century Thomas Rymer, historiographer, put forward some extraordinary views about Shakespeare, denouncing *Othello* as 'a bloody farce without salt or savour.' His *Tragedies of the Last Age* is entertaining, but it is hard to believe that he was writing seriously. Milton's nephews, John and Edward Phillips, who were educated by their uncle, had a love for letters. Edward Phillips published an interesting anthology, *The Mysteries of Love and Eloquence*, and *Theatrum Poetarum*, an account of the English poets, in which Milton is traditionally supposed to have revised the notice of Shakespeare. A valuable *Account of the English Dramatic Poets* (enlarged from his earlier work *Momus Triumphant*, 1687) was published in 1691 by Gerard Langbaine the younger, who showed with some humour and gusto how the later writers had freely plagiarised from the old playwrights whom they affected to despise. In 1698 Jeremy Collier startled the town with his *Short View of the Immorality and Profaneness of the English Stage*, in which he sturdily attacked Dryden, Congreve, Wycherley, Vanbrugh, and others. Some of Collier's strictures betray petulant intolerance, but this tractate—to which Congreve, Vanbrugh, and others replied—was by no means deficient in good sense and sound judgment; and its publication had a salutary effect.

Much attention was devoted in the later years of the seventeenth century to the study of historical antiquities. It was the age of Dugdale, Strype, Rymer, Anthony Wood, Aubrey, and many other curious inquirers. In economics Sir William Petty and Sir Josiah Child achieved high distinction. The finest classical scholar that England ever produced—Richard Bentley—published his famous *Dissertation on Phalaris* in 1698. Two unscrupulous controversialists, Needham and L'Estrange, claim notice as pioneers of the modern newspaper press.

'I question whether in Charles II.'s reign English did not come to its full perfection; and whether it has not had its Augustan age as well as the Latin.' So wrote the anonymous critic—doubtless Francis Atterbury—who contributed the Preface to the Second Part of Waller's Poems, 1690. 'But posterity,' he adds, 'will best judge of this.' Posterity has judged that Waller's services to English poetry were greatly overestimated by his contem-

poraries, and that the Restoration poets—whether lyric or dramatic—were far inferior to their Elizabethan and Jacobean predecessors. The influence of Donne had powerfully affected the Caroline poets, who reproduced his extravagant conceits so closely that it is hard at times to distinguish the master's hand from the pupil's. But these imitators, able as they were (such men as Carew, Randolph, and Cleveland), could not follow him in his higher flights. It was inevitable that there should be a reaction in the direction of 'smoothness,' and Waller set the example of writing smoothly. Among prose-writers a similar movement set in. Elaborate and intricate periods were exchanged for an easier and simpler style. Younger writers cultivated lucidity of expression, and their prose—though it lacked the stateliness and energy that distinguished the Elizabethan writers—is engagingly frank and straightforward.

However necessary it may be for convenience of treatment to divide the writers of the seventeenth century into chronological series—Elizabethan, Jacobean, Caroline, Restoration, Revolution—it is well to remember that those most strictly contemporary were often separated in tone and temper by a wide gulf, and that the continuous succession cannot be broken up without some arbitrariness. Wither, who, as we have seen, was famous in James I.'s time, was imprisoned for his satire on a Restoration Parliament. Milton, an approved poet by 1630, wrote most of *Paradise Lost* under Charles II. Dryden, whose first-fruits date from 1650, was still writing for the press in the very last year of the century. Many of the authors of 'good King Charles's golden days' were even more conspicuous under William and Mary; and some of them lived on well into the period of Queen Anne. Hence some of those just named in connection with the Restoration period will be found treated in an earlier, some in a later, section of this work.

Though the second half of the seventeenth century was not one of the great ages of English literature, it was a time of varied intellectual activity. The drama merely supplied amusement for a dissolute court, and high romantic poetry was dead. But the spirit of speculation was abroad, and keen intellects were engaged in searching 'Nature's infinite book of secrecy.' An age which nurtured Newton, Bunyan, Dryden, and Locke can never be described as barren.

A. H. BULLEN.

Samuel Butler.

The author of *Hudibras*, the most brilliant satiric-comic genius our country has ever produced, was born in 1612 at Strensham, Worcestershire, the son of a farmer, a yeoman of small estate. From Worcester grammar-school Samuel Butler went, says Wood, 'as his brother, now living, affirms, to the university of Cambridge; yet others of the neighbourhood say to Oxon, but whether true I cannot tell.' As clerk to a justice of the peace, Mr Jeffreys of Earls-Croome, Worcestershire, he occupied his leisure with music and painting. He was afterwards in the service of the Countess of Kent at Wrest, in Bedfordshire, where he had the use of a library and conversed with Selden, who often employed him as amanuensis; he also at this time made the friendship of Samuel Cooper, the miniaturist. He is next found acting as clerk to the Puritan Sir Samuel Luke, of Cople Hoo, near Bedford. Luke was one of Cromwell's officers—scoutmaster for Bedfordshire—and was doubtless marked by the convictions and usages of his party; the post must necessarily have been a trying one for such a wit and humorist, even had his gifts not made him a royalist. Daily exposed to association with persons whose character he could not but dislike, Butler conceived the design of a general satire on the sectaries. Perhaps personal grievances of his own might add to the poignancy of his feelings regarding the Puritans. The matchless fiction of Cervantes supplied him with a model, in which he had to substitute the extravagances of political and religious fanaticism—even more absurdly exaggerated by the caricaturist—for those of chivalry. In disregard of the stricter rules of courtesy between patron and client, he is understood to have more or less directly and obviously satirised Luke himself in Sir Hudibras; but this assumption, though not improbable, is by no means certain, and in any case the picture could not have been designed to be a recognisable portrait. Luke is an odd link between two men so widely apart as Butler and Bunyan; it was under Luke that Bunyan served as a soldier (see page 719).

The Restoration threw a faint and brief sunshine over the life of Butler. He was appointed secretary to the Earl of Carbery, president of the principality of Wales; and when the Wardenship of the Marches was revived, the Earl made his secretary steward of Ludlow Castle. The poet, now fifty years of age, seemed to add to his security for the future by marrying a widow named Herbert, who was of good family and

fortune; but this prospect proved delusive, in consequence of the failure of persons on whom the lady's fortune depended. It was now that Butler appeared as an author. The first part of *Hudibras* was published in 1663, and immediately became popular. Its wit, so suited to the taste of the time, and the breadth of the satiric pictures, for which most men could doubtless supply prototypes from memory, could not fail to give it extensive currency. By the Earl of Dorset, an accomplished friend of letters, it was introduced to the court; and the king is said to have had pleasure in reading and quoting it. A second part appeared in 1664, and a third in 1678. But though the poet and his work won the praise of all ranks, from royalty downwards, he was himself

SAMUEL BUTLER.
From the Picture by E. Lutterell in the National Portrait Gallery.

little benefited by it; the later part of his life was spent in poverty and obscurity in London. The Earl of Clarendon promised him a place at court he never got; the king was said to have ordered him a present of three hundred guineas that never reached him; and he was favoured with an interview with the Duke of Buckingham, who, seeing two court-ladies pass, ran out to them, and did not come back. Such are the only incidents reported as having checkered twenty years of obscure misery. Butler died in Rose Street, Covent Garden, 25th September 1680, and was buried in St Paul's Churchyard, Covent Garden, the expense of his funeral being defrayed by his friend William Longueville of the Temple. He is described as 'of a leonine-coloured hair, sanguine, choleric, middle-sized, strong.'

It is rarely that a pasquinade written to satirise living characters or systems outlives its own age; when it does, we may well conclude that there is something remarkable as well in the work as in its author. Such a work is *Hudibras*, the Cavalier burlesque of the extreme views and rigid manners of the English Puritans of the Civil War and Commonwealth. Marked alike by the ingenuity of its versification and the profusion of its wit, this marvellous medley still retains its place amongst the classic monuments of English literature, although it is seldom read through at once—a test for which its incessant brilliancy in some measure unfits it. Yet it is not only the best burlesque on the Puritans of that age, so fertile in satire, but is the best burlesque in the English tongue. Such wealth of knowledge of the world, not always unkindly cynicism, wit, shrewdness, acute suggestion, felicitous illustration, and irresistible drollery has never been comprised within the same limits. The idea of the knight, Sir Hudibras, going out 'a-colonelling' with his squire Ralph, is of course imitated from Cervantes; but the filling-up of the story is original. *Don Quixote* presents us with a wide range of adventures which interest the imagination and the feelings; there is a tenderness and romance about the Spanish hero, a tone of high honour and chivalry, which was in nowise cognate to Butler's scheme. His aim was to cast ridicule on the whole body of the English Puritans, especially their leaders, and to debase them by low and vulgar associations. In many of their proceedings, no doubt, there was ground for sarcasm. The affected dress, language, and manners of some of them, their fanatical legislation against walking in the fields on Sundays, village May-poles, and other unimportant matters, were fair subjects for the satirical poet; and their religious zeal led them into intolerance and absurdity. Contending for so dear a prize as liberty (and constraint) of conscience, and believing that they were specially appointed to shake and overturn the old corruptions of the kingdom, the Puritans were hardly guided by prudence, policy, or forbearance. Even Milton, the friend and associate of the party, was forced to admit that 'New Presbyter was but Old Priest writ large.' The higher qualities of these men, their indomitable courage and lofty zeal, were of course overlooked or despised by their royalist opponents, and Butler did not choose to remember them. His burlesque was read with delight, and was popular for generations after the more eccentric Puritans had merged into the sober English Dissenters. The plot or action of *Hudibras* is narrow and defective, and seems only to have been used as a sort of peg on which the satirist could hang his caricatures and allusions. The first cantos were written early, when the Civil War commenced, but we are immediately carried on to the death of Cromwell, at least fifteen years later, and have a sketch of public affairs to the dissolution of the Rump Parliament. The idea of a Presbyterian justice sallying out with his attendant, an Independent clerk, to

edress superstition and correct abuses, is sufficiently preposterous, and the incredible extravaance is maintained by the dialogues between the arties, however witty and ludicrous; by their ttack on the bear and the fiddle; their imprisonıent in the stocks; the voluntary penance of 'hipping submitted to by the knight, and his adentures with his lady. The love of Hudibras is lmost as *outré* as that of Falstaff, and he argues in ıe same manner for the utmost freedom; men aving nothing but 'frail vows' to oppose to the tratagems of the fair. This kind of deliberate utrage on Puritanism was not peculiar to Butler, 'ho makes his hero thus moralise:

For women first were made for men,
Not men for them: It follows, then,
That men have right to every one,
And they no freedom of their own;
And therefore men have power to choose,
But they no charter to refuse.
Hence 'tis apparent that, what course
Soe'er we take to your amours,
Though by the indirectest way,
'Tis no injustice nor foul play;
And that you ought to take that course
As we take you, for better or worse,
And gratefully submit to those
Who you, before another, chose.

The poem was left unfinished, but even King 'harles's contemporaries would hardly have deıanded much more of it. There is a plethora f wit in *Hudibras*, and an artificial terseness of ıought and style which becomes oppressive and resome. After thirty or forty pages, the reader ; fain to seek a change of subject or of occupation. ut many of the short burlesque descriptions are ıimitable. In the Morning—

The sun has long since, in the lap
Of Thetis, taken out his nap,
And, like a lobster boiled, the morn
From black to red began to turn.

t Night—

The sun grew low, and left the skies,
Put down, some write, by ladies' eyes;
The moon pulled off her veil of light,
That hides her face by day from sight—
Mysterious veil, of brightness made,
That 's both her lustre and her shade—
And in the lantern of the night,
With shining horns hung out her light;
For darkness is the proper sphere,
Where all false glories use t' appear.
The twinkling stars began to muster,
And glitter with their borrowed lustre;
While sleep the wearied world relieved,
By counterfeiting death revived.

Many of the lines and similes in *Hudibras* are ɔmpletely incorporated with the language—such ; the opening lines of Part II. canto iii.:

Doubtless the pleasure is as great
Of being cheated as to cheat;
As lookers-on feel most delight
That least perceive a juggler's sleight;
And still the less they understand,
The more they admire his sleight-of-hand.

Or where, on the head of money, the knight asks:

For what in worth is anything,
But so much money as 'twill bring?

Accomplishments of Hudibras.

When civil dudgeon first grew high,
And men fell out, they knew not why:
When hard words, jealousies, and fears,
Set folks together by the ears,
And made them fight, like mad or drunk,
For Dame Religion as for punk;
Whose honesty they all durst swear for,
Though not a man of them knew wherefore:
When gospel-trumpeter, surrounded
With long-eared rout, to battle sounded,
And pulpit, drum ecclesiastic,
Was beat with fist, instead of a stick:
Then did Sir Knight abandon dwelling,
And out he rode a-colonelling.
A wight he was, whose very sight would
Entitle him mirror of knighthood;
That never bowed his stubborn knee
To anything but chivalry;
Nor put up blow, but that which laid
Right-worshipful on shoulder-blade:
Chief of domestic knights and errant,
Either for cartel or for warrant:
Great on the bench, great in the saddle,
That could as well bind o'er, as swaddle: cudgel
Mighty he was at both of these,
And styled of war as well as peace.
(So some rats, of amphibious nature,
Are either for the land or water.)
But here our authors make a doubt,
Whether he were more wise or stout;
Some hold the one, and some the other:
But howsoe'er they make a pother,
The diff'rence was so small, his brain
Outweighed his rage but half a grain;
Which made some take him for a tool
That knaves do work with, called a fool.
For 't has been held by many, that
As Montaigne, playing with his cat,
Complains she thought him but an ass,
Much more she would Sir Hudibras.
(For that 's the name our valiant knight
To all his challenges did write.)
But they 're mistaken very much;
'Tis plain enough he was no such:
We grant, although he had much wit,
He was very shy of using it;
As being loath to wear it out,
And therefore bore it not about,
Unless on holidays or so,
As men their best apparel do;
Beside, 'tis known he could speak Greek
As naturally as pigs squeak;
That Latin was no more difficile,
Than to a blackbird 'tis to whistle:
Being rich in both, he never scanted
His bounty unto such as wanted;

But much of either would afford
To many that had not one word,
For Hebrew roots, although they're found
To flourish most in barren ground,
He had such plenty as sufficed
To make some think him circumcised. . . .
He was in logic a great critic,
Profoundly skilled in analytic;
He could distinguish, and divide
A hair 'twixt south and south-west side;
On either which he would dispute,
Confute, change hands, and still confute;
He 'd undertake to prove by force
Of argument a man 's no horse;
He 'd prove a buzzard is no fowl,
And that a lord may be an owl,
A calf an alderman, a goose a justice,
And rooks committee-men and trustees.
He 'd run in debt by disputation,
And pay with ratiocination:
All this by syllogism true
In mood and figure he would do.
For rhetoric, he could not ope
His mouth but out there flew a trope;
And when he happened to break off
I' th' middle of his speech, or cough,
H' had hard words, ready to shew why,
And tell what rules he did it by:
Else, when with greatest art he spoke,
You 'd think he talked like other folk
For all a rhetorician's rules
Teach nothing but to name his tools.
But when he pleased to shew 't, his speech
In loftiness of sound was rich;
A Babylonish dialect,
Which learned pedants much affect
It was a party-coloured dress
Of patched and piebald languages;
'Twas English cut on Greek and Latin,
Like fustian heretofore on satin.
It had an odd promiscuous tone,
As if he had talked three parts in one;
Which made some think, when he did gabble,
Th' had heard three labourers of Babel;
Or Cerberus himself pronounce
A leash of languages at once.
This he as volubly would vent
As if his stock would ne'er be spent;
And truly, to support that charge,
He had supplies as vast and large:
For he could coin and counterfeit
New words, with little or no wit;
Words so debased and hard, no stone
Was hard enough to touch them on:
And when with hasty noise he spoke 'em,
The ignorant for current took 'em;
That had the orator, who once
Did fill his mouth with pebble-stones
When he harangued, but known his phrase,
He would have used no other ways.
In mathematics he was greater
Than Tycho Brahe or Erra Pater,
For he by geometric scale
Could take the size of pots of ale;
Resolve by sines and tangents straight
If bread or butter wanted weight;

A Jewish doctor to whom various astrological works were ascribed.

And wisely tell what hour o' th' day
The clock did strike, by algebra.

His Religion.

For his religion, it was fit
To match his learning and his wit.
'Twas Presbyterian true-blue;
For he was of that stubborn crew
Of errant saints, whom all men grant
To be the true church militant;
Such as do build their faith upon
The holy text of pike and gun;
Decide all controversy by
Infallible artillery;
And prove their doctrine orthodox
By apostolic blows and knocks;
Call fire, and sword, and desolation,
A godly thorough reformation,
Which always must be carried on,
And still be doing, never done;
As if religion were intended
For nothing else but to be mended;
A sect whose chief devotion lies
In odd perverse antipathies;
In falling out with that or this,
And finding somewhat still amiss;
More peevish, cross, and splenetic,
Than dog distract or monkey sick; distraug
That with more care keep holiday
The wrong, than others the right way;
Compound for sins they are inclined to,
By damning those they have no mind to.
Still so perverse and opposite,
As if they worshipped God for spite;
The self-same thing they will abhor
One way, and long another for;
Free-will they one way disavow,
Another, nothing else allow;
All piety consists therein
In them, in other men all sin;
Rather than fail, they will defy
That which they love most tenderly;
Quarrel with minced pies, and disparage
Their best and dearest friend, plum-porridge:
Fat pig and goose itself oppose,
And blaspheme custard through the nose.

His Outer Man.

His tawny beard was th' equal grace
Both of his wisdom and his face;
In cut and dye so like a tile,
A sudden view it would beguile;
The upper part thereof was whey,
The nether, orange, mixed with gray.
This hairy meteor did denounce
The fall of sceptres and of crowns;
With grisly type did represent
Declining age of government;
And tell with hieroglyphic spade
Its own grave and the state's were made.
Like Samson's heart-breakers, it grew love-loc
In time to make a nation rue;
Though it contributed its own fall,
To wait upon the public downfall;
It was monastic, and did grow
In holy orders by strict vow;

Of rule as sullen and severe,
As that of rigid Cordelier;
'Twas bound to suffer persecution,
And martyrdom with resolution;
To oppose itself against the hate
And vengeance of th' incensed state,
In whose defiance it was worn,
Still ready to be pulled and torn;
With red-hot irons to be tortured,
Reviled, and spit upon, and martyred;
Maugre all which 'twas to stand fast
As long as monarchy should last;
But when the state should hap to reel,
'Twas to submit to fatal steel,
And fall, as it was consecrate,
A sacrifice to fall of state;
Whose thread of life the fatal Sisters
Did twist together with its whiskers,
And twine so close, that Time should never,
In life or death, their fortunes sever;
But with his rusty sickle mow
Both down together at a blow. . .
His doublet was of sturdy buff,
And though not sword, yet cudgel proof;
Whereby 'twas fitter for his use,
Who feared no blows but such as bruise.
His breeches were of rugged woollen,
And had been at the siege of Bullen; Boulogne, 1544
To old king Harry so well known,
Some writers held they were his own;
Through they were lined with many a piece
Of ammunition, bread and cheese,
And fat black-puddings, proper food
For warriors that delight in blood;
For, as we said, he always chose
To carry victual in his hose,
That often tempted rats and mice
The ammunition to surprise;
And when he put a hand but in
The one or t' other magazine,
They stoutly on defence on 't stood,
And from the wounded foe drew blood;
And till they were stormed and beaten out,
Ne'er left the fortified redoubt;
And though knights-errant, as some think,
Of old, did neither eat nor drink,
Because when thorough deserts vast
And regions desolate they passed,
Where belly-timber above ground,
Or under, was not to be found,
Unless they grazed, there 's not one word
Of their provision on record;
Which made some confidently write
They had no stomachs but to fight.
'Tis false, for Arthur wore in hall
Round table like a farthingal;
On which, with shirt pulled out behind,
And eke before, his good knights dined;
Though 'twas no table some suppose,
But a huge pair of round trunk-hose,
In which he carried as much meat
As he and all the knights could eat;
When laying by their swords and truncheons,
They took their breakfasts or their nuncheons.
But let that pass at present, lest
We should forget where we digressed,
As learned authors use, to whom
We leave it, and to th' purpose come.
His puissant sword unto his side,
Near his undaunted heart, was tied,
With basket-hilt that would hold broth,
And serve for fight and dinner both;
In it he melted lead for bullets
To shoot at foes, and sometimes pullets,
To whom he bore so fell a grutch.
He ne'er gave quarter t' any such.
The trenchant blade, Toledo trusty,
For want of fighting, was grown rusty,
And ate into itself, for lack
Of somebody to hew and hack:
The peaceful scabbard where it dwelt,
The rancour of its edge had felt;
For of the lower end two handful
It had devoured, 'twas so manful,
And so much scorned to lurk in case,
As if it durst not shew its face. . . .
This sword a dagger had, his page,
That was but little for his age;
And therefore waited on him so
As dwarfs upon knights-errant do:
It was a serviceable dudgeon,
Either for fighting, or for drudging:
When it had stabbed, or broke a head,
It would scrape trenchers, or chip bread;
Toast cheese or bacon, though it were
To bait a mouse-trap, would not care:
'Twould make clean shoes, and in the earth
Set leeks and onions, and so forth:
It had been 'prentice to a brewer, a hit at Cromwell
Where this and more it did endure,
But left the trade, as many more
Have lately done on the same score.

Butler was not the first to write politico-religious satire in burlesque somewhat of this kind; Hudibrasms have been pointed out in Cleveland (see page 636), for example, and other wits and satirists. But the mirthfulness of Butler's matter, the trenchant point of his sarcasms, and his extraordinary mastery of those rough-and-tumble octosyllabic couplets gave him a unique position in our literature. His incredibly clever work is too uncouth to be called a classic; but it has become a conspicuous, characteristic, and imperishable part of English literature. It was soon imitated on all hands: Welsh, Irish, Scotch, and even High and Low Dutch Hudibrases were routed out. In the next century there were over a score of nameworthy imitations; and to this day inconvenient persons in Church and State, in society and literature, have been 'pummelled and pounded with Hudibrastic cudgels,' though never again with the skill and effect Butler had at command when his rough-hewn weapon was new.

After his death several spurious compilations of his other literary remains were issued (1716–20); but out of fifty pieces thus thrust upon the world only three were genuine, the rest being anonymous waifs and strays. At length, in 1795, two volumes of *Remains in Verse and Prose* were published from

the original MSS. by Thyer. Next to the amusing verse satire on the Royal Society called *The Elephant in the Moon*, the most interesting of these relics are *Characters* in prose, resembling in method and style those of Hall, Overbury, and Earle.

Fragments from the 'Remains.'

The truest characters of ignorance
Are vanity, and pride, and arrogance;
As blind men use to bear their noses higher
Than those that have their eyes and sight entire.

All wit and fancy, like a diamond,
The more exact and curious 'tis ground,
Is forced for every carat to abate
As much in value as it wants in weight.

Love is too great a happiness
For wretched mortals to possess;
For could it hold inviolate
Against those cruelties of fate
Which all felicities below
By rigid laws are subject to,
It would become a bliss too high
For perishing mortality;
Translate to earth the joys above;
For nothing goes to heaven but love.

All love at first, like generous wine,
Ferments and frets until 'tis fine;
For when 'tis settled on the lee,
And from the impurer matter free,
Becomes the richer still the older,
And proves the pleasanter the colder.
As at the approach of winter, all
The leaves of great trees use to fall,
And leave them naked, to engage
With storms and tempests when they rage,
While humbler plants are found to wear
Their fresh green liveries all the year;
So when their glorious season 's gone
With great men, and hard times come on,
The great'st calamities oppress
The greatest still, and spare the less.

In Rome no temple was so low
As that of Honour, built to shew
How humble honour ought to be,
Though there 'twas all authority.

All smatterers are more brisk and pert
Than those that understand an art;
As little sparkles shine more bright
Than glowing coals that give them light.

As 'tis a greater mystery in the art
Of painting to foreshorten any part
Than draw it out; so 'tis in books the chief
Of all perfections to be plain and brief.

To his Mistress.

Do not unjustly blame
My guiltless breast,
For venturing to disclose a flame
It had so long supprest.
In its own ashes it designed
For ever to have lain;
But that my sighs, like blasts of wind,
Made it break out again.

A Small Poet

Is one that would fain make himself that which nature never meant him; like a fanatic that inspires himself with his own whimsies. He sets up haberdasher of small poetry, with a very small stock and no credit. He believes it is invention enough to find out other men's wit; and whatsoever he lights upon either in books or company he makes bold with as his own. This he puts together so untowardly that you may perceive his own wit as the rickets by the swelling disproportion of the joints. . . . You may know his wit not to be natural, 'tis so unquiet and troublesome in him: for as those that have money but seldom are always shaking their pockets when they have it, so does he, when he thinks he has got something that will make him appear. He is a perpetual talker; and you may know by the freedom of his discourse that he came lightly by it, as thieves spend freely what they get. . . . He is like an Italian thief, that never robs but he murthers, to prevent discovery: so sure is he to cry down the man from whom he purloins, that his petty larceny of wit may pass unsuspected. . . . He appears so over-concerned in all men's wits, as if they were but disparagements of his own; and cries down all they do, as if they were encroachments upon him. He takes jests from the owners and breaks them, as justices do false weights and pots that want measure. When he meets with anything that is very good, he changes it into small money, like three groats for a shilling, to serve several occasions. He disclaims study, pretends to take things in motion, and to shoot flying, which appears to be very true, by his often missing of his mark. . . . As for epithets, he always avoids those that are near akin to the sense. Such matches are unlawful and not fit to be made by a Christian poet; and therefore all his care is to choose out such as will serve, like a wooden leg, to piece out a maimed verse that wants a foot or two, and if they will but rhyme now and then into the bargain, or run upon a letter, it is a work of supererogation. For similitudes, he likes the hardest and most obscure best; for as ladies wear black patches to make their complexions seem fairer than they are, so when an illustration is more obscure than the sense that went before it, it must of necessity make it appear clearer than it did; for contraries are best set off with contraries. He has found out a new sort of poetical Georgics, a trick of sowing wit like clover-grass on barren subjects, which would yield nothing before. This is very useful for the times, wherein, some men say, there is no room left for new invention. He will take three grains of wit like the elixir, and, projecting it upon the iron age, turn it immediately into gold. All the business of mankind has presently vanished, the whole world has kept holiday; there has been no men but heroes and poets, no women but nymphs and shepherdesses: trees have borne fritters, and rivers flowed plum-porridge. . . . When he writes, he commonly steers the sense of his lines by the rhyme that is at the end of them, as butchers do calves by the tail. For when he has made one line, which is easy enough, and has found out some sturdy hard word that will but rhyme, he will hammer the sense upon it, like a piece of hot iron upon an anvil, into what form he pleases. There is no art in the world so rich in terms as poetry; a whole dictionary is scarce able to contain them; for there is hardly a pond, a sheep-walk, or a gravel-pit in all Greece, but the ancient name of it is become a term of art in poetry. By this means, small poets have such a stock of

able hard words lying by them, as dryades, hamadryades, aönides, fauni, nymphæ, sylvani, &c. that signify nothing at all; and such a world of pedantic terms of the same kind, as may serve to furnish all the new inventions and 'thorough reformations' that can happen between this and Plato's great year. . . .

The Puritans were constantly contending for a 'thorough reformation' of the Church of England. The *Platonic year* or *perfect year* was a great cycle at the end of which all the heavenly bodies were supposed to be in the same relative places as at the Creation.

A Vintner

Hangs out his bush to shew he has not good wine; for that, the proverb says, needs it not. . . . He had rather sell bad wine than good, that stands him in no more; for it makes men sooner drunk, and then they are the easier over-reckoned. By the knaveries he acts aboveboard, which every man sees, one may easily take a measure of those he does underground in his cellar; for he that will pick a man's pocket to his face, will not stick to use him worse in private, when he knows nothing of it. . . . He does not only spoil and destroy his wines, but an ancient reverend proverb, with brewing and racking, that says, 'In vino veritas;' for there is no truth in his, but all false and sophisticated; for he can counterfeit wine as cunningly as Apelles did grapes, and cheat men with it, as he did birds. . . . He is an anti-Christian cheat, for Christ turned water into wine, and he turns wine into water. He scores all his reckonings upon two tables, made like those of the Ten Commandments, that he may be put in mind to break them as oft as possibly he can; especially that of stealing and bearing false witness against his neighbour, when he draws him bad wine, and swears it is good, and that he can take more for the pipe than the wine will yield him by the bottle—a trick that a Jesuit taught him to cheat his own conscience with. When he is found to over-reckon notoriously, he has one common evasion for all, and that is, to say it was a mistake; by which he means, that he thought they had not been sober enough to discover it; for if it had passed, there had been no error at all in the case.

A Prater

Is a common nuisance, and as great a grievance to those that come near him, as a pewterer is to his neighbours. His discourse is like the braying of a mortar, the more impertinent the more voluble and loud, as a pestle makes more noise when it is rung on the sides of a mortar, than when it stamps downright, and hits upon the business. A dog that opens upon a wrong scent will do it oftener than one that never opens but upon a right. He is as long-winded as a ventiduct, that fills as fast as it empties; or a trade-wind, that blows one way for half a year together, and another as long, as if it drew in its breath for six months, and blew it out again for six more. He has no mercy on any man's ears or patience that he can get within his sphere of activity, but tortures him, as they correct boys in Scotland, by stretching their lugs without remorse. He is like an earwig, when he gets within a man's ear he is not easily to be got out again. . . . He is a siren to himself, and has no way to escape shipwreck but by having his mouth stopped instead of his ears. He plays with his tongue as a cat does with her tail, and is transported with the delight he gives himself of his own making.

An Antiquary

Is one that has his being in this age, but his life and conversation is in the days of old. He despises the present age as an innovation, and slights the future; but has a great value for that which is past and gone, like the madman that fell in love with Cleopatra. . . . All his curiosities take place of one another according to their seniority, and he values them not by their abilities, but their standing. He has a great veneration for words that are stricken in years, and are grown so aged that they have outlived their employments. These he uses with a respect agreeable to their antiquity, and the good services they have done. . . . He is a great time-server, but it is of time out of mind, to which he conforms exactly, but is wholly retired from the present. His days were spent and gone long before he came into the world; and since, his only business is to collect what he can out of the ruins of them. He has so strong a natural affection to anything that is old, that he may truly say to dust and worms, 'You are my father,' and to rottenness, 'Thou art my mother. He has no providence nor foresight, for all his contemplations look backward upon the days of old, and his brains are turned with them, as if he walked backwards. He had rather interpret one obscure word in any old senseless discourse than be author of the most ingenious new one. . . . He values things wrongfully upon their antiquity, forgetting that the most modern are really the most ancient of all things in the world, like those that reckon their pounds before their shillings and pence, of which they are made up. He esteems no customs but such as have outlived themselves, and are long since out of use; as the Catholics allow of no saints but such as are dead, and the fanatics, in opposition, of none but the living.

Among editions of Butler's *Poetical Works* may be mentioned those of Bell (3 vols. 1855) and Brimley Johnson (2 vols. 1893).

Sir Roger L'Estrange (1616–1704) enjoyed in the reigns of Charles II. and James II. great notoriety as a political writer. A native of Hunstanton, Norfolk, he took up arms for the king in 1638, and in 1644 headed a conspiracy to seize the town of Lynn; but being captured, he was condemned to death, and in Newgate for almost four years constantly expected to be led forth to execution. He escaped by the connivance of the jailer, attempted a rising in Kent, then fled to Holland, but in 1653 was pardoned by Cromwell. On the eve of the Restoration he wrote vehemently in support of monarchy. In 1663 he published *Considerations and Proposals in order to the Regulation of the Press*, a pamphlet for which he was rewarded by being appointed licenser or censor of the press, and also by a grant of the sole privilege of printing and publishing news. As licenser he carried out his functions rigorously. In August 1663 appeared his newspaper *The Public Intelligencer*. From this time till a few years before his death he was constantly occupied in editing newspapers and writing pamphlets, mostly against Whigs and Dissenters, in support of the court, from which he at last received the honour of knighthood. In 1687 he prefixed to the third series of his paper called *The Observator, A Brief History of the*

Times, relating chiefly to the Popish Plot. After the Revolution he lost his post, and was repeatedly imprisoned. As a controversialist L'Estrange was bold, lively, and vigorous, but coarse, impudent, abusive, and by no means a scrupulous regarder of truth. He is conspicuous in the history of journalism. Johnson said he was the first writer who regularly engaged himself to support a party, right or wrong; and Defoe, Addison, and Steele accepted many useful hints from L'Estrange. He is known also as the translator of Æsop's *Fables*, Seneca's *Morals* (abridged), Cicero's *Offices*, Erasmus's *Colloquies* (a selection), Quevedo's *Visions*, several French novels of startling impropriety, Bona's *Guide to Eternity* (compiled from the Fathers), and the works of Josephus. The elder D'Israeli commented on the curiously familiar style of L'Estrange's *Æsop*. Ticknor thought his translation of Quevedo the most spirited, though it is hardly faithful or accurate: he altered the jokes to suit purely English contemporary conditions. Clarendon and Pepys praise his wit and conversation; Macaulay and Hallam denounce his style as 'a mean and flippant jargon' and 'the pattern of bad writing.' He was certainly copious, inexhaustible, and ready-witted, with a great power of raillery and vituperation, and wrote with ease and familiarity, making a free use of slang.

Much in the *Æsop* the Greek fabulist is in nowise responsible for, though it is too much to say, as some have said, that L'Estrange's version is a new work. Further, of the five hundred fables in the volume, only two hundred and one—not to speak of the copious 'reflexions'—are professedly Æsop's, the rest being from Phædrus, Babrius, Poggio, Alciatus, La Fontaine, and many less-known authors. L'Estrange was no doubt the sole original authority for some of them. The following is a chapter on the domestic *milieu* in which Æsop served as slave, from the Life prefixed to the *Fables:*

Æsop's Invention to bring his Mistress back again to her Husband after she had left him.

The wife of Xanthus was well born and wealthy, but so proud and domineering withal, as if her fortune and her extraction had entituled her to the breeches. She was horribly bold, meddling and expensive, as that sort of women commonly are, easily put off the hooks, and monstrous hard to be pleased again; perpetually chattering at her husband, and upon all occasions of controversy threatening him to be gone. It came to this at last, that Xanthus's stock of patience being quite spent, he took up a resolution of going another way to work with her, and of trying a course of severity, since there was nothing to be done with her by kindness. But this experiment, instead of mending the matter, made it worse; for upon harder usage the woman grew desperate, and went away from him in earnest. She was as bad, 'tis true, as bad might well be, and yet Xanthus had a kind of hankering for her still; beside that, there was matter of interest in the case; and a pestilent tongue she had, that the poor husband dreaded above all things under the sun. But the man was willing, however, to make the best of a bad game, and so his wits and
in the fairest manner that
again. But there was no g
and Xanthus was so visibl
Æsop in pure pity bethough
comfort him. Come, maste
heart, for I have a project i
my mistress to you back a
ever she went from you. W
immediately to the market
terers, fishmongers, confect
everything that was in sea
people in his way too, and
his mistress's relations, as b
ceeding set the whole town
of all this bustle; and Æs
that his master's wife was
had marry'd another; his f
invited to come and make
to be the wedding feast. T
and happy were they that c
it to the runaway lady—for
a servant in that family. It
other stories do in the telli
tongues and passions have t
wife, that was in her nature
her chariot to be made read
posts back to her husband;
of looks and language; and
little; No, Xanthus, says s
with the hopes of enjoying
alive. Xanthus look'd upo
terpieces; and for that bo
master and mistress.

How very far we have g
ciently plain from Fables
even without premising
moral, on the first discu
of these times, 'cabals o
mittee of Safety;' while
an illustrative story 'fro

The Conscien

There was a knot of g
small sum of mony of a
high-way: when they had
Dam ye for a dog, says one
mony about you sirrah, s
brother, says one of his co
gentleman's mony civilly, b
names! As they were al
favour gentlemen, says th
miles to go, and not one per
charges; you seem to be m
you 'l be so good as only to
mony back again, as will c
Ay, ay, the Lord forbid e
open'd one of the bags, and
took them at their word,
handfull, as much as ever
now, says one of the bla
——, ha' ye no conscience?

The Trepa

There 's a story of a man
little before the troubles th

ground for a park, and left only one passage into 't by a gate with a portcullis to 't. The Rebellion brake out, and put a stop to his design. The place was horribly pester'd with wolves; and his people having taken one of 'em in a pit-fall, chain'd him up to a tree in the enclosure; and then planted themselves in a lodge over the gate, to see what would come on 't. The wolf in a very short time fell a howling, and was answer'd by all his brethren thereabouts, that were within hearing of it; insomuch that the hubbub was immediately put about from one mountain to another, till a whole herd of 'em were gotten together upon the outcry; and so troup'd away into the park. They were no sooner in the pound, but down goes the portcullis, and away scamper the wolves to the gate, upon the noise of the fall on 't. When they saw that there was no getting out again where they came in, and that upon hunting the whole field over, there was no possibility of making an escape, they fell by consent upon the wolf that drew them in, and tore him all to pieces.

The following is an extract from the *Brief History*, of which the point is in the original emphasised to the eye not merely by the multiplication of capitals, but by the printing a large proportion of the whole in italics and black-letter:

The Popish Plot.

At the first opening of this plot, almost all people's hearts took fire at it, and nothing was heard but the bellowing of execrations and revenge against the accursed bloudy Papists. It was imputed at first, and in the general, to the principles of the religion; and a Roman Catholique and a regicide were made one and the same thing. Nay, it was a saying frequent in some of our great and holy mouths, that they were confident there was not so much as one soul of the whole party, within his majesty's dominions, that was not either an actor in this plot, or a friend to 't. In this heat, they fell to picking up of priests and Jesuits as fast as they could catch 'em, and so went on to consult their oracles the witnesses (with all formalities of sifting and examining) upon the particulars of place, time, manner, persons, &c.; while Westminster Hall and the Court of Requests were kept warm, and ringing still of new men come in, corroborating proofs, and further discoveries, &c. Under this train and method of reasoning, the managers advanced, decently enough, to the finding out of what they themselves had laid and concerted beforehand; and, to give the devil his due, the whole story was but a farce of so many parts, and the noisy informations no more than a lesson that they had much ado to go through with, even with the help of diligent and careful tutors, and of many and many a prompter, to bring them off at a dead lift. But popery was so dreadfull a thing, and the danger of the king's life and of the Protestant religion so astonishing a surprize, that people were almost bound in duty to be inconsiderate and outrageous upon 't; and loyalty itself would have looked a little cold and indifferent if it had not been intemperate; insomuch that zeal, fierceness, and jealousy were never more excusable than upon this occasion. And now, having excellent matter to work upon, and the passions of the people already disposed for violence and tumult, there needed no more than blowing the coal of Oates's narrative, to put all into a flame; and in the meantime, all arts and accidents were improved, as well toward the entertainment of the humour, as to the kindling of it. The people were first hayred [*hared*, worried, frightened] out of their senses with tales and jealousies, and then made judges of the danger, and consequently of the remedy; which upon the main, and briefly, came to no more than this: The plot was laid all over the three kingdoms; France, Spain, and Portugal taxed their quotas to 't; we were all to be burnt in our beds, and rise with our throats cut; and no way in the world but exclusion and union to help us. The fancy of this exclusion spread immediately, like a gangrene, over the whole body of the monarchy; and no saving the life of his majesty without cutting off every limb of the prerogative: the device of union passed insensibly into a league of conspiracy; and, instead of uniting Protestants against Papists, concluded in an association of subjects against their sovereign, confounding policy with religion.

A poem on *The Liberty of the Imprisoned Royalists*, supposed to have been written by him when in Newgate in 1645, is ascribed to L'Estrange on no very convincing evidence. There are in it echoes from other Cavaliers, as will be seen from the following stanzas:

Beat on, proud billows! Boreas, blow!
  Swell, curled waves, high as Jove's roof!
Your incivility shall shew
  That innocence is tempest-proof.
Though surly Nereus frown, my thoughts are calm;
Then strike, Affliction, for thy wounds are balm.

That which the world miscalls a gaol,
  A private closet is to me,
Whilst a good conscience is my bail,
  And innocence my liberty.
Locks, bars, walls, leanness, though together met,
Make me no prisoner, but an anchoret. . . .

My soul is free as ambient air,
  Although my baser parts be mewed;
Whilst loyal thoughts do still repair
  To company my solitude;
And though rebellion may my body bind,
My king can only captivate my mind.

Have you not seen the nightingale
  A pilgrim cooped into a cage,
And heard her tell her wonted tale,
  In that her narrow hermitage?
Even then her charming melody doth prove
That all her bars are trees, her cage a grove.

I am the bird whom they combine
  Thus to deprive of liberty;
But though they do my corps confine,
  Yet, maugre hate, my soul is free;
And though I 'm mewed, yet I can chirp and sing,
Disgrace to rebels, glory to my king!

Walter Charleton, M.D. (1619–1707), born at Shepton Mallet, studied at Oxford, was physician to Charles I. and II., a friend of Hobbes, and senior censor 1698–1706 in the College of Physicians in London. He wrote many works on theology, natural history, natural philosophy, medicine, and antiquities. He was a disciple of Van Helmont, and his medical theories were as speculative as his

arguments for the immortality of the soul. In his *Chorea Gigantum* (1663) he maintained the Danish origin of Stonehenge, in opposition to Inigo Jones, who still more absurdly believed it to be a Roman temple. Charleton held it was a place of assembly, and the scene of the coronation of the Danish kings of England. His *Brief Discourse concerning the Different Wits of Men* (1675) contains lively and accurate sketches of character, two of which we quote; and, anticipating the phrenologists, attributes the varieties of talent found among men to differences in the form, size, and quality of their brains.

The Ready and Nimble Wit.

Such as are endowed wherewith have a certain extemporary acuteness of conceit, accompanied with a quick delivery of their thoughts, so as they can at pleasure entertain their auditors with facetious passages and fluent discourses even upon slight occasions; but being generally impatient of second thoughts and deliberations, they seem fitter for pleasant colloquies and drollery than for counsel and design; like fly-boats, good only in fair weather and shallow waters, and then too more for pleasure than traffic. If they be, as for the most part they are, narrow in the hold and destitute of ballast sufficient to counterpoise their large sails, they reel with every blast of argument, and are often driven upon the sands of a 'nonplus;' but where favoured with the breath of common applause, they sail smoothly and proudly, and like the City pageants discharge whole volleys of squibs and crackers, and skirmish most furiously. But take them from their familiar and private conversation into grave and severe assemblies, whence all extemporary flashes of wit, all fantastic allusions, all personal reflections are excluded, and there engage them in an encounter with solid wisdom, not in light skirmishes, but a pitched field of long and serious debate concerning any important question, and then you shall soon discover their weakness, and contemn that barrenness of understanding which is incapable of struggling with the difficulties of apodictical knowledge, and the deduction of truth from a long series of reasons. Again, if those very concise sayings and lucky repartees wherein they are so happy, and which at first hearing were entertained with so much of pleasure and admiration, be written down and brought to a strict examination of their pertinency, coherence, and verity, how shallow, how frothy, how forced will they be found! how much will they lose of that applause, which their tickling of the ear and present flight through the imagination had gained! In the greatest part therefore of such men you ought to expect no deep or continued river of wit, but only a few plashes, and those too not altogether free from mud and putrefaction.

The Slow but Sure Wit.

Some heads there are of a certain close and reserved constitution, which makes them at first sight to promise as little of the virtue wherewith they are endowed, as the former appear to be above the imperfections to which they are subject. Somewhat slow they are indeed of both conception and expression; yet no whit the less provided with solid prudence. When they are engaged to speak, their tongue doth not readily interpret the dictates of their mind, so that their language comes as it were dropping from their lips, even where they are encouraged by familiar entreaties, or provoked by the smartness of jests, which sudden and nimble wits have newly darted at them. Costive they are also in invention; so that when they would deliver somewhat solid and remarkable, they are long in seeking what is fit, and as long in determining in what manner and words to utter it. But after a little consideration, they penetrate deeply into the substance of things and marrow of business, and conceive proper and emphatic words by which to express their sentiments. Barren they are not, but a little heavy and retentive. Their gifts lie deep and concealed; but being furnished with notions, not airy and umbratil ones borrowed from the pedantism of the schools, but true and useful—and if they have been manured with good learning and the habit of exercising their pen—oftentimes they produce many excellent conceptions, worthy to be transmitted to posterity. Having, however, an aspect very like to narrow and dull capacities, at first sight most men take them to be really such, and strangers look upon them with the eyes of neglect and contempt. Hence it comes that excellent parts remaining unknown often want the favour and patronage of great persons, whereby they might be redeemed from obscurity, and raised to employments answerable to their faculties, and crowned with honours proportionate to their merits. The best course therefore for these to overcome that eclipse which prejudice usually brings upon them, is to contend against their own modesty, and either by frequent converse with noble and discerning spirits to enlarge the windows of their minds, and dispel those clouds of reservedness that darken the lustre of their faculties; or by writing on some new and useful subject to lay open their talent, so that the world may be convinced of their intrinsic value.

He wrote some of his things in Latin, translated from Latin into English, and rendered into Latin the Duchess of Northumberland's Life of her husband. Some thirty works are credited to him.

William Chamberlayne (1619–89) practised as a physician at Shaftesbury, but wielded the sword as well as the lancet, for he fought among the royalists at the second battle of Newbury. He complains keenly of the poverty of poets, and of being debarred from the society of the wits of his day. His works consist of *Love's Victory, a Tragi-Comedy* (1658), of which an altered form was acted in 1678; and *Pharonnida, an Heroick Poem* (1659). The scene of the first is laid in Sicily; that of *Pharonnida* chiefly in Greece. Pharonnida is the daughter of the King of the Morea; Argalia, a Christian warrior who had fought at Lepanto. They love at first sight; and jealous relations, rival suitors, Turks, bandits, sieges, abductions, imprisonment, poison, and amazing adventures innumerable fail to prevent the triumph of true love. With no light or witty verses to float him into popularity, and relying solely on his two long (and not seldom tedious) works, Chamberlayne was an unsuccessful poet. His works were almost totally forgotten when Campbell, in his *Specimens* (1819), by quoting largely from *Pharonnida*, and pointing out the 'rich breadth and variety of its scenes,' and the power and pathos of its characters and situations, drew attention to the passion, imagery, purity of

sentiment, and tenderness of description, which ay, 'like metals in the mine,' in the neglected volume. Southey was an admirer. But Chamberlayne's beauties are marred by infelicity of execution; he had some of the gifts of a poet, but little of the skill of the artist, though parallels have been found in him both to *Endymion* and to *Don Juan*. The impossible names and the lack of local colour and vraisemblance irritate a modern reader. The rather awkward heroic couplet, the rather lumbering blank verse, wandered sometimes into a 'wilderness of sweets,' but at other times into tediousness, mannerism, and absurdity. His discontent with his own obscurity and poverty breaks out in a description of a rich boor in his (blank verse) play:

> How purblind is the world, that such a monster,
> In a few dirty acres swadled, must
> Be mounted, in Opinion's empty scale,
> Above the noblest virtues that adorn
> Souls that make worth their center, and to that
> Draw all the lines of action! Worn with age,
> The noble soldier sits, whilst in his cell
> The scholar stews his catholique brains for food.
> The traveller, returned and poor, may go
> A second pilgrimage to farmers' doors, or end
> His journey in a hospital; few being
> So generous to relieve, where vertue doth
> Necessitate to crave. Harsh poverty,
> That moth which frets the sacred robe of wit,
> Thousands of noble spirits blunts, that else
> Had spun rich threads of fancy from the brain:
> But they are souls too much sublimed to thrive.
>
> (From Act i. sc. 1.)

The leading thought of the splendid opening nes of Dryden's *Religio Laici* is anticipated in his dream from *Pharonnida:*

> A strong prophetic dream,
> Diverting by enigmas nature's stream,
> Long hovering through the portals of her mind
> On vain fantastic wings, at length did find
> The glimmerings of obstructed reason, by
> A brighter beam of pure divinity
> Led into supernatural light, whose rays
> As much transcended reason's, as the day's
> Dull mortal fires, faith apprehends to be
> Beneath the glimmerings of divinity.
> Her unimprisoned soul, disrobed of all
> Terrestrial thoughts (like its original
> In heaven, pure and immaculate), a fit
> Companion for those bright angels' wit
> Which the gods made their messengers, to bear
> This sacred truth, seeming transported where,
> Fixed in the flaming centre of the world,
> The heart o' th' microcosm, about which is hurled
> The spangled curtains of the sky, within
> Whose boundless orbs the circling planets spin
> Those threads of time upon whose strength rely
> The ponderous burthens of mortality.
> An adamantine world she sees more pure,
> More glorious far than this—framed to endure
> The shock of doomsday's darts.

Chamberlayne, like Milton, was fond of describing the charms of morning. For example:

> Where every bough
> Maintained a feathered chorister to sing
> Soft panegyrics, and the rude wings bring
> Into a murmuring slumber, whilst the calm
> Morn on each leaf did hang her liquid balm,
> With an intent, before the next sun's birth,
> To drop it in those wounds which the cleft earth
> Received from last day's beams.

Of virgin purity he says:

> The morning pearls,
> Dropt in the lily's spotless bosom, are
> Less chastely cool, ere the meridian sun
> Hath kissed them into heat.

In a grave narrative passage of *Pharonnida*, he stops to note the beauties of the morning:

> The glad birds had sung
> A lullaby to night; the lark was fled,
> On dropping wings, up from his dewy bed,
> To fan them in the rising sunbeams.

When commanded by her father to marry a neighbouring prince, Pharonnida soliloquises (Argalia being happily within earshot) thus:

> 'Is 't a sin to be
> Born high, that robs me of my liberty?
> Or is 't the curse of greatness to behold
> Virtue through such false opticks as unfold
> No splendour, 'less from equal orbs they shine?
> What Heaven made free, ambitious men confine
> In regular degrees. Poor Love must dwell
> Within no climate but what 's parallel
> Unto our honored births; the envied fate
> Of princes oft these burthens find from state,
> When lowly swains, knowing no parent's voice
> A negative, make a free happy choice.'
> And here she sighed; then with some drops, distilled
> From Love's most sovereign elixir, filled
> The chrystal fountains of her eyes, which, ere
> Dropped down, she thus recals again: 'But ne'er,
> Ne'er, my Argalia, shall these fears destroy
> My hopes of thee: Heaven! let me but enjoy
> So much of all those blessings, which their birth
> Can take from frail mortality; and Earth,
> Contracting all her curses, cannot make
> A storm of danger loud enough to shake
> Me to a trembling penitence; a curse,
> To make the horror of my suffering worse,
> Sent in a father's name, like vengeance fell
> From angry Heaven, upon my head may dwell
> In an eternal stain—my honoured name
> With pale disgrace may languish—busy fame
> My reputation spot—affection be
> Termed uncommanded lust sharp poverty,
> That weed that kills the gentle flower of love,
> As the result of all these ills, may prove
> My greatest misery- unless to find
> Myself unpitied. Yet not so unkind
> Would I esteem this mercenary band,
> As those far more malignant powers that stand,
> Armed with dissuasions, to obstruct the way
> Fancy directs: but let those souls obey
> Their harsh commands, that stand in fear to shed
> Repentant tears: I am resolved to tread
> Those doubtful paths, through all the shades of fear
> That now benights them. Love! with pity hear

Thy suppliant's prayer, and when my clouded eyes
Shall cease to weep, in smiles I 'll sacrifice
To thee such offerings, that the utmost date
Of Death's rough hands shall never violate.'

See the extracts from *Pharonnida* (twenty-five pages) in Campbell's *Specimens of the British Poets*; and two long articles, with extracts from *Pharonnida* and from *Love's Victory*, in the *Retrospective Review*, vol. i. (1820).

Thomas Stanley (1625–78), the editor of Æschylus (1663), and author of a biographical *History of Philosophy* (4 vols. 1655–62), based mainly on Diogenes Laertius and Aristotle, published in 1651 his fourth volume of verse, in which his earlier pieces were also included. The only son of Sir Thomas Stanley, Knight, of Cumberlow, Hertfordshire, he was educated at Pembroke College, Oxford; spent several years in France; and afterwards lived in the Middle Temple. His poems, whether original or translated (edited in two vols. by Sir Egerton Brydges in 1814–15), display vigorous thought and graceful expression, though the conceits of his age sometimes disturb.

The Tomb.

When, cruel fair one, I am slain
By thy disdain,
And, as a trophy of thy scorn,
To some old tomb am borne,
Thy fetters must their power bequeath
To those of death;
Nor can thy flame immortal burn,
Like monumental fires within an urn:
Thus freed from thy proud empire, I shall prove
There is more liberty in death than love.

And when forsaken lovers come
To see my tomb,
Take heed thou mix not with the crowd,
And (as a victor) proud,
To view the spoils thy beauty made,
Press near my shade,
Lest thy too cruel breath or name
Should fan my ashes back into a flame,
And thou, devoured by this revengeful fire,
His sacrifice, who died as thine, expire.

But if cold earth, or marble, must
Conceal my dust,
Whilst hid in some dark ruins, I,
Dumb and forgotten, lie,
The pride of all thy victory
Will sleep with me;
And they who should attest thy glory,
Will or forget or not believe this story.
Then to increase thy triumph, let me rest,
Since by thine eye slain, buried in thy breast.

The Loss.

Yet ere I go,
Disdainful Beauty, thou shalt be
So wretched as to know
What joys thou fling'st away with me.

A faith so bright,
As time or Fortune could not rust;
So firm that lovers might
Have read thy story in my dust,

And crowned t
With laurel verda
Whilst the shri
Spread wide thy l

This thou hast
For all true lover
That my just a
Will speak thee l

And none will
Any oblation on
But such as wo
Thy faith to faith

Yet, if thou ch
On such thy freec
Affection may
For love from syr

The D

Though when I l
Thou art no lo
Those glories, all
Unto opinion c
Beauties like star
And 'twas my lo

The flames that d
Do now with n
Thy brightest gra
At once with n
Love's fires thus
Thine cease to sh

Then, proud Celi
To be implored
Since by thy scor
The wealth my
And thy despised
That none are fai

Mrs Katherine
matchless Orinda,' as
time, was honoured with
Dryden, and Jeremy T
famous letter 'on the
daughter of a London
1647 the wife of James
digan, whose father had
mother, Mrs Fowler;
between London and
pox in the former city.
she chose for herself in
of Antenors and Pala
Rosanias, English conte
of the Hôtel Rambouille
addressed to her frien
thus, 'To my Lady M
name of Policrite;'
friendship, love, the
and like subjects; s
the day, and one on
praise of the beauty an
hound. Her poems we
1667.

Against Pleasure.

There 's no such thing as pleasure here;
'Tis all a perfect cheat,
Which does but shine and disappear,
Whose charm is but deceit;
The empty bribe of yielding souls,
Which first betrays, and then controuls.

'Tis true, it looks at distance fair;
But if we do approach,
The fruit of Sodom will impair,
And perish at a touch;
It being than in fancy less,
And we expect more than possess.

For by our pleasures we are cloyed,
And so desire is done;
Or else, like rivers, they make wide
The channel where they run;
And either way true bliss destroys,
Making us narrow, or our joys.

We covet pleasure easily,
But it not so possess;
For many things must make it be,
But one may make it less;
Nay, were our state as we could chuse it,
'Twould be consumed by fear to lose it.

What art thou, then, thou winged air,
More weak and swift than Fame,
Whose next successor is Despair,
And its attendant Shame?
The experience-prince then reason had,
Who said of Pleasure, 'It is mad.'

ohn Aubrey, antiquary and folklorist, was
n at Easton Piercy, near Chippenham, Wilts,
12th March 1626, and was educated at Malmes-
y (under Robert Latimer, Hobbes's preceptor),
ndford, and Trinity College, Oxford. He entered
Middle Temple in 1646, but was never called
the Bar; in 1652 he succeeded to his father's
ites in Wiltshire, Herefordshire, and Wales, but
forced through lawsuits to part with the last
hem in 1670, and with his very books in 1677.
later years were passed, 'in danger of arrests,'
1 Hobbes, Ashmole, Lady Long of Draycott in
native county, and other protectors, till in June
7 he died at Oxford on his way from London
Draycott. His quaint, credulous *Miscellanies*
)6) was the only work printed in his lifetime;
he left a large mass of materials. Of these,
Wiltshire and Surrey collections have in part
n published; his 'Minutes of Lives' (Hobbes,
ton, Bacon, &c.), given to Anthony Wood,
eared first in Bliss's *Letters written by Emi-
t Persons* (1813), but has been first adequately
ed by Mr Andrew Clark as *Brief Lives,
fly of Contemporaries* (2 vols. 1898); and his
iains of Gentilism and Judaism was issued
the Folklore Society in 1880. See an article
Professor Masson in the *British Quarterly*
;6).

Dreams.

When Sir Christopher Wren was at Paris about 1671, he was ill and feverish, had a pain in his reins. He sent for a physitian, who advis'd him to be let blood, thinking he had a pleurisy: but bleeding much disagreeing with his constitution, he would defer it a day longer: that night he dreamt that he was in a place where palm-trees grew (suppose Egypt), and that a woman in a romantick habit reach'd him dates. The next day he sent for dates, which cured him of the pain in his reins.

. . . . . .

Mr Winstanly (surveyor of the king's works) hath built a handsome house at Littlebury in Cambridgshire near Audely-Inn, where are to be seen several ingenious machines; one whereof is thus: a wooden slipper finely carved lieth on the floor of a chamber about a yard and an half within the door, which the stranger is to take up (it comes up pretty stiff) and up starts a skeleton. J. H., Esq., had been there: and being at West-Lavington with the Earl of Abbington, dream'd December the 9th, that he was at Mr Winstanly's house, and took up the slipper, and up rose his mother in mourning: and anon the queen [Mary of Orange] appeared in mourning. He told his dream the next morning to my lord, and his lordship imparted it to me (then there). Tuesday Dec. 11 in the evening, came a messenger post from London to acquaint Mr H. that his mother was dangerously ill: he went to London the next day: his mother lived but about 8 days longer. On Saturday Dec. 15 the queen was taken ill, which turned to the small-pox, of which she died Decem. 28 about two a clock in the morning.

Apparitions.

Sir Walter Long of Draycot (grandfather of Sir James Long) had two wives; the first a daughter of Sir —— Packinton in Worcestershire; by whom he had a son: his second wife was a daughter of Sir John Thinne of Longleat; by whom he had several sons and daughters. The second wife did use much artifice to render the son by the first wife (who had not much Promethean fire) odious to his father; she would get her acquaintance to make him drunk, and then expose him in that condition to his father; in fine she never left off her attempts, till she had got Sir Walter to disinherit him. She laid the scene for the doing this at Bath at the assizes, where was her brother Sir Egrimond Thinne, an eminent serjeant at law, who drew the writing; and his clerk was to sit up all night to engross it; as he was writing, he perceived a shadow on the parchment, from the candle; he look'd up, and there appear'd a hand, which immediately vanish'd; he was startled at it, but thought it might be only his fancy, being sleepy; so he writ on; by and by a fine white-hand interposed between the writing and the candle (he could discern it was a woman's hand), but vanish'd as before; I have forgot if it appeared a third time. But with that the clerk threw down his pen, and would engross no more, but goes and tells his master of it, and absolutely refused to do it. But it was done by somebody, and Sir Walter Long was prevailed with to seal and sign it. He lived not long after; and his body did not go quiet to the grave, it being arrested at the church-porch by the trustees of the first lady. The heir's relations took his part, and commenc'd a suit against Sir Walter (the second son) and compell'd him to accept of a moiety of the estate; so the eldest son kept South-Wranchester, and Sir Walter the second

son Dracot Cernes, &c. This was about the middle of the reign of King James the First.

. . . . . .

Anno. 1670, not far from Cyrencester, was an apparition: being demanded, whether a good spirit, or a bad? returned no answer, but disappeared with a curious perfume and most melodious twang. Mr W. Lilly believes it was a farie.

. . . . . .

Mr. T. M. an old acquaintance of mine hath assured me, that about a quarter of a year after his first wives death, as he lay in bed awake with his little grand-child, his wife opened the closet-door, and came into the chamber to the bed-side, and looked upon him, and stooped down and kissed him; her lips were warm, he fancied they would have been cold. He was about to have embraced her, but was afraid it might have done him hurt. When she went from him, he asked her when he should see her again? She turned about and smil'd, but said nothing. The closet-door striked, as it uses to do, both at her coming in and going out. He had every night a great coal-fire in his chamber, which gave a light as clear almost as a candle (he was hypocondrical). He marry'd two wives since; the later end of his life was uneasie.

Impulses.

Oliver Cromwel had certainly this afflatus. One that I knew, that was at the battle of Dunbar, told me that Oliver was carried on with a divine impulse: he did laugh so excessively as if he had been drunk; his eyes sparkled with spirits. He obtained a great victory; but the action was said to be contrary to human prudence. The same fit of laughter seiz'd Oliver Cromwel just before the battle of Naseby; as a kinsman of mine, and a great favourite of his, Colonel J. P. then present, testifi'd. Cardinal Mazerine said, that he was a lucky fool.

Mirandum.

Arise Evans had a fungous nose, and said it was reveal'd to him that the king's hand would cure him: and at the first coming of King Charles II. into St James's Park he kiss'd the king's hand, and rubb'd his nose with it; which disturb'd the king, but cured him. Mr Ashmole told me.

John Hales.

He had a noble librarie of bookes, and those judicially chosen, which cost him . . . li. (quaere Mr Sloper); and which he sold to Cornelius Bee, bookeseller, in Little Britaine (as I take it, for 1000 li.), which was his maintenance after he was ejected out of his fellowship at Eaton College. He had then only reserved some few for his private use, to wind-up his last dayes withall.

The ladie Salter (neer Eaton) was very kind to him after the sequestration; he was very welcome to her ladyship, and spent much of his time there. At Eaton he lodged (after his sequestration) at the next house to the Christopher inne, where I sawe him, a prettie little man, sanguine, of a cheerfull countenance, very gentile, and courteous; I was recieved by him with much humanity: he was in a kind of violet-colourd cloath gowne, with buttons and loopes (he wore not a black gowne), and was reading Thomas à Kempis; it was within a yeare before he deceased. He loved canarie; but moderately, to refresh his spirits.

He had a bountifull mind. I remember in 1647, a little after the visitation, when Thomas Mariett, esq., Mr William Radford, and Mr Edward Wood (all of Trinity College) had a frolique from Oxon to London, on foot, having never been there before, they happened to take Windsore in their way, made their addresse to this good gentleman, being then fellow. Mr Edward Wood was the spookes-man, remonstrated that they were Oxon scholars: he treated them well, and putt into Mr Wood's hands ten shillings.

He lies buried in the church yard at Eaton, under an altar monument of black marble, erected at the sole chardge of Mr . . . Curwyn, with a too long epitaph. He was no kiff or kin to him.

Mr John Hales dyed at Mris Powney's house, a widow-woman, in Eaton, opposite to the churchyard, adjoyning to the Christopher Inne southwards. 'Tis the howse where I sawe him.

She is a very good woman and of a gratefull spirit. She told me that when she was maried, Mr Hales was very bountifull to them in helping them to live in the world. She was very gratefull to him and respectfull to him.

She told me that Mr Hales was the common godfather there, and 'twas pretty to see, as he walked to Windsor, how his godchildren asked him blessing. When he was bursar, he still gave away all his groates for the acquittances to his godchildren; and by that time he came to Windsor bridge, he would have never a groate left.

William Harvey.

He was not tall; but of the lowest stature, round faced, olivaster complexion; little eie, round, very black, full of spirit; his haire was black as a raven, but quite white 20 yeares before he dyed.

I first sawe him at Oxford, 1642, after Edgehill fight, but was then too young to be acquainted with so great a doctor. I remember he came severall times to Trin. Coll. to George Bathurst, B.D., who had a hen to hatch egges in his chamber, which they dayly opened to discerne the progres and way of generation. I had not the honour to be acquainted with him till 1651, being my cosen Montague's physitian and friend. I was at that time bound for Italy (but to my great griefe disswaded by my mother's importunity). He was very communicative, and willing to instruct any that were modest and respectfull to him. And in order to my journey, gave me [dictated to me] what to see, what company to keepe, what bookes to read, how to manage my studies: in short, he bid me goe to the fountain head, and read Aristotle, Cicero, Avicenna, and did call the neoteriques . . . . He wrote a very bad hand, which (with use) I could pretty well read.

I have heard him say, that after his booke of the circulation of the blood came-out, that he fell mightily in his practize, and that 'twas beleeved by the vulgar that he was crack-brained; and all the physitians were against his opinion, and envyed him; many wrote against him, as Dr Primige, Paracisanus, etc. (vide Sir George Ent's booke). With much adoe at last, in about 20 or 30 yeares time, it was recieved in all the universities of the world; and, as Mr Hobbes sayes in his book *De Corpore*, he is the only man, perhaps, that ever lived to see his owne doctrine established in his life time.

He understood Greek and Latin pretty well, but was no critique, and he wrote very bad Latin. The *Circuitus Sanguinis* was, as I take it, donne into Latin by Sir George

Ent (quaere), as also his booke *De Generatione Animalium*, but a little book in 12mo against Riolani (I thinke), wherein he makes out his doctrine clearer, was writt by himselfe, and that, as I take it, at Oxford.

His majestie king Charles I. gave him the wardenship of Merton Colledge in Oxford, as a reward for his service, but the times suffered him not to recieve or injoy any benefitt by it.

He was physitian, and a great favorite of the Lord High Marshall of England, Thomas Howard, earle of Arundel and Surrey, with whom he travelled as his physitian in his ambassade to the Emperor . . . at Vienna, Anno Domini 163-. Mr W. Hollar (who was then one of his excellencie's gentlemen) told me that, in his voyage, he would still be making of excursions into the woods, makeing observations of strange trees, and plants, earths, etc., naturalls, and sometimes like to be lost, so that my lord ambassador would be really angry with him, for there was not only danger of thieves, but also of wild beasts.

He was much and often troubled with the gowte, and his way of cure was thus; he would then sitt with his legges bare, if it were frost, on the leads of Cockaine house, putt them into a payle of water, till he was almost dead with cold, and betake himselfe to his stove, and so 'twas gonne.

He was hott-headed, and his thoughts working would many times keepe him from sleepinge; he told me that then his way was to rise out of his bed and walke about his chamber in his shirt till he was pretty coole, i.e. till he began to have a horror, and then returne to bed, and sleepe very comfortably.

I remember he was wont to drinke coffee; which he and his brother Eliab did, before coffee-houses were in fashion in London.

Anthony Wood, or A WOOD (1632–95), was born at Oxford, studied at Merton College, and being of independent means, devoted himself to heraldry and antiquarian studies, and lived mostly in Oxford. His History of Oxford the delegates of the university press had translated into Latin as *Historia et Antiquitates Universitatis Oxoniensis* (1674). Wood was ill-satisfied with the translation, and made a new copy of his English MS., which was long after published in 1786–96. His great *Athenæ Oxonienses* was a history of all the writers and bishops who had been educated in Oxford from 1500 to 1690, together with the *Fasti* or Annals for the said time (1691–92). Other works were *The Ancient and Present State of the City of Oxford* (1773) and the ill-natured *Modius Salium, a Collection of Pieces of Humour* (1751). He was laborious in research, but did not generously acknowledge help received from Aubrey and others. He was peevish in temper, and seemed to welcome spiteful stories. A third volume of the *Athenæ* was included in the second edition printed by Tonson (1721). The third edition is that by Philip Bliss (1813–20); a projected fourth by him reached only the first volume, containing Wood's *Life and Times*, an autobiography (1848). This last was edited in 1892–1900 by Mr Andrew Clark for the Oxford Historical Society as vols. i.–v. of a complete edition of Wood's works.

From the 'Life and Times.'

An. Dom. 1632 (*Dec.* 17).—Anthony Wood or à Wood, son of Tho. Wood or à Wood, bachelaur of arts and of the civil law, was borne in an antient stone-house, opposite to the forefront of Merton coll. in the collegiat parish of S. John Baptist de Merton, situat and being within the city and universitie of Oxford, on munday the seventeenth day of December (S. Lazarus day) at about 4 of the clock in the morning: which stone-house, with a backside and garden adjoyning, was bought by his father of John Lant, master of arts of the univ. of Oxon, 8 December, 6 Jac. I. Dom. 1608, and is held by his family of Merton coll. before mention'd.

An. Dom. 1633.—He was altogether nursed by his mother (of whome shal be mention made under the yeare 1666) and by none else. For as she nursed his 3 elder brothers, so she nursed him (whom she found very quiet) and the two next that followed.

An. Dom. 1637.—He was put to school to learne the Psalter. And about that time playing before the dore of his father's house, neare Merton coll. one of the horses, called Mutton, belonging to Tho. Edgerley, the university carrier, rode over him (as he was going to be watered) and bruis'd his head very much. This caused a great heaviness for some time after in his head, and perhaps a slowness in apprehending with quickness things that he read or heard; of which he was very sensible, when he came to reason.

An. Dom. 1638.—In the beginning of this yeare his eldest brother Thomas Wood (who was borne at Tetsworth in Oxfordshire) became one of the students of Christ Church, by the favour of Dr. Tho. Iles, he being then 14 yeares of age.

An. Dom. 1639.—He was in his Bible, and ready to go into his Accedence.

(*Mar.* 8).—His yonger brother John Wood died, and was buried the day following in Merton coll. church.

An. Dom. 1640.—He was put to a Latine school in a little house, neare to the church of S. Peter in the Baylie, and opposite to the street, called the North Baylie, which leads from New Inn to the Bocherew. The name of his master he hath forgot, but remembers, that he was master of arts and a preacher, by a good token, that one of the beadles of the universitie did come with his silver staff to conduct him from the said little house (a poore thing God wot) to the church of S. Marie, there to preach a Latin sermon he thinks (for it was on a working or school day) before the universitie.

An. Dom. 1641.—He was translated to New coll. schoole, situated between the West part of the chappell and E. part of the cloyster, by the advice, as he usually conceived, of some of the fellowes of the said coll. who usually frequented his father's house. One John Maylard, fellow of thes aid coll., was then, or at least lately, the master (afterwards rector of Stanton S. John neare Oxon.), and after him succeeded Joh. Davys, one of the chaplaynes of the said house, whome he well remembers to be a quiet man.

His grandmother Penelopie, the widdow of capt. Rob. Pettie or Le Petite gent. (his mother's father), died with grief at or neare Charlemount in Ireland, the seat of her nephew William viscount Caulfield, occasion'd by the barbarous usuage of her intimate acquaintance (but a bigotted Papist) Sr. Philim O Neale, who acted the part of an arch-traytor and rebell, when the grand rebellion broke out in that kingdome 23 October, 1641. . . .

An. Dom. 1642.—Upon the publication of his majestie's proclamation, for the suppressing of the rebellion under the conduct and command of Robert earl of Essex, the members of the universitie of Oxon. began to put themselves in a posture of defence, and especially for another reason, which was, that there was a strong report, that divers companies of soldiers [were] passing thro' the country, as sent from London by the parliament for the securing of Banbury and Warwick. Dr. Pink of New coll. the deputy-vice-chancellour, called before him to the public schooles all the privileged men's armes, to have a view of them: where not onlie privileged men of the universitie and their servants, but also many scholars appeared, bringing with them the furniture of armes of every col. that then had any. Mr. Wood's father had then armour or furniture for one man, viz. a helmet, a back and breast-piece, a pyke and a musquet, and other appurtenances: And the eldest of his men-servants (for he had then three at least) named Thomas Burnham, did appeare in those armes, when the scholars and privileged men trained; and when he could not train, as being taken up with business, the next servant did traine: and much adoe there was to keep Thomas, the eldest son, then a student of Chr. Ch. and a youth of about 18 yeares of age, from putting on the said armour and to traine among the scholars. The said scholars and privileged men did somtimes traine in New coll. quadrangle, in the eye of Dr. Rob. Pink, the dep. vicechancellour, then warden of the said coll. And it being a novel matter, there was no holding of the school-boyes in their school in the cloyster from seeing and following them. And Mr. Wood remembred well, that some of them were so besotted with the training and activitie and gaytie therein of some yong scholars, as being in a longing condition to be of the traine, that they could never be brought to their books againe. It was a great disturbance to the youth of the citie, and Mr. Wood's father foresaw, that if his sons were not removed from Oxon. they would be spoyl'd.

(*Oct.* 23).—The great fight at Edghill in Warwickshire, called Keynton-battle, between the armies of K. Ch. I. and his parliament was began.

(*Oct.* 29).—Upon the first newes at Oxon. that the armies were going to fight, Mr. Wood's eldest brother Thomas, before mention'd, left his gowne at the Town's end, ran to Edghill, did his Majestie good service, return'd on horseback well accountred, and afterwards was made an officer in the king's army.

An. Dom. 1653.—After he had spent the Summer at Cassington in a lonish and retir'd condition, he return'd to Oxon., and being advised by some persons, he entertain'd a master of musick to teach him the usual way of playing on the violin, that is, by having every string tuned 5 notes lower than the other going before. The master was Charles Griffith, one of the musitians belonging to the city of Oxon. whom he thought then to be a most excellent artist, but when A. W. improv'd himself in that instrument, he found him not so. He gave him 2s. 6d. entrance, and 10s. quarterly. This person after he had extreamly wondred how he could play so many tunes as he did by fourths, without a director or guide, he then tuned his violin by fifths, and gave him instructions how to proceed, leaving then a lesson with him to practice against his next coming.

The last yeare, after he was entred into the publick library (which he took to be the happiness of his life, and into which he never entred without great veneration) he could do but little in it, because he was entred but a little while before his ague took him. But this yeare being a constant student therein, he became acquainted with the places in the arts library, (for no farther could bachelaurs of arts then goe,) where the books of English historie and antiquities stand. He lighted upon *The Description of Leycestershire*, written by Will. Burton: and being exceedingly delighted with the performance, he did this or in the yeare following, take notes thence, and make collections from it, which he had lying by him in his last dayes. He took great delight in reading *The Display of Heraldry*, written by John Guillim, and in other books of that faculty, written by Joh. Bossewell, John Ferne, &c., and endeavour'd to draw out and trick armes with his pen. And afterwards when he came to full yeares, he perceived it was his natural genie, and could not avoid them. Heraldry, musick and painting did so much crowd upon him, that he could not avoid them; and could never give a reason why he should delight in those studies, more than in others, so prevalent was nature, mix'd with a generosity of mind, and a hatred to all that was servile, sneaking or advantagious for lucre sake. His brother Edw. Wood was much against these studies, and advised him to enter on those that were beneficial, as his mother did. He had then a gentile companion of the same coll. (J. W.) who delighted in vertuous studies as he did, and would walk several times with him in shady recesses and retired walkes, to each others content; but the same J. W. being a gent. of a good descent, and an heir to an estate of 700l. per an. at least, he went afterwards to London, mixed himself with idle company that flatter'd and admired him, and at length debach'd him; which did not a little rouble A. W.

An. Dom. 1658 (*Aug.* 30).—Munday, a terrible raging wind hapned, which did much hurt. Dennis Bond, a great Olivarian and anti-monarchist, died on that day, and then the Devil took Bond for Oliver's appearance.

(*Sept.* 3).—Oliver Cromwell the protector died. This I set downe, because some writers tell us, that he was hurried away by the Devill in the wind before mention'd.

(*Sept.* 6).—Richard Cromwell his son was proclaimed protector at Oxon. at the usual places where kings have been proclaimed. While he was proclaiming before S. Marie's church dore, the mayor, recorder, townclerk, &c., accompanied by col. Unton Croke and his troopers, were pelted with carret and turnip-tops, by yong scholars, and others, who stood at a distance.

Bulstrode Whitelocke (1605–75), the son of a judge, and himself an eminent lawyer, was bred at St John's College, Oxford, and the Middle Temple. His *Memorials of English Affairs* from the beginning of the reign of Charles I. to the Restoration mirror the times from a point of view opposite to that of Lord Clarendon, though, like Selden and other moderate anti-royalists, he was averse to a civil war. He was chairman of the committee which managed Strafford's prosecution. As a member of Parliament, and one of the commissioners appointed to treat with the king at Oxford, he advocated pacific measures; and being an enemy to arbitrary power both in Church and State,

he in the Westminster Assembly refused to admit the divine right of presbytery. Under Cromwell he held several high appointments, and during the government of the Protector's son Richard, acted as one of the keepers of the great seal. At the Restoration he retired to his Wiltshire estate of Chilton. The *Memorials* were not intended for publication, and, written almost wholly in the form of a diary, are to be regarded rather as a collection of historical materials than as history itself. A mutilated edition of them appeared in 1682, a much more satisfactory one in 1732. In a posthumous volume of *Essays, Ecclesiastical and Civil*, he strongly advocates religious toleration. His Journal of his embassy in 1653 to Sweden was edited by H. Reeve (1855). See his Memoirs by Professor R. H. Whitelocke (1860).

Thomas Rymer (1641–1713), born at Yafforth Hall, Northallerton, was the son of a Roundhead gentleman hanged at York in 1664. Having studied at Sidney Sussex, Cambridge, and at Gray's Inn, he published translations, critical discussions on poetry, dramas, and works on history, and in 1692 was appointed historiographer royal. He is remembered as compiler of the invaluable collection of historical materials known as the *Fœdera*, extending from the eleventh century to his own time (vols. i.–xv. in 1704–13; continuation by Sanderson in vols. xvi.–xx. in 1715–35). His principal critical work is *The Tragedies of the Last Age Considered* (1678), in virtue of which Pope considered him 'one of the best critics we ever had;' Macaulay, 'the worst critic that ever lived.' Dryden, who wrote the 'heads of an answer to Rymer,' treated with great respect 'this excellent critique,' but stated a case for the English poets against the Greek. Rymer's classical prejudices made him view modern English poetry and drama with jaundiced eye. *Paradise Lost*, 'which some are pleased to call a poem,' pleased him more, however, than *Othello*, 'a bloody farce without salt or savour.' His own poems are inconsiderable—verses to the memory of Waller, a poem on Queen Mary's arrival, and a few amorous ditties.

Sir William Temple (1628–99), diplomatist and essay-writer, was the son of Sir John Temple, Master of the Rolls in Ireland, but was born in London. He studied at Cambridge under Cudworth as tutor, but being intended for public life, devoted his attention chiefly to French and Spanish, and at nineteen went abroad for some years. He had ere this fallen in love with Dorothy Osborne (1627–95), whose father, Sir Peter, a strong royalist, disliked the match—for Temple's father sat in the Long Parliament. But the lovers were constant in their affection, and their seven years of separation gave occasion for Dorothy's delightful letters. Temple married her in 1655, lived in Ireland, and was returned to the Irish Parliament for Carlow in 1660. On his removal two years afterwards to England, the introductions which he carried to leading statesmen speedily procured him employment in the diplomatic service. He was sent in 1665 on a secret mission to the Bishop of Münster, and on his return he was made a baronet and appointed English resident at the court of Brussels. Temple's great diplomatic success was the negotiation at the Hague in 1668, with the Grand Pensionary De Witt, of the famous Triple Alliance between England, Holland, and Sweden, by which the ambition of Louis XIV. was for a time effectually checked. He took part in the Congress of Aix-la-Chapelle (1668), and as ambassador at the Hague, enjoyed for a year the intimacy of De Witt, and also of his strenuous opponent, the young Prince of Orange, afterwards William III. of England. Recalled in 1669, he retired from public business to his residence at Sheen, near Richmond, and there employed himself in literary occupations and gardening. In 1674, again ambassador to Holland, he contributed to bring about the marriage of the Prince of Orange with the Duke of York's eldest daughter, Mary (1677). Having finally returned to England in 1679, Temple refused the king's offer of a Secretaryship of State. Charles used to hold anxious conferences with Temple on the means of extricating himself from the embarrassments created by a long course of misgovernment; and Sir William advised the appointment of a privy-council of thirty persons, in conformity with whose advice the king should always act. Temple, who was himself for a time one of an inner council of four (with Halifax, Essex, and Sunderland), soon became disgusted with the policy in vogue and the constant intrigues, and in 1681 finally retired from public life. He spent the remainder of his days chiefly at Moor Park, near Farnham, in Surrey, so called by him after the other Moor Park, a seat of the Bedford family near Rickmansworth in Herts—'the sweetest place that I have seen in my life either before or since, at home or abroad.' He has left a description of the Herts garden in a famous essay, quoted below. At Moor Park, Temple had for secretary and humble companion the famous Jonathan Swift, who retained no very agreeable recollection of that period of dependence and obscurity. There also resided one with whom Swift is indissolubly associated—Esther Johnson, immortalised as 'Stella,' the daughter of Temple's housekeeper.

After the Revolution King William sometimes visited Temple and sought his advice about public affairs. Throughout his whole career his conduct was marked by a cautious regard for his personal comfort and reputation, which strongly disposed him to avoid risks of every kind, and to stand aloof from public business where special courage or decision was required; he seems to have had a lively consciousness that neither his abilities nor dispositions fitted him for vigorous action in stormy times; but as an adviser he was en-

lightened, safe, and sagacious. In character Sir William was estimable and decorous; his temper, naturally haughty, was generally kept in order; and among his foibles, vanity was the most prominent.

The works of Sir William Temple consist chiefly of short miscellaneous pieces. His longest disquisition is *Observations upon the United Provinces of the Netherlands*, composed during his first retirement at Sheen; and both this and his *Essay on the Original and Nature of Government* show his gift as an observer and describer. Besides several political tracts, he wrote essays entitled *Miscellanea* (1680–92), which became famous, on Ancient and Modern Learning, on Gardening, Heroic Virtue, Poetry, Popular Discontents, Health and Long Life, and other miscellaneous

SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE.
From the Picture by Sir Peter Lely in the National Portrait Gallery.

subjects. Though his philosophy was not very profound nor his intellectual power great, his *Miscellanea* contain many sound and acute observations, expressed in an easy and perspicuous style. Dr Johnson said 'Sir William Temple was the first writer who gave cadence to English prose: before his time, they were careless of arrangement, and did not mind whether a sentence ended with an important word or an insignificant word, or with what part of speech it was concluded.' This is hardly fair to Ben Jonson, to Bishop Hall, Cowley, and Jeremy Taylor. But even Dryden, Halifax, and Tillotson are hardly so modern as Temple, who may fairly rank as the forerunner of the eighteenth-century essayist. His Letters are many of them admirable. The three following extracts are from the *Miscellanea*:

English Gardening and the English Climate.

But after so much ramble into ancient times and remote places, to return home and consider the present way and humour of our gardening in England; which seem to have grown into such vogue, and to have been so mightily improved in three or four and twenty years of his Majesty's reign, that perhaps few countries are before us, either in the elegance of our gardens, or in the number of our plants; and, I believe, none equals us in the variety of fruits, which may be justly called good; and from the earliest cherry and strawberry, to the last apples and pears, may furnish every day of the circling year. For the taste and perfection of what we esteem the best, I may truly say that the French, who have eaten my peaches and grapes at Shene in no very ill year, have generally concluded that the last are as good as any they have eaten in France on this side Fountainbleau; and the first as good as any they have eat in Gascony; I mean those which come from the stone, and are properly called peaches, not those which are hard, and are termed pavies; for these cannot grow in too warm a climate, nor ever be good in a cold; and are better at Madrid than in Gascony itself: Italians have agreed my white figs to be as good as any of that sort in Italy, which is the earlier kind of white fig there: for in the latter kind and the blue we cannot come near the warm climates, no more than in the Frontignac or Muscat grape.

My orange-trees are as large as any I saw when I was young in France, except those of Fountainbleau, or what I have seen since in the Low Countries, except some very old ones of the Prince of Orange's; as laden with flowers as any can well be, as full of fruit as I suffer or desire them, and as well tasted as are commonly brought over, except the best sorts of Sevil and Portugal. And thus much I could not but say, in defence of our climate, which is so much and so generally decried abroad, by those who never saw it; or, if they have been here, have yet perhaps seen no more of it than what belongs to inns, or to taverns and ordinaries; who accuse our country for their own defaults, and speak ill, not only of our gardens and houses, but of our humours, our breeding, our customs and manners of life, by what they have observed of the meaner and baser sort of mankind; and of company among us, because they wanted themselves perhaps either fortune or birth, either quality or merit, to introduce them among the good.

I must needs add one thing more in favour of our climate which I heard the king say, and I thought new and right, and truly like a king of England that loved and esteemed his own country; 'twas in reply to some of the company that were reviling our climate, and extolling those of Italy and Spain, or at least of France. He said he thought that was the best climate where he could be abroad in the air with pleasure, or at least without trouble and inconvenience, the most days of the year and the most hours of the day; and this he thought he could be in England more than in any country he knew of in Europe. And I believe it true, not only of the hot and the cold, but even among our neighbours of France and the Low Countries themselves, where the heats or the colds and changes of the seasons are less treatable than they are with us.

The truth is, our climate wants no heat to produce excellent fruits; and the default of it is only the short seasons of our heats or summers, by which many of the

later are left behind and imperfect with us. But all such as are ripe before the end of August are, for aught I know, as good with us as anywhere else. This makes me esteem the true region of gardens in England to be the compass of ten miles about London, where the accidental warmth of air from the fires and steams of so vast a town, makes fruits as well as corn a great deal forwarder than in Hampshire or Wiltshire, though more southward by a full degree.

There are, besides the temper of our climate, two things particular to us that contribute much to the beauty and elegance of our gardens, which are the gravel of our walks, and the fineness and almost perpetual greenness of our turf. The first is not known anywhere else, which leaves all their dry walks in other countries very unpleasant and uneasy. The other cannot be found in France or in Holland, as we have it, the soil not admitting that fineness of blade in Holland, nor the sun that greenness in France, during most of the summer; nor, indeed, is it to be found but in the finest of our soils.

Moor Park Garden.

The perfectest figure of a garden I ever saw, either at home or abroad, was that of Moor-Park in Hertfordshire, when I knew it about thirty years ago. It was made by the Countess of Bedford, esteemed among the greatest wits of her time, and celebrated by Doctor Donne; and with very great care, excellent contrivance, and much cost; but greater sums may be thrown away without effect or honour, if there want sense in proportion to money, or if nature be not followed; which I take to be the great rule in this, and perhaps in every thing else, as far as the conduct not only of our lives, but our governments. And whether the greatest of mortal men should attempt the forcing of nature may best be judged, by observing how seldom God Almighty does it himself, by so few, true, and undisputed miracles as we see or hear of in the world. For my own part, I know not three wiser precepts for the conduct either of princes or private men, than

——Servare modum, finemque tueri,
Naturamque sequi.

Because I take the garden I have named to have been in all kinds the most beautiful and perfect, at least in the figure and disposition, that I have ever seen, I will describe it for a model to those that meet with such a situation, and are above the regards of common expence. It lies on the side of a hill (upon which the house stands), but not very steep. The length of the house, where the best rooms and of most use or pleasure are, lies upon the breadth of the garden; the great parlour opens into the middle of a terras gravel-walk that lies even with it, and which may be, as I remember, about three hundred paces long, and broad in proportion; the border set with standard laurels, and at large distances, which have the beauty of orange-trees out of flower and fruit: from this walk are three descents by many stone-steps, in the middle and at each end, into a very large parterre. This is divided into quarters by gravel walks, and adorned with two fountains and eight statues in the several quarters; at the end of the terras-walk are two summer-houses, and the sides of the parterre are ranged with two large cloisters, open to the garden, upon arches of stone, and ending with two other summer-houses even with the cloisters, which are paved with stone, and designed for walks of shade, there being none other in the whole parterre. Over these two cloisters are two terrasses covered with lead, and fenced with balusters; and the passage into these airy walks is out of the two summer-houses, at the end of the first terras-walk. The cloister facing the south is covered with vines, and would have been proper for an orange-house, and the other for myrtles, or other more common greens; and had, I doubt not, been cast for that purpose, if this piece of gardening had been then in as much vogue as it is now.

From the middle of the parterre is a descent by many steps flying on each side of a grotto that lies between them (covered with lead, and flat) into the lower garden, which is all fruit-trees ranged about the several quarters of a wilderness which is very shady; the walks here are all green, the grotto embellished with figures of shell-rock-work, fountains, and water-works. If the hill had not ended with the lower garden, and the wall were not bounded by a common way that goes through the park, they might have added a third quarter of all greens; but this want is supplied by a garden on the other side the house, which is all of that sort, very wild, shady, and adorned with rough rock-work and fountains.

This was Moor-Park, when I was acquainted with it, and the sweetest place, I think, that I have seen in my life, either before or since, at home or abroad; what it is now, I can give little account, having passed through several hands that have made great changes in gardens as well as houses; but the remembrance of what it was is too pleasant ever to forget, and therefore I do not believe to have mistaken the figure of it, which may serve for a pattern to the best gardens of our manner, and that are most proper for our country and climate.

On Poetry.

But to spin off this thread, which is already grown too long: what honour and request the ancient poetry has lived in, may not only be observed from the universal reception and use in all nations from China to Peru, from Scythia to Arabia, but from the esteem of the best and the greatest men as well as the vulgar. Among the Hebrews, David and Solomon, the wisest kings, Job and Jeremiah, the holiest men, were the best poets of their nation and language. Among the Greeks, the two most renowned sages and lawgivers were Lycurgus and Solon, whereof the last is known to have excelled in poetry, and the first was so great a lover of it, that to his care and industry we are said (by some authors) to owe the collection and preservation of the loose and scattered pieces of Homer in the order wherein they have since appeared. Alexander is reported neither to have travelled nor slept without those admirable poems always in his company. Phalaris, that was inexorable to all other enemies, relented at the charms of Stesichorus his muse. Among the Romans, the last and great Scipio passed the soft hours of his life in the conversation of Terence, and was thought to have a part in the composition of his comedies. Cæsar was an excellent poet as well as orator, and composed a poem in his voyage from Rome to Spain, relieving the tedious difficulties of his march with the entertainments of his muse. Augustus was not only a patron, but a friend and companion of Virgil and Horace, and was himself both an admirer of poetry, and a pretender too, as far as his genius would reach, or his busy scene allow. 'Tis true, since his age we have few such examples of great princes favouring

or affecting poetry, and as few perhaps of great poets deserving it. Whether it be that the fierceness of the Gothic humours or noise of their perpetual wars frighted it away, or that the unequal mixture of the modern languages would not bear it; certain it is that the great heights and excellency both of poetry and music fell with the Roman learning and empire, and have never since recovered the admiration and applauses that before attended them. Yet, such as they are amongst us, they must be confessed to be the softest and sweetest, the most general and most innocent amusements of common time and life. They still find room in the courts of princes and the cottages of shepherds. They serve to revive and animate the dead calm of poor or idle lives, and to allay or divert the violent passions and perturbations of the greatest and the busiest men. And both these effects are of equal use to human life; for the mind of man is like the sea, which is neither agreeable to the beholder nor the voyager in a calm or in a storm, but is so to both when a little agitated by gentle gales; and so the mind, when moved by soft and easy passions and affections. I know very well that many who pretend to be wise by the forms of being grave, are apt to despise both poetry and music as toys and trifles too light for the use or entertainment of serious men. But whoever find themselves wholly insensible to these charms, would I think do well to keep their own counsel, for fear of reproaching their own temper and bringing the goodness of their natures, if not of their understandings, into question: it may be thought at least an ill sign, if not an ill constitution, since some of the fathers went so far as to esteem the love of music a sign of predestination, as a thing divine, and reserved for the felicities of heaven itself. While this world lasts, I doubt not but the pleasure and requests of these two entertainments will do so too: and happy those that content themselves with these, or any other so easy and so innocent; and do not trouble the world or other men, because they cannot be quiet themselves, though no body hurts them!

When all is done, human life is at the greatest and the best but like a froward child, that must be played with and humoured a little to keep it quiet till it falls asleep, and then the care is over.

Temple's *Essay upon the Ancient and Modern Learning* gave occasion to a very celebrated literary controversy. The question was raised by a work of Charles Perrault (immortal as the author of 'Puss in Boots,' 'Cinderella,' and 'Blue Beard') in which, with the view of flattering the pride of the Grand Monarque, it was affirmed that the writers of antiquity had been excelled by those of modern times. Boileau strenuously opposed the doctrine; and in behalf of the ancients Sir William also took the field. According to Perrault, 'we must have more knowledge than the ancients, because we have the advantage both of theirs and our own; as a dwarf standing upon a giant's shoulders sees more and further than he;' the ancients are really the young of the earth, and we are the true ancients. Temple replies that the ancients derived vast stores of knowledge from their predecessors—the Chinese, Indians, Egyptians, Chaldeans, Persians, Syrians, and Jews; and thence, no doubt, Orpheus, Homer, Lycurgus, Pythagoras, and Plato drew their stores. Temple, whose scholarship was inadequate (he knew no Greek, and the essay was rather a *jeu d'esprit* than a critical performance), absurdly assumed as facts the veriest fables—as about Orpheus, asking triumphantly, 'What are become of the charms of music, by which men and beasts, fishes, fowls, and serpents, were so frequently enchanted, and their very natures changed; by which the passions of men were raised to the greatest height and violence, and then as suddenly appeased, so that they might be justly said to be turned into lions or lambs, into wolves or into harts, by the powers and charms of this admirable art?' The more ancient sages of Greece were greater men than Hippocrates, Plato, and Xenophon. 'There is nothing new in astronomy,' he says, 'to vie with the ancients, unless it be the Copernican system; nor in physic unless Harvey's circulation of the blood'! But it is disputed whether these discoveries are not derived from ancient fountains; in any case they have 'made no change in the conclusions of astronomy nor in the practice of physic, and so have been of little use to the world, though perhaps of much honour to the authors'(!) In comparing 'the great wits among the moderns' with the authors of antiquity, he mentions no Englishmen except Sir Philip Sidney, Bacon, and Selden, leaving Shakespeare and Milton altogether out of view. After Ariosto, Tasso, and Spenser, he 'knows none of the moderns that have made any achievements in heroic poetry worth recording.' Descartes and Hobbes are 'the only new philosophers that have made entries upon the noble stage of the sciences for fifteen hundred years past.' But Temple's most unlucky blunder was his adducing the Greek Epistles of Phalaris to prove that 'the oldest books we have are still in their kind the best;' these Epistles 'I think to have more grace, more spirit, more force of wit and genius, than any others I have seen, either ancient or modern.' In fairness to Temple, however, it must be added that in the essay on Poetry, published in the same volume, he shows a much more adequate knowledge and appreciation of the moderns, extolling 'the matchless writer of *Don Quixote*,' and asserting that the English drama, in its development under Shakespeare and his successors, had 'in some kind excelled both the ancient and the modern' achievements in that line. Temple's *Essay* led to the appearance of a new edition of the Epistles by Charles Boyle, afterwards Earl of Orrery; and so Boyle got into a quarrel with the great critic Bentley. Bentley demonstrated the Epistles to be a forgery, spoke irreverently of Temple, and in his immortal dissertation (1699) overwhelmed Boyle, Aldrich, Atterbury, and other Christ Church doctors with ridicule. Swift came into the field on behalf of his patron with his famous *Battle of the Books*, and to the end of

his life spoke of Bentley with contempt. Many other contemporaries also engaged in the fray, critical opinion being all on one side, though good wit and satire were squandered on the other—and not wholly in vain, for the uncritical view continued to assert itself from time to time. To one of Bentley's allies Temple wrote a reply, which might partly have suggested Swift's account, in *Gulliver's Travels*, of experimental researches of the projectors at Lagado:

What has been produced for the use, benefit, or pleasure of mankind, by all the airy speculations of those who have passed for the great advancers of knowledge and learning these last fifty years (which is the date of our modern pretenders), I confess I am yet to seek, and should be very glad to find. I have indeed heard of wondrous pretensions and visions of men possessed with notions of the strange advancement of learning and sciences on foot in this age, and the progress they are like to make in the next; as the universal medicine, which will certainly cure all that have it; the philosopher's stone, which will be found out by men that care not for riches; the transfusion of young blood into old men's veins, which will make them as gamesome as the lambs from which 'tis to be derived; an universal language, which may serve all men's turn when they have forgot their own; the knowledge of one another's thoughts without the grievous trouble of speaking; the art of flying, till a man happens to fall down and break his neck; double-bottomed ships, whereof none can ever be cast away besides the first that was made; the admirable virtues of that noble and necessary juice called spittle, which will come to be sold, and very cheap, in the apothecaries' shops; discoveries of new worlds in the planets, and voyages between this and that in the moon, to be made as frequently as between York and London: which such poor mortals as I am think as wild as those of Ariosto, but without half so much wit or so much instruction; for there these modern sages may know where they may hope in time to find their lost senses, preserved in phials with those of Orlando.

The following is part of one of Dorothy Osborne's letters to her betrothed, written from her father's house of Chicksands, in Bedfordshire, in 1653:

You ask me how I pass my time here. I can give you a perfect account not only of what I do for the present, but of what I am likely to do this seven years if I stay here so long. I rise in the morning reasonably early, and before I am ready I go round the house till I am weary of that, and then into the garden till it grows too hot for me. About ten o'clock I think of making me ready, and when that's done I go into my father's chamber, from whence to dinner, where my cousin Molle and I sit in great state in a room, and at a table that would hold a great many more. After dinner we sit and talk till Mr B. comes in question, and then I am gone. The heat of the day is spent in reading or working, and about six or seven o'clock I walk out into a common that lies hard by the house, where a great many young wenches keep sheep and cows, and sit in the shade singing of ballads. I go to them and compare their voices and beauties to some ancient shepherdesses that I have read of, and find a vast difference there; but, trust me, I think these are as innocent as those could be. I talk to them, and find they want nothing to make them the happiest people in the world but the knowledge that they are so. Most commonly, when we are in the midst of our discourse, one looks about her, and spies her cows going into the corn, and then away they all run as if they had wings at their heels. I, that am not so nimble, stay behind; and when I see them driving home their cattle, I think 'tis time for me to return too. When I have supped, I go into the garden, and so to the side of a small river that runs by it, when I sit down and wish you were with me (you had best say this is not kind neither). In earnest, 'tis a pleasant place, and would be much more so to me if I had your company. I sit there sometimes till I am lost with thinking; and were it not for some cruel thoughts of the crossness of our fortunes that will not let me sleep there, I should forget that there were such a thing to be done as going to bed.

Since I writ this my company is increased by two, my brother Harry and a fair niece, the eldest of my brother Peyton's children. She is so much a woman that I am almost ashamed to say I am her aunt; and so pretty, that, if I had any design to gain of servants, I should not like her company; but I have none, and therefore shall endeavour to keep her here as long as I can persuade her father to spare her, for she will easily consent to it, having so much of my humour (though it be the worst thing in her) as to like a melancholy place and little company. My brother John is not come down again, nor am I certain when he will be here. He went from London into Gloucestershire to my sister who was very ill, and his youngest girl, of which he was very fond, is since dead. But I believe by that time his wife has a little recovered her sickness and loss of her child, he will be coming this way. My father is reasonably well, but keeps his chamber still, and will hardly, I am afraid, ever be so perfectly recovered as to come abroad again.

Temple's collected works fill 4 vols. (1814). See, besides the older Lives by Boyard, Swift, and Temple's sister, Lady Giffard, the elaborate *Memoirs* by T. P. Courtenay (1836), Macaulay's brilliant Essay thereon, and E. A. Parry's admirable edition of seventy-one of Dorothy Osborne's *Letters* (1888). The best of all criticisms of Temple as an essayist is Charles Lamb's essay on 'The Genteel Style in Writing.'

The Marquis of Halifax (GEORGE SAVILE; 1633–95) was distinguished as statesman, orator, and political writer. In the contests between the Crown and the Parliament after the restoration of Charles II. he was alternately in high favour with both parties as he supported or opposed the measures of each. He opposed the Test Bill in 1675; as a keen critic of the Cabal he secured the king's dislike, but after 1678 became the chiefest favourite at court. To popery he was unfeignedly hostile, and he disliked the Duke of York as the representative of French influence and Catholic hopes, yet it was his skill and power in debate that did most to defeat the bill excluding the Duke from the succession to the throne. For this he was elevated to the dignity of marquis, Keeper of the Privy Seal, and President of the Council. He retained his offices till his opposition to the proposed repeal of the Test and Habeas Corpus Acts caused his dismissal. After the flight of James, Halifax was

chosen Speaker of the peers in the convention, and obtained his old office of Privy Seal, but he again lost favour, and joined the ranks of the Opposition. He was a Trimmer, as Lord Macaulay says, from principle, as well as from constitution: 'Every faction in the day of its insolent and vindictive triumph incurred his censure; and every faction when vanquished and persecuted found in him a protector;' and according to the same authority, the Revolution 'bears the character of the great and cautious mind of Halifax.' He figures (favourably) as Jotham in *Absalom and Achitophel*. His political and miscellaneous tracts deserve to be studied for their political insight and literary merit, and entitle him to a place among English classics. They consist of short treatises, including *Advice to a Daughter*, *The Character of a Trimmer*, *Anatomy of an Equivalent*, *Maxims of State*, and *Letter to a Dissenter*. Mackintosh said (hyperbolically) that the *Letter to a Dissenter* was the finest political tract ever written. The modern character of Halifax's style is no less remarkable than his logic and happy illustration. He ranks as one of the founders of modern English prose, and in his best passages matches the true eloquence of Sir Thomas Browne and Jeremy Taylor. The *Character of a Trimmer* (1685), interpreting the word in a good sense, was meant to advise Charles II. to throw off the influence of his brother James. *The Rough Draft of a New Model at Sea*, not published till 1701, fully recognises the importance to England of the sea and of her navy, and contains the sentence: 'To the question, What shall we do to be saved in this world? there is no answer but this: Look to your moat.' Amongst his Maxims of State are: 'He who thinks his place below him will certainly be below his place,' and 'Men love to see themselves in the false looking-glass of other men's failings.' It was Halifax who said that Rochester, when appointed to the post of Lord President, 'had been kicked upstairs.' His first wife was a daughter of Waller's 'Sacharissa;' his daughter was the mother of the famous Earl of Chesterfield. Henry Carey, the poet-musician, was a natural son of Halifax.

Miss Foxcroft has no doubt that the *Character of a Trimmer* was a retort to a denunciation by L'Estrange (see page 741), in the *Observator* in December 1684, of 'the humour of a trimmer;' as L'Estrange's burst was a reply to a pamphlet called *The Observator proved a Trimmer*. L'Estrange rails at a Trimmer as 'a hundred thousand things,' as 'a man of latitude as well in politiques as divinity,' as 'one that for the ease of travellers towards the New Jerusalem proposes the cutting of the broad way and the narrow both into one,' and so on, in a vehement paragraph. As L'Estrange was licenser of the press, Halifax must have made up his mind beforehand to circulate his pamphlet in MS. It was presumably written in December 1684 or January 1685, and was not published till some time in 1688.

The following are extracts (the first being the preface, the last the conclusion) from

'The Character of a Trimmer.'

It must be more than an ordinary provocation that can tempt a man to write in an age overrun with scribblers as Egypt was with flies and locusts. That worse vermin of small authors hath given the world such a surfeit that, instead of desiring to write, a man would be inclined to wish, for his own ease, that he could not read; but there are some things that do so raise our passions that our reason can make no resistance; and when madmen in the two extremes shall agree to make common-sense treason, and join to fix an ill character on the only men in a nation who deserve a good one, I am no longer master of my better resolutions to let the world alone, and must break loose from my more reasonable thoughts to expose those false coiners who would make their copper words pass upon us for good payment.

Amongst all the engines of dissension there hath been none more powerful in all times than the fixing names upon one another of contumely and reproach. And the reason is plain in respect of the people, who, though generally they are uncapable of making a syllogism or forming an argument, yet they can pronounce a word; and that serveth their turn to throw it with their dull malice at the head of those they do not like. Such things ever begin in jest, and end in blood; and the same word which at first maketh the company merry, groweth in time to a military signal to cut one another's throats. These mistakes are to be lamented, though not easily to be cured, being suitable enough to the corrupted nature of mankind; but it is hard that men will not only invent ill names, but they will wrest and misinterpret good ones. So afraid some are even of a reconciling sound that they raise another noise to keep it from being heard, lest it should set up and encourage a dangerous sort of men, who prefer peace and agreement before violence and confusion. Were it not for this, why, after we have played the fool with throwing Whig and Tory one at another as boys do snowballs, do we grow angry at a new name which by its true signification might do as much to put us into our wits as the others have done to put us out of them?

This innocent word 'Trimmer' signifieth no more than this, that if men are together in a boat, and one part of the company would weigh it down of one side, another would make it lean as much to the contrary; it happeneth there is a third opinion of those who conceive it would do as well if the boat went even, without endangering the passengers. Now, it is hard to imagine by what figure in language, or by what rule in sense, this cometh to be a fault, and it is much more a wonder it should be thought a heresy. But it so happeneth that the poor Trimmer hath now all the powder spent upon him alone, whilst the Whig is a forgotten or at least a neglected enemy. There is no danger now to the state (if some men may be believed) but from the beast called a Trimmer. Take heed of him: he is the instrument that must destroy Church and State—a strange kind of monster whose deformity is so exposed that, were it a true picture that is made of him, it would be enough to fright children and make women miscarry at the first sight of it. But it may be worth examining whether he is such a beast as he is painted. I am not of that opinion, and am so far from thinking him an infidel either in Church or

State that I am neither afraid to expose the articles of his faith in relation to government, nor to say I prefer them before any other political creed that either our angry divines or our refined statesmen would impose upon us. I have therefore in the following discourse endeavoured to explain the Trimmer's principles and opinions, and then leave it to all discerning and impartial judges whether he can with justice be so arraigned, and whether those who deliberately pervert a good name do not very justly deserve the worst that can be put upon themselves.

Political Agitation not always Hurtful.

Our government is like our climate. There are winds which are sometimes loud and unquiet, and yet with all the trouble they give us, we owe great part of our health to them. They clear the air, which else would be like a standing pool, and instead of a refreshment would be a disease to us. There may be fresh gales of asserted liberty without turning into such storms of hurricane as that the state should run any hazard of being cast away by them. Those strugglings which are natural to all mixed governments, while they are kept from growing into convulsions, do by a natural agitation of the several parts rather support and strengthen than weaken or maim the constitution; and the whole frame, instead of being torn or disjointed, cometh to be the better and closer knit by being thus exercised.

Truth and Moderation.

Our Trimmer adoreth the goddess Truth, though in all ages she has been scurvily used, as well as those that worshipped her. . . . She showeth her greatness in this, that her enemies, even when they are successful, are ashamed to own it; nothing but powerful truth hath the prerogative of triumphing, not only after victory, but in spite of it, and to put conquest itself out of countenance. She may be kept under and suppressed, but her dignity still remaineth with her, even when she is in chains. Falsehood with all her impudence hath not enough to speak ill of her before her face. Such majesty she carrieth about her, that her most prosperous enemies are fain to whisper their treason; all the power upon the earth can never extinguish her; she hath lived in all ages; and, let the mistaken zeal of prevailing authority christen an opposition to it with what name they please, she makes it not only an ugly and unmannerly but a dangerous thing to persist. She has lived very retiredly indeed, nay sometimes so buried that only some few of the discerning part of mankind could have a glimpse of her; with all that, she hath eternity in her; she knoweth not how to die, and from the darkest clouds that shade and cover her, she breaketh from time to time with triumph for her friends and terror to her enemies.

Our Trimmer, therefore, inspired by this divine virtue, thinks fit to conclude with these assertions: That our climate is a trimmer between that part of the world where men are roasted, and the other where they are frozen: that our church is a trimmer between the frenzy of fanatic visions and the lethargic ignorance of popish dreams: that our laws are trimmers, between the excess of unbounded power and the extravagance of liberty not enough restrained: that true virtue hath ever been thought a trimmer, and to have its dwelling between the two extremes: that even God Almighty himself is divided between his two great attributes, his mercy and justice. In such company, our Trimmer is not ashamed of his name, and willingly leaveth to the bold champions of either extreme the honour of contending with no less adversaries than nature, religion, liberty, prudence, humanity, and common-sense.

The works of Halifax were for the first time collected, revised, and edited along with his Letters and a Life by Miss H. C. Foxcroft in 1898.

Isaac Barrow (1630–77) was the son of a London linen-draper. At the Charterhouse he was more distinguished for pugnacity than for application to his books; but at Felstead, in Essex, his next school, he greatly improved. He studied for the Church at Trinity College, Cambridge, and was elected a fellow in 1649. Perceiving that under the Commonwealth the ascendency of alien theological and political opinions gave him little chance of preferment, he turned to medicine, anatomy, botany, and chemistry; but ere long he returned to theology, with mathematics and astronomy. In 1655, disappointed in his hopes of the Greek professorship at Cambridge, he went abroad for four years, visiting France, Italy, Smyrna, Constantinople, Venice, Germany, and Holland. On his outward voyage he fought bravely in a brush with Algerine corsairs; at the Turkish capital, where he spent twelve months, he studied with great delight the works of St Chrysostom, originally written in Constantinople. He returned to England in 1659, and in the following year obtained the Greek chair without opposition; and in 1662 he was further made Professor of Geometry at Gresham College in London. Both these appointments he resigned in 1663, on becoming Lucasian Professor of Mathematics at Cambridge. After lecturing for six years, and publishing a profound work on Optics, he resolved to devote himself to theology, and in 1669 resigned his chair to Newton. He was appointed one of the royal chaplains; in 1672 he was nominated to the mastership of Trinity College by the king, and for the two years before his death he was vice-chancellor of the university; and he was buried in Westminster Abbey. His candour, modesty, disinterestedness, and serenity of temper were conspicuous; his manners and aspect were more those of a student than of a man of the world; and he was oddly heedless about dress.

Of his great powers as a mathematician Barrow left evidence in a series of treatises, nearly all in Latin, though afterwards translated; and he wrote Latin verses. But it is by his theological works that he is generally known—expositions of the Creed, the Lord's Prayer, the Decalogue, and the Doctrine of the Sacraments; treatises on the Pope's Supremacy and the Unity of the Church; and sermons prized for depth and copiousness of thought, and nervous though unpolished eloquence. Less academic, more modern and popular than South, Barrow was rather fond of antitheses and rhetorical interrogations, and occasionally permitted himself a very homely vernacular word or a

fantastic coinage from Latin. He transcribed his sermons three or four times; they seldom occupied less than an hour and a half in delivery. At a charity sermon before the Lord Mayor and aldermen of London, he spoke for three hours and a half; and when asked, on coming down from the pulpit, whether he was not tired, he replied, 'Yes, indeed, I began to be weary with standing so long.'

Of Apparitions.

I may adjoin to the former sorts of extraordinary actions, some other sorts, the consideration of which (although not so directly and immediately) may serve our main design; those (which the general opinion of

ISAAC BARROW.

From the Portrait by Claude Le Fevre in the National Portrait Gallery.

mankind hath approved, and manifold testimony hath declared frequently to happen) which concern apparitions from another world, as it were, of beings unusual; concerning spirits haunting persons and places (these discerned by all senses, and by divers kinds of effects); of which the old world (the ancient poets and historians) did speak so much, and of which all ages have afforded several attestations very direct and plain, and having all advantages imaginable to beget credence; concerning visions made unto persons of especial eminency and influence (to priests and prophets); concerning presignifications of future events by dreams; concerning the power of enchantments, implying the co-operation of invisible powers; concerning all sorts of intercourse and confederacy (formal or virtual) with bad spirits: all which things he that shall affirm to be mere fiction and delusion, must thereby with exceeding immodesty and rudeness charge the world with extreme both vanity and malignity; many, if not all, worthy historians, of much inconsiderateness or fraud; most lawgivers, of great silliness and rashness; most judicatories, of high stupidity or cruelty; a vast number of witnesses, of the greatest malice or madness; all which have concurred to assert these matters of fact.

It is true no question but there have been many vain pretences, many false reports, many unjust accusations, and some undue decisions concerning these matters; that the vulgar sort is apt enough to be abused about them; that even intelligent and considerate men may at a distance in regard to some of them be imposed upon; but, as there would be no false gems obtruded, if there were no true ones found in nature; as no counterfeit coin would appear, were there no true one current; so neither can we well suppose that a confidence in some to feign or a readiness in most to believe stories of this kind could arise or should subsist without some real ground, or without such things having in gross somewhat of truth and reality. However, that the wiser and more refined sort of men, highest in parts and improvements both from study and experience (indeed the flower of every commonwealth; statesmen, lawgivers, judges, and priests), upon so many occasions of great importance, after most deliberate scanning such pretences and reports, should so often suffer themselves to be deluded, to the extreme injury of particular persons concerned, to the common abusing of mankind, to the hazard of their own reputation in point of wisdom and honesty, seems nowise reasonable to conceive. In likelihood rather the whole kind of all these things, were it altogether vain and groundless, would upon so frequent and so mature discussions have appeared to be so, and would consequently long since have been disowned, exploded, and thrust out of the world; for as upon this occasion it is said in Tully, Time wipeth out groundless conceits, but confirms that which is founded in nature and real.

Now if the truth and reality of these things (all or any of them), inferring the existence of powers invisible, at least inferior ones, though much superior to us in all sort of ability, be admitted, it will at least (as removing the chief obstacles of incredulity) confer much to the belief of that supreme Divinity, which our discourse strives to maintain.

I must acknowledge that both these arguments, drawn from testimonies concerning matters of fact (and indeed all other arguments), were invalid and insignificant, could any demonstration or any argument weighty enough be brought to shew the impossibility of such a thing to exist, as we infer to exist from them. But as it is a very easy thing (so whoever is versed in speculation and reasoning about things cannot but find) to prove many things possible to be, which do not actually exist; so it is hard to prove the impossibility of a thing's being; yea there is plainly no other mean of doing this than the manifesting an evident repugnance between being itself and some property assigned to that thing, or between several properties attributed thereto; as if we should suppose a square circle or a round square to exist. But in our case no man can shew such a repugnance; between being and wisdom, power or goodness, there is no inconsistence surely; nor can any man evince one to be between being and coexisting with matter, or penetrating body; between being and insensibility; between being and any other property which we ascribe to God; nor is there any clashing between those properties themselves: it is therefore impossible to shew that God cannot exist; and therefore it is unreasonable to disbelieve the testimonies (so many, so pregnant) that declare him to exist.

Men indeed, who affix themselves to things which their sense offers, may be indisposed to abstract their minds from such things, may be unapt to frame conceptions about any other sort of things; but to think there can be no other things than such as we see and feel, that nothing endued with other properties than such as these objected to our sense have can exist, implies a great dulness of apprehension, a greater shortness of reason and judgment; it is much like the simplicity of a rustic, who, because he never was above three miles from home, cannot imagine the world to reach ten miles farther; and will look upon all that is told him concerning things more distant to be false, and forged to abuse him. I add that these men's incredulity is hence more inexcusable, because the possibility of such a being's existence, the compatibility and concurrence of such properties in one thing, is (as we otherwhere have largely shewed) by a very plain instance declared, even by that being within every man, which in a degree partakes of all those properties.

I shall leave this head of discourse, with this one remark; that they are much mistaken who place a kind of wisdom in being very incredulous, and unwilling to assent to any testimony, how full and clear soever: for this indeed is not wisdom, but the worst kind of folly. It is folly, because it causes ignorance and mistake, with all the consequents of these; and it is very bad, as being accompanied with disingenuity, obstinacy, rudeness, uncharitableness, and the like bad dispositions; from which credulity itself, the other extreme sort of folly, is exempt. Compare we, I say, these two sorts of fools; the credulous fool, who yields his assent hastily upon any slight ground; and the suspicious fool, who never will be stirred by any the strongest reason or clearest testimony; we shall find the latter in most respects the worst of the two; that his folly arises from worse causes, hath worse adjuncts, produceth worse effects. Credulity may spring from an airy complexion, or from a modest opinion of one's self; suspiciousness hath its birth from an earthy temper of body, or from self-conceit in the mind: that carries with it being civil and aflable, and apt to correct an error; with this a man is intractable, unwilling to hear, stiff and incorrigible in his ignorance or mistake: that begets speed and alacrity in action; this renders a man heavy and dumpish, slow and tedious in his resolutions and in his proceedings: both include want of judgment; but this pretending to more thereof, becomes thereby more dangerous. Forward rashness, which is the same with that, may sometimes, like an acute disease, undo a man sooner; but stupid dotage, little differing from this, is (like a chronical distemper) commonly more mischievous, and always more hard to cure. In fine, were men in their other affairs or in ordinary converse so diffident to plain testimony as some do seem to be in these matters concerning religion, they would soon feel great inconveniences to proceed thence; their business would stick, their conversation would be distasteful; they would be much more offensive, and no less ridiculous than the most credulous fool in the world. While men therefore so perversely distrustful affect to seem wise, they affect really to be fools: and practise according to the worst sort of folly.

(From Sermon, 'The Being of God proved from Supernatural Effects.')

What kind of Jesting Paul forbids.

But however manifest it is that some kind thereof he doth earnestly forbid: whence, in order to the guidance of our practice, it is needful to distinguish the kinds, severing that which is allowable from that which is unlawful; that so we may be satisfied in the case, and not on the one hand ignorantly transgress our duty, nor on the other trouble ourselves with scruples, others with censures, upon the use of warrantable liberty therein.

And such a resolution seemeth indeed especially needful in this our age (this pleasant and jocular age), which is so infinitely addicted to this sort of speaking, that it scarce doth affect or prize any thing near so much; all reputation appearing now to veil and stoop to that of being a wit: to be learned, to be wise, to be good, are nothing in comparison thereto; even to be noble and rich are inferior things, and afford no such glory. Many at least, to purchase this glory, to be deemed considerable in this faculty, and enrolled among the wits, do not only make shipwreck of conscience, abandon virtue, and forfeit all pretences to wisdom; but neglect their estates and prostitute their honour: so to the private damage of many particular persons, and with no small prejudice to the public, are our times possessed and transported with this humour. To repress the excess and extravagance whereof, nothing in way of discourse can serve better than a plain declaration when and how such a practice is allowable or tolerable; when it is wicked and vain, unworthy of a man endued with reason, and pretending to honesty or honour.

This I shall in some measure endeavour to perform.

But first it may be demanded what the thing we speak of is, or what this facetiousness doth import? To which question I might reply as Democritus did to him that asked the definition of a man, It is that which we all see and know: any one better apprehends what it is by acquaintance, than I can inform him by description. It is indeed a thing so versatile and multiform, appearing in so many shapes, so many postures, so many garbs, so variously apprehended by several eyes and judgments, that it seemeth no less hard to settle a clear and certain notion thereof, than to make a portrait of Proteus, or to define the figure of the fleeting air. Sometimes it lieth in pat allusion to a known story, or in seasonable application of a trivial saying, or in forging an apposite tale: sometimes it playeth in words and phrases, taking advantage from the ambiguity of their sense, or the affinity of their sound: sometimes it is wrapped in a dress of humorous expression: sometimes it lurketh under an odd similitude: sometimes it is lodged in a sly question, in a smart answer, in a quirkish reason, in a shrewd intimation, in cunningly diverting, or cleverly retorting an objection: sometimes it is couched in a bold scheme of speech, in a tart irony, in a lusty hyperbole, in a startling metaphor, in a plausible reconciling of contradictions, or in acute nonsense: sometimes a scenical representation of persons or things, a counterfeit speech, a mimical look or gesture passeth for it; sometimes an affected simplicity, sometimes a presumptuous bluntness giveth it being: sometimes it riseth from a lucky hitting upon what is strange, sometimes from a crafty wresting obvious matter to the purpose: often it consisteth in one knows not what, and springeth up one can hardly tell how. Its ways are unaccountable and inexplicable, being answerable to the numberless rovings of fancy and windings of language. It is in short a

manner of speaking out of the simple and plain way (such as reason teacheth and proveth things by), which by a pretty surprising uncouthness in conceit or expression doth affect and amuse the fancy, stirring in it some wonder, and breeding some delight thereto. It raiseth admiration, as signifying a nimble sagacity of apprehension, a special felicity of invention, a vivacity of spirit, and reach of wit more than vulgar: it seeming to argue a rare quickness of parts, that one can fetch in remote conceits applicable; a notable skill, that he can dexterously accommodate them to the purpose before him; together with a lively briskness of humour, not apt to damp those sportful flashes of imagination. (Whence in Aristotle such persons are termed ἐπιδέξιοι, *dexterous* men; and εὔτροποι, men of facile or versatile manners, who can easily turn themselves to all things, or turn all things to themselves.) It also procureth delight, by gratifying curiosity with its rareness or semblance of difficulty (as monsters, not for their beauty, but their rarity; as juggling tricks, not for their use, but their abstruseness, are beheld with pleasure); by diverting the mind from its road of serious thoughts; by instilling gaiety and airiness of spirit; by provoking to such dispositions of spirit in way of emulation or complaisance; and by seasoning matters otherwise distasteful or insipid with an unusual and thence grateful tang.

(From Sermon 'Against Foolish Talking and Jesting.')

There is an edition of Barrow's Theological Works by Napier, with a Memoir by Whewell (9 vols. 1859).

Robert South, D.D. (1634–1716), the wittiest of English divines, was born a London merchant's son at Hackney, educated for four years under Busby at Westminster, and elected student of Christ Church, together with Locke, in 1651. Three years later he took his bachelor's degree, and wrote a Latin copy of verses congratulating the Protector Cromwell on his peace with the Dutch. In 1658 he received orders from a deprived bishop, and was appointed in 1660 public orator to the university. During his tenure of this office occurred many striking occasions for his eloquence—the installation of Clarendon as chancellor in 1661; the burial of Juxon and the translation of Laud in July 1663; the visit of the king and queen, and the presentation of Monmouth for a degree, in September 1663; the foundation of the Sheldonian Theatre in 1664, and its formal opening in 1669. His vigorous sermons, full of sarcastic mockery of the Puritans, were delightful to the restored royalists. He became domestic chaplain to Clarendon, and further preferment followed quickly. In 1663 he was made prebendary of Westminster, canon of Christ Church in 1670, and rector of Islip in Oxfordshire in 1678. He went as chaplain with Clarendon's son, Laurence Hyde, afterwards Earl of Rochester, on his embassy to congratulate John Sobieski on mounting the throne of Poland (1677), and in December wrote from Danzig his impressions in the long and interesting *Account* sent to Pocock, the Oxford professor of Hebrew. It is supposed that South might have been a bishop if he would, and there is one story on record of his preaching in 1681 before the king on 'The lot is cast into the lap' (Prov. xvi. 33). Speaking of the strange accidents of fortune, he said, 'And who, that had beheld such a bankrupt, beggarly fellow as Cromwell, first entering the Parliament-house with a threadbare, torn cloak and a greasy hat (and perhaps neither of them paid for), could have suspected that in the space of so few years he should, by the murder of one king and the banishment of another, ascend the throne, be invested in the royal robes, and want nothing of the state of a king but the changing of his hat into a crown?' At these words the king fell into a violent fit of laughter, and turning to Lord Rochester, said, 'Ods fish, Lory, your chaplain must be a bishop, therefore put me in mind of him at the next death.' Unfortunately for the story, this sermon—one of those published by South himself—is inscribed as 'Preached at Westminster Abbey, February 22, 1684–85,' a fortnight after Charles's death. South suppressed his disapproval of James II.'s Declaration of Indulgence, 'acquiesced in' the Revolution, but blazed out with anger against the proposed scheme of Comprehension. In 1693 began his great controversy with Sherlock, Dean of St Paul's, who, in defending the Trinity against the Socinians, had used language capable of a heterodox interpretation. South flung his *Animadversions* anonymously into the fray, but the bitter irony and fierce sarcasms quickly betrayed his hand. Not content with demolishing Sherlock's learning, he abused his style, his orthography, the errors of the press, and even descended so low as to sneer at him as a henpecked husband. Sherlock published a *Defence*, to which South rejoined, and still anonymously, in his no less vigorous *Tritheism charged upon Dr Sherlock's new notion of the Trinity*. The controversy became the talk of the town, until the king himself interposed by an injunction addressed to the archbishops and bishops to the effect that no preacher should advance views on the Trinity other than those contained in Scripture, and agreeable to the three Creeds and the Thirty-nine Articles. One of the last things recorded of South is his activity in making interest on Dr Sacheverell's behalf, and he is said to have refused the see of Rochester and deanery of Westminster on the death of Dr Sprat (1713). He survived till eighty-three, and was buried in Westminster.

South's sermons are masterpieces of clear thought expressed in direct, vigorous English, sometimes rising to splendid eloquence, and often seasoned with a wit and sarcasm altogether unusual in the pulpit, and at times far beyond the limits of propriety. A masculine intellect, a mastery of arrangement and analysis, and an uncompromising strength of conviction and of confidence in his own opinions were qualities enough to make a great preacher, but the one supreme gift of the orator, that of genuine and quickening enthusiasm, was denied him. Still

more, even his noblest passages are too often marred by a bitterness and party-spirit which warped his judgment and clouded his intellect with prejudice. 'A learned but ill-natured divine,' as Burnet calls him, he abhorred all mysticism and extravagance, sneered at the new philosophy and the recently founded Royal Society, and carried to a height unusual even among royalists the fatal Stuart theories of passive obedience and the divine right of kings. Still, though South loved to be called the 'preacher of the Old Cavaliers,' he did not spare their vices, while it still remains true that hatred of vice is far less prominent in his preaching than hatred of Nonconformity. Yet South could rise to the height of a great argument, and such sermons as that on 'Man made in the Image of God' give him rank among the greatest masters of English pulpit eloquence. Just as on the one side his power of wrapping up in homely words the bitterest ridicule and invective recalls the stronger hand of Swift, so on the other his positiveness of mind, dialectic skill, and power of passionate indignation remind us of the greater Bossuet. The extracts that follow are all, except the first, from the Sermons.

John Sobieski.

This king is a very well-spoken prince, very easy of access, and extreme civil, having most of the qualities requisite to form a complete gentleman. He is not only well versed in all military affairs, but likewise, through the means of a French education, very opulently stored with all polite and scholastical learning. Besides his own tongue, the Sclavonian, he understands the Latin, French, Italian, German, and Turkish languages: he delights much in natural history, and in all the parts of physic; he is wont to reprimand the clergy for not admitting the modern philosophy, such as Le Grand's and Cartesius's, into the universities and schools, and loves to hear people discourse of those matters, and has a particular talent to set people about him very artfully by the ears, that by their disputes he might be directed, as it happened once or twice during this embassy, where he shewed a poignancy of wit on the subject of a dispute held between the Bishop of Posen and Father de la Motte, a Jesuit and his Majesty's confessor, that gave me an extraordinary opinion of his parts.

As for what relates to his Majesty's person, he is a tall and corpulent prince, large-faced, and full eyes, and goes always in the same dress with his subjects, with his hair cut round about his ears like a monk, and wears a fur cap, but extraordinary rich with diamonds and jewels, large whiskers, and no neckcloth. A long robe hangs down to his heels, in the fashion of a coat, and a waistcoat under that, of the same length, tied close about his waist with a girdle. He never wears any gloves; and this long coat is of strong scarlet cloth, lined in the winter with rich fur, but in summer only with silk. Instead of shoes, he always wears, both abroad and at home, Turkey-leather boots with very thin soles, and hollow deep heels, made of a blade of silver bent hoop-wise into the form of a half-moon. He carries always a large scimetar by his side, the sheath equally flat and broad from the handle to the bottom, and curiously set with diamonds. (From the *Account.*)

The Will for the Deed.

The third instance in which men used to plead the will instead of the deed, shall be in duties of cost and expense. Let a business of expensive charity be proposed; and then, as I shewed before, that, in matters of labour, the lazy person could find no hands wherewith to work; so neither in this case can the religious miser find any hands wherewith to give. It is wonderful to consider how a command or call to be liberal, either upon a civil or religious account, all of a sudden impoverishes the rich, breaks the merchant, shuts up every private man's exchequer, and makes those men in a minute have nothing at all to give who at the very same instant want nothing to spend. So that instead of relieving the poor, such a command strangely increases their number, and transforms rich men into beggars presently. For let the danger of their prince and country knock at their purses, and call upon them to contribute against a public enemy or calamity, then immediately they have nothing; and their riches upon such occasions—as Solomon expresses it—never fail to make themselves wings, and to fly away. . . .

To descend to matters of daily and common occurrence; what is more usual in conversation than for men to express their unwillingness to do a thing by saying they cannot do it; and for a covetous man, being asked a little money in charity, to answer that he has none? Which, as it is, if true, a sufficient answer to God and man; so, if false, it is intolerable hypocrisy towards both. But do men in good earnest think that God will be put off so? or can they imagine that the law of God will be baffled with a lie clothed in a scoff?

For such pretences are no better, as appears from that notable account given us by the apostle of this windy, insignificant charity of the will, and of the worthlessness of it, not enlivened by deeds (James, ii. 15, 16): 'If a brother or sister be naked, and destitute of daily food, and one of you say unto them, Depart in peace, be ye warmed and filled; notwithstanding ye give them not those things which are needful to the body; what doth it profit?' Profit, does he say? Why, it profits just as much as fair words command the market, as good wishes buy food and raiment, and pass for current payment in the shops. Come to an old rich professing vulpony [*volpone*, fox], and tell him that there is a church to be built, beautified, or endowed in such a place, and that he cannot lay out his money more to God's honour, the public good, and the comfort of his own conscience, than to bestow it liberally upon such an occasion; and in answer to this it is ten to one but you shall be told, 'how much God is for the inward, spiritual worship of the heart; and that the Almighty neither dwells nor delights in temples made with hands, but hears and accepts the prayers of his people in dens and caves, barns and stables; and in the homeliest and meanest cottages, as well as in the stateliest and most magnificent churches.' Thus I say you are like to be answered. In reply to which, I would have all such sly sanctified cheats—who are so often harping on this string—know once for all that that God, who accepts the prayers of his people in dens and caves, barns and stables, when, by his afflicting providence, he has driven them from the appointed places of his solemn worship, so that they cannot have the use of them, will not for all this endure to be served or prayed to by them in such places, nor accept of their barn-worship, nor

their hog-sty worship; no, nor yet of their parlour or their chamber worship, where he has given them both wealth and power to build churches. For he that commands us to worship him in the spirit, commands us also to honour him with our substance. And never pretend that thou hast an heart to pray while thou hast no heart to give, since he that serves Mammon with his estate cannot possibly serve God with his heart. For as in the heathen worship of God a sacrifice without an heart was accounted ominous, so, in the Christian worship of him, an heart without a sacrifice is worthless and impertinent. And thus much for men's pretences of the will when they are called upon to give upon a religious account; according to which, a man may be well enough said—as the common word is—to be all heart, and yet the arrantest miser in the world.

But come we now to this rich old pretender to godliness in another case, and tell him that there is such an

ROBERT SOUTH.
From the Portrait in the Collect Biography.

one, a man of good family, good education, and who has lost all his estate for the king, now ready to rot in prison for debt; come, what will you give towards his release? Why, then answers the will instead of the deed as much the readier speaker of the two: 'The truth is, I always had a respect for such men; I love them with all my heart; and it is a thousand pities that any that had served the king so faithfully should be in such want.' So say I too, and the more shame is it for the whole nation that they should be so. But still, what will you give? Why, then answers the man of mouth-charity again, and tells you that 'you could not come in a worse time; that money is nowadays very scarce with him, and that therefore he can give nothing; but he will be sure to pray for the poor gentleman.' Ah, thou hypocrite! when thy brother has lost all that ever he had, and lies languishing and even gasping under the utmost extremities of poverty and distress, dost thou think thus to lick him whole again only with thy tongue? Just like that old formal hocus who denied a beggar a farthing, and put him off with his blessing.

Ingratitude an Incurable Vice.

As a man tolerably discreet ought by no means to attempt the making of such an one his friend, so neither is he, in the next place, to presume to think that he shall be able so much as to alter or meliorate the humour of an ungrateful person by any acts of kindness, though never so frequent, never so obliging. Philosophy will teach the learned, and experience may teach all, that it is a thing hardly feasible. For, love such a one, and he shall despise you. Commend him, and as occasion serves he shall revile you. Give to him, and he shall but laugh at your easiness. Save his life; but, when you have done, look to your own.

The greatest favours to such an one are but like the motion of a ship upon the waves; they leave no trace, no sign behind them; they neither soften nor win upon him; they neither melt nor endear him, but leave him as hard, as rugged, and as unconcerned as ever. All kindnesses descend upon such a temper as showers of rain or rivers of fresh water falling into the main sea; the sea swallows them all, but is not at all changed or sweetened by them. I may truly say of the mind of an ungrateful person that it is kindness proof. It is impenetrable, unconquerable; unconquerable by that which conquers all things else, even by love itself. Flints may be melted—we see it daily—but an ungrateful heart cannot; no, not by the strongest and the noblest flame. After all your attempts, all your experiments, for anything that man can do, he that is ungrateful will be ungrateful still. And the reason is manifest; for you may remember that I told you that ingratitude sprang from a principle of ill-nature: which being a thing founded in such a certain constitution of blood and spirit, as, being born with a man into the world, and upon that account called nature, shall prevent all remedies that can be applied by education, and leaves such a bias upon the mind as is beforehand with all instruction.

So that you shall seldom or never meet with an ungrateful person but, if you look backward and trace him up to his original, you will find that he was born so; and if you could look forward enough, it is a thousand to one but you will find that he also dies so; for you shall never light upon an ill-natured man who was not also an ill-natured child, and gave several testimonies of his being so to discerning persons, long before the use of his reason. The thread that nature spins is seldom broken off by anything but death. I do not by this limit the operation of God's grace, for that may do wonders: but humanly speaking, and according to the method of the world, and the little correctives supplied by art and discipline, it seldom fails but an ill principle has its course, and nature makes good its blow.

Man before the Fall.

The noblest faculty of man, the understanding, was before the Fall sublime, clear, and aspiring; and, as it were the soul's upper region, lofty and serene, free from the vapours and disturbances of the inferior affections. It was the leading, controlling faculty; all the passions wore the colours of reason; it did not so much persuade as command; it was not consul but dictator. Discourse was then almost as quick as intuition; it was nimble in proposing, firm in concluding; it could sooner determine than now it can dispute. Like the sun, it had both light and agility; it knew no rest but in motion;

no quiet but in activity. It did not so properly apprehend as irradiate the object; not so much find as make things intelligible. It did arbitrate upon the several reports of sense, and all the varieties of imagination; not like a drowsy judge, only hearing, but also directing their verdict. In sum, it was vegete, quick, and lively; open as the day, untainted as the morning, full of the innocence and sprightliness of youth; it gave the soul a bright and a full view into all things, and was not only a window, but was itself the prospect. . . .

Study was not then a duty, night-watchings were needless; the light of reason wanted not the assistance of a candle. This is the doom of fallen man, to labour in the fire, to seek truth *in profundo*, to exhaust his time and impair his health, and perhaps to spin out his days and himself into one pitiful and controverted conclusion. There was then no poring, no struggling with memory, no straining for invention. His faculties were quick and expedite; they answered without knocking, they were ready upon the first summons, there was freedom and firmness in all their operations. I confess 'tis difficult for us, who date our ignorance from our first being, and were still bred up with the same infirmities about us with which we were born, to raise our thoughts and imaginations to those intellectual perfections that attended our nature in the time of innocence; as it is for a peasant bred up in the obscurities of a cottage, to fancy in his mind the unseen splendours of a court. But by rating positives by their privatives, and other arts of reason, by which discourse supplies the want of the reports of sense, we may collect the excellency of the understanding then by the glorious remainders of it now, and guess at the stateliness of the building by the magnificence of its ruins. All those arts, rarities, and inventions which vulgar minds gaze at, the ingenious pursue, and all admire, are but the reliques of an intellect defaced by sin and time. We admire it now only as antiquaries do a piece of old coin, for the stamp it once bore, and not for those vanishing lineaments and disappearing drafts that remain upon it at present. And certainly that must needs have been very glorious the decays of which are so admirable. He that is comely when old and decrepid, surely was very beautiful when he was young. An Aristotle was but the rubbish of an Adam, and Athens but the rudiments of Paradise.

A Good Life the Christian's Logic.

The truths of Christ crucified are the Christian's philosophy, and a good life is the Christian's logic; that great instrumental introductive art that must guide the mind into the former. And where a long course of piety and close communion with God has purged the heart, and rectified the will, and made all things ready for the reception of God's Spirit; knowledge will break in upon such a soul like the sun shining in his full might, with such a victorious light that nothing shall be able to resist it.

If now at length, some should object here, that from what has been delivered it will follow that the most pious men are still the most knowing, which yet seems contrary to common experience and observation: I answer that as to all things directly conducing and necessary to salvation, there is no doubt but they are so; as the meanest common soldier that has fought often in an army has a truer and better knowledge of war than he that has read and writ whole volumes of it, but never was in any battel.

Practical sciences are not to be learnt but in the way of action. It is experience that must give knowledge in the Christian profession, as well as in all others. And the knowledge drawn from experience is quite of another kind from that which flows from speculation or discourse. It is not the opinion but the path of the just that the wisest of men tells us shines more and more unto a perfect day. The obedient and the men of practice are those sons of light that shall outgrow all their doubts and ignorances, that shall ride upon these clouds and triumph over their present imperfections, till persuasion pass into knowledge, and knowledge advance into assurance, and all come at length to be completed in the beatifick vision and a full fruition of those joys which God has in reserve for them, whom by his grace he shall prepare for glory.

Against Lewd Wits.

In the mean time, it cannot but be matter of just indignation to all knowing and good men, to see a company of lewd, shallow-brain'd huffs making atheism and contempt of religion the sole badge and character of wit, gallantry, and true discretion; and then, over their pots and pipes, claiming and engrossing all these wholly to themselves; magisterially censuring the wisdom of all antiquity, scoffing at all piety, and (as it were) new modelling the whole world. When yet such as have had opportunity to sound these braggers throughly, by having sometimes endured the penance of their sottish company, have found them in converse so empty and insipid, in discourse so trifling and contemptible, that it is impossible but that they should give a credit and an honour to whatsoever and whomsoever they speak against: they are indeed such as seem wholly incapable of entertaining any design above the present gratification of their palates, and whose very souls and thoughts rise no higher than their throats; but yet withal of such a clamorous and provoking impiety that they are enough to make the nation like Sodom and Gomorrha in their punishment, as they have already made it too like them in their sins. Certain it is that blasphemy and irreligion have grown to that daring height here of late years that had men in any sober, civilized heathen nation spoke or done half so much in contempt of their false gods and religion, as some in our days and nation, wearing the name of Christians, have spoke and done against God and Christ, they would have been infallibly burnt at a stake, as monsters and public enemies of society.

The truth is, the persons here reflected upon are of such a peculiar stamp of impiety, that they seem to be a set of fellows got together and formed into a kind of diabolical society for the finding out new experiments in vice; and therefore they laugh at the dull, unexperienced, obsolete sinners of former times; and scorning to keep themselves within the common, beaten, broad way to hell, by being vicious only at the low rate of example and imitation, they are for searching out other ways and latitudes, and obliging posterity with unheard-of inventions and discoveries in sin; resolving herein to admit of no other measure of good and evil but the judgment of sensuality, as those who prepare matters to their hands, allow no other measure of the philosophy and truth of things but the sole judgment of sense. And these (forsooth) are our great sages, and those who must pass for

the only shrewd, thinking and inquisitive men of the age; and such as by a long, severe, and profound speculation of nature have redeemed themselves from the pedantry of being conscientious and living virtuously, and from such old-fashioned principles and creeds, as tie up the minds of some narrow-spirited, uncomprehensive zealots, who know not the world nor understand that he only is the truly wise man who *per fas et nefas* gets as much as he can.

But for all this, let atheists and sensualists satisfy themselves as they are able. The former of which will find, that as long as reason keeps her ground, religion neither can nor will lose hers. And for the sensual epicure, he also will find that there is a certain living spark within him which all the drink he can pour in will never be able to quench or put out; nor will his rotten abused body have it in its power to convey any putrefying, consuming, rotting quality to the soul: no, there is no drinking, or swearing, or ranting, or fluxing a soul out of its immortality. But that must and will survive and abide, in spite of death and the grave; and live for ever to convince such wretches to their eternal woe that the so much repeated ornament and flourish of their former speeches, 'God damn 'em!' was commonly the truest word they spoke, though least believed by them while they spoke it.

Canting Prayers and the English Liturgy.

And thus having accounted for the prayers of our Church according to the great rule prescribed in the text, Let thy words be few: let us now, according to the same, consider also the way of praying, so much used and applauded by such as have renounced the communion and liturgy of our Church; and it is but reason that they should bring us something better in the room of what they have so disdainfully cast off. But, on the contrary, are not all their prayers exactly after the heathenish and pharisaical copy? always notable for those two things, length and tautology? Two whole hours for one prayer at a fast used to be reckoned but a moderate dose; and that for the most part fraught with such irreverent, blasphemous expressions, that to repeat them would profane the place I am speaking in; and indeed they seldom carried on the work of such a day (as their phrase was), but they left the Church in need of a new consecration. Add to this, the incoherence and confusion, the endless repetitions, and the unsufferable nonsense that never failed to hold out even with their utmost prolixity; so that in all their long fasts from first to last, from seven in the morning to seven in the evening (which was their measure), the pulpit was always the emptiest thing in the Church: and I never knew such a fast kept by them but their hearers had cause to begin a thanksgiving as soon as they had done. And the truth is, when I consider the matter of their prayers, so full of ramble, and inconsequence, and in every respect so very like the language of a dream; and compare it with their carriage of themselves in prayer, with their eyes for the most part shut, and their arms stretched out in yawning posture, a man that should hear any of them pray, might by a very pardonable error be induced to think that he was all the time hearing one talking in his sleep: besides the strange virtue which their prayers had to procure sleep in others too. So that he who should be present at all their long cant, would shew a greater ability in watching than ever they could pretend to in praying, if he could forbear sleeping, having so strong a provocation to it and so fair an excuse for it. In a word, such were their prayers, both for matter and expression, that could any one truly and exactly write them out, it would be the shrewdest and most effectual way of writing against them that could possibly be thought of.

I should not have thus troubled either you, or my self, by raking into the dirt and dunghill of these men's devotions, upon the account of any thing either done or said by them in the late times of confusion; for as they have the king's, so I wish them God's pardon also, whom I am sure they have offended much more than they have both kings put together. But that which has provoked me thus to rip up and expose to you their nauseous and ridiculous way of addressing to God even upon the most solemn occasions, is that intolerably rude and unprovoked insolence and scurrility with which they are every day reproaching and scoffing at our liturgy and the users of it, and thereby alienating the minds of the people from it, to such a degree that many thousands are drawn by them into a fatal schism; a schism that, unrepented of and continued in, will as infallibly ruin their souls as theft, whoredom, murther, or any other of the most crying, damning sins whatsoever. But leaving this to the justice of the government, to which it belongs to protect us in our spiritual, as well as in our temporal concerns, I shall only say this, that nothing can be more for the honour of our liturgy than to find it despised only by those who have made themselves remarkable to the world for despising the Lord's Prayer as much.

In the mean time, for our selves of the Church of England, who, without pretending to any new lights, think it equally a duty and commendation to be wise, and to be devout only to sobriety, and who judge it no dishonour to God himself to be worshipped according to law and rule. If the directions of Solomon, the precept and example of our Saviour, and lastly, the piety and experience of those excellent men and martyrs, who first composed and afterwards owned our liturgy with their dearest blood, may be looked upon as safe and sufficient guides to us in our public worship of God; then upon the joint authority of all these we may pronounce our liturgy the greatest treasure of rational devotion in the Christian world. And I know no prayer necessary that is not in the liturgy but one, which is this: That God would vouchsafe to continue the liturgy it self in use, honour, and veneration in this Church for ever. And I doubt not but all wise, sober, and good Christians will with equal judgment and affection give it their Amen.

Characteristic sayings are: 'An Aristotle was but the rubbish of an Adam, and Athens but the rudiments of Paradise;' of elderly men and women, '"Time out of mind" is wrote upon every line of their face;' and of the people in Isaiah xxx. 10, who exclaim: 'Prophesy not unto us right things, but prophesy unto us smooth things; As if they had said, Do but oil the razor for us, and let us alone to cut our own throats.'

South himself published many single sermons, and a collected edition in six volumes in 1692, which went through various editions and was supplemented by five additional volumes in 1744. In 1717 appeared his *Posthumous Works*, with a Memoir, also his *Opera Posthuma Latina*. The foregoing were republished at the Clarendon Press, Oxford, in 7 vols. in 1823 (5 vols. 1842). A useful edition of the sermons was that published by Bohn (2 vols. 1844).

John Evelyn (1620–1706) was born at Wotton near Dorking, studied at Balliol, and was admitted to the Inner Temple; but after 'studying a little, but dauncing and fooling more,' joined the king's army in 1642, only to leave it in three days lest himself and his brothers should be 'expos'd to ruine, without any advantage to his majestie.' The Covenant being pressed on him, he travelled for four years in France, Italy, and Holland; married at Paris in 1647 the ambassador's daughter; and settled in England in 1652 at Sayes Court near Deptford. A gentleman of easy fortune and amiable character, Evelyn was one of the first in this country to treat gardening and planting scientifically; and his grounds at Sayes Court were much admired for the number of foreign plants which he reared in them, and the fine order in which they were kept. The Czar Peter—a 'right nasty' inmate—occupied the house after the removal of Evelyn to Wotton; and the old man was mortified by the gross manner in which his house and garden were abused by the Russian potentate and his retinue. It was one of Peter's amusements to demolish a 'most glorious and impenetrable holly-hedge,' by riding through it on a wheelbarrow. A thorough-going but prudent royalist, Evelyn was much about the court after the Restoration; he acted on many committees, was one of the Commissioners of the Privy Seal, and Treasurer of Greenwich Hospital. From the first a conspicuous member of the Royal Society, he remained vigorous in intellect to the last. Active and intelligent, though neither a sage nor a hero, Evelyn wielded a busy pen and wrote on a multitude of subjects—'architecture, painting, engraving, numismatics, history, politics, morals, education, agriculture, gardening, and commerce.' He spake also of trees, from the cedar in Lebanon (*Of Forest Trees*, 1664) even unto the hyssop that springeth out of the wall (*Acetaria, a Discourse of Sallets*, 1699); of London fogs ('the hellish and dismal cloude of sea-coale'); of men's fashions and women's (*Tyrannus*, 1661, and *Mundus Muliebris*, 1690); and, in *The Three Late Famous Impostors* (1669), of Sabatai Sevi, the most recent of Jewish Messiahs. His *Sylva, or a Discourse of Forest Trees* (1664), was written after an appeal to the Royal Society by the Commissioners of the Navy, dreading a scarcity of timber; and this work, aided by the king's example, stimulated the landholders to plant an immense number of oak-trees, which, a century after, proved of the greatest service to the nation for building ships-of-war. *Terra; a Discourse of the Earth, relating to the Culture and Improvement of it*, appeared in 1675.

The entertaining *Diary* (first published in 1818, in 2 vols. 4to), to which Evelyn owes his present fame, covers a period of seventy memorable years, and is a treasury of inestimable value for our knowledge of the time; Scott said he 'had never seen a mine so rich.' In its pages Evelyn entered every remarkable event in which he was in any way concerned. He chronicles, without loss of dignity, familiar as well as important circumstances, and everywhere preserves the tone of an educated and reflecting observer. It is amusing to read in this work of great men going after dinner to attend a council of State, or the business of their offices; of an hour's sermon being thought of moderate length; of ladies painting their faces treated as a novelty, or of their receiving visits from gentlemen whilst dressing, after having just risen out of bed; of the Abigail of a lady of fashion travelling on a pillion behind one of the footmen, and footmen riding with swords. When on his travels, this unromantic traveller found the scenery of the Alps horrid and melancholy: Nature seemed to him to have 'swept up the rubbish of the earth in the Alps, to form and clear the plains of Lombardy.' In his notices of the court, Evelyn passes quickly, but with austere dignity, over the scenes of folly and vice displayed in that circle. Thus:

I thence walk'd . . . thro' St James's Parke to the garden, when I both saw and heard a very familiar discourse between [the king] and Mrs Nellie, as they cal'd an impudent comedian [Nell Gwynn]; she looking out of her garden on a terrace at the top of the wall, and [the king] standing on the greene walke under it. I was heartily sorry at this scene. Thence the king walked to the Dutchess of Cleaveland, another lady of pleasure, and curse of our nation.

The Last Sunday of Charles II.

I can never forget the inexpressible luxury and prophaneness, gaming, and all dissoluteness, and as it were total forgetfullnesse of God (it being Sunday evening) which this day se'ennight I was witnesse of, the king sitting and toying with his concubines, Portsmouth, Cleaveland, and Mazarine, &c.; a French boy singing love-songs in that glorious gallery, whilst about 20 of the greate courtiers and other dissolute persons were at basset round a large table, a bank of at least £2000 in gold before them, upon which two gentlemen who were with me made reflexions with astonishment. Six days after, all was in the dust!

The Great Fire in London.

1666. *2nd Sept.* This fatal night about ten began that deplorable fire neere Fish streete in London.

3rd. I had public prayers at home. The fire continuing, after dinner I took coach with my Wife and Sonn and went to the Bank side in Southwark, where we beheld that dismal spectacle, the whole citty in dreadful flames near the water side; all the houses from the Bridge, all Thames streete and upwards towards Cheapside, downe to the Three Cranes, were now consum'd; and so returned exceedingly astonished what would become of the rest.

The fire having continu'd all this night (if I may call that night which was light as day for 10 miles round about, after a dreadful manner) when conspiring with a fierce eastern wind in a very drie season, I went on foote to the same place, and saw the whole south part of ye citty burning from Cheapside to ye Thames, and all along Cornehill (for it kindl'd back against ye wind

as well as forward), Tower streete, Fen-church streete, Gracious [Gracechurch] streete, and so along to Bainard's Castle, and was now taking hold of St Paule's Church, to which the scaffolds contributed exceedingly. The conflagration was so universal, and the people so astonish'd, that from the beginning, I know not by what despondency or fate, they hardly stirr'd to quench it, so that there was nothing heard or seene but crying out and lamentation, running about like distracted creatures, without at all attempting to save even their goods, such a strange consternation there was upon them, so as it burned both in breadth and length, the churches, public halls, exchange, hospitals, monuments, and ornaments, leaping after a prodigious manner from house to house and streete to streete, at greate distances one from ye other; for ye heate with a long set of faire and warme weather had even ignited the air, and prepar'd the materials to conceive the fire, which devour'd after an incredible manner

JOHN EVELYN.
After an Engraving by Nanteuil.

houses, furniture, and everything. Here we saw the Thames cover'd with goods floating, all the barges and boates laden with what some had time and courage to save, as, on ye other, ye carts, &c. carrying out to the fields, which for many miles were strew'd with moveables of all sorts, and tents erecting to shelter both people and what goods they could get away. Oh the miserable and calamitous spectacle! such as happly the world had not seene since the foundation of it, nor be outdon till the universal conflagration thereof. All the skie was of a fiery aspect, like the top of a burning oven, and the light seene above 40 miles round about for many nights. God grant mine eyes may never behold the like, who now saw above 10,000 houses all in one flame: the noise, and cracking, and thunder of the impetuous flames, ye shreiking of women and children, the hurry of people, the fall of towers, houses, and churches, was like an hideous storme, and the aire all about so hot and inflam'd, that at last one was not able to approach it, so that they were forc'd to stand still and let ye flames burn on, which they did for neere two miles in length and one in bredth. The clowds of smoke were dismall, and reach'd upon computation neer 50 miles in length. Thus I left it this afternoone burning, a resemblance of Sodom or the last day. It forcibly called to my mind that passage *—non enim hic habemus stabilem civitatem* ['for here we have no continuing city']: the ruines resembling the picture of Troy. London was, but is no more! Thus I returned.

4th. The burning still rages, and it was now gotten as far as the Inner Temple: all Fleete streete, the Old Bailey, Ludgate Hill, Warwick lane, Newgate, Paul's chaine, Watling streete, now flaming, and most of it reduc'd to ashes; the stones of Paules flew like granados, ye mealting lead running downe the streetes in a streame, and the very pavements glowing with fiery rednesse, so as no horse nor man was able to tread on them, and the demolition had stopp'd all the passages, so that no help could be applied. The eastern wind still more impetuously driving the flames forward. Nothing but ye Almighty power of God was able to stop them, for vaine was ye help of man.

5th. It crossed towards White-hall: but oh, the confusion there was then at that court! It pleased his Majesty to command me among ye rest to looke after the quenching of Fetter lane end, to preserve if possible that part of Holborn, whilst the rest of ye gentlemen tooke their several posts, some at one part, some at another (for now they began to bestir themselves, and not till now, who hitherto had stood as men intoxicated, with their hands acrosse), and began to consider that nothing was likely to put a stop but the blowing up of so many houses, as might make a wider gap than any had yet been made by the ordinary method of pulling them down with engines; this some stout seamen propos'd early enough to have sav'd neere ye whole citty, but this some tenacious and avaritious men, aldermen, &c. would not permitt, because their houses must have ben of the first. It was therefore now commanded to be practic'd, and my concern being particularly for the Hospital of St Bartholomew, neere Smithfield, where I had many wounded and sick men, made me the more diligent to promote it, nor was my care for the Savoy lesse. It now pleas'd God, by abating the wind, and by the industrie of ye people, infusing a new spirit into them, that the fury of it began sensibly to abate about noone, so as it came no further than ye Temple westward, nor than ye entrance of Smithfield north. But continu'd all this day and night so impetuous towards Cripplegate and the tower, as made us all despaire; it also broke out againe in the Temple, but the courage of the multitude persisting, and many houses being blown up, such gaps and desolations were soone made, as with the former three days' consumption the back fire did not so vehemently urge upon the rest as formerly. There was yet no standing neere the burning and glowing ruines by neere a furlong's space. The coale and wood wharfes and magazines of oyle, rosin, &c. did infinite mischiefe, so as the invective which a little before I had dedicated to his Maty, and publish'd, giving warning what might probably be the issue of suffering those shops to be in the citty, was look'd on as a prophecy. The poore inhabitants were dispers'd about St George's Fields, and Moorefields, as far as Highgate, and severall miles in circle, some under tents, some under miserable hutts and hovells, many without a rag or any necessary utensills,

bed or board, who from delicatenesse, riches, and easy accommodations in stately and well-furnish'd houses, were now reduc'd to extreamest misery and poverty. In this calamitous condition, I return'd with a sad heart to my house, blessing and adoring the mercy of God to me and mine, who in the midst of all this ruine was like Lot, in my little Zoar, safe and sound. . . .

7th. I went this morning on foot from Whitehall as far as London Bridge, thro' the late Fleete streete, Ludgate hill, by St Paules, Cheapside, Exchange, Bishopgate, Aldersgate, and out to Moorefields, thence thro' Cornehill, &c. with extraordinary difficulty, clambering over heaps of yet smoking rubbish, and frequently mistaking where I was. The ground under my feete was so hot that it even burnt the soles of my shoes. In the meantime his Maty got to the Tower by water, to demolish ye houses about the graff [moat], which being built intirely about it, had they taken fire and attack'd the White Tower where the magazine of powder lay, would undoubtedly not only have beaten down and destroy'd all ye bridge, but sunke and torne the vessells in ye river, and render'd ye demolition beyond all expression for several miles about the countrey.

At my return, I was infinitely concern'd to find that goodly Church St Paules now a sad ruine, and that beautiful portico (for structure comparable to any in Europe, as not long before repair'd by the late King) now rent in pieces, flakes of vast stone split asunder, and nothing remaining intire but the inscription in the architrave, showing by whom it was built, which had not one letter of it defac'd. It was astonishing to see what immense stones the heate had in a manner calcin'd, so that all ye ornaments, columns, freezes, and projectures of massie Portland stone flew off, even to ye very roofe, where a sheet of lead covering a great space (no less than six akers by measure) was totally mealted; the ruines of the vaulted roofe falling broken into St Faith's, which being filled with the magazines of bookes belonging to ye stationers, and carried thither for safety, they were all consum'd, burning for a weeke following. It is also observable that the lead over ye altar at ye east end was untouch'd, and among the divers monuments, the body of one bishop remain'd intire. Thus lay in ashes that most venerable church, one of the most antient pieces of early piety in ye Christian world, besides neere 100 more. The lead, yron worke, bells, plate, &c. mealted; the exquisitely wrought Mercers Chapell, the sumptuous Exchange, ye august fabriq of Christ Church, all ye rest of the Companies Halls, sumptuous buildings, arches, enteries all in dust; the fountaines dried up and ruin'd, whilst the very waters remain'd boiling; the voragos of subterranean cellars, wells, and dungeons, formerly warehouses, still burning in stench and dark clowds of smoke, so that in 5 or 6 miles traversing about, I did not see one loade of timber unconsum'd, nor many stones but what were calcin'd white as snow. The people who now walk'd about ye ruines appear'd like men in a dismal desert, or rather in some greate citty laid waste by a cruel enemy; to which was added the stench that came from some poore creatures bodies, beds, and other combustible goods. Sir Tho. Gressham's statue, tho' fallen from its nich in the Royal Exchange, remain'd intire, when all those of ye Kings since ye Conquest were broken to pieces; also the standard in Cornehill, and Q. Elizabeth's effigies, with some armes on Ludgate, continued with but little detriment, whilst the vast yron chaines of the Citty streetes, hinges, barrs, and gates of prisons, were many of them mealted and reduc'd to cinders by ye vehement heate. I was not able to passe through any of the narrower streetes, but kept the widest; the ground and air, smoake and fiery vapour continu'd so intense, that my haire was almost sing'd, and my feete unsufferably surbated [bruised]. The bye lanes and narrower streetes were quite fill'd up with rubbish, nor could one have knowne where he was, but by ye ruines of some Church or Hall, that had some remarkable tower or pinnacle remaining. I then went towards Islington and Highgate, where one might have seene 200,000 people of all ranks and degrees dispers'd and lying along by their heapes of what they could save from the fire, deploring their losse, and tho' ready to perish for hunger and destitution, yet not asking one penny for reliefe, which to me appear'd a stranger sight than any I had yet beheld. His Majesty and Council indeede tooke all imaginable care for their reliefe, by proclamation for the country to come in and refresh them with provisions. In ye midst of all this calamity and confusion, there was, I know not how, an alarme begun that the French and Dutch, with whom we were now in hostility, were not onely landed, but even entering the Citty. There was in truth some days before greate suspicion of those two nations joyning; and now that they had ben the occasion of firing the towne. This report did so terrifie, that on a suddaine there was such an uproare and tumult that they ran from their goods, and taking what weapons they could come at, they could not be stopp'd from falling on some of those nations, whom they casualy met, without sense or reason. The clamour and peril grew so excessive, that it made the whole court amaz'd, and they did with infinite paines and greate difficulty reduce and appease the people, sending troops of soldiers and guards to cause them to retire into ye fields againe, where they were watch'd all this night. I left them pretty quiet, and came home sufficiently weary and broken. Their spirits thus a little calmed, and the affright abated, they now began to repaire into ye suburbs about the Citty, where such as had friends or opportunity got shelter for the present, to which his Matys proclamation also invited them.

Still ye plague continuing in our parish, I could not adventure to our church.

10th. I went againe to ye ruines, for it was now no longer a Citty.

A Fortunate Courtier not Envied.

Sept. 6 [1680]. I din'd with Sir Stephen Fox, now one of the Lords Commissioners of ye Treasury. This gentleman came first a poore boy from the quire of Salisbury, then was taken notice of by Bp. Duppa, and afterwards waited on my Lord Percy (brother to Algernon E. of Northumberland), who procur'd for him an inferior place amongst the Clerks of the Kitchen and Greene-Cloth side, where he was found so humble, diligent, industrious, and prudent in his behaviour, that his Maty being in exile, and Mr Fox waiting, both the King and Lords about him frequently employ'd him about their affaires; trusted him both with receiving and paying the little mony they had. Returning with his Maty to England, after greate wants and greate sufferings, his Maty found him so honest and industrious, and withall so capable and ready, that being advanc'd from Clerk of ye Kitchen to that of ye Greene-Cloth, he procur'd to be Paymaster to the whole Army; and by his dexterity and

punctual dealing he obtained such credit among the banquers, that he was in a short time able to borrow vast sums of them upon any exigence. The continual turning thus of mony, and the souldiers moderate allowance to him for his keeping touch with them, did so inrich him, that he is believed to be worth at least £200,000 honestly gotten and unenvied, which is next to a miracle. With all this he continues as humble and ready to do a courtesie as ever he was. He is generous, and lives very honorably; of a sweete nature, well-spoken, well-bred, and is so highly in his Maty's esteeme, and so usefull, that being long since made a knight, he is also advanced to be one of ye Lords Commissrs of ye Treasurie, and has the reversion of the Cofferer's place after Harry Brounker. He has married his eldest daughter to my Lord Cornwallis, and gave her 12,000 pounds, and restor'd that intangl'd family besides. He match'd his son to Mrs Trollop, who brings with her (besides a great sum) neere, if not altogether £2000 per ann. Sr Stephen's lady (an excellent woman) is sister to Mr Whittle, one of the King's chirurgeons. In a word, never was man more fortunate than Sir Stephen; he is an handsome person, vertuous, and very religious.

Fox was founder of the noble English house to which the Lords Holland and Charles James Fox belonged.

Frost Fair on the Thames.

1683–4. *1st January.* The weather continuing intolerably severe, streetes of booths were set upon the Thames; the aire was so very cold and thick, as of many yeares there had not ben the like. The small pox was very mortal. . . .

9th. I went crosse the Thames on the ice, now become so thick as to beare not onely streetes of booths, in which they roasted meate, and had divers shops of wares, quite acrosse as in a towne, but coaches, carts, and horses passed over. So I went from Westminster Stayres to Lambeth, and din'd with the archbishop: where I met my Lord Bruce, Sir Geo. Wheeler, Coll. Cooke, and severall divines. After dinner and discourse with his Grace till evening prayers, Sir Geo. Wheeler and I walked over the ice from Lambeth Stayres to the Horse Ferry.

16th. The Thames was fill'd with people and tents, selling all sorts of wares as in the Citty.

24th. The frost continuing more and more severe, the Thames before London was still planted with boothes in formal streetes, all sorts of trades and shops furnish'd and full of commodities, even to a printing-presse, where the people and ladyes tooke a fancy to have their names printed, and the day and year set down when printed on the Thames: this humour took so universally, that 'twas estimated the printer gained £5 a day for printing a line onely, at sixpence a name, besides what he got by ballads, &c. Coaches plied from Westminster to the Temple, and from several other staires to and fro, as in the streetes, sleds, sliding with skeets, a bull-baiting, horse and coach-races, puppet-plays and interludes, cookes, tipling and other lewd places, so that it seem'd to be a bacchanalian triumph, or carnival on the water, whilst it was a severe judgment on the land, the trees not onely splitting as if lightning-struck, but men and cattle perishing in divers places, and the very seas so lock'd up with ice, that no vessels could stir out or come in. The fowles, fish, and birds, and all our exotiq plants and greenes, universally perishing. Many parkes of deer were destroied, and all sorts of fuell so deare that there were greate contributions to preserve the poore alive. Nor was this severe weather much less intense in most parts of Europe, even as far as Spaine and the most southern tracts. London, by reason of the excessive coldnesse of the aire hindering the ascent of the smoke, was so filled with the fuliginous steame of the sea-coale, that hardly could one see crosse the streetes, and this filling the lungs with its grosse particles, exceedingly obstructed the breast, so as one could scarcely breath. Here was no water to be had from the pipes and engines, nor could the brewers and divers other tradesmen work, and every moment was full of disastrous accidents.

February 5th. It began to thaw, but froze again. My coach crossed from Lambeth to the Horseferry at Millbank, Westminster. The booths were almost all taken downe; but there was first a map or landskip cut in copper representing all the manner of the camp, and the several actions, sports, and pastimes thereon, in memory of so signal a frost.

Mary Evelyn.

March 7 [1685]. My daughter Mary [in the nineteenth year of her age] was taken with the small-pox, and there was soon found no hope of her recovery. A greate affliction to me, but God's holy will be done.

March 10. She receiv'd the blessed sacrament; after which, disposing herselfe to suffer what God should determine to inflict, she bore the remainder of her sicknesse with extraordinary patience and piety, and more than ordinary resignation and blessed frame of mind. She died the 14th, to our unspeakable sorrow and affliction; and not to ours onely, but that of all who knew her, who were many of the best quality, greatest and most virtuous persons. The justnesse of her stature, person, comeliness of countenance, gracefullnesse of motion, unaffected tho' more than ordinarily beautifull, were the least of her ornaments, compared with those of her mind. Of early piety, singularly religious, spending a part of every day in private devotion, reading, and other vertuous exercises; she had collected and written out many of the most usefull and judicious periods of the books she read in a kind of common place, as out of Dr Hammond on the New Testament, and most of the best practical treatises. She had read and digested a considerable deale of history and of places [geography]. The French tongue was as familiar to her as English; she understood Italian, and was able to render a laudable account of what she read and observed, to which assisted a most faithful memory and discernment; and she did make very prudent and discreete reflexions upon what she had observ'd of the conversations among which she had at any time ben, which being continualy of persons of the best quality, she thereby improved. She had an excellent voice, to which she play'd a thorough-bass on the harpsichord, in both which she arived to that perfection, that of the schollars of those two famous masters Signors Pietro and Bartholome she was esteem'd the best; for the sweetnesse of her voice and management of it added such an agreeablenesse to her countenance, without any constraint or concerne, that when she sung, it was as charming to the eye as to the eare; this I rather note, because it was a universal remarke, and for which so many noble and judicious persons in musiq desired to heare her, the last being at Lord Arundel's of Wardour. What shall I say, or rather not say, of the cheerefullness

and agreeablenesse of her humour? Condescending to the meanest servant in the family, or others, she still kept up respect, without the least pride. She would often reade to them, examine, instruct, and pray with them if they were sick, so as she was exceedingly beloved of every body. . . . She never played at cards without extreme importunity. No one could read prose or verse better or with more judgment; and, as she read, so she writ, not only most correct orthography, with that maturitie of judgment and exactnesse of the periods, choice of expressions, and familiarity of stile, that some letters of hers have astonish'd me and others. . . . Nothing was so delightful to her as to go into my study, where she would willingly have spent whole dayes, for, as I said, she had read aboundance of history, and all the best poets; even Terence, Plautus, Homer, Virgil, Horace, Ovid; all the best romances and modern poems; she could compose happily, and put in pretty symbols, as in the *Mundus Muliebris*, wherein is an enumeration of the immense variety of the modes and ornaments belonging to the sex; but all these are vain trifles to the virtues that adorn'd her soule; she was sincerely religious, most dutifull to her parents, whom she lov'd with an affection temper'd with great esteeme, so as we were easy and free, and never were so well pleas'd as when she was with us, nor needed we other conversation. She was kind to her sisters, and was still improving them by her constant course of piety. O deare, sweete, and desirable child, how shall I part with all this goodness and virtue without the bitternesse of sorrow and reluctance of a tender parent! Thy affection, duty, and love to me was that of a friend as well as a child. Nor lesse deare to thy mother, whose example and tender care of thee was unparallel'd; nor was thy returne to her lesse conspicuous. Oh, how she mourns thy loss! how desolate hast thou left us! to the grave shall we both carry thy memory!

From 'Tyrannus, or the Mode.'

'Twas a witty expression of Malvezzi, *I vestimenti negli animali sono molto sicuri segni della loro natura; negli huomini del lor cervello*—garments, says he, in animals are infallible signes of their nature; in men, of their understanding. Though I would not judge of the monk by the hood he wears, or celebrate the humour of Julian's court, where the philosophic mantle made all his officers appear like so many conjurors, 'tis worth the observing yet, that the people of Rome left off the *toga*, an ancient and noble garment, with their power, and that the vicissitude of their habite was little better than a presage of that of their fortune; for the military *saga* differencing them from their slaves, was no small indication of the declining of their courage, which shortly follow'd. And I am of opinion that when once wee shall see the Venetian senat quit the gravity of their vests, the state itself will not long subsist without some considerable alteration. It is not a trivial remark (which I have somewhere met with) that when a nation is able to impose and give laws to the habit of another (as the late Tartars did to China) it has, like that of language, proved the forerunner of their conquests there. . . . I am of opinion that the Swiss had not been now a nation but for keeping to their prodigious breeches. . . .

But, be it excusable in the French to alter and impose the mode on others, for the reasons deduced; 'tis no less a weakness and a shame in the rest of the world, who have no dependency on them, to admit them, at least to that degree of levity as to turn into all their shapes without discrimination; so as when the freak takes our Monsieurs to appear like so many farces or Jack-Puddings on the stage, all the world should alter shape, and play the pantomims with them.

Methinks a French taylor with his ell in his hand looks the enchantress Circe over the companions of Ulysses, and changes them into as many formes. One while we are made to be loose in our clothes, . . . and by and by appear like so many malefactors sew'd up in sacks, as of old they were wont to treat a parricide, with a dog, an ape, and a serpent. Now, we are all twist, and at a distance look like a pair of tongs, and anon stuff'd out behind like a Dutchman. This gallant goes so pinch'd in the wast, as if he were prepar'd for the question of the fiery plate in Turkey; and that so loose in the middle, as if he would turn insect, or drop in two; now, the short wasts and skirts in Pye-court is the mode; then the wide hose, or a man in coats again; *monstrum geminum, de viro fœmina, mox de fœmina vir.* Methinks we should learn to handle distaffe too: Hercules did so when he courted Omphale; and those who sacrificed to Ceres put on the petty-coat with much confidence. . . .

It was a fine silken thing which I spied walking th' other day through Westminster Hall, that had as much ribbon about him as would have plundered six shops, and set up twenty country pedlers. All his body was drest like a May-pole, or a Tom-a-Bedlam's cap. A fregat newly rigged kept not half such a clatter in a storme as this puppet's streamers did when the wind was in his shrouds; the motion was wonderfull to behold, and the well-chosen colours were red, orange, blew, of well gum'd satin, which argued a happy fancy; but so was our gallant overcharged . . . [that] whether he did wear this garment, or as a porter bear it only, was not easily to be resolved. . . .

For my part, I profess that I delight in a cheerfull gaiety, affect and cultivate variety. The universe itself were not beautifull to me without it: but as that is in constant and uniforme succession in the natural, where men do not disturb it, so would I have it also in the artificial. If the kings of Mexico chang'd four times a day, it was but an upper vest, which they were us'd to honour some meritorious servant with. Let men change their habits as oft as they please, so the change be for the better. I would have a summer habit, and a winter; for the spring and for the autumne. Something I would indulge to youth; something to age and humour. . . . What have we to do with these foreign butterflies? In God's name, let the change be our own, not borrow'd of others; for why should I dance after a Monsieur's flajolet only, that have a set of English viols for my concert? We need no French inventions for the stage, or for the back; we have better materials for clothes, they better taylors. I hope to see the day when all this shall be reform'd, and when all the world shall receive their standard from our most illustrious Prince and his grandees, . . . and that it shall be as presumptuous for any foreign nation to impose upon our court, as it is indeed ridiculous it should and its greatest diminution.

His *Memoirs*, with letters and some of his smaller works, were published by Bray in 1818 (2 vols. 4to). The standard edition of the *Diary* is the fourth (4 vols. 1879)—a reprint of the third or library edition of 1825, with the addition of the Life by Mr H. B. Wheatley.

Samuel Pepys

was born 23rd February 1633, the son of a London tailor belonging to an old family in the eastern counties. It is doubtful whether he was born in London or at Brampton near Huntingdon, where his father's family had a small property; he certainly went to school at Huntingdon before entering St Paul's School. Thence he passed in 1651 to Magdalene College, Cambridge. In 1655, very soon after leaving college, he married Elizabeth St Michel, a beautiful but portionless girl of fifteen, daughter of a refugee Huguenot who lived the precarious life of a projector. Sir Edward Montagu (afterwards Earl of Sandwich), whose mother was a Pepys, gave a helping hand to the imprudent couple, and allowed them to live in his house. Probably Montagu, his father's cousin, had ere this been Samuel's patron: to Montagu, at all events, his start in life was entirely due. He was secretary to Montagu when in command of the fleet that brought Charles II. back to England. His appointment to the clerkship of the Acts of the Navy in 1660 was an obvious piece of nepotism, for he knew nothing about naval matters; but he soon became master of the work of his office, and both now and subsequently as Secretary to the Admiralty, he was an industrious, energetic, and distinguished naval official. At the Revolution his career was closed, but until the end of his life he was still looked upon as the Nestor of navy affairs, to be consulted upon matters of particular importance. His longest expedition from home was when he accompanied the commander sent to Tangier to demolish the forts and bring home the garrison. Pepys's life was prosperous; he lived well, kept a carriage, but steadily made money. He was twice Master of the Trinity House, was Master of the Clothworkers Company, twice sat for a short time in Parliament, and was even President of the Royal Society (1684–86). But he was not without his troubles. At the Popish Plot in 1679 he was committed to the Tower, and in 1690 he was placed in Gatehouse at Westminster for a few days; and at his death the Crown was indebted to him to the extent of £28,000, a sum which was never paid. He died on the 26th of May 1703. His library, bequeathed to Magdalene College, Cambridge, still remains in the exact condition in which he left it.

SAMUEL PEPYS.
From the Portrait by Hayls in the National Portrait Gallery.

It is not as an official that the fame of Pepys still lives, nor as the author of important *Memoires relating to the state of the Royal Navy* (1690)—his only acknowledged publication—but as the writer of a *Diary* which is unique in the literature of the world. This work has thrown the most unexpected light upon the history and manners of his day, while at the same time it presents a most remarkable psychological study. Never before had man written down his inmost feelings with so little disguise. The events of the day, the gaieties of the court, his views on men and things, are not recorded with so much particularity as the steps in his own upward progress to credit, influence, wealth; his occupations, amusements, household economies, and even domestic squabbles. His most trifling thoughts and sudden impulses, his vanities, his sillinesses, his numerous and considerable lapses from propriety in various directions—many of them such as even he himself regarded as distinctly discreditable—are set down with a frankness, fullness, and particularity that almost pass comprehension, even when we know that the catalogue was never meant for publicity, and did in fact escape the knowledge of the world for more than two hundred years. His record of ten years' experiences was enshrined in the shorthand Pepys doubtless used in his office; and

the deciphering of it (by means of Pepys's own longhand transcript of a story in it) occupied John Smith, rector of Baldock in Herts, for some twelve or fourteen hours a day from 1819 till 1822. The book was first published by Lord Braybrooke, with extensive omissions, in 1825. Mr Mynors Bright added many passages in his edition of 1875; but the *Diary* had never been published in practical entirety till 1893–96, when Mr Wheatley's great edition appeared. And even he had to omit some quite unprintable *anekdota*—such as Pepys was wont even in his shorthand MS. to partly disguise in French, Latin, Greek, or Spanish. The *Diary* was begun on New Year's Day 1659–60, and discontinued 29th May 1669, when his eyesight began to fail.

Why any sane man should have executed such a self-portraiture remains a mystery. Very many of the peccadilloes recorded, even the most innocent of them, are exactly such as the average man is unwilling to plead guilty to at the bar of conscience, or if he secretly admits them, is eminently anxious to forget (and forgive) for ever. Clearly there is here a vast quantity of materials wholly beside the purpose, even if Pepys had himself designed to construct a regular autobiography. The broken straws in a turbid current, the trifles that are now held to be significant and interesting elements in the development of a soul (even of a fifth-rate one), were not then valued for biographical purposes. Augustine's *Confessions* were a spiritual exercise, a religious penance; even Rousseau's, a century after Pepys, were a literary *tour de force* meant to challenge the attention of all France and astonish the world. In the contents of Pepys's six private MS. volumes of secret notes, memoranda, and confessions, whatever purpose he meant them to serve, we have enough and to spare of interest, historical, social, and psychological. For the psychological attraction, though the most problematical, is not predominant. Pepys is an acute and observant authority on authentic history at first hand, especially of that kind of history which, though not included in the dignified annals of the time, is yet of essential importance in its own way, and of perennial interest. It deals largely with facts which, if not weighty in themselves or in their influence on the course of events, are yet wonderfully valuable for giving an insight into contemporary life, and for exhibiting to us a realistic picture of Pepys's times. The charm of Pepys's own character-studies does not depend mainly on its showing the development of a soul. It is often said that a sincere and detailed record of the growth of any mind, however commonplace, would be profoundly interesting. Interesting as psychology perhaps, not necessarily as literature. But Pepys's mind was by no means commonplace, though it had very many commonplace bits in it. And in that department of his *Diary* he gives us exactly the kind of thing which as gossip has always enormously interested mankind. Usually gossip, whether about neighbours or eminent persons, is meagre in detail and of dubious authority. Pepys has indefeasible fascination for his readers in that he furnishes a vast supply of what may be called gossip about himself, more highly detailed and fully authenticated than the most imaginative general rumour ever put in currency, and at least as highly seasoned.

By his remorseless and superfluous confessions, Pepys unquestionably did himself serious injustice in the minds of those who came to know him through these long unseen and unread note-books of his. Amidst so much high eating and deep drinking, such junketings, theatre-goings, and musical parties, it is difficult to remember that the writer transacted laborious and responsible work systematically and regularly. The small vanities and multiform frailties, the childish ambitions and indiscreet and frequent amorous ebullitions, suggest a feeble, an absurd creature, a gadabout, a man without character. Undoubtedly his character was far from perfect; but it must have had much good, sound stuff in it. This correspondent of Isaac Newton, of Christopher Wren, and of Hans Sloane was trusted by his superiors, liked by his inferiors in office, and is still remembered with respect at the Admiralty. He loved emoluments, perquisites, and gifts, but in a corrupt age was not himself corrupt—was a determined foe to corruption in others, and a resolute, active, and patriotic reformer of abuses. He had a lively interest in music and literature, and considerable culture in both arts, though his judgment in literature was not at all times sound; he was a virtuoso, a collector, and in the science of the time a very intelligent dilettante. He was shrewd, sagacious, persistent throughout, and in many crises of life he acted a very manful part. In spite of his vanity and garrulousness, and the copiousness of his amazing self-revelation, he has not been fair to himself in his *Diary;* his most sterling moods are hardly illuminated, his foibles and more serious failings stand out in too strong light. One of the charms of the *Diary* is that it is so spontaneous, natural, and sincere; the style, always unstudied and often slipshod, lacks all literary merit except its perfect naturalness, its obvious closeness to the lively chatter of the man amongst his intimates in Good King Charles's golden days.

At the commencement of his *Diary* his fortunes were at a low ebb; but after his voyage with Montagu in June 1660, he records that on casting up his accounts he found that he was worth £100, 'for which,' he piously adds, 'I bless Almighty God, it being more than I hoped for so soon, being, I believe, not clearly worth £25 when I came to sea, besides my house and goods.' The emoluments and perquisites of his office soon added to his riches, and the Clerk of the Acts gradually soared into that region of fashion and gaiety which he had contemplated with wonder and

admiration from a distance. On the 10th of July he put on his first silk suit; and the subsequent additions to his wardrobe—camlet cloaks with gold and silver buttons, and the like magnificence—are all carefully noted. His wife (whom he is never tired of praising) also shares in this finery, and her first grand appearance is thus recorded:

Mrs Pepys in a New Dress.

August 18th, 1660.—This morning I took my wife towards Westminster by water, and landed her at Whitefriars with £5 to buy her a petticoat, and I to the Privy Seal. By and by comes my wife to tell me that my father has persuaded her to buy a most fine cloth of 26*s.* a yard, and a rich lace, that the petticoat will come to £5, at which I was somewhat troubled, but she doing it very innocently, I could not be angry. I did give her more money and sent her away, and I and Creed and Captain Hayward (who is now unkindly put out of the Plymouth to make way for Captain Allen to go to Constantinople, which I know will trouble my Lord) went and dined at the Leg in King Street, when Captain Ferrers, my Lord's cornet, comes to us, who after dinner took me and Creed to the Cockpitt play, the first that I have had time to see since my coming from sea, *The Loyall Subject*, where one Kinaston, a boy, acted the Duke's sister, but made the loveliest lady that ever I saw in my life, only her voice was not very good. After the play done, we three went to drink, and by Captain Ferrers' means Kinaston, and another that acted Archas the General, came and drank with us. . . .

19*th* (Lord's Day).— . . . This morning Sir W. Batten, Pen, and myself, went to church to the churchwardens, to demand a pew, which at present could not be given us, but we are resolved to have one built. So we staid, and heard Mr Mills, a very good minister. Home to dinner, where my wife had on her new petticoat that she bought yesterday, which indeed is a very fine cloth and a fine lace; but that being of a light colour, and the lace all silver, it makes no great show.

In the Park.

July 14th, 1663.—Hearing that the King and Queen are rode abroad with the Ladies of Honour to the Park, and seeing a great crowd of gallants staying here to see their return, I also staid, walking up and down. . . . By and by the King and Queen, who looked in this dress (a white laced waistcoate and a crimson short petticoat, and her hair dressed *à la négligence*) mighty pretty; and the King rode hand in hand with her. Here was also my Lady Castlemaine rode among the rest of the ladies; but the king took, methought, no notice of her; nor when they 'light, did anybody press (as she seemed to expect, and staid for it) to take her down, but was taken down by her own gentleman. She looked mighty out of humour, and had a yellow plume in her hat (which all took notice of), and yet is very handsome, but very melancholy; nor did anybody speak to her, or she so much as smile or speak to anybody. I followed them up into Whitehall, and into the Queen's presence, where all the ladies walked, talking and fiddling with their hats and feathers, and changing and trying one another's by one another's heads, and laughing. But it was the finest sight to me, considering their great beautys and dress, that ever I did see in all my life. But, above all, Mrs Stewart [afterwards Duchess of Richmond] in this dress, with her hat cocked and a red plume, with her sweet eye, little Roman nose, and excellent taille, is now the greatest beauty I ever saw, I think, in my life; and, if ever woman can, do exceed my Lady Castlemaine, at least in this dress: nor do I wonder if the king changes, which I verily believe is the reason of his coldness to my Lady Castlemaine.

Mr Pepys sets up a Carriage.

November 5th, 1668.—Thence with Mr Povy, spent all the afternoon going up and down among the coachmakers in Cow Lane, and did see several, and at last did pitch upon a little chariott, whose body was framed, but not covered, at the widow's that made Mr Lowther's fine coach; and we are mightily pleased with it, it being light, and will be very genteel and sober: to be covered with leather, and yet will hold four. Being much satisfied with this, I carried him to White Hall. And so by coach home, where give my wife a good account of my day's work, and so to the office, and there late, and so to bed.

30*th*.—My wife, after dinner, went the first time abroad [in] her coach, calling on Roger Pepys, and visiting Mrs Creed, and my cozen Turner, while I at home all the afternoon and evening, very busy and doing much work, to my great content. . . . Thus ended this month with very good content, that hath been the most sad to my heart and the most expenseful to my purse on things of pleasure, having furnished my wife's closet and the best chamber, and a coach and horses, that ever I yet knew in the world; and do put me into the greatest condition of outward state that ever I was in, or hoped ever to be, or desired; and this at a time when we do daily expect great changes in this Office; and by all reports we must all of us turn out.

December 2nd.— . . . And so back home and abroad with my wife, the first time that ever I rode in my own coach, which do make my heart rejoice, and praise God, and pray him to bless it to me and continue it. So she and I to the King's play-house, and there saw *The Usurper;* a pretty good play, in all but what is designed to resemble Cromwell and Hugh Peters, which is mighty silly. The play done, we to Whitehall; where my wife staid while I up to the Duchesse's and Queen's side, to speak with the Duke of York: and here saw all the ladies, and heard the silly discourse of the King, with his people about him, telling a story of my Lord Rochester's. . . .

April 11th, 1669.—Thence to the Park, my wife and I; and here Sir W. Coventry did first see me and my wife in a coach of our own; and so did also this night the Duke of York, who did eye my wife mightily. But I begin to doubt that my being so much seen in my own coach at this time may be observed to my prejudice; but I must venture it now. . . .

May 1st.—Up betimes. Called up by my tailor, and there first put on a summer suit this year; but it was not my fine one of flowered tabby vest, and coloured camelott tunique, because it was too fine with the gold lace at the bands, that I was afeard to be seen in it; but put on the stuff suit I made the last year, which is now repaired; and so did go to the Office in it, and sat all the morning, the day looking as if it would be fowle. At noon, home to dinner, and there find my wife extraordinary fine, with her flowered tabby gown that she made two years ago, now laced exceeding pretty; and indeed was fine all

over; and mighty earnest to go, though the day was very lowering; and she would have me put on my fine suit, which I did. And so anon we went alone through the town with our new liveries of serge, and the horses' manes and tails tied with red ribbons, and the standards there gilt with varnish, and all clean, and green reines, that people did mightily look upon us; and, the truth is, I did not see any coach more pretty, though more gay, than ours, all the day. But we set out, out of humour—I because Betty, whom I expected, was not come to go with us; and my wife that I would sit on the same seat with her, which she likes not, being so fine: and she then expected to meet Sheres, which we did in the Pell Mell, and, against my will, I was forced to take him into the coach, but was sullen all day almost, and little complaisant: the day also being unpleasing, though the Park full of coaches, but dusty, and windy, and cold, and now and then a little dribbling rain; and, what made it worst, there were so many hackney-coaches as spoiled the sight of the gentlemen's; and so we had little pleasure. But here was W. Batelier and his sister in a borrowed coach by themselves, and I took them and we to the lodge; and at the door did give them a syllabub, and other things, cost me 12*s.* and pretty merry. And so back to the coaches, and there till the evening, and then home.

Pepys on 'Hudibras.'

December 26th, 1662.—Up, my wife to the making of Christmas pies all day, doeing now pretty well again, and I abroad to several places about some businesses, among others bought a bake-pan in Newgate Market, and sent it home, it cost me 16*s.* So to Dr Williams, but he is out of town, then to the Wardrobe. Hither come Mr Battersby; and we falling into discourse of a new book of drollery in use, called Hudebras, I would needs go find it out, and met with it at the Temple: cost me 2*s.* 6*d.* But when I come to read it, it is so silly an abuse of the Presbyter Knight going to the warrs, that I am ashamed of it; and by and by meeting at Mr Townsend's at dinner, I sold it to him for 18*d.* . . .

February 6th.— . . . Thence to Lincoln's Inn Fields; and it being too soon to go to dinner, I walked up and down, and looked upon the outside of the new theatre now a-builing in Covent Garden, which will be very fine. And so to a bookseller's in the Strand, and there bought Hudibras again, it being certainly some ill-humour to be so against that which all the world cries up to be the example of wit; for which I am resolved once more to read him, and see whether I can find it or no. . . .

November 28th.— . . . And thence abroad to Paul's Church-yard, and there looked upon the second part of Hudibras, which I buy not, but borrow to read, to see if it be as good as the first, which the world cry so mightily up, though it hath not a good liking in me, though I had tried by twice or three times reading to bring myself to think it witty. Back again and home to my office. . . .

Pepys at the Theatre.

March 2nd, 1667.—After dinner, with my wife, to the King's house to see *The Mayden Queene*, a new play of Dryden's mightily commended for the regularity of it, and the strain and wit; and the truth is there is a comical part done by Nell [Gwynn], which is Florimell, that I never can hope ever to see the like done again, by man or woman. The King and Duke of York were at the play. But so great performance of a comical part was never, I believe, in the world before as Nell do this, both as a mad girle, then most and best of all, when she comes in like a young gallant; and hath the motions and carriage of a spark the most that ever I saw any man have. It makes me, I confess, admire her. Thence home and to the office, where busy a while, and then home to read the lives of Henry 5th and 6th in Speede, and so to bed.

October 5th.— . . . And so to the King's house; and there, going in, met with Knepp, and she took us up into the tireing-rooms: and to the women's shift, where Nell was dressing herself, and was all unready, and is very pretty, prettier than I thought. And so walked all up and down the house above, and then below into the scene-room, and here sat down, and she gave us fruit: and there I read the questions to Knepp, while she answered me, through all her part of *Flora's Figary's* [Rhodes's play of *Flora's Vagaries*], which was acted to-day. But, Lord! to see how they were both painted would make a man mad, and did make me loath them; and what base company of men comes among them, and how lewdly they talk! and how poor the men are in clothes, and yet what a show they make on the stage by candle-light, is very observable. But to see how Nell cursed for having so few people in the pit, was pretty; the other house carrying away all the people at the new play, and is said, now-a-days, to have generally most company, as being better players. By and by into the pit, and there saw the play, which is pretty good. . . .

December 28th.—Up, and to the office, where busy all the morning, at noon home, and there to dinner with my clerks and Mr Pelling, and had a very good dinner, among others a haunch of venison boiled, and merry we were, and I rose soon from dinner, and with my wife and girle to the King's house, and there saw *The Mad Couple*, which is but an ordinary play; but only Nell's and Hart's mad parts are most excellent done, but especially hers: which makes it a miracle to me to think how ill she do any serious part, as the other day, just like a fool or changeling; and in a mad part do beyond imitation almost. It pleased us mightily to see the natural affection of a poor woman, the mother of one of the children, brought on the stage: the child crying, she by force got upon the stage, and took up her child, and carried it away off the stage from Hart. Many fine faces here to-day. Thence home, and then to the office late, and then home to supper and to bed.

February 27, 1667–8.—All the morning at the office, and at noon home to dinner, and thence with my wife and Deb to the King's house, to see *The Virgin Martyr* [by Massinger and Dekker], the first time it hath been acted a great while: and it is mighty pleasant; not that the play is worth much, but it is finely acted by Becke Marshall. But that which did please me beyond anything in the whole world was the wind-musique when the angel comes down, which is so sweet that it ravished me, and indeed, in a word, did wrap up my soul so that it made me really sick, just as I have formerly been when in love with my wife; that neither then, nor all the evening going home, and at home, I was able to think of anything, but remained all night transported, so as I could not believe that ever any musick hath that real command over the soul of a man as this did upon me: and makes me resolve to practise wind-musique, and to make my wife do the like.

Pepys at Church.

May 26th, 1667 (Lord's Day).—Up sooner than usual on Sundays, and to walk, it being exceedingly hot all night (so as this night I begun to leave off my waistcoat this year) and this morning, and so to walk in the garden till toward church time, when my wife and I to church, where several strangers of good condition come to our pew. After dinner, I by water alone to Westminster, where . . . did go towards the parish church . . . and then much against my will staid out the whole church in pain . . . but I did entertain myself with my perspective glass up and down the church, by which I had the great pleasure of seeing and gazing at a great many very fine women; and what with that, and sleeping, I passed away the time till sermon was done. . . . I away to my boat, and up with it as far as Barne Elmes, reading of Mr Evelyn's late new book against Solitude [*On Employment*, against Sir George Mackenzie *Upon Solitude*], in which I do not find much excess of good matter, though it be pretty for a bye discourse. I walked the length of the Elmes, and with great pleasure saw some gallant ladies and people come with their bottles, and baskets, and chairs, and forms, to sup under the trees by the waterside, which was mighty pleasant. I to boat again and to my book, and having done that I took another book, Mr Boyle's Of Colours, and there read, where I laughed, finding many fine things worthy observation, and so landed at the Old Swan, and so home, where I find my poor father newly come out of an unexpected fit of his pain, that they feared he would have died.

August 18th (Lord's Day).—Up, and being ready, walked up and down to Cree Church, to see it how it is: but I find no alteration there, as they say there was, for my Lord Mayor and Aldermen to come to sermon, as they do every Sunday, as they did formerly to Paul's. . . . There dined with me Mr Turner and his daughter Betty. Betty is grown a fine young lady as to carriage and discourse. I and my wife are mightily pleased with her. We had a good haunch of venison, powdered and boiled, and a good dinner and merry. . . . I walked towards Whitehall, but, being wearied, turned into St Dunstan's Church, where I heard an able sermon of the minister of the place; and stood by a pretty, modest maid, whom I did labour to take by the hand . . .; but she would not, but got further and further from me; and, at last, I could perceive her to take pins out of her pocket to prick me if I should touch her again—which seeing, I did forbear, and was glad I did spy her design. And then I fell to gaze upon another pretty maid, in a pew close to me, and she on me; and I did go about to take her by the hand, which she suffered a little, and then withdrew. So the sermon ended, and the church broke up.

Dispeace between Mr and Mrs Pepys.

May 11th, 1667.—And so away with my wife, whose being dressed this day in fair hair did make me so mad, that I spoke not one word to her, though I was ready to burst with anger. . . . After that . . . Creed and I into the Park, and walked, a most pleasant evening, and so took coach, and took up my wife, and in my way home discovered my trouble to my wife for her white locks [false hair], swearing by God several times, which I pray God forgive me for, and bending my fist, that I would not endure it. She, poor wretch, was surprized with it, and made me no answer all the way home; but there we parted, and I to the office late, and then home, and without supper to bed, vexed.

12th (Lord's Day).—Up and to my chamber, to settle some accounts there, and by and by down comes my wife to me in her night-gown, and we begun calmly, that, upon having money to lace her gown for second mourning, she would promise to wear white locks no more in my sight, which I, like a severe fool, thinking not enough, began to except against, and made her fly out to very high terms and cry, and in her heat told me of keeping company with Mrs Knipp, saying, that if I would promise never to see her more—of whom she hath more reason to suspect than I had heretofore of Pembleton—she would never wear white locks more. This vexed me, but I restrained myself from saying anything, but do think never to see this woman—at least, to have her here more; but by and by I did give her money to buy lace, and she promised to wear no more white locks while I lived, and so all very good friends as ever, and I to my business, and she to dress herself. . . . [My wife and I] bethought ourselves of going alone, she and I, to a French house to dinner, and so inquired out Monsieur Robins, my perriwigg-maker, who keeps an ordinary, and in an ugly street in Covent Garden did find him at the door, and so we in; and in a moment almost had the table covered, and clean glasses, and all in the French manner, and a mess of pottage first, and then a couple of pigeons-a-la-esterve, and then a piece of bœuf-a-la-mode, all exceeding well seasoned, and to our great liking; at least it would have been anywhere else but in this bad street, and in a perriwigg-maker's house; but to see the pleasant and ready attendance that we had, and all things so desirous to please and ingenious in the people, did take me mightily. Our dinner cost us 6*s.*, and so my wife and I away to Islington, it being a fine day.

His Great Speech in the House of Commons.

March 5th, 1668.—With these thoughts I lay troubling myself till six o'clock, restless, and at last getting my wife to talk to me to comfort me, which she at last did, and made me resolve to quit my hands of the office, and endure the trouble of it no longer than till I can clear myself of it. So with great trouble, yet with some ease from this discourse with my wife, I up and to my office, whither come my clerks, and so I did huddle the best I could some more notes for my discourse to-day, and by nine o'clock was ready, and did go down to the Old Swan, and there by boat, with T. H[ater] and W. H[ewer] with me, to Westminster, where I found myself come time enough, and my brethren all ready. But I full of thoughts and trouble touching the issue of this day; and to comfort myself, did go to the Dog, and drink half a pint of mulled sack, and in the Hall [Westminster] did drink a dram of brandy at Mrs Hewlett's; and with the warmth of this did find myself in better order as to courage, truly. So we all up to the lobby; and between eleven or twelve o'clock were called in, with the mace before us, into the House, where a mighty full House; and we stood at the bar, namely, Brouncker, Sir J. Minnes, Sir T. Harvey, and myself, W. Pen being in the House, as a member. I perceive the whole House was full of expectation of our defence what it would be, and with great prejudice. After the Speaker had told us the dissatisfaction of the House, and read the Report of the Committee, I began our defence most acceptably

and smoothly, and continued at it without any hesitation or losse, but with full scope, and all my reason free about me, as if it had been at my own table, from that time till past three in the afternoon; and so ended, without any interruption from the Speaker; but we withdrew. And there all my fellow-officers, and all the world that was within hearing, did congratulate me, and cry up my speech as the best thing they ever heard; and my fellow-officers overjoyed in it. . . . After the play, to my wife, whom W. Hewer had told of my success, and she overjoyed; and, after talking a while, I betimes to bed, having had no quiet rest a good while.

6th.—Up betimes, and with Sir D. Gawden to Sir W. Coventry's chamber; where the first word he said to me was: 'Good-morrow, Mr Pepys, that must be Speaker of the Parliament-house:' and did protest I had got honour for ever in Parliament. He said that his brother, that sat by him, admires me; and another gentleman said that I could not get less than £1000 a year, if I would put on a gown and plead at the Chancery-bar; but what pleases me most, he tells me that the Sollicitor-generall did protest that he thought I spoke the best of any man in England. After several talks with him alone touching his own businesses, he carried me to Whitehall, and there parted; and I to the Duke of York's lodgings, and find him going to the Park, it being a very fine morning, and I after him; and, as soon as he saw me, he told me, with great satisfaction, that I had converted a great many yesterday, and did, with great praise of me, go on with the discourse with me. And by and by overtaking the King, the King and Duke of York come to me both; and he [the King] said: 'Mr Pepys, I am very glad of your success yesterday;' and fell to talk of my well speaking; and many of the Lords there. My Lord Barkeley did cry me up for what they had heard of it; and others, Parliament-men there about the King, did say that they never heard such a speech in their lives delivered in that manner. Progers, of the Bedchamber, swore to me afterwards before Brouncker, in the afternoon, that he did tell the King that he thought I might teach the Sollicitor-generall. Everybody that saw me almost come to me, as Joseph Williamson and others, with such eulogys as cannot be expressed. From thence I went to Westminster Hall, where I met Mr G. Montagu, who come to me and kissed me, and told me that he had often heretofore kissed my hands, but now he would kiss my lips: protesting that I was another Cicero, and said, all the world said the same of me.

See *Memoirs of Samuel Pepys*, edited by Lord Braybrooke (2 vols. 1825); *Diary and Correspondence*, by Rev. Mynors Bright (6 vols. 1875); *Life, Journal, and Correspondence of Samuel Pepys*, by Rev. John Smith (2 vols. 1841); and *Samuel Pepys and the World he lived in* (1880), and the complete edition of the *Diary* (8 vols. 1893–96, besides 2 vols. containing index and Pepysiana) by Mr H. B. Wheatley.

Charles Cotton (1630–87)—a name best known from its piscatorial association with that of good old Izaak Walton—was a cheerful, witty, accomplished man, and a versatile, pithy, and brilliant writer, who only wanted wealth and prudence to have made him one of the leading characters of his day. Born at Beresford in north-east Staffordshire, he married in 1656 a sister of Colonel Hutchinson, and two years later inherited from his father estates in Stafford and Derby shires, watered by the river Dove, so famous in the annals of trout-fishing. The property was much encumbered, and the poet soon added to its burdens. As a means of pecuniary relief, as well as recreation, Cotton translated books from the French and Italian, including Montaigne's Essays. His *Montaigne*, easy and familiar in style, is certainly liker the garrulous and witty old Gascon's conversational diction than the more stately Elizabethan periods of his predecessor Florio. In his fortieth year, Cotton obtained a captain's commission in the army, and afterwards made a fortunate second marriage with the Countess-Dowager of Ardglass, who possessed a jointure of £1500 a year. But Cotton never got out of his difficulties; the lady's fortune was secured from his mismanagement, and the poet died insolvent. His happy, careless disposition seems to have enabled him to study, angle, and delight his friends amidst all his embarrassments. He published several burlesques and travesties, some of them grossly indecent; but he wrote also many verses full of genuine poetry. One of his humorous pieces, *A Voyage to Ireland in Burlesque*, seems to have anticipated, as Campbell said, the manner of Anstey in the *New Bath Guide*. Both in prose and verse his style was simple and almost conversational, yet pithy and graceful. *Scarronides*, 'that villainous specimen of burlesque verse,' describes itself as 'the first book of Virgil Travestie,' and is on somewhat the same lines as Scarron's *Virgile Travestié;* it is witty certainly, but in deplorable taste. And so is *Burlesque upon Burlesque, or the Scoffer Scoft*, parodies of Lucian's dialogues in 'English Fustian,' as Cotton himself describes it.

The New Year.

Hark, the cock crows, and yon bright star
Tells us the day himself 's not far;
And see where, breaking from the night,
He gilds the western hills with light.
With him old Janus does appear,
Peeping into the future year,
With such a look as seems to say
The prospect is not good that way.
Thus do we rise ill sights to see,
And 'gainst ourselves to prophesie,
When the prophetic fear of things
A more tormenting mischief brings,
More full of soul-tormenting gall
Than direst mischiefs can befall.
But stay! but stay! methinks my sight,
Better informed by clearer light,
Discerns sereneness in that brow,
That all contracted seemed but now.
His reversed face may shew distaste,
And frown upon the ills are past:
But that which this way looks is clear,
And smiles upon the new-born year.
He looks, too, from a place so high,
The year lies open to his eye;
And all the moments open are
To the exact discoverer.
Yet more and more he smiles upon
The happy revolution.

Why should we then suspect or fear
The influences of a year?
So smiles upon us the first morn,
And speaks us good as soon as born.
Pox on't! the last was ill enough,
This cannot but make better proof;
Or at the worst, as we brushed through
The last, why so we may this too;
And then the next in reason shou'd
Be superexcellently good:
For the worst ills, we daily see,
Have no more perpetuity
Than the best fortunes that do fall;
Which also brings us wherewithall
Longer their being to support,
Than those do of the other sort:
And who has one good year in three,
And yet repines at destiny,
Appears ingrateful in the case,
And merits not the good he has.
Then let us welcome the new guest
With lusty brimmers of the best:
Mirth always should good-fortune meet,
And renders e'en disaster sweet;
And though the Princess turn her back,
Let us but line ourselves with sack,
We better shall by far hold out
Till the next year she face about.

The *Princess* is Fortune.

Invitation to Izaak Walton, then in his eighty-third year, to come to him at Beresford.

Whilst in this cold and blustering clime,
Where bleak winds howl, and tempests roar,
We pass away the roughest time
Has been of many years before;

Whilst from the most tempestuous nooks
The chillest blasts our peace invade,
And by great rains our smallest brooks
Are almost navigable made;

Whilst all the ills are so improved
Of this dead quarter of the year,
That even you, so much beloved,
We would not now wish with us here:

In this estate, I say, it is
Some comfort to us to suppose,
That in a better clime than this,
You, our dear friend, have more repose;

And some delight to me the while,
Though Nature now does weep in rain,
To think that I have seen her smile,
And haply I may do again.

If the all-ruling Power please
We live to see another May,
We'll recompense an age of these
Foul days in one fine fishing-day.

We then shall have a day or two,
Perhaps a week, wherein to try
What the best master's hand can do
With the most deadly killing fly.

A day with not too bright a beam;
A warm but not a scorching sun;
A southern gale to curl the stream;
And, Master, half our work is done.

Then whilst behind some bush we wait
The scaly people to betray,
We'll prove it just, with treacherous bait
To make the preying trout our prey;

And think ourselves in such an hour
Happier than those, though not so high,
Who like leviathans devour
Of meaner men the smaller fry.

This, my best friend, at my poor home,
Shall be our pastime and our theme;
But then, should you not deign to come,
You make all this a flattering dream.

A Welsh Guide.

The sun in the morning disclosèd his light,
With complexion as ruddy as mine overnight;
And o'er th' eastern mountains peeping up 's head,
The casement being open, espied me in bed;
With his rays he so tickled my lids, I awaked,
And was half ashamed, for I found myself naked;
But up I soon start, and was dressed in a trice,
And called for a draught of ale, sugar, and spice;
Which having turned off, I then call to pay,
And packing my nawls, whipt to horse, and away.
A guide I had got who demanded great vails,
For conducting me over the mountains of Wales:
Twenty good shillings, which sure very large is;
Yet that would not serve, but I must bear his charge
And yet for all that, rode astride on a beast,
The worst that e'er went on three legs, I protest;
It certainly was the most ugly of jades;
His hips and his rump made a right ace of spades;
His sides were two ladders, well spur-galled withal;
His neck was a helve, and his head was a mall;
For his colour, my pains and your trouble I 'll spare,
For the creature was wholly denuded of hair;
And except for two things as bare as my nail,
A tuft of a mane, and a sprig of a tail. . . .
Now such as the beast was, even such was the rider,
With a head like a nutmeg, and legs like a spider;
A voice like a cricket, a look like a rat,
The brains of a goose, and the heart of a cat;
Ev'n such was my guide and his beast; let them pass
The one for a horse, and the other an ass.

(From the *Voyage to Ireland.*

A nawl is for *an awl*, by misapprehension (as in *a newt* for *ewt*), and *awls* is a pun for *alls*; *vails*, gifts to servants; *his* handle; *mall*, mallet, hammer-head.

The Retirement.

Farewell, thou busie world, and may
We never meet again;
Here I can eat, and sleep, and pray,
And do more good in one short day
Than he who his whole age outwears
Upon the most conspicuous theatres,
Where nought but vice and vanity do reign.

Good God, how sweet are all things here!
How beautifull the fields appear!
How cleanly do we feed and lie!

Lord, what good hours do we keep!
How quietly we sleep!
What peace, what unanimity!
How innocent from the lewd fashion,
Is all our business, all our conversation! . . .

How calm and quiet a delight
Is it alone
To read, and meditate, and write,
By none offended, and offending none!
To walk, ride, sit, or sleep at one's own ease,
And, pleasing a man's self, none other to displease.

Oh, my beloved nymph, fair Dove,
Princess of rivers, how I love
Upon thy flowery banks to lie,
And view thy silver stream,
When gilded by a summer's beam!
And in it all thy wanton fry,
Playing at liberty;
And with my angle upon them,
The all of treachery
I ever learned, to practise and to try!

Such streams Rome's yellow Tiber cannot shew;
The Iberian Tagus, nor Ligurian Po,
The Meuse, the Danube, and the Rhine,
Are puddle-water all compared with thine;
And Loire's pure streams yet too polluted are
With thine, much purer, to compare;
The rapid Garonne and the winding Seine
Are both too mean,
Beloved Dove, with thee
To vie priority;
Nay, Thame and Isis, when conjoined, submit,
And lay their trophies at thy silver feet. . . .

Lord, would men let me alone,
What an over-happy one
Should I think myself to be;
Might I in this desert place,
Which most men by their voice disgrace,
Live but undisturbed and free!
Here in this despised recess
Would I, maugre winter's cold,
And the summer's worst excess,
Try to live out to sixty full years old;
And all the while,
Without an envious eye
On any thriving under Fortune's smile,
Contented live, and then contented die.

(From *Stanzes Irreguliers, to Mr Isaak Walton.*)

The Earl of Roscommon (WENTWORTH DILLON; c. 1633–85), nephew and godson of the famous Earl of Strafford, was born in Ireland while his uncle was Lord-Deputy there. During the Civil War he studied at Caen and travelled in France, Germany, and Italy; and returning soon after the Restoration, was reinstated in his large Irish possessions, and received appointments in the household of the Duke of York. Roscommon, though addicted to gambling, cultivated literature, and produced a poetical *Essay on Translated Verse*, translations from Horace's *Art of Poetry*, from Virgil, Lucan, and Guarini, and a few occasional verses of his own, such as prologues and epilogues to plays, verses 'On the Death of a Lady's Dog,' and an address by the ghost of the old House of Commons to the new one. He was buried in Westminster Abbey. 'At the moment in which he expired,' says Johnson, 'he uttered, with an energy of voice that expressed the most fervent devotion, two lines of his own version of *Dies Iræ*:

My God, my Father, and my Friend,
Do not forsake me in my end!'

The *Essay on Translated Verse*, in which he inculcates in didactic poetry the rational principles of translation previously laid down by Cowley and Denham, was published in 1681; it is noteworthy that he commends the sixth book of *Paradise Lost*, published only four years before, for its sublimity. Dryden heaped on Roscommon the most lavish praise; and Pope, who with some truth said that

In all Charles's days
Roscommon only boasts unspotted bays,

declared that 'every author's merit was his own.' Posterity has not confirmed the last judgment; Roscommon explicitly condemned indecency in verse as bad taste and lack of sense, and is much less immoral than most of his contemporaries, but, like Denham, is elegant and sensible, cold and unimpassioned.

From the 'Essay on Translated Verse.'

Take then a subject proper to expound,
But moral, great, and worth a poet's voice;
For men of sense despise a trivial choice:
And such applause it must expect to meet,
As would some painter busy in a street
To copy bulls and bears, and every sign
That calls the staring sots to nasty wine.
Yet 'tis not all to have a subject good;
It must delight us when 'tis understood.
He that brings fulsome objects to my view
(As many old have done, and many new)
With nauseous images my fancy fills,
And all goes down like oxymel of squills.
Instruct the listening world how Maro sings — Virgil
Of useful subjects and of lofty things.
These will such true, such bright ideas raise,
As merit gratitude, as well as praise.
But foul descriptions are offensive still,
Either for being like or being ill.
For who without a qualm hath ever looked
On holy garbage, though by Homer cooked?
Whose railing heroes, and whose wounded gods,
Make some suspect he snores as well as nods.
But I offend; Virgil begins to frown,
And Horace looks with indignation down:
My blushing Muse with conscious fear retires,
And whom they like implicitly admires.
On sure foundations let your fabric rise,
And with attractive majesty surprise;
Not by affected meretricious arts,
But strict harmonious symmetry of parts;
Which through the whole insensibly must pass
With vital heat, to animate the mass:
A pure, an active, an auspicious flame,
And bright as heaven, from whence the blessing came.

But few, few spirits pre-ordained by fate,
The race of gods, have reached that envied height.
No rebel Titans' sacrilegious crime,
By heaping hills on hills, can hither climb:
The grisly ferryman of hell denied
Æneas entrance, till he knew his guide.
How justly then will impious mortals fall,
Whose pride would soar to heaven without a call!
Pride, of all others the most dangerous fault,
Proceeds from want of sense, or want of thought. . . .
I pity from my soul unhappy men,
Compelled by want to prostitute the pen;
Who must, like lawyers, either starve or plead,
And follow, right or wrong, where guineas lead!
But you, Pompilian, wealthy pampered heirs,
Who to your country owe your swords and cares;
Let no vain hope your easy mind seduce,
For rich ill poets are without excuse;
'Tis very dangerous tampering with the Muse;
The profit 's small, and you have much to lose;
For though true wit adorns your birth or place,
Degenerate lines degrade the attainted race.
No poet any passion can excite,
But what they feel transport them when they write.

Part of his Version of the 'Dies Iræ.'

That day of wrath, that dreadful day,
Shall the whole world in ashes lay,
As David and the Sibyls say.

What horror will invade the mind,
When the strict Judge, who would be kind,
Shall have few venial faults to find!

The last loud trumpet's wondrous sound
Shall through the rending tombs rebound,
And wake the nations under ground.

Nature and Death shall, with surprise,
Behold the pale offender rise,
And view the Judge with conscious eyes.

Then shall, with universal dread,
The sacred mystic book be read,
To try the living and the dead.

The Judge ascends his awful throne;
He makes each secret sin be known,
And all with shame confess their own.

O then, what interest shall I make
To save my last important stake,
When the most just have cause to quake?

Sir Charles Sedley (c. 1639–1701) was one of the brightest satellites of the court of Charles II. —as witty and gallant as Rochester, hardly less notorious for dissipation of all kinds, and with something of the same gift as a writer. He was the son of a Kentish baronet, Sir John Sedley (or Sidley) of Aylesford. The Restoration drew him to London, and he became such a favourite for his taste and accomplishments that Charles is said to have asked him if he had not obtained from Nature a patent to be Apollo's viceroy. His estate, his time, and whatever character he had were squandered at court; but latterly the poet largely redeemed himself, attended Parliament, and promoted or at least acquiesced in the Revolution. James had made Sedley's daughter his mistress, and created her Countess of Dorchester. 'I hate ingratitude,' said the witty Sedley; 'as the king has made my daughter a countess, I will endeavour to make his daughter a queen'—this is one form of the anecdote. Sir Charles wrote plays, occasional poems, and songs, which were all extravagantly praised by his contemporaries. Buckingham eulogised the 'witchcraft' of Sedley, and Rochester spoke of his 'gentle prevailing art.' Dryden called him the Tibullus of his age: 'Lisideius' in 'The Essay of Dramatic Poesy' is a sort of anagram of his name Latinised (Sidleius, for he sometimes spelt himself Sidley). The plays (two tragedies and three comedies) are sometimes in prose, in couplets, or a combination of the two, sometimes in blank verse; the best, *Bellamira*, is founded on Terence, as Molière is the original of *The Mulberry Garden*. His political pamphlets, speeches, and essays are in excellent prose. His songs are light and graceful, felicitous in diction, and at times sound a truer note of passion than is usual with the court-poets.

His best-known song, 'Phillis is my only joy,' owes something of its continued popularity to the melody to which it is set; another is—

Get you gone, you will undo me;
If you love me, don't pursue me.

To Celia.

Not, Celia, that I juster am,
Or better than the rest;
For I would change each hour like them
Were not my heart at rest.

But I am tied to very thee,
By every thought I have;
Thy face I only care to see,
Thy heart I only crave.

All that in woman is adored
In thy dear self I find;
For the whole sex can but afford
The handsome and the kind.

Why then should I seek further store
And still make love anew;
When change itself can give no more,
'Tis easy to be true.

To Chloris.

Ah! Chloris, that I now could sit
As unconcerned as when
Your infant beauty could beget
No pleasure, nor no pain.

When I the dawn used to admire,
And praised the coming day,
I little thought the growing fire
Must take my rest away.

Your charms in harmless childhood lay
Like metals in the mine;
Age from no face took more away,
Than youth concealed in thine.

But as your charms insensibly
To their perfection prest,
Fond love as unperceived did fly,
And in my bosom rest.

My passion with your beauty grew,
And Cupid at my heart,
Still as his mother favoured you,
Threw a new flaming dart.

Each gloried in their wanton part:
To make a lover, he
Employed the utmost of his art;
To make a beauty, she.

Though now I slowly bend to love,
Uncertain of my fate,
If your fair self my chains approve,
I shall my freedom hate.

Lovers, like dying men, may well
At first disordered be,
Since none alive can truly tell
What fortune they must see.

Love like the Sea.

Love still has something of the sea,
From whence his mother rose;
No time his slaves from doubt can free,
Nor give their thoughts repose.

They are becalmed in clearest days,
And in rough weather tost:
They wither under cold delays,
Or are in tempests lost.

One while they seem to touch the port,
Then straight into the main
Some angry wind, in cruel sport,
The vessel drives again.

At first disdain and pride they fear,
Which if they chance to 'scape,
Rivals and falsehood soon appear
In a more dreadful shape.

By such degrees to joy they come,
And are so long withstood;
So slowly they receive the sum,
It hardly does them good.

'Tis cruel to prolong a pain;
And to defer a joy,
Believe me, gentle Celimene,
Offends the winged boy.

A hundred thousand oaths your fears
Perhaps would not remove;
And if I gazed a thousand years,
I could no deeper love.

To Phillis.

Phillis, men say that all my vows
Are to thy fortune paid;
Alas! my heart he little knows,
Who thinks my love a trade.

Were I of all these woods the lord,
One berry from thy hand
More solid pleasure would afford
Than all my large command.

My humble love has learned to live
On what the nicest maid
Without a conscious blush can give
Beneath the myrtle shade.

Of costly food it hath no need,
And nothing will devour;
But like the harmless bee can feed,
And not impair the flower.

A spotless innocence like thine
May such a flame allow;
Yet thy fair name for ever shine
As doth thy beauty now.

I heard thee wish my lambs might stray
Safe from the fox's power,
Though every one become his prey,
I 'm richer than before!

The Earl of Rochester (JOHN WILMOT; 1647–80) is known principally from his having, to use Johnson's words, 'blazed out his youth and his health in lavish voluptuousness,' and died from physical exhaustion and decay at the age of thirty-three. Born at Ditchley in Oxfordshire, and educated at Burford school and Wadham College, Oxford, he travelled in France and Italy, and on his return repaired to court, where his elegant person and lively wit soon made him a prominent figure. In 1665 he was at sea with the Earl of Sandwich and Sir Edward Spragge, and distinguished himself for bravery, in the heat of an engagement carrying a message in an open boat amidst a storm of shot. This manliness of character must have forsaken him in England, if he really betrayed cowardice in street-quarrels, and refused to fight with the Duke of Buckingham.

JOHN WILMOT, EARL OF ROCHESTER.
From the Portrait by W. Wissing in the National Portrait Gallery.

Handsome, accomplished, witty, and with a remarkable charm of manner, he became a prime favourite of the king, though he often quarrelled with him. In Charles's profligate court, Rochester was the most profligate; his intrigues, his low amours and disguises, his erecting a stage and playing the mountebank on Tower-hill, were notorious; he himself affirmed to Bishop Burnet that 'for five years together he was continually drunk.' Yet his domestic letters show him in a different light—'tender, playful, and alive to all the affections of a husband, a father, and a son.' When his health was ruined and death approached, the brilliant, reckless profligate repented; Bishop Burnet, who was his spiritual guide on his deathbed, believed his repentance was sincere and unreserved. He was probably one of those whose vices are less the effect of an inborn tendency than of external corrupting circumstances; 'nothing in his life became him like the leaving it.'

Some of his wittiest verses are the most objectionable. Of the rest, among the best Johnson ranked an imitation of Horace, the verses to Lord Mulgrave, a satire against mankind, and the poem *Upon Nothing*, which is an ingenious series of paradoxes, conceits, and puns on nothing and something (see page 786).

Nothing! thou elder brother ev'n to shade,
Thou hadst a being ere the world was made,
And, well fixt, art alone of ending not afraid.

E'er time and place were, time and place were not
When primitive nothing something straight begot
Then all proceeded from the great united—What.

Something the gen'ral attribute of all
Sever'd from thee, its sole original
Into thy boundless self must undistinguish'd fall. . . .

French truth, Dutch prowess, British policy,
Hibernian learning, Scotch civility,
Spaniards' dispatch, Danes' wit are mainly seen in thee

—that is, in nothing; and the great man's gratitude to his best friend, king's promises, and vows,

towards thee they bend,
Flow swiftly into thee, and in thee ever end.

The *Satyr against Mankind* sounds sufficiently misanthropic, beginning:

Were I, who to my cost already am
One of those strange, prodigious creatures, man,
Spirit-free to chuse for my own share
What sort of flesh and blood I pleas'd to wear,
I 'd be a monkey, dog, or bear,
Or any thing but that vain animal
Who is so proud of being rational.

And after showing the worthlessness of reason—

And 'tis this very reason I despise,
This supernatural gift that makes a mite
Think he 's the image of the Infinite—

holds it proved that

For all his pride and his philosophy
'Tis evident beasts are in their degree
As wise at least and better far than he.

Horace Walpole said: 'Lord Rochester's poe have more obscenity than wit, more wit than poet more poetry than politeness.' But many of th are eminently witty; a few of the lyrics are full true poetry, or touch a high poetical level. Some the smoothest and most rhythmical are obviou artificial; here and there is a note of convinc passion. The satires are vivid but gross. T courtier did not spare his master's vices or his m ter's mistresses: 'A merry monarch, scandalous a poor,' is a royal character summed up in a line.

Here lies our sovereign lord the King,
Whose word no man relies on,
Who never said a foolish thing,
Nor ever did a wise one—

is a well-authenticated epitaph-epigram, and is no means Rochester's frankest testimony to patron's eccentricities.

Before his death Rochester expressed the w that his indecent verses should be suppressed; that very year these and many that he never wr were published—ostensibly at Antwerp, really London. Some of the worst poems attributed him are really not his: his loose life encoura the attribution to him of all manner of licenti rhymes. The grossest editions were the most quently reprinted; the edition of 1691, issued his friends, contained nothing very startling, was less popular. His tragedy of *Valentinian* but a poor adaptation of Beaumont and Fletche

Love and Murder.

While on those lovely looks I gaze,
To see a wretch pursuing,
In raptures of a bles'd amaze,
His pleasing happy ruin;
'Tis not for pity that I move;
His fate is too aspiring
Whose heart, broke with a load of love,
Dies wishing and admiring.

But if this murder you 'd forego,
Your slave from death removing,
Let me your art of charming know,
Or learn you mine of loving.
But whether life or death betide,
In love 'tis equal measure;
The victor lives with empty pride,
The vanquish'd die with pleasure.

Constancy.

I cannot change as others do,
Though you unjustly scorn;
Since that poor swain that sighs for you
For you alone was born.
No, Phillis, no; your heart to move
A surer way I 'll try;
And, to revenge my slighted love,
Will still love on, will still love on, and di

When, kill'd with grief, Amintas lies,
And you to mind shall call
The sighs that now unpity'd rise,
The tears that vainly fall;
That welcome hour that ends his smart
Will then begin your pain,
For such a faithful tender heart
Can never break, can never break in vain.

Inseparable.

My dear mistress has a heart
Soft as those kind looks she gave me,
When with love's resistless art
And her eyes she did enslave me.
But her constancy 's so weak,
She 's so wild and apt to wander,
That my jealous heart would break,
Should we live one day asunder.

Melting joys about her move,
Killing pleasures, wounding blisses;
She can dress her eyes in love,
And her lips can warm with kisses.
Angels listen when she speaks;
She 's my delight, all mankind's wonder;
But my jealous heart would break,
Should we live one day asunder.

In such verses as

The time that is to come is not:
How can it then be mine?
The present moment 's all my lot,
And that, as fast as it is got,
Phillis, is only thine—

e have a specimen of his Epicurean philosophising.

When wearied with a world of woe
To thy safe bosom I retire,
Where love and peace and truth does flow,
May I contented there expire—

reathes deep and undying devotion, but is less haracteristic than the bacchanalian—

Love a woman! You 're an ass,
'Tis a most insipid passion,
To chuse out for your happiness,
The silliest part of God's creation.

The following charming lyric turns largely on udacious and perhaps rather elaborate adapta-ons and permutations and combinations of criptural phrases, usurped for the earthly beloved:

To his Mistress.

Why dost thou shade thy lovely face? O why
Does that eclipsing hand of thine deny
The sunshine of the sun's enlightening eye?

Without thy light what light remains in me?
Thou art my life; my way, my light 's in thee;
I live, I move, and by thy beams I see.

Thou art my life; if thou but turn away
I die a thousand deaths. Thou art my way;
Without thee, love, I travel not, but stray.

My light thou art; without thy glorious sight
My eyes are darkened with eternal night.
My love, thou art my way, my life, my light.

Thou art my way; I wander if thou fly.
Thou art my light; if hid, how blind am I!
Thou art my life; if thou withdraw'st, I die.

My eyes are dark and blind, I cannot see;
To whom or whither should my darkness flee
But to that light? and who 's that light but thee?

If I have lost my path, dear lover, say
Shall I still wander in a doubtful way?
Love, shall a lamb of Israel's sheepfold stray?

My path is lost, my wandering steps do stray;
I cannot go, nor can I safely stay;
Whom should I seek but thee, my path, my way?

And yet thou turn'st away thy face and fly'st me!
And yet I sue for grace and thou deny'st me!
Speak, art thou angry, love, or only try'st me?

Thou art the pilgrim's path, the blind man's eye,
The dead man's life. On thee my hopes rely;
If I but them remove, I surely die.

Dissolve thy sunbeams, close thy wings and stay.
See, see how I am blind and dead, and stray,
Oh thou that art my life, my light, my way!

Then work thy will! If passion bid me flee,
My reason shall obey, my wings shall be
Stretched out no further than from me to thee!

Burnet's *Some Passages of the Life and Death of John, Earl of Rochester* (1680; republished in Wordsworth's *Ecclesiastical Biography*), was said by Johnson to be a book 'which the critic ought to read for its elegance, the philosopher for its arguments, and the saint for its piety.' For a discussion of Rochester from another point of view, see G. S. Street's *Miniatures and Moods* (1893).

The Earl of Dorset (CHARLES SACKVILLE; 1638–1706) wrote little, but had it in him to have written much more notable things; and being a liberal patron of poets, he was a highly popular man of fashion. His manners and his morals were like those of his friends Sir Charles Sedley and the rest. In the first Dutch war, 1665, as Lord Buckhurst, he went as a volunteer under the Duke of York, and was said to have written the song, 'To all you ladies'—'one of the prettiest that ever was made,' according to Prior—the night before the naval engagement in which the Dutch admiral Opdam was blown up with all his crew. To have written such a lively, lengthy, easy-flowing song at sea, just before a great battle, was surely something to brag of! But when Pepys's *Diary* was published, it was found that the song (in which, it should be added, there is a strong dash of a witty, antithetical, burlesquing strain, as in Goldsmith's *Mad Dog*, quite beyond the nature of a true lyric) existed six clear months before the great sea-fight; Prior's story was an embellishment. The courtier-sailor may have touched up the song just—or soon—before the battle. Created Earl of Middlesex in 1675, he succeeded his father two years later, and was a lord of the bedchamber to Charles II., chamberlain of the household to William and Mary. When Dorset, as chamberlain, was obliged to take the king's pension from Dryden, he allowed him an equivalent out of his own estate. He in-

troduced Butler's *Hudibras* to the notice of the court, was consulted by Waller, and idolised by Dryden. Yet his works are few, trifling, and mostly indecent; a few satires and songs make up the catalogue. Smart and graceful though they are, Prior was absurd when he wrote of them, 'There is a lustre in his verses like that of the sun in Claude Lorraine's landscapes.' Three of the songs are given below. The refrain of the last is repeated at each verse.

Dorinda.

Dorinda's sparkling wit and eyes,
  United, cast too fierce a light,
Which blazes high, but quickly dies;
  Pains not the heart, but hurts the sight.

Love is a calmer, gentler joy;
  Smooth are his looks, and soft his pace;
Her Cupid is a blackguard boy,
  That runs his link full in your face.

Love its own Reward.

May the ambitious ever find
  Success in crowds and noise,
While gentle love does fill my mind
  With silent, real joys.

May knaves and fools grow rich and great,
  And the world think 'em wise;
While I lie dying at her feet,
  And all the world despise. . . .

To the Ladies at Home.

To all you ladies now at land,
  We men at sea indite;
But first would have you understand
  How hard it is to write;
The Muses now, and Neptune too,
We must implore to write to you.
  With a fa la, la, la, la.

For though the Muses should prove kind,
  And fill our empty brain;
Yet if rough Neptune rouse the wind,
  To wave the azure main,
Our paper, pen, and ink, and we,
Roll up and down our ships at sea.

Then if we write not by each post,
  Think not we are unkind;
Nor yet conclude our ships are lost
  By Dutchmen or by wind:
Our tears we'll send a speedier way—
The tide shall bring them twice a day.

The king with wonder and surprise
  Will swear the seas grow bold,
Because the tides will higher rise
  Than e'er they used of old:
But let him know it is our tears
Bring floods of grief to Whitehall-stairs.

Should foggy Opdam chance to know
  Our sad and dismal story,
The Dutch would scorn so weak a foe,
  And quit their fort at Goree;
For what resistance can they find
From men who 've left their hearts behind?

Let wind and weather do its worst,
  Be you to us but kind;
Let Dutchmen vapour, Spaniards curse,
  No sorrow we shall find:
'Tis then no matter how things go,
Or who 's our friend, or who 's our foe.

To pass our tedious hours away,
  We throw a merry main;
Or else at serious ombre play;
  But why should we in vain
Each other's ruin thus pursue?
We were undone when we left you.

But now our fears tempestuous grow,
  And cast our hopes away;
Whilst you, regardless of our woe,
  Sit careless at a play:
Perhaps permit some happier man
To kiss your hand, or flirt your fan.

When any mournful tune you hear,
  That dies in every note,
As if it sighed with each man's care
  For being so remote:
Think then how often love we 've made
To you, when all those tunes were played.

In justice you can not refuse
  To think of our distress,
When we for hopes of honour lose
  Our certain happiness;
All those designs are but to prove
Ourselves more worthy of your love.

And now we 've told you all our loves,
  And likewise all our fears,
In hopes this declaration moves
  Some pity for our tears;
Let 's hear of no inconstancy,
We have too much of that at sea.
  With a fa la, la, la,

Thomas D'Urfey (1653–1723), dramati song-writer, had usually his name Anglicise familiarised into Tom Durfey. Born at Ex Huguenot ancestry (a fact gracefully alluded the 'facetious' Tom Brown; see Vol. II.), h a nephew of Honoré d'Urfé (1568–1625), aut the famous romance of *Astrée*. He early b a busy playwright, his comedies especially popular. Among these were *The Fond H.* (1676), *Madame Fickle* (1677), and *Sir Bi Whig* (1681). In 1683 he published his *Collection of Songs and Poems*, which was fo by a long series of songs, republished, alon some by other authors, as *Wit and Mirth, o to Purge Melancholy* (6 vols. 1719–20; rep 1872). Not a few are set to Scotch and No tunes; some of them are written in an imp Scotch dialect (see page 788). Several were wards attributed to Scottish authors; in pa (as has been said at page 732), the famous s

The night her blackest sable wore,
  And gloomy were the skies;
And glittering stars there were no more
  Than those in Stella's eyes;

ch complete stanza of which ends with 'She'd e and let me in,' 'That e'er she let me in,' &c., is Scotticised and claimed for Francis Sempill. is songs, amorous (beyond the bounds of decency, t a few of them), bacchanalian, and political, re enormously popular, many of them being set music by Purcell, Blew, and Farmer, who were ends of his. Addison, a man of very different mper, invited the readers of the *Guardian* to a nefit for the decayed author's behoof, and praised m as a diverting companion, a cheerful, honest, od-natured man, who, by making the world merry, d put it under a debt of gratitude. And eele (also in the *Guardian*) upbraided that same rld for its thanklessness to one 'who was so rge a contributor to this treatise, and to whose morous productions so many rural squires in the motest part of this island are obliged for the gnity and state which corpulency gives them.' he following song, reprinted in the *Pills*, is far m his most 'divertive' or tuneful lyrics, but has literary interest as being a reply to Collier's im-achment of the contemporary stage. Tom did t, like Congreve, plead guilty. The full title is *Song sung in my play of 'the Campaigners,' treamly divertive, just after Mr —— C——r's le Satyr upon Poets and the Stage. Set to a tune Mr Henry Purcell's:*

New reformation begins thro' the nation,
And our grumbling sages, that hope for good wages,
Direct us the way:
Sons of the muses, then cloak your abuses,
And least you shou'd trample on pious example,
Observe and obey.
Time frenzy curers, and stubborn Nonjurors,
For want of diversion, now scourge the leud times:
They 've hinted, they 've printed, our vein it profane is,
And worst of all crimes;
Dull clod pated railers, smiths, coblers and colliers,
Have damn'd all our rhimes.

Under the notion of zeal for devotion,
The humour has fir'd 'em, or rather inspir'd 'em,
To tutor the age:
But if in season you 'd know the true reason;
The hopes of preferment is what make the vermin
Now rail at the stage.
Cuckolds and canters, with scruples and banters,
The old forty-one peal against poetry ring:
But let State revolvers, and treason absolvers,
Excuse me if I sing:
The rebel that chuses to cry down the muses,
Wou'd cry down the king.

Thomas Flatman, born in London in 1637, ssed through Winchester to New College, xford, and became a great miniaturist and very minor poet. Painting miniatures was his ofession; in rhyming, he protests, 'my utmost id was merely for Diversion of myself and a few iends whom I very well love.' He 'always took peculiar delight in the Pindarique strain,' for asons—rather arbitrary than artistic—which he tails in the sprightly preface to his poems. Many of his contemporaries treated him as a great poet; Rochester jeered at him as a poor imitator of Cowley; and what his and Izaak Walton's brilliant friend Charles Cotton praised (in verse) as 'charming numbers,' 'full of sinewy strength as well as wit,' are now neglected and forgotten. Some of his shorter poems are much more interesting than his more ambitious 'Pindarique odes' and elegies on dukes, earls, 'matchless Orindas,' and kings. 'A Thought of Death' obviously influenced Pope's 'Dying Christian;' 'Death: a Song,' is suggestive rather than melodious; some of the love-poems are graceful, and so are the translations from Horace. 'An Appeal to Cats in the matter of love-making' is facetious and sounds modern:

Ye cats that at midnight spit love at each other,
Who best feel the pangs of a passionate lover,
I appeal to your scratches and your tattered furr
If the business of love be no more than to purr.

A burlesque romance, *Don Juan Lamberto*, 'by Montilion,' was generally regarded as his; and so were some trifles more. He died in 1688, having collected his *Poems and Songs* (1674); they had passed through four editions by 1686.

Hymn for the Morning.

Awake my soul! Awake mine eyes!
Awake my drowsie faculties;
Awake and see the new born light
Spring from the darksom womb of night.
Look up and see; th' unwearied Sun
Already has his race begun:
The pretty lark is mounted high,
And sings her matins in the sky.
Arise my soul! and thou my voice
In songs of praise, early rejoyce!
O great Creator, heavenly king,
Thy praises let me ever sing.
Thy power has made, thy goodness kept
This fenceless body while I slept,
Yet one day more hast given me
From all the powers of darkness free:
O keep my heart from sin secure,
My life unblameable and pure,
That when the last of all my days is come,
Chearful and fearless I may wait my doom.

A Thought of Death.

When on my sick bed I languish,
Full of sorrow, full of anguish,
Fainting, gasping, trembling, crying,
Panting, groaning, speechless, dying,
My soul just now about to take her flight
Into the regions of eternal night;
Oh tell me you
That have been long below,
What shall I do?
What shall I think, when cruel Death appears,
That may extenuate my fears?
Methinks I hear some gentle spirit say,
Be not fearful, come away!
Think with thy self that now thou shalt be free,
And find thy long expected liberty;

Better thou mayst, but worse thou can'st not be
Than in this vale of tears and misery.
Like Cæsar, with assurance then come on,
And unamaz'd attempt the laurel crown,
That lies on th' other side Death's Rubicon.

The Surrender.

I yield, I yield! Divine Althæa, see
How prostrate at thy feet I bow,
Fondly in love with my captivity,
So weak am I, so mighty thou.
Not long ago I could defie,
Arm'd with wine and company,
Beauty's whole artillery:
Quite vanquish'd now by thy miraculous charms,
Here, fair Althæa, take my arms,
For sure he cannot be of human race,
That can resist so bright, so sweet a face.

Richard Flecknoe, Roman Catholic priest and playwright, was born at Oxford, the nephew of a distinguished Jesuit of the English Mission, Father William Flecknoe or Flexney (b. 1575). Richard was educated at various foreign Jesuit colleges, became a Jesuit, and was ordained priest. He soon left the Society; was during the Civil War driven as a Catholic to go abroad; but after some ten years travels in the Low Countries, Rome, Constantinople, Portugal, and Brazil (1640–50), came to London, mingled in the wars of the wits, and became a writer for the press. In *Flecno an English Priest at Rome*, Andrew Marvell gives an amusing account of his visit to the long, lean, half-starved priest-poet, in his narrow garret up three pair of stairs in Rome. Flecknoe, who seems to have died about 1678, produced some volumes of religious verse and prose, several plays, a number of odes and occasional verses, *Enigmaticall Characters*, *Heroick Portraits*, *Epigrams*, all of which are long forgotten. His name is now remembered only as that of the stalking-horse over whom Dryden applied the merciless lash of his satire to Shadwell—that savage *Mac Flecknoe* which served as part-model to Pope's more famous *Dunciad*. Flecknoe, who—

In prose and verse was owned without dispute
Through all the realms of nonsense absolute,

seeks a successor, and fixes on Shadwell as the one of his sons on whom most appropriately his mantle might be laid. How far he owes his oblivion—an oblivion so complete that in several large and well-equipped libraries you shall with difficulty find one single odd specimen of all his twenty separate publications—to the inherent defects of his work and how far to Dryden's offended *amour propre* may be doubted. And it is also open to doubt if Dryden thought him such an utter dullard and fool as he pretends. It should be remembered—to Flecknoe's credit—that more than thirty years before Jeremy Collier's famous impeachment of the stage, Flecknoe, himself a playwright, made a pithy and vehement onslaught, in prose and verse, on the grossness and indecency of some contemporary plays. And Dryden, whom Flecknoe in one of his epigrams had praised as

The Muses' darling and delight,
Than whom none ever flew so high a flight,

was notoriously one of the worst offenders against decency in his comedies: *An Evening's Love* (1668) was condemned on this score not merely by Evelyn but by Pepys! Southey shrewdly guessed that this was probably a main reason for Dryden's dislike. And Southey justly says that Flecknoe was 'by no means the despicable writer Dryden suggests'—adding, 'if the little volume of epigrams which I possess may be considered a sample.' He further shows his limited acquaintance with Flecknoe by inferring from one of the epigrams that he must have been in Brazil, and regretting he did not write a book of travels. Now, as is well known, Flecknoe did in 1656 publish his *Relation of Ten Years Travel in Europe, Asia, Affrique, and America.* Southey not unjustly suggests that Flecknoe imitated D'Avenant, and finds fault with him for introducing conversational and unduly familiar expressions. 'Far from despicable' is faint praise. Flecknoe was not a great poet, but some of his verses are pretty, his thoughts felicitous, and his conceits not so strained as those of many contemporaries. It seems hard that he should not merely have been driven from a modest place in the temple of Fame, but made a minus quantity in the scale of intelligence and a byword to boot, by a spiteful sneer of 'glorious John's.'

Among the works were a *Hierothalamium or the Heavenly Nuptials of our Blessed Saviour with a Pious Soule; The Affections of a Pious Soule unto our Saviour Christ; Love's Dominion, a Dramatick Piece; The Marriage of Oceanus and Britannia; The Idea of his Highness Oliver, late Lord Protector; Erminia or the Fair and Virtuous Lady; The Damoiselles à la Mode; Sir William D'Avenant's Voyage to the other World.* Of his plays, only *Love's Dominion*, 'written as a pattern for the reformed stage,' was acted in London, but (as might be guessed) it was not successful.

To the fair Daughter of as fair a Mother.

What you 'll be in Time we know
By the stock on which you grow,
As by *Roses* we may see
What in time the *Buds* will be:
So in Flowers and so in Trees,
So in everything that is;
Like its *like* does still produce,
As 'tis *Nature's* constant use.
Grow still then till you discover
All the beauties of your Mother;
Nothing but fair and sweet can be
From so sweet and fair a Tree.

To Sir K[enelm] D[igby] in Italy, with a Memorial.

I must beg of you, Sir, nay what is more
('Tis a disease so infectious to be poor!)
Must beg you'd beg for me; which whilst I do,
What is 't but even to make you beggar too?

But poverty being as honourable now
As 'twas when *Cincinnatus* held the plough;
Senators Sow'd and Reap'd, and who had been
In *Car* of *Triumph* fetcht the harvest in:
Whilst *mightiest* Peers do want, nay what is worse,
Even *greatest Princes* live on others purse
And very *Kings* themselves are beggers made,
No shame for any, Sir, to be o' th' Trade.

Flecknoe anticipates Burns writing thus pointedly

Of an Unworthy Nobleman.

See yonder thing that looks as if he 'd cry
I am a Lord, a mile ere he comes nigh?
And thinks to carry it by being *proud*
Or looking *high* and *big*, and talking *loud*.
But mark him well, you 'll hardly finde enough
In the whole man to make a *Laquey* of;
And for his words, you 'll hardly pick from thence
So much of man as comes to common sence.
Such things as he have nothing else of worth,
But *place* and *title* for to set them forth
Just like a *Dwarf* drest up in *Gyant's* cloaths,
Bigger he 'd seem the lesser still he shows;
Or like small *Statues* on huge *Bases* set
Their highth but onely makes them [seem] less great.

He ingeniously apostrophises the smallpox as

One of those *Devils* that by power Divine,
Cast out of men once, went to the heard of *Swine*,
And giving them the *Pox* art come agen
To play the *Devil*, as thou didst, with men;

and says of a 'malitious person:'

She lov'd not the world and 'twas less to be pittyed
Since the world lov'd not her, and so they were fitted.

On your scurrilous and obscene Dramatick Poets.

Shame and disgrace o' th' Actors and the Age
Poet more fit for th' *Brothel* than the Stage!
Who makes thy Muse a *Strumpet*, and she thee
Bawd to her lust, and so you will agree.
Bawdry however washt is foul enough,
But thou dost write such foul unwashed stuff,
Thou onely seems to have taken all the pain
To write for *Whitestones-parke* or *Lewknors-lane:*
And *Water-poets* we have had before,
But never *Kennel ones* till thee before.
What *Divel* made thee write? for sure there 's none
Coud write so bad without the help of one,
Which till 't be exorcised and quite cast out,
Th' art onely fit to write for the common rout,
And with thy impudent lines and scurrilous stile
To make *Fools* laugh and *wise men* blush the while.

Whetstone's Park, between Lincoln's Inn Fields and Holborn, was notorious for its immorality; and Lewknor's Lane, off Drury Lane, was an even more unholy rendezvous.

If Dryden supposed he was even remotely alluded to in this, or supposed that the cap fitted, he might well conceive a profound disdain for Flecknoe's person, character, and abilities.

One of the pieces quoted by Southey (in *Omniana*), and from him probably by Lamb (prefixed to his essay on a Quaker's meeting), is from Flecknoe's play of *Love's Dominion*, and called

Invocation to Silence.

Sacred *Silence*, thou that art
Floud-gate of the deeper heart;
Off-spring of a heavenly kinde;
Frost o' th' mouth, and *thaw* o' th' minde;
Admiration's readyest *Tongue;*
Leave thy Desert Shades among
Reverend Hermits hallowed cells
Where retyr'd devotion dwells;
With thy Enthusiasmes come,
Ceaze this *Nymph*, and strike her dumb.

Noble Love.

It is the *counterpoise* that mindes
To fair and vertuous things inclines;
It is the *gust* we have and *sence*
Of every noble excellence;
It is the *pulse* by which we know
Whether our souls have life or no;
And such a soft and gentle fire
As kindles and inflames desire;
Until it all like *Incence* burns
And unto melting sweetness turns.

In these fifth and sixth lines surely noble love is described by a noble metaphor nobly worded.

In a little pastoral we have, neatly put, the very plot of Henryson's famous *Robin and Makyne:*

A Rural Dialogue.

Chorus. Once a *nymph* and *shepherd* meeting,
Never past there such a greeting,
Nor was heard 'twixt such a pair
Plainer dealing than was there.
He pay'd *women*, and she *men;*
He slights her, she him again.
Words with words were overthwarted,
Thus they meet and greet and parted.

Shepherd. He who never takes a wife
Lives a most contented life.
Nymph. She the whole contentment loses
Who a husband ever chooses.
Sh. I of women know too much
Ere to care for any such.
Ny. I of men too much do know
To care [whether you do or no].

Sh. Since you are resolv'd, farewell;
Look you lead not *Apes* in *Hell.*
Ny. Better lead apes thither, then than
Thither to be led by *men.*
Sh. They to Paradise would bear ye,
Be but rul'd by what they bid ye.
Ny. To Fools Paradise, 'tis true,
Would they but be rul'd by you.

Chorus. Thus they parted as they met;
Hard to say who best did get
Or of love was least affraid.
When being parted either said:
Ambo. Love, what fools thou makst of men
When th' are in thy power; but when
From thy power they once are free,
Love, what a Fool men make of thee!

In 1822 a writer in the *Retrospective Review* discovered Flecknoe, and, on the strength of the

Enigmaticall Characters and the *Epigrams*, sought to modify the harsh censure universally accepted, to show that Flecknoe was 'not the contemptible scribbler he has been generally represented,' while cautiously repudiating the wish to 'canonise dulness.' He quoted freely from the only two small volumes at his command, including one smart and lively description from the *Characters:*

A Make-bate.

She is a tattling gossip that goes a fishing or groping for secrets, and tickles you under the gills, till she catches hold of you; only the politick eel escapes her hand, and wrigles himself out again: she tells you others' secrets only to hook yours out of you, and baits men as they do fishes one with another still. She is as industrious as a bee in flying about and sucking every flower; only she has the spider's quality of making poison instead of honey of it. For she has all her species of arithmetic, multiplication, addition, and detraction too, only at numeration she is always out, making everything more or less than 'tis indeed. . . . In fine you have divers serpents so venomous as they infect and poison with their very breaths; but none have breaths more infectious nor poisonous than she, who would set man and wife at dissention the first day of their marriage, and children and parents the last day of their lives; nor will innocence ever be safe nor conversation innocent till such as she be banished human society; the bane of all societies where they come; and if I could afford them being anywhere with Ariosto's discord, it should be only amongst my enemies: meantime 'tis my prayer, God bless my friends from them.

It seems odd, but so it is, that critics who pooh-pooh Dryden's own plays, and while admiring the ability deny the poetry of his verse, should without inquiry or hesitation subscribe to his most damning critical judgments on dramatists and poets. And it should be remembered that in the poem which has overwhelmed Flecknoe and Mac Flecknoe, Dryden treats with the same contempt both Heywood and Shirley, as well as Ogilby and Shadwell. Among the forgotten rubbish of the past,

> Much Heywood, Shirley, Ogleby there lay,
> But loads of Shadwell almost choked the way.

Now, Charles Lamb praises Heywood as a 'prose Shakespeare,' and calls Shirley the 'last of a great race, all of whom spoke nearly the same language;' and more modern critics recognise 'the simplicity and directness of Heywood's pathos,' and the 'charming poetry' and 'pleasing and musical songs' scattered through his plays. It seems now agreed that Shirley, contemned by Dryden, was a 'dramatic poet of rare original power,' whose plays are 'adorned and elevated by the spirit of poetry.' Without assuming that Flecknoe was either poet or dramatist of this rank, we may hold that the reversal of Dryden's estimate of two such men as Heywood and Shirley justify us in reconsidering the verdict, still currently taken as final, on Flecknoe (see pages 431 and 484; and for Ogilby, page 823).

Langbaine, the author of the *Account of the English Dramatic Poets*, had a fierce and long-maintained feud with Dryden. But it was not on that account presumably that he says of Flecknoe's *Characters* that 'they were written with all the advantages and helps that the noblest company, divertisements and accommodation could afford to quicken the wit, heighten the fancy, and delight the mind whose main design is to honour nobility, praise virtue, tax vice, laugh at folly, and pity ignorance.'

Flecknoe anticipated Rochester in writing a poem *On Nothing*, which Flecknoe dedicated to some one who had already produced a poem on that interesting subject. Flecknoe's pastoral may have suggested Rochester's cynical *Dialogue between Strephon and Daphne*, also two unloving lovers, and in the very same rhythms, beginning:

> Prithee now, fond Fool, give over
> Since my Heart is gone before.
> To what purpose should I stay?
> Love commands another way.

It should be recorded to Flecknoe's credit that in *D'Avenant's Voyage to the other World* he shows more intelligent respect for Shakespeare than Dryden or most of his contemporaries; for Shakespeare amongst the shades is aggrieved at D'Avenant's 'so mangling and spoiling of his plays.'

Gillow's *Biographical Dictionary of the English Catholics* (vol. ii. 1885) has facts about Flecknoe not given in the *Dictionary of National Biography*. There is no ground for calling him an Irishman.

John Tatham was a minor dramatist of whose personal history little is known save that he seems to have succeeded Taylor, the water-poet, as laureate of the Lord Mayor's Show in 1653, the pageants in this connection having been regularly produced by him from 1657 to 1664. The dates of his birth and death are not known: he printed a pastoral play, *Love Crowns the End*, in 1632; a dozen pageants—several of them bearing the same name, *London's Triumphs* or *London's Glory*, another *The Royal Oak*—are extant; but his chief dramatic productions are *The Distracted State* (written in 1641); *The Scots Figgaries, or a Knot of Knaves* (1651); and *The Rump, or the Mirrour of the Late Times* (1661). Tatham was a vehement Cavalier who hated all Puritans, but especially loathed and abhorred the Scots, whom he represents also as base and contemptible. To this end apparently he invented for the Scots characters he introduces a marvellous jargon, which he may have believed to resemble the vernacular Scottish as spoken by his contemporaries. A good many of the words are actually genuine Scotch or very near it; some are exaggerated but not wholly unfair phonetic spellings of some Scottish pronunciations of English words, Aberdonian and Border tones being quite impartially and impossibly compounded; many of the most conspicuous and characteristic Scots words or sounds have not been noted; and much of this preposterous lingo is mere perverted English, with no

kind of resemblance to anything spoken or heard in any part of Scotland at any period in the history of the world. In *The Distracted State* 'a Scotch mountebank' jabbers some screeds of this gibberish in bargaining to poison a king for a trifling consideration. In *The Scots Figgaries* half-a-dozen pages at a time are printed, continuously and unbrokenly, in this factitious dialect — for whose edification or amusement it is hard to say; for if spoken as printed it must have been, like so many Scotch jokes still made in England, almost as incomprehensible to Englishmen as to Scotsmen. In *The Rump* the jargon is more sparingly used, mainly by 'Lord Wareston,' a caricature of Johnston of Warriston. Yet this monstrous fiction seems not merely to have been accepted by Tatham's contemporaries as actual Scotch, but to have been rather extensively imitated. There is something of the kind in the numerous songs supposed to be Scotch that appear in *The Westminster Drollery* and D'Urfey's *Pills to Purge Melancholy;* and Lacy's *Sauny the Scot*, in the play so called (1686), though happily he talks less than Tatham's Scottish rogues and fools, is for a Scotsman quite as puzzling. In this artificial jargon, for example, the English *no* and *go* and *so* are represented by *nea* and *gea* and *sea* (for *nae, gae, sae*); *tang* is supposed to be Scotch for *tongue; awd* and *cawd* for *old* and *cold*. Stomach is *weem* or *weomb* (*wame* being good Scotch); *one* finger is spelt not *ae* or *ane* finger, but *ean* finger; *more* is *meer* instead of *mair*, and *bearns* stands for *bairns*. If Tatham's Scotch characters are on the whole as little like Scotsmen as their lingo is to the Scots dialect, then Scottish *amour propre* may hold itself amply avenged!

A short specimen from Tatham's *Scots Figgaries* has linguistic and historical, if not literary or dramatic, interest. The first act is mainly a dialogue between two base Scotsmen who, to their good fortune, have found their way into England, and begins thus:

Jocky. A sirs! thes eyr hes a mickle geod savour. I ha creept thus firr intol th' kingdom like an erivigg intoll a mons lug, and sall as herdly be got oout. Ise sa seff here as a sperrow under a penthoowse. Let the Sheriff o Cumberlond gee hang himsell ins own gartropts, Ise ferr enough off him, ans fellow officer th' hangman noow. I, a Scot theff may pass for a trow mon here. Aw, the empty weomb and thin hide I full oft bore in Scotlond, an the geod fare I get here! Be me saw, Ise twa yards gron about sin I cam fro Scotlond, the Deele split me gif I com at thee mere, Scotlond. Ise eene noow ny the bonny court, wur meny a Scot lad is gron fro a maggot ta a bran goose; marry, Ise in a geod pleight. Weele, Scotlond, weele, tow gaffst me a mouth, but Anglond mon find me met; tis a geod soile, geod feith, an gif aw my contremon wod plant here, th'od thrive better thon in thair non. [*Enter Billy.*] In the foule Deel's name, wha 's yon? A sud be me contremon by 's scratin an scrubbin; a leokes like Scotlond it sell, bar an naked; a carries noought bet tha walth o Can aboot him, filth and virmin.

Billy. Aw Scotlond, Scotlond, wa worth tha tim I cam oout o thee. Ise like the wandering Jew ha worn my hoofes sa thin as pauper, an can get ne shod for um. Anglond has geod sooft grond, bet tha peple ha mickle hard hearts. Aw Billy, Billy, th'adst better ha tane tha stripe for stelling in Scotlond (bet thot 'tis sin ta rob the spettle) an ha thriv'd by 't, than ta come ta be hangd here or stervd; tis keen justace a mon sud dee sick a deeth for macking use o his hands; I ha ne oder mamber woorth ought.

Eyr, air; *creept* would in Scotch be *cruppen; firr* and *ferr*, far (Scotch *faur*); *earwig* is in Scotch *gellock, gollock*, &c.; *Ise*, I am; *gartropts* is presumably meant for cart-ropes (Sc. *cairt-raips*); *I*, ay; *saw*, soul (Sc. *saul*); *wur*, where (Sc. *whaur*); *meny* (Sc. *mony*); *maggot* (Sc. *mawk*); *contremon*, both countryman and countrymen (Sc. *kintraman, kintramen*); *Can*, Cain; *hoofes* and *shod* are not Scotch, nor *met* for meat, nor *stelling* for stealing, nor *pauper* for paper, nor *mamber* for member, nor *woorth* for worth; *sooft*, soft, would in Scotch be *saft; spettle* is spital, for hospital.—Tatham's *Dramatic Works* were republished in 1879 in Paterson's 'Dramatists of the Restoration.'

Roger Boyle (1621–79), soldier, statesman, and dramatist, was third son of the Earl of Cork, and in childhood was made Baron Broghill. Educated at Trinity College, Dublin, he in the Civil War first took the royalist side, but after the death of the king came under the personal influence of Cromwell, and distinguished himself in the Irish campaign. He became one of Cromwell's special council, and a member of his House of Lords. On Cromwell's death he tried to support Richard, but foreseeing that his cause was hopeless, crossed to Ireland, and secured it for the king. Four months after the Restoration he was made Earl of Orrery. He is noteworthy as having introduced rhymed tragedies, having six tragedies and two comedies to his account (several of them fairly successful). Besides, he produced some poems, a romance entitled *Parthenissa* (1654), and a *Treatise of the Art of War* (1677); and he enjoyed the friendship of D'Avenant, Dryden, and Cowley.

Sir Robert Howard (1626–98), sixth son of the first Earl of Berkshire, fought on the royalist side, was imprisoned under the Commonwealth, but after the Restoration held many public posts (including that of auditor of the Exchequer), besides being knighted. As a member of the House of Commons he was a strong Whig. He wrote half-a-dozen tragedies and comedies, of which *The Committee*, a comedy, was the best and long held the stage. Very bad was the dramatic blank-verse in which he wrote expressly to confute his brother-in-law Dryden's contention in favour of rhymed plays. He had collaborated with Dryden in the play of *The Indian Queen*.

John Wilson (1627?–96), playwright, was born in London, was educated at Exeter College and Lincoln's Inn, and about 1681 was appointed Recorder of Londonderry. A devoted loyalist throughout, he followed James after the siege, and died in London. Besides two Jonsonian comedies, he wrote a tragi-comedy and a blank-verse tragedy.

The Duke of Buckingham (GEORGE VILLIERS; 1625–87), intriguing statesman and wit, was the son of the first duke, and after his father's assassination was brought up with Charles I.'s children. On the outbreak of the Civil War he hurried from Cambridge to the royalist camp, and lost, recovered, and once more lost his estates. He attended Charles II. to Scotland, and after the battle of Worcester escaped in disguise to the Continent. There he was regarded with much suspicion by Clarendon and the king's other advisers, who could not make out whether he was a Papist or a Presbyterian, admitted his cleverness, but thought him wanting in judgment and character. Estranged from the king, and returning secretly to England, he married, in 1657, the daughter of Lord Fairfax, to whom his forfeited estates had been assigned. The Restoration gave them back to their owner and brought Buckingham to court, where for twenty-five years he was the wildest and wickedest roué of them all. In 1667 he killed in a duel the Earl of Shrewsbury, whose countess, his paramour, looked on, disguised as a page. When sated with pleasure, he would turn for a change to ambition, and four times his mad freaks lodged him in the Tower. He was mainly instrumental in Clarendon's downfall; was a member of the infamous 'Cabal;' and on its break-up in 1673 passed over, like Shaftesbury, to the popular side. But crippled with debt, he retired, after Charles's death in 1685, to his manor of Helmsley, in Yorkshire, and amused himself with the chase. He died on 16th April 1688 at Kirby-Moorside, miserably enough, if not, as Pope put it, 'in the worst inn's worst room.' Buckingham, though best remembered as the 'Zimri' of Dryden's *Absalom and Achitophel*, a portraiture of merciless fidelity—

> A man so various that he seemed to be
> Not one, but all mankind's epitome—

was the friend of Cowley from his youth up, of Etherege and Wycherley; a patron of writers, he was also an accomplished author in various kinds. He wrote pamphlets on political and ecclesiastical questions, occasional poems, lampoons, several comedies (two being adaptations of Beaumont and Fletcher), and even a treatise in defence of religion. Though the Duke was a spendthrift of body, time, and estate, a libertine in life, and without political morals, his *Discourse on the Reasonableness of Religion* seems sincere enough to disprove current suggestions that he was an atheist; his last lamentable letter from his death-bed—'forsaken by all my acquaintances, despised by my country, and, I fear, forsaken by my God'—is rather repentant than despairing in tone.

The wittiest of the plays, *The Rehearsal* (1671), still read and edited, is a satiric tragi-comedy. It was a deliberate onslaught on the heroic drama that had come into vogue, and was specifically a travesty of several of Dryden's tragedies of this type. It was a carefully considered publication, and seems, though not performed till 1671, to have been written before 1665. The Restoration dramatists, beginning with D'Avenant, contravened the rules of French taste, and in deference to English popular taste made their plays 'heroic' and sensational. Buckingham also detested rhyming plays. In *The Rehearsal* as first written D'Avenant was the Bayes satirised, and some of the points retained in the acted version apply only to him. But the play was adapted to take off the foibles of Dryden, poet-laureate when it actually came on the stage; and the nickname 'Bayes' (i.e. 'laureate') stuck to Dryden, though originally meant for Dryden's predecessor in the laureateship. Ultimately this clever burlesque, which served as model to Fielding for his *Tom Thumb* and to Sheridan for his *Critic*, is believed to have satirised and caricatured seventeen plays, of which six are Dryden's; a key to the points was published in 1705. Evelyn speaks of it as a 'ridiculous farce and rhapsody, buffooning all plays.' It created a prodigious sensation, created a model for such things, and raised controversies, personal and literary, that lasted into another generation. In his *chef d'œuvre* Buckingham is said to have had the assistance of Martin Clifford, afterwards Master of the Charterhouse; of his own chaplain, Sprat, afterwards Bishop of Rochester; and also of Butler, author of *Hudibras;* but there is no reason to doubt that the work was in substance mainly his own. The plan is that Bayes, the author-manager, is made to submit his new piece to the criticism of a town amateur and a country gentleman, and receives their comments and suggestions with no very good grace.

From 'The Rehearsal.'

Johnson. Honest Frank! I am glad to see thee with all my heart: how long hast thou been in town?

Smith. Faith, not above an hour: and, if I had not met you here, I had gone to look you out; for I long to talk with you freely of all the strange new things we have heard in the country.

Johns. And, by my troth, I have long'd as much to laugh with you at all the impertinent, dull, fantastical things we are tired out with here.

Smith. Dull and fantastical! that's an excellent composition. Pray, what are our men of business doing?

Johns. I ne'er inquire after 'em. Thou knowest my humour lies another way. I love to please myself as much, and to trouble others as little as I can; and therefore do naturally avoid the company of those solemn fops, who, being incapable of reason and insensible of wit and pleasure, are always looking grave and troubling one another, in hopes to be thought men of business.

Smith. Indeed, I have ever observed that your grave lookers are the dullest of men.

Johns. Ay, and of birds and beasts too: your gravest bird is an owl, and your gravest beast is an ass.

Smith. Well: but how dost thou pass thy time?

Johns. Why, as I used to do; eat, drink as well as I can, have a friend to chat with in the afternoon, and sometimes see a play; where there are such things, Frank, such hideous, monstrous things, that it has almost made me forswear the stage, and resolve to apply myself

to the solid nonsense of your men of business, as the more ingenious pastime.

Smith. I have heard, indeed, you have had lately many new plays; and our country wits commend 'em.

Johns. Ay, so do some of our city wits too; but they are of the new kind of wits.

Smith. New kind! what kind is that?

Johns. Why, your virtuosi; your civil persons, your drolls; fellows that scorn to imitate nature, but are given altogether to elevate and surprise.

Smith. Elevate and surprise! prithee, make me understand the meaning of that.

Johns. Nay, by my troth, that's a hard matter: I don't understand that myself. 'Tis a phrase they have got among them, to express their no-meaning by. I'll tell you, as near as I can, what it is. Let me see; 'tis fighting, loving, sleeping, rhyming, dying, dancing, singing, crying; and everything, but thinking and sense.

Bayes [*entering*]. Your most obsequious, and most observant, very servant, sir.

Johns. Odso, this is an author. I'll go fetch him to you.

Smith. No, prithee let him alone.

Johns. Nay, by the Lord, I'll have him. [*Goes after him.*] Here he is; I have caught him. Pray, sir, now for my sake, will you do a favour to this friend of mine?

Bayes. Sir, it is not within my small capacity to do favours, but receive 'em; especially from a person that does wear the honourable title you are pleased to impose, sir, upon this—sweet sir, your servant.

Smith. Your humble servant, sir.

Johns. But wilt thou do me a favour, now?

Bayes. Ay, sir, what is't?

Johns. Why, to tell him the meaning of thy last play.

Bayes. How, sir, the meaning? Do you mean the plot?

Johns. Ay, ay; anything.

Bayes. Faith, sir, the intrigo's now quite out of my head; but I have a new one in my pocket that I may say is a virgin; it has never yet been blown upon. I must tell you one thing: 'tis all new wit, and, though I say it, a better than my last; and you know well enough how that took. In fine, it shall read, and write, and act, and plot, and show, ay, and pit, box, and gallery, egad, with any play in Europe. This morning is its last rehearsal, in their habits, and all that, as it is to be acted; and if you and your friend will do it but the honour to see it in its virgin attire, though, perhaps, it may blush, I shall not be ashamed to discover its nakedness unto you. I think it is in this pocket.

Johns. Sir, I confess I am not able to answer you in this new way; but if you please to lead, I shall be glad to follow you, and I hope my friend will do so too.

Smith. Sir, I have no business so considerable as should keep me from your company.

Bayes. Yes, here it is. No, cry you mercy: this is my book of Drama Commonplaces, the mother of many other plays.

Johns. Drama Commonplaces! pray what's that?

Bayes. Why, sir, some certain helps that we men of art have found it convenient to make use of.

Smith. How, sir, helps for wit?

Bayes. Ay, sir, that's my position. And I do here aver that no man yet the sun e'er shone upon has parts sufficient to furnish out a stage, except it were by the help of these my rules.

Johns. What are those rules, I pray?

Bayes. Why, sir, my first rule is the rule of transversion, or Regula Duplex; changing verse into prose, or prose into verse, *alternative* as you please.

Smith. Well; but how is this done by a rule, sir?

Bayes. Why thus, sir; nothing so easy when understood. I take a book in my hand, either at home or elsewhere, for that's all one; if there be any wit in't, as there is no book but has some, I transverse it; that is, if it be prose, put it into verse (but that takes up some time), and if it be verse, put it into prose.

Johns. Methinks, Mr Bayes, that putting verse into prose should be called transprosing.

Bayes. By my troth, sir, 'tis a very good notion; and hereafter it shall be so.

Smith. Well, sir, and what d'ye do with it then?

Bayes. Make it my own. 'Tis so changed that no man can know it. My next rule is the rule of record, by way of table-book. Pray observe.

Johns. We hear you, sir; go on.

Bayes. As thus. I come into a coffee-house, or some other place where witty men resort, I make as if I minded nothing; do you mark? but as soon as any one speaks, pop I slap it down, and make that too my own.

Johns. But, Mr Bayes, are you not sometimes in danger of their making you restore, by force, what you have gotten thus by art?

Bayes. No, sir; the world's unmindful: they never take notice of these things.

Smith. But pray, Mr Bayes, among all your other rules, have you no one rule for invention?

Bayes. Yes, sir, that's my third rule that I have here in my pocket.

Smith. What rule can that be, I wonder?

Bayes. Why, sir, when I have anything to invent, I never trouble my head about it, as other men do; but presently turn over this book, and there I have, at one view, all that Persius, Montaigne, Seneca's Tragedies, Horace, Juvenal, Claudian, Pliny, Plutarch's Lives, and the rest, have ever thought upon this subject: and so, in a trice, by leaving out a few words, or putting in others of my own, the business is done.

Johns. Indeed, Mr Bayes, this is as sure and compendious a way of wit as ever I heard of.

Bayes. Sir, if you make the least scruples of the efficacy of these my rules, do but come to the playhouse, and you shall judge of 'em by the effects.

(From Act i. sc. 1.)

In the piece as rehearsed a battle is fought between foot and great hobby-horses. At last Drawcansir comes in and kills all on both sides. While the battle is fighting, Bayes is telling them when to shout, and shouts with them.

Drawcansir. Others may boast a single man to kill;
But I the blood of thousands daily spill.
Let petty kings the names of parties know:
Where'er I come, I slay both friend and foe.
The swiftest horsemen my swift rage controls,
And from their bodies drives their trembling souls.
If they had wings, and to the gods could fly,
I would pursue and beat 'em through the sky;
And make proud Jove, with all his thunder, see
This single arm more dreadful is than he.

Bayes. There's a brave fellow for you now, sirs. You may talk of your Hectors, and Achilles's, and I know not

who; but I defy all your histories, and your romances too, to show me one such conqueror as this Drawcansir.

Johns. I swear I think you may.

Smith. But, Mr Bayes, how shall all these dead men go off? for I see none alive to help 'em.

Bayes. Go off! why, as they came on, upon their legs: how should they go off? Why, do you think the people here don't know they are not dead? He is mighty ignorant, poor man: your friend here is very silly, Mr Johnson; egad, he is. Ha, ha, ha! Come, sir, I 'll show you how they shall go off. Rise, rise, sirs, and go about your business. There 's go off for you now; ha, ha, ha! Mr Ivory, a word. Gentlemen, I 'll be with you presently.

Johns. Will you so? Then we 'll be gone.

Smith. Ay, prithee let 's go, that we may preserve our hearing. One battle more will take mine quite away.

Bayes [*entering with Players*]. Where are the gentlemen?

1st Player. They are gone, sir.

Bayes. Gone! 'sdeath, this act is best of all. I 'll go fetch 'em again.

1st Player. What shall we do, now he is gone away?

2nd Player. Why, so much the better; then let 's go to dinner.

3rd Player. Stay, here 's a foul piece of paper. Let 's see what 'tis.

4th Player. Ay, ay, come, let 's hear it.

3rd Player [*Reads the argument of the fifth act*]. 'Cloris, at length, being sensible of Prince Prettyman's passion' . . .—This will never do: 'tis just like the rest. Come, let 's be gone.

Most of the Players. Ay, plague on 't, let 's go away.

Bayes [*entering*]. A plague on 'em both for me! they have made me sweat, to run after 'em. A couple of senseless rascals, that had rather go to dinner than see this play out, with a plague to 'em. What comfort has a man to write for such dull rogues! Come, Mr—a—where are you, sir? Come away, quick, quick.

Stage-keeper. Sir: they are gone to dinner.

Bayes. Yes, I know the gentlemen are gone; but I ask for the players.

Stage-keeper. Why, an 't please your worship, sir, the players are gone to dinner too.

Bayes. How! are the players gone to dinner? 'tis impossible: the players gone to dinner! egad, if they are, I 'll make 'em know what it is to injure a person that does them the honour to write for 'em, and all that. A company of proud, conceited, humorous, cross-grain'd persons, and all that. Egad, I 'll make 'em the most contemptible, despicable, inconsiderable persons, and all that, in the whole world, for this trick. Egad, I 'll be revenged on 'em; I 'll sell this play to the other house.

Stage-keeper. Nay, good sir, don't take away the book; you 'll disappoint the company that comes to see it acted here this afternoon.

Bayes. That 's all one, I must reserve this comfort to myself, my play and I shall go together; we will not part, indeed, sir.

Stage-keeper. But what will the town say, sir?

Bayes. The town! why, what care I for the town? Egad, the town has us'd me as scurvily as the players have done: but I 'll be reveng'd on them too; for I 'll lampoon 'em all. And since they will not admit of my plays, they shall know what a satirist I am. And so farewell to this stage, egad, for ever. (From Act v. sc. 1.)

Tom Brown collected Buckingham's *Miscellaneous Works* in 1704-5, and they were repeatedly re-edited and reprinted. See the Life of Buckingham by his faithful follower, Brian Fairfax, reprinted in Arber's edition of *The Rehearsal* (1868); G. S. Street's *Miniatures and Moods* (1893); and the *Quarterly Review* for January 1898, which gives a sketch of his life, and some account of an unpublished Commonplace-book, as well as of the other works.

John Oldham (1653–83), son of a Nonconformist minister at Shipton-Moyne in Gloucestershire, studied at St Edmund Hall, Oxford; was for three years usher in Croydon Free School; and became subsequently a private tutor. His early death (from smallpox) drew eloquent tributes from Waller and from Dryden, from Tate, Flatman, Tom Durfey, and Tom Brown. Pope, who was indebted to him for some hints, regretted his 'indelicacy,' and thought his 'strong rage' too like Billingsgate. He made clever paraphrases from the classical satirists, adapted to contemporary London conditions, and skilful translations from Greek, Latin, and French poets (including some of the least modest things of Petronius, Ovid, and Voiture), as well as of passages of Scripture; wrote four violent satires against the Jesuits, and an ironical one against virtue; satires on a false woman, on a printer, on the calamities of authors; and produced a number of occasional lyrics, many of them 'Pindarics.' The most elaborate was a 'Pindaric' in memory of a college friend, one of whose forty-two stanzas runs thus:

Thy soul within such silent pomp did keep,
As if humanity were lull'd asleep;
So gentle was thy pilgrimage beneath,
Time's unheard feet scarce make less noise,
Or the soft journey which a planet goes;
Life seem'd all calm as its last breath,
A still tranquillity so husht thy breast,
As if some halcyon were its guest,
And there had built her nest;
It hardly now enjoys a greater rest.
As that smooth sea which wears the name of peace
Still with one even face appears,
And feels no tides to change it from its place,
No waves to alter the fair form it bears;
As that unspotted sky,
Where Nile does want of rain supply,
Is free from clouds, from storm is ever free:
So thy unvary'd mind was always one,
And with such clear serenity still shone,
As caus'd thy little world to seem all temp'rate zone.

The satire in which 'Spenser is brought in dissuading the author from poetry' gives a poor account of contemporary poets:

So many now and bad the scribblers be,
'Tis scandal to be of their company. . . .
The fools are troubled with the flux of brains,
And each on paper squirts his filthy sense.
A leash of sonnets and of dull lampoon
Set up an author, who forthwith is grown
A man of parts, of rhiming, and renown:
Even that vile wretch who in lewd verse each year
Describes the pageants and my good Lord-May'r,
Whose works must serve the next election day
For making squibs and under pies to lay,
Yet counts himself of the inspirèd train,
And dares in thought the sacred name profane.

John Dryden*

e of the very few English writers who have accepted as the greatest men of letters of time, and the only one perhaps who holds a ion of equal importance in verse, in prose, and his time) in drama—was born probably, if not inly, on the 9th of August 1631, in the rectory ldwinkle All Saints, Northamptonshire. (It in the rectory of Aldwinkle St Peter's Fuller was ; see page His father Erasmus, the l son of Sir mus Dryden, ., of Canons by, in the e county, but ie opposite or ern side of it, Towcester, e Aldwinkle n the eastern in the Nen ey, between apston and dle. To this r district be- ed the family the poet's her, Mary ering, daugh- f a clergyman granddaugh- of Sir Gilbert ering, Bart. nall estate at esley, in the ons Ashby ghbourhood, ended to Dry- from his r; but he r resided there, and his frequent visits in later ere always to his mother's relations in the Nen y. The Dryden family themselves (who up to, in some cases after, the poet's time usually the name with an *i*) were of northern (probably ler) origin, and were not seated in Northants he reign of Queen Elizabeth, when Canons by came to them by marriage with the heiress of Copes. It, with the baronetcy, would have come e poet himself had he lived long enough; and actually came to one of his sons. But the line afterwards failed, and the late Sir Henry len, who died recently, had the name only by mption of his direct ancestors.

e know very little of Dryden's youth, but it s to have been passed at Tichmarsh, the quarters of the Pickerings. Nor do we know n he went to Westminster, where he was a king's scholar, and where, before he left it for Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1650, he wrote his first published poem, a highly 'metaphysical' epicede on his schoolfellow, Henry Lord Hastings, who had died of smallpox. Its schoolboy exaggeration of the fashionable style of the time is exactly what we see in the early work of some, if not of all, great poets. Dryden held a Westminster scholarship at Trinity, and took his B.A. in the beginning of 1654. But he did not proceed from his scholarship to be Fellow, nor did he take his Master's, though he is said to have resided for the full, or nearly the full, seven years which qualified for that degree. We know really nothing of his college career except that he knew Pepys there; that he contributed soon after he went up another poem, commendatory this time to the book of a living friend, John Hoddesdon's *Sion and Parnassus;* and that in July of his second year he was discommonsed, gated, and sentenced to confess his crime in hall for disobedience to the vice-master and contumacy. His father died six months after he took his B.A., and Dryden succeeded to two-thirds of the little Blakesley property (the other third not falling in till nearly twenty years later at his mother's death). The whole of this was valued then at about £60 a year. Dryden's share would probably be equal to about £150 per annum now, and he had therefore enough to live on, but no more. This is not quite superfluous in considering the character of his work.

JOHN DRYDEN.

From the Portrait by Sir G. Kneller in the National Portrait Gallery.

He seems to have come to London about the middle of 1657, and as all his relations (more particularly his cousin, the Sir Gilbert Pickering of the day) were not only Parliament men but Cromwellians, he may have expected some of those State pickings on which, as we know from his friend Pepys, all men who had any kind of interest then counted. But the rapid changes of events would have disappointed him if nothing else had;

* Copyright 1901 by J. B. Lippincott Company, to "I. Dryden's Poems," page 797.

though, in some times and circumstances, far worse poems than his *Heroic Stanzas* on the death of Oliver Cromwell have made a man's fortune. But there was not in Dryden the making of a regular place-man. He was too shy, to begin with; probably too much of a man of letters by taste and predestination, in the second place; and (though he has been accused of want of high-mindedness) almost certainly too fastidious, in the third. He had not the slightest objection to flatter—hardly anybody in that day and long afterwards had. But those who have taken the trouble to know Dryden thoroughly cannot imagine him either calmly embezzling, as most public servants then did, or unblushingly bargaining (as Pepys, who did not embezzle, bargained) with contractors and suitors and understrappers for palm-grease and 'pots of wine.'

Fortunately, however, literature was once more becoming something of a refuge for the destitute; and Dryden, though of no imperative or precocious literary tendencies, was, as was soon to be seen, endowed with a multifarious craftsmanship such as hardly any other writer has ever possessed. His enemies later accused him of doing hack-work for the booksellers, especially Herringman, who certainly published most of his early pieces. Anyhow, soon after the return of Charles, he produced palinodes to the *Heroic Stanzas* (which, however, are themselves rather pro-Cromwellian than anti-royalist) in *Astræa Redux*, the *Poem on the Coronation*, and one to Clarendon—all couched in a splendid massive heroic couplet which owed very little to any forerunner. And when the taste of everybody, from the king to the rabble, for the newly revived drama had shown itself, he set to work manfully to achieve success in this no less profitable than popular kind. He was not at first very successful, but after a time his plays added very largely to his income. Their literary value will best be considered together and later. But for a period they drew him away from poetry proper, his last effort in poetry of any consequence for nearly fifteen years being the fine *Annus Mirabilis* (1666), in which he celebrated the Fire of London and the Dutch War.

Although his relations do not appear to have done much for his worldly prosperity, it must have been partly due to his connection that—as it seems pretty early—he had access to various sides of 'the great world.' He was an early member of the Royal Society, which was fashionable as well as scientific; he must soon after the Restoration have made acquaintance with Sir Robert Howard, son of the royalist Earl of Berkshire; and now, on 1st December 1663, he married Lady Elizabeth, Sir Robert's sister. The usual books contain aspersions on this lady's character and temper, and expressions adverse to the happiness of the marriage, which, it may be well to say bluntly, rest upon no positive evidence whatsoever.

For some sixteen or seventeen years after his marriage Dryden's life was one of hardly chequered good fortune, and was chiefly passed in London, though he spent the Plague-time and a little longer (1665–66) at Charlton, his father-in-law's seat in Wiltshire; and there composed not merely *Annus Mirabilis*, but the masterly *Essay of Dramatic Poesy*, which is a landmark alike in English criticism and English prose style. As his family increased so did his means. He held for some years a lucrative share in the King's Playhouse, was made (1670) poet-laureate in succession to D'Avenant, and historiographer-royal in succession to Howell, with a joint salary of £200, and later had additional pensions and small appointments. These, with his own little means, may have at one time given him the value of some £2000 a year of modern money. He knew many distinguished persons from the king downwards. He had for a time no great share of literary quarrels—it appears that the famous squib of the *Rehearsal* (see *infra*) in 1671, as it certainly did not in the least affect the public taste for the heroic style of play, so it affected his own composure very little. Only towards the close of the period he had the unpleasant experience of being waylaid and cudgelled by bravoes hired (as it was believed, though never proved) by the malignant and cowardly Rochester, who had been a friend and patron of Dryden, but had taken a spite against him as more closely attached to Rochester's enemy, Mulgrave. Lady Elizabeth bore him three sons, two of whom were sent to their father's own old school (the third went to the Charterhouse), and of whom both parents appear to have been exceedingly fond. But it was somewhat later than this that Dryden settled in the well-known house in Gerrard Street, Soho, where he died; his longest residence during this time appears to have been in Fetter Lane. He knew Milton personally, and had a great admiration for him; while Milton, though denying him 'poetry' (of course in the classical sense of 'invention'), seems to have thought about as well of him as the difference of the two in politics, religion, morals, and poetical theory (not to mention the elder poet's arrogant and ungracious temper) could let us expect.

The frenzy of the Popish Plot, and the welter of conspiracy and partisanship into which it threw the nation, had the most important effects upon Dryden's life and literary career. At first it seemed rather doubtful what part he might take. He had had (or had been thought to have) some connections with Shaftesbury; he brought out, as late as 1681, *The Spanish Friar* as 'a Protestant play.' But it must be remembered that for some time the king himself either did not dare or did not choose to take any strong part against the plotmongers, and that it was only when they made a dead-set at his brother's succession, and almost directly threatened his own crown,

that he threw away the scabbard. Charles has been traditionally said to have given Dryden hints both for *Absalom and Achitophel* itself and for *The Medal*. He was quite clever enough; but though extreme originality was not Dryden's forte, he was himself more than capable of seizing the obvious handles presented. The results at any rate were, on the one hand, the production —in the original *Absalom and Achitophel*, in Dryden's contribution to its Second Part, in *The Medal*, and in the episodic or retaliatory lampoon of *MacFlecknoe* addressed to Shadwell—of such a series of political satires as the world had never seen. Dryden's long practice in verse, and especially in the casuistical declamation of the heroic play (see *infra*), had supplied him with weapons of unparalleled sharpness and power; his temperament, neither phlegmatic nor sentimental, gave him exactly the cool command of vigorous method which the satirist requires. On the other hand, the series identified him irrevocably with the Tory party, and drew upon him all the fury and all the venom of the Whigs.

A more remarkable change (for he had been a royalist for twenty years, and there is no evidence that he had ever been at heart a Republican) seems about the same time to have come over Dryden's mind. Hitherto he had been, at least in expression, by no means precise either in morals or religion. That curious depravation in both, which Pepys exhibits to us more especially in himself and in Lord Sandwich, had no doubt taken place in Dryden likewise; and while great part of his dramatic work exhibits (to put it in the most favourable way) complete complaisance to the least respectable desires of the frequenters of the playhouse in language and choice of subject, his references to religion are, if not directly free-thinking, anything but reverent or devout. In the very remarkable poem of *Religio Laici* (1682), written almost concurrently with the satires, all this is changed, and changed in a manner for which it is impossible to suspect or even suggest any unworthy motive. Dryden appears here as a philosophical but orthodox Anglican, with just a desire for some more authoritative decision on doubtful points of faith and practice than the Anglican creed provides.

Such an attitude if feigned could have 'curried favour' with no person and no party at that time; but if not feigned, it clears away much if not all suspicion from Dryden's change of faith shortly after the accession of James II. This change was of course made the occasion of the most violent attacks on him at the time—attacks which have been more recently revived by Macaulay and others, sometimes with the assistance of false (at best mistaken) assertions as to the rewards he received. All that can be said truly is that Dryden is not the only person who has succumbed (especially after a youth of somewhat reckless living and thinking) to the attractions of an infallible Church; that the alleged lowness of his moral tone has been greatly exaggerated in order to disprove the possibility of his sincerity; that as a matter of fact he gained nothing (he simply did not lose) by his change; and that when the fresh change came it struck him *impavidum* and unflinching. It is simply absurd to suppose that a party in the dire straits for literary talent in which the Whigs were then would not have welcomed Dryden even if they had despised him; in fact, they could not have helped themselves. Had Dryden chosen to take the oaths, William might, even without 'Dutch rudeness,' have turned his back on him, and the wits might have emptied their quivers; but the Treasury could not have kept back his pay.

The reign of James, with the almost infra-human folly of the king made disastrous to himself and to all connected with him, was not, even while it lasted, particularly fortunate for Dryden. The only wages of what some are pleased to call his apostasy were troublesome commissions from the court—a translation of the *Life of St Francis Xavier;* an ill-starred attempt to urge Romanism on the people by help of the papers of the dead king, which brought upon him a severe castigation from the practised hand of Stillingfleet; &c. The better, though not wholly good, polemical poem of *The Hind and the Panther* could not possibly have owed anything to the dull brain of James as its forerunners had perhaps owed something to the bright one of Charles; and the laureate's poem on the birth of the Prince of Wales, with some fine passages, was the least good of all the serious efforts of his maturity. On the other hand, when the wreck came it was, as far as place and pension went, total. For the last twelve years of his life Dryden had nothing to rely upon but his insignificant private fortune, the liberality of patron-friends like Dorset—who, in spite of all political differences, stuck to his old companion on the voyage down the river (see pages 781 and 813), when they talked of the English drama to the accompaniment of the Dutch guns—and the profits of his literary exertions. These latter were meagre, rather in proportion to the merit of the work than to the standards and necessities of the time. His latest attempts at drama are, in at any rate some cases, better literature than all save the best of his earlier; but they were much less successful. This was partly, no doubt, owing to the fact that even Dryden's iron craftsmanship could not in old age work against the grain (and such work, he himself acknowledged, drama had always been to him) as it had worked in youth; but partly also to the other facts that the public taste was changing, and that the interests, court and other, which had once been on his side were now against him.

Fortunately he had another string to his bow. The standard of English learning, both in the classical and in the modern languages, was falling;

but, partly from this very cause, there was a greater appetite than ever for translations. For translation—or at least for a peculiar kind of version which ranged from tolerably free translation to the loosest possible paraphrase—Dryden's genius, both creative and critical, was peculiarly suited. He had indeed, by one of his characteristic processes of critical evolution, arrived at a regular theory of it which was perhaps better justified by his practice than in itself. According to this theory the translator frankly disclaims all literal fidelity, and endeavours to rearrange or recreate the work in his hands, so as to produce something that seems to him to stand in the same relation to the language of the time and the probable readers of his own day as that in which the original stood in regard to those to whom it was addressed. He had, in the early volumes of a series of *Miscellanies*, begun this process on divers classical authors, almost as soon as the time of his first great satires. In this latest period he carried it out, partially or exclusively, in three works of importance—a translation of Juvenal and Persius, executed partly by himself, partly by others; the famous version of Virgil; and his last and greatest book of verse, the *Fables*, of which the most considerable portions were what he called 'translations' of Chaucer and Boccaccio. The *Virgil* is believed to have brought him in as much as £1200; the *Fables* were sold for the far more inadequate initial price of two hundred and fifty guineas. Moreover, during nearly the whole of his later literary life Dryden derived an income—small and uncertain in amount, but no doubt useful to him—from the supply of prologues and epilogues, according to the demand of the time, for plays other than his own. As these pieces were specially addressed *ad vulgus*, some of the less estimable features of his language and sentiment appear in them; but hardly any part of his work shows more triumphantly his almost miraculous power of literary adjustment, the trumpet-ring and echo of his verse, and the clear, shrewd, solid strength of his sense and thought. Although in these years his literary primacy was not really disputed by any competent judgment, he naturally had his share, and more than his share, of the controversial amenities of the roughest and fiercest period of political strife in English history; while very late in his life (1698) he was assailed from another side and in the house of his political friends, having to bear no small part of the brunt of Jeremy Collier's famous onslaught on the *Profaneness and Immorality of the Stage*. He had not merely the good sense but (as everything tends to show) the sincere good feeling to plead guilty, at most claiming extenuating circumstances.

Otherwise the last years of his life were fairly happy. All his family survived him—though all followed him at no great distance of time, death being in the case of his wife and youngest son preceded by impaired sanity. Some of his connections, both of the older and newer generations, were his fast friends to the last. However much he might be abused by mere snarlers or by political and religious partisans, everybody felt—and he knew that everybody felt—that he had succeeded to much more than the position of Ben Jonson as not merely official but actual head of English poetry and English literature; while all the best of the younger men of letters (except Swift, his kinsman, and the recipient of an imagined affront) were his hearty admirers. It was while the *Fables* were still in the first flush of success that he died (from mortification of the toe caused by gout) on 1st May 1700, and was splendidly buried in Westminster Abbey. Even those who, like Macaulay earlier and Mr Leslie Stephen later, have taken, for political or other reasons, an unfairly low view of Dryden's moral character, admit his possession of not a few moral virtues—modesty; absence of jealousy, conceit, or arrogance; family affection. Others, acknowledging that some of the degradation of a rather degraded time affected him, regard him as on the whole in need of very little whitewashing even morally. His intellectual and literary greatness, if not always fully or properly recognised, had scarcely ever been denied by any competent authority.

His position can spare the aid of the historic estimate, but is largely heightened, widened, and strengthened thereby. In himself, and without any account taken of independence of his predecessors or influence on those who came after him, Dryden is a dramatist of singular variety, volume, and (at his best) vigour; a prose-writer forcible, agreeable, and adequate to his subject as are few; a poet wanting only in the highest and rarest atmosphere of poetry; and in all these departments a master at once of the formal and the material constituents of literature. Hardly any one, except Lucretius, can argue in verse as he can; no one has a securer and defter grasp of the weapons of satire; in declamation (an inferior kind, no doubt) he has hardly a superior. Whether we look at the variety of his gifts or at the excellences of their individual expression, his contribution to English literature approves itself at once. But when we supplement this mere 'tasting' by an orderly examination of the state of that literature before and after his time, enjoyment becomes definite appreciation. We no longer, in a phrase of his own, 'like grossly,' but accurately, and with discrimination of what he did.

In every one of the three departments it is all-important to notice that Dryden by no means displaced or rejected the great Elizabethan work, preference (and just preference) of which has made some judges unjust to him. If one or two men of the 'giant race,' such as Milton and Browne, survived till he was no longer young, they were but survivals; and even as such they passed away before he reached his own perfection. As a poet he is to be compared not with Milton, hardly

even with Cowley, but with D'Avenant on the one hand and Chamberlayne on the other; as a prose-writer and a dramatist hardly with any one of his forerunners, seeing that he represents in each class a new style rising on the already broken-down ruins of the past. Practically, with a decision and unanimity rare at such crises, the Restoration turned over a new leaf in all three volumes; and it was of the utmost importance that such a master as Dryden was there to set the copy on the blanks.

It was also extremely fortunate that he was not a precocious writer, and that he was (beyond almost all other men of letters in any way his equals) in the habit of reconstructing his theory and practice from time to time. But, like all great poets, he was born with certain secrets which he did not indeed discover or apply very early, but which gave an unmistakable impress to his work when, and almost before, it became mature. In poetry the chief of these was the mastery of a singularly strong and nervous line, which, by the agency partly of the new-stopped or mainly-stopped couplet, was girded up from the flaccid looseness into which both the blank-verse practice of the later dramatists and the luxuriantly overlapped couplet of the poets from Wither to Chamberlayne, had plunged the decasyllable. Something of this appears even in the *Heroic Stanzas*, but it is much more conspicuous in the three couplet poems above referred to and in *Annus Mirabilis*. Up, however, to the date of the latter Dryden's versification worked a little stiffly. It still needed expletives like 'do' and 'did;' still had recourse to effective but obvious tricks, such as the scattering of identical emphatic words like 'you' and 'your' in different places of the line. His fifteen years' practice in drama—couplet at first, then blank-verse—relieved him of this; and when he reappeared with *Absalom and Achitophel* there was hardly a formal blemish left on his verse—for the uses of the triplet and the Alexandrine, to which he resorted to avoid monotony, cannot be called blemishes. In the twenty years that remained to him he improved even on this standard; he certainly adjusted it to wider ranges of subject than political and controversial matters could afford. And while the exquisite lines to the Duchess of Ormond in his latest volume take up the device of 'you' which has been noticed in him forty years before, they employ it, in common with other devices, after such a fashion of combined grace and grandeur as nothing but the very topmost summits of poetic workmanship can excel.

Nor, though the couplet is Dryden's chief medium, is it by any means the only one of which he is a master. His 'Pindarics'—the irregularly rhymed stanzas which Cowley had made fashionable—are, not merely in the universally known *Alexander's Feast*, but in the partly better *Ode on Mrs Anne Killigrew* and other places, the finest of their kind. His lighter lyrics (in his play-songs chiefly), though they never have the sweetest or airiest charm of those of the poets of Charles the First's time, or even that of the best pieces of Dorset and Rochester, Sedley and Afra Behn, have been as a rule much undervalued; and he gave no small assistance to the reintroduction of the triple-foot, anapæstic or dactylic, into English poetry for purposes superior to those of doggerel and ballad.

The diction and the subjects of this verse were of equal importance. As far as the latter head is concerned, Dryden's accomplishment in verse-argument was of course not unmixedly beneficial to English literature. It made poetry attempt as a main business what is really a main business of prose; and it gave, if not countenance, yet pretext to a deplorable family of verse didactics. But it was in itself too consummate not to 'conquer time' (as Landor put it), and it by no means prevented the poet from doing much besides arguing. Dryden's narration is admirable, his discourse in non-argumentative ways superb; and his description has since the days of Wordsworth been unduly depreciated. He cannot (or at least he does not) attempt to describe with the elaboration of the modern word-painter; but he is equal to the images he attempts to reproduce, and his single epithets are often admirably luminous and suggestive.

Undoubtedly, however, his great claim, next to his versification, lies in his diction. He rejects the euphuistic promiscuousness of his forerunners without falling into the mere vulgarity of some of his immediate contemporaries, or into the grayness and lack of colour of standard eighteenth-century English. He has not the slightest horror either of a new word or of a foreign word or of an archaic word, yet by a half-instinctive process of selection he has arranged a vocabulary which, though no doubt there can never be any final standard of English, perhaps approaches that ideal as near as any that can be mentioned. So at least thought Charles James Fox, who, when he undertook his History of James II., resolved to use no word which was not to be found in Dryden. But Dryden's practice belies Fox's theory.

The combination of these gifts with a far smaller portion of the true 'poetic fire' than has been assigned to Dryden by all but one-sided criticism would have sufficed to secure an altogether unusually high level of merit. It is not even true that (as Landor qualifies the praise given above by saying) he is 'never tender or sublime.' He is not often tender, but he is sometimes; he is sublime not seldom. But the intellectual and artistic qualities of his verse are no doubt on the whole above the emotional. His best poems have been glanced at already, but a short catalogue of all the more important, with dates and a brief note of the subject, &c., of each, may be useful. *Heroic Stanzas*, quatrains on Cromwell's death (1658); *Astræa Redux*, on the king's return, and, like the two following, in heroic couplets (1660); *Panegyric on the Coronation* (1661); *To My Lord*

Chancellor (New Year's Day 1662); *Annus Mirabilis* (winter of 1666), quatrains; *Absalom and Achitophel*, with its sequels, all in couplets, and all written and published between November 1681 and November 1682; *Religio Laici*, religious-philosophical couplets (1682); *Threnodia Augustalis*, a Pindaric on the death of Charles II. (1685); *The Hind and the Panther*, an allegorical polemic in couplets on the quarrel between the Anglican and Roman Churches, with side-hits at the Protestant sects and obnoxious persons like Burnet (1687); *Britannia Rediviva*, also couplets (1688); *Eleonora*, an epicede on Lady Abingdon, written to order, but with splendid passages, in couplets (1692). The dates of the great translations and of the *Fables* (which included rehandlings of the Knight's, Nun's, Priest's, and Wife of Bath's Tales from Chaucer; of *The Flower and the Leaf;* and of the stories of Sigismonda, Honoria, and Cymon, from Boccaccio) have been given above. Dryden's minor poems, which are very numerous, are scattered over the whole forty years of his literary life, and in many places—his plays, those of others, the *Miscellanies* which he edited, and the various books for which, as compliments or commendations or otherwise, they were specially written.

It will have been observed from this catalogue—and indeed it is generally known—that the larger part of Dryden's poetical work is written in the heroic or decasyllabic couplet, to which he gave an entirely new stamp, and which, directly or through the refined but not in all ways improved form given to it by Pope, became the reigning metre of English verse for nearly a hundred and fifty years. And attention has been drawn already to the importance of his dramatic work in reference to this. That work falls into four classes—comedies or tragi-comedies, heroic plays, later blank-verse dramas, and operas.

Dryden's comedies have, in the general opinion, been ranked lowest among his works; and with some excuse. His touch was scarcely light enough for the kind; and, perhaps here only, he never worked out a distinct form of his own. His comedies, tragi-comedies, and (in the useful French limitation of the word) dramas float between the humour-comedy of Jonson, the romantic-prosaic comedy of Beaumont and Fletcher, and the brilliant new comedy of manners which, quite early in his career, Etherege aimed at, and which, late in that career, Congreve and Vanbrugh triumphantly achieved. This uncertainty of scheme and spirit is not helped by the very frequent coarseness of language and incident or by the indistinctness of comic character. But in one particular situation—the pair of light-o'-loves who flirt and bicker but are really very fond of each other—Dryden is not unsuccessful; while in one figure of an affected coquette, the Melantha of *Marriage à la Mode* (1672), he has borrowed little from any one else, and has lent a great deal to one of Congreve's masterpieces, Millamant. The drawbacks of his comedy appear at once in his earliest play, *The Wild Gallant* (1663), and have not disappeared in his last, the tragi-comic *Love Triumphant* of 1694. Its merits appear chiefly in *Secret Love, or the Maiden Queen* (1667), where Nell Gwynne's acting undoubtedly helped, but by no means wholly created, the attractive part of Florimel, one of the flirts above mentioned; the also-mentioned *Marriage à la Mode; The Spanish Friar* (1681); and *Amphitryon* (1690). The blank-verse tragedies, which he produced after giving up rhyme, undoubtedly contain his noblest work in drama—the bold, but not wholly too bold, attempt on the subject of *Antony and Cleopatra* called *All for Love, or the World Well Lost* (1678); the carefully wrought and admirably written *Don Sebastian* (1690); and the fine rhetorical *Cleomenes* (1692), his last play but one. These, however, are inevitably brought into contrast with the Elizabethan masterpieces, and suffer accordingly. The operas, *Albion and Albanius* (1685) and *King Arthur* (1691), contain good work, especially in the lyric parts; but they are mainly curiosities, historically interesting as marking a transition from the masque. A curiosity, again, is the rhymed or 'tagged' dramatisation of *Paradise Lost*, called *The State of Innocence* (1674), which Dryden also called an opera, and which is said to have been good-naturedly though half-contemptuously authorised by Milton himself. Curiosities of a less agreeable kind occur in the Shakesperean alterations of *The Tempest*, after D'Avenant (1667), and of *Troilus and Cressida* (1679); but some of Dryden's drama is only 'curious' in a worse sense still.

The heroic play deserves separate treatment for many reasons—the chief being its pre-eminent serviceableness in perfecting his verse, its odd historical isolation as a kind immensely popular for a time and then chiefly laughed at, and its close connection with the admirable *Essay of Dramatic Poesy*. He did not exactly invent it; it is one of those literary kinds which, in a famous phrase, were never directly invented by any one, but 'growed.' The heroic play has something to do with the long-winded but universally read French novels of the Scudéry class; something with the French tragedy of Corneille and his earlier contemporaries; much with the out-at-heel degradation of blank-verse in the last plays written immediately before the closing of the theatres in 1642; much also with the growing distaste for remote imaginative conceit and emotion, the growing fancy for sharp intellectual rally and repartee. The first example of it in its high-flown sentiment, rhetorical style, and non-natural situation is D'Avenant's *Siege of Rhodes*, which, safeguarded by its title of 'opera,' actually preceded the Restoration and the reopening of the theatre generally (1656). It was written for nearly forty years after that date. But its flourishing time was from 1665 to 1680, and all its best examples were mainly or wholly Dryden's work. He it was who first

ed the hectoring, ringing tenor of its couplet s, and the sharp battledore-and-shuttlecock dmirably ridiculed by Butler and in the *rsal*, and always on the point of burlesquing of its single-line interchanges of speech. *ndian Queen*, which he wrote in collaboration his brother-in-law, Sir Robert Howard, ap- d as early as January 1664; *The Indian ror*, by himself, and far superior, followed in

But he made much farther advances to the tric perfection which the thing admitted in *nic Love, or the Royal Martyr* (1669), on the of St Catharine, and the two parts of *The uest of Granada* (1670), all three of which are phs of preposterous situation and sentiment, d off by the most extraordinary bravado of al rhetoric, which not seldom becomes, for nts, actual poetry of a high class. His last, n some ways his greatest, heroic or rhymed ly was *Aurengzebe* (1675), a play interesting se of its contemporary if remote subject, and h not possessing the *furia* and sweep of its redecessors, including passages (one espe-) which display at nearly their best Dryden's rly fashion of writing and his criticism— ubtle or profound, but strong and true and sting—of life.

e transition to his prose is all the easier se, as was noted above, the first consider- xample of that prose, the *Essay of Dramatic* , is in part a defence of rhymed plays. reve represents Dryden as acknowledging tedness to Tillotson; but Dryden was too a man to be a vain one, and it is very lt to trace the indebtedness chronologically ell as æsthetically. It is certain that for past there had been, unconsciously or con- ly, both a vague desire for and actual pts at a style less gorgeous but more gener- seful than the styles of Milton, Taylor, and ne, less intricate and cumbrous than that arendon, easier and more conversational than of Hobbes. Beginnings of such a style are as far back as Jonson; Cowley's essays mark at advance in it. But these essays were not shed early. The real bringers of it about were up of men—Tillotson, Temple, Halifax, South, en himself, and one or two more—who were rn about the year 1630. For the perfecting ch a style the essay, with its freedom from rhetorical rules of argument and its wide y, offered special advantages; and Dryden, f he did not require, always preferred, a model, in Corneille's *examens* of his own plays one e adjustment of the essay to purposes of ry criticism. Most of the long succession of s, prefaces, and so forth with which he ed up the *Essay of Dramatic Poesy* itself like it, devoted to literary subjects, with, ally enough, a strong admixture of political other polemic, in the period from the h Plot to the Revolution. But whatever the subject, the style is the same, or rather it adjusts itself to almost any subject with slight variations. Fault has been found with it (by Coleridge) for not possessing a 'stricter and purer grammar;' but this comes from the mistaken notion that English grammar has a 'sealed pattern' lying somewhere stored up and not to be varied from, instead of being, as it really is, in the main an induction from the practice of the best writers. At first he was perhaps a little too colloquial; but as this fault grew upon his contemporaries he himself corrected it. He was at first also too much given to the use of foreign words; but though he, wisely, never gave this up, he used it later with an equally wise moderation. His diction has the same clear-cut force and form that it possesses in poetry; and the mould of his sentences, with its not excessive or monotonous antithesis, its easy swing and vibration, and the clenching stroke at the end, reminds one in no unpleasant way of his management of the couplet. The great character of his prose throughout is its combination of ease that is never (or hardly ever) slipshod with weight which is still more rarely 'loaded' or clumsy. Here, as in verse, he improved continually to the last; and his prose Preface to the *Fables*, with its opening epistle to the Duke of Ormond, is as much a 'diploma-piece' of his style in this harmony as the verses to the Duchess (given at page 801) are of his fashion of poetry. In both he was for his time a perfect master of the game; and in such mastery he is very unlikely to be excelled at any time, whatsoever may be the changes that come over English literature.

I. Dryden's Poems.—The first group of illustrative extracts are from Dryden's poetry other than dramatic, the second from his dramas, the third from his prose.

Character of Shaftesbury.

Of these the false Achitophel was first;
A name to all succeeding ages curst:
For close designs and crooked counsels fit,
Sagacious, bold, and turbulent of wit,
Restless, unfixed in principles and place,
In power unpleased, impatient of disgrace:
A fiery soul, which, working out its way,
Fretted the pigmy body to decay,
And o'er-informed the tenement of clay.
A daring pilot in extremity;
Pleased with the danger, when the waves went high,
He sought the storms; but, for a calm unfit,
Would steer too nigh the sands to boast his wit.
Great wits are sure to madness near allied,
And thin partitions do their bounds divide;
Else why should he, with wealth and honour blest,
Refuse his age the needful hours of rest?
Punish a body which he could not please,
Bankrupt of life, yet prodigal of ease?
And all to leave what with his toil he won,
To that unfeathered two-legged thing, a son;
Got while his soul did huddled notions try,
And born a shapeless lump, like anarchy.

In friendship false, implacable in hate;
Resolved to ruin or to rule the state:
To compass this, the triple bond he broke,
The pillars of the public safety shook,
And fitted Israel for a foreign yoke:
Then, seized with fear, yet still affecting fame,
Usurped a patriot's all-atoning name.
So easy still it proves, in factious times,
With public zeal to cancel private crimes.
How safe is treason, and how sacred ill,
Where none can sin against the people's will!
Where crowds can wink, and no offence be known,
Since in another's guilt they find their own!
Yet fame deserved no enemy can grudge;
The statesman we abhor, but praise the judge.
In Israel's courts ne'er sat an Abbethdin—
With more discerning eyes, or hands more clean,
Unbribed, unsought, the wretched to redress,
Swift of despatch, and easy of access.
Oh! had he been content to serve the crown
With virtues only proper to the gown,
Or had the rankness of the soil been freed
From cockle that oppressed the noble seed,
David for him his tuneful harp had strung,
And heaven had wanted one immortal song.
But wild ambition loves to slide, not stand,
And Fortune's ice prefers to Virtue's land.
Achitophel, grown weary to possess
A lawful fame and lazy happiness,
Disdained the golden fruit to gather free,
And lent the crowd his arm to shake the tree.

(From *Absalom and Achitophel.*)

It is significant that Dryden avoids the spelling *Ahithophel*, which the Authorised Version had long made the stereotyped English spelling, and clings to *Achitophel*, the spelling not merely of the Latin Vulgate but of the (Catholic) Douay version. *Abbethdin*, 'father of the house of justice,' was the Hebrew title of a Jewish supreme judge.

The Duke of Buckingham.

Some of their chiefs were princes of the land:
In the first rank of these did Zimri stand;
A man so various that he seemed to be
Not one, but all mankind's epitome:
Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong,
Was everything by starts, and nothing long;
But, in the course of one revolving moon,
Was chymist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon;
Then all for women, painting, rhyming, drinking,
Besides ten thousand freaks that died in thinking.
Blest madman, who could every hour employ
With something new to wish or to enjoy!
Railing and praising were his usual themes,
And both, to shew his judgment, in extremes;
So over-violent, or over-civil,
That every man with him was god or devil.
In squandering wealth was his peculiar art;
Nothing went unrewarded but desert:
Beggared by fools, whom still he found too late,
He had his jest, and they had his estate;
He laughed himself from court, then sought relief
By forming parties, but could ne'er be chief;
For, spite of him, the weight of business fell
On Absalom and wise Achitophel:
Thus, wicked but in will, of means bereft,
He left not faction, but of that was left.

(From *Absalom and Achitophel.*)

Shaftesbury's Address to Monmouth.

Auspicious prince, at whose nativity
Some royal planet ruled the southern sky,
Thy longing country's darling and desire,
Their cloudy pillar and their guardian fire;
Their second Moses, whose extended wand
Divides the seas, and shews the promised land;
Whose dawning day in every distant age
Has exercised the sacred prophet's rage:
The people's prayer, the glad diviner's theme,
The young men's vision, and the old men's dream
Thee saviour, thee, the nation's vows confess,
And, never satisfied with seeing, bless:
Swift unbespoken pomps thy steps proclaim,
And stammering babes are taught to lisp thy nam
How long wilt thou the general joy detain,
Starve and defraud the people of thy reign?
Content ingloriously to pass thy days,
Like one of virtue's fools that feeds on praise;
Till thy fresh glories, which now shine so bright,
Grow stale, and tarnish with our daily sight;
Believe me, royal youth, thy fruit must be
Or gathered ripe, or rot upon the tree:
Heaven has to all allotted, soon or late,
Some lucky revolution of their fate;
Whose motions, if we watch and guide with skill,
(For human good depends on human will,)
Our fortune rolls as from a smooth descent,
And from the first impression takes the bent;
But if unseized, she glides away like wind,
And leaves repenting folly far behind.
Now, now she meets you with a glorious prize,
And spreads her locks before you as she flies!
Had thus old David, from whose loins you spring
Not dared, when fortune called him to be king,
At Gath an exile he might still remain,
And heaven's anointing oil had been in vain.
Let his successful youth your hopes engage,
But shun the example of declining age;
Behold him setting in his western skies,
The shadows lengthening as the vapours rise.
He is not now as when on Jordan's sand
The joyful people thronged to see him land,
Covering the beach and blackening all the strand

(From *Absalom and Achitop*

Jordan's sand is simply for the English coast, and refers incident in Hebrew history.

Ode to the Memory of Mrs Anne Killigrew

Thou youngest virgin-daughter of the skies,
Made in the last promotion of the blest;
Whose palms, new-plucked from Paradise,
In spreading branches more sublimely rise,
Rich with immortal green above the rest:
Whether, adopted to some neighbouring star,
Thou roll'st above us, in thy wandering race,
Or, in procession fixed and regular,
Mov'st with the heaven-majestic pace;
Or, called to more superior bliss,
Thou tread'st, with seraphims, the vast abyss:
Whatever happy region be thy place,
Cease thy celestial song a little space;
Thou wilt have time enough for hymns divine,
Since Heaven's eternal year is thine.
Hear, then, a mortal Muse thy praise rehearse.
In no ignoble verse:

h as thy own voice did practise here,
hy first-fruits of poesy were given,
:e thyself a welcome inmate there;
While yet a young probationer,
And candidate of heaven.

traduction came thy mind,
wonder is the less to find
so charming from a stock so good;
her was transfused into thy blood:
: thou born into the tuneful strain,
y, rich, and inexhausted vein.
f thy pre-existing soul
rmed at first with myriads more,
l through all the mighty poets roll,
reek or Latin laurels wore,
ıs that Sappho last, which once it was before.
, then cease thy flight, O heaven-born mind!
ast no dross to purge from thy rich ore:
can thy soul a fairer mansion find
ı was the beauteous frame she left behind.
to fill or mend the quire of thy celestial
kind. . . .

ous God! how far have we
:d thy heavenly gift of Poesy!
›rostitute and profligate the Muse,
d to each obscene and impious use,
harmony was first ordained above
ıgues of angels, and for hymns of love!
:tched we! why were we hurried down
lubric and adulterate age,
ıdded fat pollutions of our own,)
ncrease the steaming ordures of the stage?
:an we say to excuse our second fall?
s thy vestal, Heaven, atone for all;
rethusian stream remains unsoiled,
ed with foreign filth and undefiled;
/it was more than man; her innocence a
child. . . .

in mid-air the golden trump shall sound,
aise the nations underground;
in the valley of Jehosophat
dging God shall close the book of Fate;
there the last assizes keep
those who wake, and those who sleep;
:n rattling bones together fly
n the four corners of the sky;
sinews o'er the skeletons are spread,
clothed with flesh, and life inspires the dead;
cred poets first shall hear the sound,
›remost from the tomb shall bound,
ey are covered with the lightest ground;
raight, with inborn vigour, on the wing,
ıountain larks, to the new morning sing.
thou, sweet saint, before the quire shall go,
'binger of heaven, the way to shew,
ay which thou so well hast learned below.

nne Killigrew, daughter of a prebendary of Westminster the brother of the two dramatists; see Vol. II.), died of n 1685, aged twenty-five. She painted pictures, and a her poems was published after her death. The *tradu*-rrivative theory of the origin of the individual soul is › the *creationist* view. *Jehosophat* is neither the Vul-he Douay spelling (*Josaphat*), nor yet that of the A.V. *hat*).

Satire on Shadwell.

All human things are subject to decay;
And, when Fate summons, monarchs must obey.
This Flecknoe found, who, like Augustus, young
Was called to empire, and had governed long,
In prose and verse was owned, without dispute,
Through all the realms of Nonsense absolute.
This aged prince, now flourishing in peace,
And blest with issue of a large increase,
Worn out with business, did at length debate
To settle the succession of the state;
And pondering which of all his sons was fit
To reign and wage immortal war with Wit,
Cried: "'Tis resolved; for Nature pleads that he
Should only rule who most resembles me.
Shadwell alone my perfect image bears,
Mature in dulness from his tender years:
Shadwell alone of all my sons is he
Who stands confirmed in full stupidity.
The rest to some faint meaning make pretence;
But Shadwell never deviates into sense.
Some beams of wit on other souls may fall,
Strike through, and make a lucid interval;
But Shadwell's genuine night admits no ray;
His rising fogs prevail upon the day.
Besides, his goodly fabric fills the eye,
And seems designed for thoughtless majesty:
Thoughtless as monarch oaks that shade the plain,
And, spread in solemn state, supinely reign.
Heywood and Shirley were but types of thee,
Thou last great prophet of tautology!
Even I, a dunce of more renown than they,
Was sent before but to prepare thy way.'

(From *Mac-Flecknoe*.)

For Flecknoe and Shadwell, see page 784 of this volume and the first section of Vol. II.; and for Heywood and Shirley, unkindly comprehended in the same condemnation, pages 431 and 484.

To my dear Friend, Mr Congreve, on his Comedy called 'The Double Dealer.'

Well then, the promised hour is come at last,
The present age of wit obscures the past:
Strong were our sires, and as they fought they writ,
Conquering with force of arms and dint of wit:
Theirs was the giant race before the flood;
And thus, when Charles returned, our empire stood.
Like Janus, he the stubborn soil manured,
With rules of husbandry the rankness cured;
Tamed us to manners, when the stage was rude,
And boisterous English wit with art endued.
Our age was cultivated thus at length,
But what we gained in skill we lost in strength.
Our builders were with want of genius curst;
The second temple was not like the first;
Till you, the best Vitruvius, come at length,
Our beauties equal, but excel our strength.
Firm Doric pillars found your solid base,
The fair Corinthian crowns the higher space;
Thus all below is strength, and all above is grace.
In easy dialogue is Fletcher's praise;
He moved the mind, but had not power to raise.
Great Jonson did by strength of judgment please,
Yet, doubling Fletcher's force, he wants his ease.
In differing talents both adorned their age,
One for the study, t'other for the stage.

But both to Congreve justly shall submit,
One matched in judgment, both o'ermatched in wit.
In him all beauties of this age we see,
Etherege his courtship, Southern's purity,
The satire, wit, and strength of manly Wycherly.
All this in blooming youth you have achieved;
Nor are your foiled contemporaries grieved.
So much the sweetness of your manners move,
We cannot envy you, because we love.
Fabius might joy in Scipio, when he saw
A beardless Consul made against the law,
And join his suffrage to the votes of Rome,
Though he with Hannibal was overcome.
Thus old Romano bowed to Raphael's fame,
And scholar to the youth he taught became.
O that your brows my laurel had sustained!
Well had I been deposed, if you had reigned:
The father had descended for the son;
For only you are lineal to the throne.
Thus, when the state one Edward did depose,
A greater Edward in his room arose:
But now, not I but poetry is curst;
For Tom the second reigns like Tom the first.
But let them not mistake my patron's part,
Nor call his charity their own desert.
Yet this I prophesy—Thou shalt be seen,
Though with some short parenthesis between,
High on the throne of wit, and, seated there,
Not mine—that 's little—but thy laurel wear.
Thy first attempt an early promise made,
That early promise this has more than paid.
So bold, yet so judiciously you dare,
That your least praise is to be regular.
Time, place, and action may with pains be wrought,
But genius must be born, and never can be taught.
This is your portion, this your native store;
Heaven, that but once was prodigal before, [more.
To Shakespeare gave as much; she could not give him
Maintain your post: that 's all the fame you need;
For 'tis impossible you should proceed.
Already I am worn with cares and age,
And just abandoning the ungrateful stage:
Unprofitably kept at Heaven's expense,
I live a rent-charge on His providence;
But you, whom every Muse and Grace adorn,
Whom I foresee to better fortune born,
Be kind to my remains; and oh, defend,
Against your judgment, your departed friend!
Let not the insulting foe my fame pursue,
But shade those laurels which descend to you:
And take for tribute what these lines express:
You merit more, nor could my love do less.

Tom the First and *Tom the Second* are apparently Thomas Shadwell and Thomas Rymer of the *Fœdera*, also a dramatist, and the worst of all actual and possible critics.

On Milton.

Three poets, in three distant ages born,
Greece, Italy, and England did adorn.
The first in loftiness of thought surpassed;
The next in majesty; in both the last.
The force of Nature could no farther go;
To make a third, she joined the former two.

On Cromwell.

His grandeur he derived from Heaven alone,
For he was great ere Fortune made him so;
And wars, like mists that rise against the sun,
Made him but greater seem, not greater grow.

Nor was he like those stars which only shine
When to pale mariners they storms portend;
He had his calmer influence, and his mien
Did love and majesty together blend.

(From *Heroic Stan*

Reason and Religion.

Dim as the borrowed beams of moon and stars
To lonely, weary, wandering travellers,
Is Reason to the soul; and as on high
Those rolling fires discover but the sky,
Not light us here; so Reason's glimmering ray
Was lent, not to assure our doubtful way,
But guide us upward to a better day.
And as those nightly tapers disappear,
When day's bright lord ascends our hemisphere
So pale grows Reason at Religion's sight;
So dies, and so dissolves in supernatural light.

(From *Religio La*

It is worth noting the rhyming of *stars* with *travellers*.

Hind and Panther Described.

A milk-white Hind, immortal and unchanged,
Fed on the lawns, and in the forest ranged;
Without unspotted, innocent within,
She feared no danger, for she knew no sin.
Yet had she oft been chased with horns and houn
And Scythian shafts, and many winged wounds
Aimed at her heart; was often forced to fly,
And doomed to death, though fated not to die.
The Panther, sure the noblest next the Hind,
And fairest creature of the spotted kind;
Oh, could her inborn stains be washed away,
She were too good to be a beast of prey!
How can I praise or blame, and not offend,
Or how divide the frailty from the friend?
Her vaults and virtues lie so mixed, that she
Nor wholly stands condemned nor wholly free.
Then like her injured Lion, let me speak;
He cannot bend her, and he would not break.
Unkind already, and estranged in part,
The Wolf begins to share her wandering heart.
Though unpolluted yet with actual ill,
She half commits who sins but in her will.
If, as our dreaming Platonists report,
There could be spirits of a middle sort,
Too black for heaven, and yet too white for hell,
Who just dropped half-way down, nor lower fell;
So poised, so gently she descends from high,
It seems a soft dismission from the sky.

(From *The Hind and the Panther*, Pa

The Swallow.

The swallow, privileged above the rest
Of all the birds as man's familiar guest,
Pursues the sun in summer, brisk and bold,
But wisely shuns the persecuting cold;
Is well to chancels and to chimneys known,
Though 'tis not thought she feeds on smoke alone
From hence she has been held of heavenly line,
Endued with particles of soul divine:
This merry chorister had long possessed
Her summer seat, and feathered well her nest,

wning skies began to change their cheer,
ne turned up the wrong side of the year;
:dding trees began the ground to strow
ellow leaves, and bitter blasts to blow:
ıguries of winter thence she drew,
by instinct or prophecy she knew;
›rudence warned her to remove betimes,
ek a better heaven and warmer climes,
ns were summoned on a steeple's height,
ılled in common council, vote a flight.
y was named, the next that should be fair;
:he general rendezvous repair; [in air.
ry their fluttering wings, and trust themselves
. . . . . .
but the swallow now triumphs alone?
nopy of heaven is all her own:
uthful offspring to their haunts repair,
ide along in glades, and skim in air,
p for insects in the purling springs,
›op on rivers to refresh their wings.

(From *The Hind and the Panther*, Part iii.)

The Church's Testimony.

acious God! how well dost Thou provide
ing judgments an unerring guide!
rone is darkness in the abyss of light,
: of glory that forbids the sight.
ı me to believe Thee thus concealed,
arch no farther than Thy self revealed,
· alone for my director take
thou hast promised never to forsake!
ughtless youth was winged with vain desires,
nhood, long misled by wandering fires,
ed false lights; and when their glimpse was gone,
le struck out new sparkles of her own.
'as I, such by nature still I am;
ne the glory, and be mine the shame!

(From *The Hind and the Panther*, Part i.)

lines from the eighth present a noteworthy parallel to
: of Newman's 'Lead, kindly Light.'

The Cost of Conversion.

hereafter must be purchased here
›ss of all that mortals hold so dear,
'elcome infamy and public shame,
st, a long farewell to worldly fame.
d with ease, but oh, how hardly tried
ghty souls to human honour tied!
› convulsive pangs of agonising pride!
then, thou rebel, never more to rise,
ıat thou didst, and dost so dearly prize,
me, that darling fame, make that thy sacrifice.
:hing thou hast given; then add thy tears
ong race of unrepenting years:
:hing yet, yet all thou hast to give;
dd those may-be years thou hast to live:
.hing still; then poor and naked come;
ither will receive his unthrift home,
ıy blest Saviour's blood discharge the mighty
n. (From *The Hind and the Panther*, Part iii.)

Dreams.

› are but interludes which Fancy makes;
nonarch Reason sleeps, this mimic wakes:
unds a medley of disjointed things,
of cobblers, and a court of kings:
Light fumes are merry, grosser fumes are sad:
Both are the reasonable soul run mad;
And many monstrous forms in sleep we see,
That neither were, nor are, nor e'er can be.
Sometimes forgotten things long cast behind
Rush forward in the brain, and come to mind.
The nurse's legends are for truths received,
And the man dreams but what the boy believed.
Sometimes we but rehearse a former play,
The night restores our actions done by day,
As hounds in sleep will open for their prey.

(From *The Cock and the Fox*, modernised from Chaucer.)

To the Duchess of Ormond.

MADAM,

The bard who first adorned our native tongue
Tuned to his British lyre this ancient song;
Which Homer might without a blush rehearse,
And leaves a doubtful palm in Virgil's verse:
He matched their beauties, where they most excel;
Of love sung better, and of arms as well.
Vouchsafe, illustrious Ormond, to behold
What power the charms of beauty had of old;
Nor wonder if such deeds of arms were done,
Inspired by two fair eyes that sparkled like your own.
If Chaucer by the best idea wrought,
And poets can divine each other's thought,
The fairest nymph before his eyes he set;
And then the fairest was Plantagenet,
Who three contending princes made her prize,
And ruled the rival nations with her eyes;
Who left immortal trophies of her fame,
And to the noblest order gave the name.
Like her, of equal kindred to the throne,
You keep her conquests, and extend your own:
As when the stars, in their ethereal race,
At length have rolled around the liquid space,
At certain periods they resume their place,
From the same point of heaven their course advance,
And move in measures of their former dance;
Thus, after length of ages, she returns,
Restored in you, and the same place adorns:
Or you perform her office in the sphere,
Born of her blood, and make a new Platonic year.
O true Plantagenet, O race divine,
(For beauty still is fatal to the line,)
Had Chaucer lived that angel-face to view,
Sure he had drawn his Emily from you;
Or had you lived to judge the doubtful right,
Your noble Palamon had been the knight;
And conquering Theseus from his side had sent
Your generous lord, to guide the Theban government.
Time shall accomplish that; and I shall see
A Palamon in him, in you an Emily.
Already have the Fates your path prepared,
And sure presage your future sway declared:
When westward, like the sun, you took your way,
And from benighted Britain bore the day,
Blue Triton gave the signal from the shore,
The ready Nereids heard, and swam before
To smooth the seas; a soft Etesian gale
But just inspired, and gently swelled the sail;
Portunus took his turn, whose ample hand
Heaved up the lightened keel, and sunk the sand,
And steered the sacred vessel safe to land.
The land, if not restrained, had met your way,
Projected out a neck, and jutted to the sea.

Hibernia, prostrate at your feet, adored
In you the pledge of her expected lord,
Due to her isle; a venerable name;
His father and his grandsire known to fame;
Awed by that house, accustomed to command,
The sturdy kerns in due subjection stand,
Nor hear the reins in any foreign hand.
At your approach, they crowded to the port;
And scarcely landed, you create a court:
As Ormond's harbinger, to you they run,
For Venus is the promise of the Sun.
The waste of civil wars, their towns destroyed,
Pales unhonoured, Ceres unemployed,
Were all forgot; and one triumphant day
Wiped all the tears of three campaigns away.
Blood, rapines, massacres, were cheaply bought,
So mighty recompense your beauty brought.
As when the dove returning bore the mark
Of earth restored to the long-labouring ark,
The relics of mankind, secure of rest,
Oped every window to receive the guest,
And the fair bearer of the message blessed:
So, when you came, with loud repeated cries,
The nation took an omen from your eyes,
And God advanced his rainbow in the skies,
To sign inviolable peace restored;
The saints with solemn shouts proclaimed the new accord.
When at your second coming you appear,
(For I foretell that millenary year)
The sharpened share shall vex the soil no more,
But earth unbidden shall produce her store;
The land shall laugh, the circling ocean smile,
And Heaven's indulgence bless the holy isle.
Heaven from all ages has reserved for you
That happy clime, which venom never knew;
Or if it had been there, your eyes alone
Have power to chase all poison, but their own.
Now in this interval, which Fate has cast
Betwixt your future glories and your past,
This pause of power, 'tis Ireland's hour to mourn;
While England celebrates your safe return,
By which you seem the seasons to command,
And bring our summers back to their forsaken land.
The vanquished isle our leisure must attend,
Till the fair blessing we vouchsafe to send;
Nor can we spare you long, though often we may lend.
The dove was twice employed abroad, before
The world was dried, and she returned no more.
Nor dare we trust so soft a messenger,
New from her sickness, to that northern air;
Rest here awhile your lustre to restore,
That they may see you, as you shone before;
For yet, the eclipse not wholly past, you wade
Through some remains and dimness of a shade.
A subject in his prince may claim a right,
Nor suffer him with strength impaired to fight;
Till force returns, his ardour we restrain,
And curb his warlike wish to cross the main.
Now past the danger, let the learned begin
The inquiry, where disease could enter in;
How those malignant atoms forced their way,
What in the faultless frame they found to make their prey,
Where every element was weighed so well,
That Heaven alone, who mixed the mass, could tell
Which of the four
And where, impri
A soul might well
And yet the fin
Porcelain by bein
Even to your brea
And forced from t
Profanely set the
In vain your lord,
When the fierce fl
And I prepared t
A most detested a
Even this had bee
Is offered for your
Your angel sure
To find the remed
As once the Mace
Was taught to dre
Or Heaven, whic
As scarce it could
So liked the fram
To save the charg
Or by his middle
And saw some gr
Well worth a mir
And for that end
Which all the futu
And meditated, in
An heir from you
Blessed be the
The hopes of lost
Joy to the first an
Virtue to courts,
To you the Grace
O daughter of t
The differing title
Who heaven's alt
The blush of mor
Whose face is Pa
For God in either
All is your lord
Employs the care
For him you wast
For him your curi
Such works of old
Such for Ascanius
The soft recesse
The three fair ple
All other parts of
You owe your Or
To fill in future ti
And wear the gar

The Duchess to whor
his version of Chaucer's
second Duke of Ormond
his father, the first Duk
of Beaufort. The tradi
of the Order of the
Edward I., who was
Earl of Salisbury, with
For the *Platonic year*,
fated, destined. *Portu*
sheep-walks. The Du
Morley was her doctor.
of the Temple of Jeru
remedy for the poisone
cherubim, both plural
'cherub.' *Dido* was als

Theodore and Honoria.

Of all the cities in Romanian lands,
The chief and most renowned Ravenna stands,
Adorned in ancient times with arms and arts,
And rich inhabitants with generous hearts.
But Theodore the brave, above the rest,
With gifts of fortune and of nature blessed,
The foremost place for wealth and honour held,
And all in feats of chivalry excelled.
This noble youth to madness loved a dame
Of high degree; Honoria was her name;
Fair as the fairest, but of haughty mind,
And fiercer than became so soft a kind.
Proud of her birth (for equal she had none),
The rest she scorned, but hated him alone.
His gifts, his constant courtship, nothing gained;
For she, the more he loved, the more disdained.
He lived with all the pomp he could devise,
At tilts and turnaments obtained the prize,
But found no favour in his lady's eyes:
Relentless as a rock, the lofty maid
Turned all to poison that he did or said:
Nor prayers, nor tears, nor offered vows, could move;
The work went backward; and the more he strove
T' advance his suit, the farther from her love.
Wearied at length, and wanting remedy,
He doubted oft, and oft resolved to die.
But pride stood ready to prevent the blow,
For who would die to gratify a foe?
His generous mind disdained so mean a fate;
That passed, his next endeavour was to hate.
But vainer that relief than all the rest;
The less he hoped, with more desire possessed;
Love stood the siege, and would not yield his breast.
Change was the next, but change deceived his care;
He sought a fairer, but found none so fair.
He would have worn her out by slow degrees,
As men by fasting starve the untamed disease:
But present love required a present ease.
Looking, he feeds alone his famished eyes,
Feeds lingering death, but looking not, he dies.
Yet still he chose the longest way to fate,
Wasting at once his life and his estate.
His friends beheld, and pitied him in vain,
For what advice can ease a lover's pain?
Absence, the best expedient they could find,
Might save the fortune, if not cure the mind:
This means they long proposed, but little gained,
Yet, after much pursuit, at length obtained.
Hard you may think it was to give consent,
But struggling with his own desires he went,
With large expense, and with a pompous train,
Provided as to visit France or Spain,
Or for some distant voyage o'er the main.
But Love had clipped his wings, and cut him short;
Confined within the purlieus of the court,
Three miles he went, no farther could retreat;
His travels ended at his country-seat:
To Chassi's pleasing plains he took his way,
There pitched his tents, and there resolved to stay.
The spring was in the prime; the neighbouring grove
Supplied with birds, the choristers of love,
Music unbought, that ministered delight
To morning walks, and lulled his cares by night:
There he discharged his friends, but not the expense
Of frequent treats and proud magnificence.
He lived as kings retire, though more at large
From public business, yet with equal charge;
With house and heart still open to receive;
As well content as love would give him leave:
He would have lived more free; but many a guest,
Who could forsake the friend, pursued the feast.
It happed one morning, as his fancy led.
Before his usual hour he left his bed,
To walk within a lonely lawn, that stood
On every side surrounded by the wood:
Alone he walked, to please his pensive mind,
And sought the deepest solitude to find;
'Twas in a grove of spreading pines he strayed;
The winds within the quivering branches played,
And dancing trees a mournful music made.
The place itself was suiting to his care,
Uncouth and savage, as the cruel fair.
He wandered on, unknowing where he went,
Lost in the wood, and all on love intent:
The day already half his race had run,
And summoned him to due repast at noon,
But love could feel no hunger but his own.
Whilst listening to the murmuring leaves he stood,
More than a mile immersed within the wood,
At once the wind was laid; the whispering sound
Was dumb; a rising earthquake rocked the ground:
With deeper brown the grove was overspread;
A sudden horror seized his giddy head,
And his ears tingled, and his colour fled;
Nature was in alarm; some danger nigh
Seemed threatened, though unseen to mortal eye.
Unused to fear, he summoned all his soul,
And stood collected in himself—and whole;
Not long: for soon a whirlwind rose around,
And from afar he heard a screaming sound,
As of a dame distressed, who cried for aid,
And filled with loud laments the secret shade.
A thicket close beside the grove there stood,
With briers and brambles choked, and dwarfish wood;
From thence the noise, which now, approaching near
With more distinguished notes invades his ear;
He raised his head, and saw a beauteous maid,
With hair dishevelled, issuing through the shade;
Stripped of her clothes, and even those parts revealed
Which modest nature keeps from sight concealed.
Her face, her hands, her naked limbs were torn,
With passing through the brakes and prickly thorn;
Two mastiffs gaunt and grim her flight pursued,
And oft their fastened fangs in blood imbrued:
Oft they came up, and pinched her tender side;
'Mercy, O mercy, Heaven!' she ran, and cried;
When Heaven was named, they loosed their hold again,
Then sprung she forth, they followed her amain.
Not far behind, a knight of swarthy face,
High on a coal-black steed pursued the chase;
With flashing flames his ardent eyes were filled,
And in his hands a naked sword he held:
He cheered the dogs to follow her who fled,
And vowed revenge on her devoted head.
As Theodore was born of noble kind,
The brutal action roused his manly mind;
Moved with unworthy usage of the maid,
He, though unarmed, resolved to give her aid.
A saplin pine he wrenched from out the ground,
The readiest weapon that his fury found.

Thus furnished for offence, he crossed the way
Betwixt the graceless villain and his prey.
The knight came thundering on, but, from afar,
Thus in imperious tone forbad the war:
'Cease, Theodore, to proffer vain relief,
Nor stop the vengeance of so just a grief;
But give me leave to seize my destined prey,
And let eternal justice take the way:
I but revenge my fate, disdained, betrayed,
And suffering death for this ungrateful maid.'
He said, at once dismounting from the steed;
For now the hell-hounds with superior speed
Had reached the dame, and, fastening on her side,
The ground with issuing streams of purple dyed;
Stood Theodore surprised in deadly fright,
With chattering teeth, and bristling hair upright;
Yet armed with inborn worth: 'Whate'er,' said he,
'Thou art, who know'st me better than I thee;
Or prove thy rightful cause, or be defied;'
The spectre, fiercely staring, thus replied:
'Know, Theodore, thy ancestry I claim,
And Guido Cavalcanti was my name.
One common sire our fathers did beget;
My name and story some remember yet:
Thee, then a boy, within my arms I laid,
When for my sins I loved this haughty maid;
Not less adored in life, nor served by me,
Than proud Honoria now is loved by thee.
What did I not her stubborn heart to gain?
But all my vows were answered with disdain:
She scorned my sorrows, and despised my pain.
Long time I dragged my days in fruitless care;
Then, loathing life, and plunged in deep despair,
To finish my unhappy life, I fell
On this sharp sword, and now am damned in hell.
'Short was her joy; for soon the insulting maid
By Heaven's decree in the cold grave was laid.
And as in unrepenting sin she died, [pride;
Doomed to the same bad place is punished for her
Because she deemed I well deserved to die,
And made a merit of her cruelty.
There, then, we met; both tried, and both were cast,
And this irrevocable sentence passed:
That she, whom I so long pursued in vain,
Should suffer from my hands a lingering pain:
Renewed to life, that she might daily die,
I daily doomed to follow, she to fly;
No more a lover, but a mortal foe,
I seek her life (for love is none below):
As often as my dogs with better speed
Arrest her flight, is she to death decreed:
Then with this fatal sword, on which I died,
I pierce her opened back or tender side,
And tear that hardened heart from out her breast,
Which, with her entrails, makes my hungry hounds a
Nor lies she long, but, as her fates ordain, [feast.
Springs up to life, and fresh to second pain,
Is saved to-day, to-morrow to be slain.'
This, versed in death, the infernal knight relates,
And then for proof fulfilled their common fates;
Her heart and bowels through her back he drew
And fed the hounds that helped him to pursue;
Stern looked the fiend, as frustrate of his will,
Not half sufficed, and greedy yet to kill.
And now the soul, expiring through the wound,
Had left the body breathless on the ground,
When thus the grisly spectre spoke again:
'Behold the fruit of ill-rewarded pain:
As many months as I sustained her hate,
So many years is she condemned by Fate
To daily death; and every several place,
Conscious of her disdain and my disgrace,
Must witness her just punishment, and be
A scene of triumph and revenge to me!
As in this grove I took my last farewell,
As on this very spot of earth I fell,
As Friday saw me die, so she my prey
Becomes even here, on this revolving day.'
Thus, while he spoke, the virgin from the ground
Upstarted fresh, already closed the wound,
And unconcerned for all she felt before,
Precipitates her flight along the shore:
The hell-hounds, as ungorged with flesh and blood,
Pursue their prey, and seek their wonted food:
The fiend remounts his courser, mends his pace,
And all the vision vanished from the place.
Long stood the noble youth oppressed with awe,
And stupid at the wondrous things he saw,
Surpassing common faith, transgressing Nature's law.
He would have been asleep, and wished to wake,
But dreams, he knew, no long impression make,
Though strong at first; if vision, to what end,
But such as must his future state portend,
His love the damsel, and himself the fiend?
But yet, reflecting that it could not be
From Heaven, which cannot impious acts decree,
Resolved within himself to shun the snare
Which hell for his destruction did prepare;
And, as his better genius should direct,
From an ill cause to draw a good effect.
Inspired from Heaven, he homeward took his way
Nor palled his new design with long delay:
But of his train a trusty servant sent
To call his friends together at his tent.
They came, and, usual salutations paid,
With words premeditated thus he said:
'What you have often counselled, to remove
My vain pursuit of unregarded love,
By thrift my sinking fortune to repair,
Though late, yet is at last become my care:
My heart shall be my own; my vast expense
Reduced to bounds by timely providence;
This only I require; invite for me
Honoria, with her father's family,
Her friends and mine; the cause I shall display
On Friday next, for that 's the appointed day.'
Well pleased were all his friends, the task w
light;
The father, mother, daughter, they invite;
Hardly the dame was drawn to this repast;
But yet resolved, because it was the last.
The day was come, the guests invited came,
And with the rest the inexorable dame:
A feast prepared with riotous expense,
Much cost, more care, and most magnificence.
The place ordained was in that haunted grove
Where the revenging ghost pursued his love:
The tables in a proud pavilion spread,
With flowers below, and tissue overhead:
The rest in rank, Honoria chief in place,
Was artfully contrived to set her face
To front the thicket, and behold the chase.

The feast was served, the time so well forecast,
That just when the dessert and fruits were placed,
The fiend's alarm began; the hollow sound
Sung in the leaves, the forest shook around,
Air blackened, rolled the thunder, groaned the ground.
Nor long before the loud laments arise
Of one distressed, and mastiffs' mingled cries;
And first the dame came rushing through the wood,
And next the famished hounds that sought their food,
And griped her flanks, and oft essayed their jaws in blood.
Last came the felon on his sable steed,
Armed with his naked sword, and urged his dogs to speed.
She ran, and cried, her flight directly bent—
A guest unbidden—to the fatal tent,
The scene of death, and place ordained for punishment.
Loud was the noise, aghast was every guest.
The women shrieked, the men forsook the feast;
The hounds at nearer distance hoarsely bayed;
The hunter close pursued the visionary maid;
She rent the heaven with loud laments, imploring aid.
The gallants, to protect the lady's right,
Their fauchions brandished at the grisly spright;
High on his stirrups he provoked the fight.
Then on the crowd he cast a furious look,
And withered all their strength before he strook:
'Back, on your lives! let be,' said he, 'my prey,
And let my vengeance take the destined way:
Vain are your arms, and vainer your defence,
Against the eternal doom of Providence:
Mine is the ungrateful maid by Heaven designed:
Mercy she would not give, nor mercy shall she find.'
At this the former tale again he told
With thundering tone, and dreadful to behold:
Sunk were their hearts with horror of the crime,
Nor needed to be warned a second time,
But bore each other back: some knew the face,
And all had heard the much-lamented case
Of him who fell for love, and this the fatal place.
And now the infernal minister advanced,
Seized the due victim, and with fury lanced
Her back, and, piercing through her inmost heart,
Drew backward, as before, the offending part.
The reeking entrails next he tore away,
And to his meagre mastiffs made a prey.
The pale assistants on each other stared,
With gaping mouths for issuing words prepared;
The still-born sounds upon the palate hung,
And died imperfect on the faltering tongue.
The fright was general; but the female band,
A helpless train, in more confusion stand:
With horror shuddering, on a heap they run,
Sick at the sight of hateful justice done;
For conscience rung the alarm, and made the case their own.
So, spread upon a lake with upward eye,
A plump of fowl behold their foe on high;
They close their trembling troop; and all attend
On whom the sowsing eagle will descend.
But most the proud Honoria feared the event,
And thought to her alone the vision sent.
Her guilt presents to her distracted mind
Heaven's justice, Theodore's revengeful kind,
And the same fate to the same sin assigned;
Already sees herself the monster's prey,
And feels her heart and entrails torn away.
'Twas a mute scene of sorrow, mixed with fear;
Still on the table lay the unfinished cheer:
The knight and hungry mastiffs stood around;
The mangled dame lay breathless on the ground:
When on a sudden, re-inspired with breath,
Again she rose, again to suffer death;
Nor stayed the hell-hounds, nor the hunter stayed,
But followed, as before, the flying maid:
The avenger took from earth the avenging sword,
And mounting light as air, his sable steed he spurred:
The clouds dispelled, the sky resumed her light,
And Nature stood recovered of her fright.
But fear, the last of ills, remained behind,
And horror heavy sat on every mind.
Nor Theodore encouraged more his feast,
But sternly looked, as hatching in his breast
Some deep designs; which, when Honoria viewed,
The fresh impulse her former fright renewed;
She thought herself the trembling dame who fled,
And him the grisly ghost that spurred the infernal steed:
The more dismayed, for when the guests withdrew,
Their courteous host, saluting all the crew,
Regardless passed her o'er; nor graced with kind adieu;
That sting infixed within her haughty mind
The downfall of her empire she divined,
And her proud heart with secret sorrow pined.
Home as they went, the sad discourse renewed,
Of the relentless dame to death pursued,
And of the sight obscene so lately viewed.
None durst arraign the righteous doom she bore;
Even they who pitied most, yet blamed her more;
The parallel they needed not to name,
But in the dead they damned the living dame.
At every little noise she looked behind,
For still the knight was present to her mind:
And anxious oft she started on the way,
And thought the horseman-ghost came thundering for his prey.
Returned, she took her bed with little rest,
But in short slumbers dreamt the funeral feast:
Awaked, she turned her side, and slept again;
The same black vapours mounted in her brain,
And the same dreams returned with double pain.
Now forced to wake, because afraid to sleep,
Her blood all fevered, with a furious leap
She sprung from bed, distracted in her mind,
And feared at every step a twitching sprite behind.
Darkling and desperate, with a staggering pace,
Of death afraid, and conscious of disgrace;
Fear, pride, remorse, at once her heart assailed;
Pride put remorse to flight, but fear prevailed.
Friday, the fatal day, when next it came,
Her soul forethought the fiend would change his game,
And her pursue, or Theodore be slain,
And two ghosts join their packs to hunt her o'er the plain.
This dreadful image so possessed her mind,
That, desperate any succour else to find,
She ceased all farther hope; and now began
To make reflection on the unhappy man,
Rich, brave, and young, who past expression loved;
Proof to disdain, and not to be removed:
Of all the men respected and admired;
Of all the dames, except herself, desired:
Why not of her? preferred above the rest
By him with knightly deeds, and open love professed?
So had another been, where he his vows addressed.
This quelled her pride, yet other doubts remained,
That once disdaining, she might be disdained.

The fear was just, but greater fear prevailed;
Fear of her life by hellish hounds assailed:
He took a lowering leave; but who can tell
What outward hate might inward love conceal?
Her sex's arts she knew; and why not then
Might deep dissembling have a place in men?
Here hope began to dawn; resolved to try,
She fixed on this her utmost remedy:
Death was behind, but hard it was to die.
'Twas time enough at last on death to call,
The precipice in sight, a shrub was all
That kindly stood betwixt to break the fatal fall.
One maid she had, beloved above the rest;
Secure of her, the secret she confessed;
And now the cheerful light her fears dispelled;
She with no winding turns the truth concealed,
But put the woman off, and stood revealed:
With faults confessed, commissioned her to go,
If pity yet had place, and reconcile her foe;
The welcome message made, was soon received;
'Twas what he wished, and hoped, but scarce believed;
Fate seemed a fair occasion to present;
He knew the sex, and feared she might repent,
Should he delay the moment of consent.
There yet remained to gain her friends (a care
The modesty of maidens well might spare);
But she with such a zeal the cause embraced
(As women, where they will, are all in haste),
The father, mother, and the kin beside,
Were overborne by fury of the tide;
With full consent of all, she changed her state;
Resistless in her love, as in her hate.
By her example warned, the rest beware;
More easy, less imperious, were the fair;
And that one hunting, which the devil designed
For one fair female, lost him half the kind.

(From *Boccaccio.*)

Enjoy the Present Hour.

Enjoy the present smiling hour,
And put it out of Fortune's power:
The tide of business, like the running stream,
Is sometimes high and sometimes low,
A quiet ebb or a tempestuous flow,
And always in extreme.
Now with a noiseless gentle course
It keeps within the middle bed;
Anon it lifts aloft the head,
And bears down all before it with impetuous force;
And trunks of trees come rolling down;
Sheep and their folds together drown:
Both house and homestead into seas are borne;
And rocks are from their old foundations torn;
And woods, made thin with winds, their scattered honours mourn.

Happy the man, and happy he alone,
He who can call to-day his own:
He who, secure within, can say,
To-morrow, do thy worst, for I have lived to-day.
Be fair or foul, or rain or shine,
The joys I have possessed in spite of fate are mine.
Not heaven itself upon the past has power;
But what has been, has been, and I have had my hour!

Fortune, that with malicious joy
Does man, her slave, oppress,
Proud of her office to destroy,
Is seldom pleased to bless:
Still various and inconstant still,
But with an inclination to be ill,
Promotes, degrades, delights in strife,
And makes a lottery of life.
I can enjoy her while she 's kind;
But when she dances in the wind,
And shakes her wings, and will not stay,
I puff the prostitute away:
The little or the much she gave is quietly resigned:
Content with poverty, my soul I arm;
And virtue, though in rags, will keep me warm.

What is 't to me,
Who never sail in her unfaithful sea,
If storms arise, and clouds grow black;
If the mast split, and threaten wreck?
Then let the greedy merchant fear
For his ill-gotten gain;
And pray to gods that will not hear,
While the debating winds and billows bear
His wealth into the main.
For me, secure from Fortune's blows,
Secure of what I cannot lose,
In my small pinnace I can sail,
Contemning all the blustering roar;
And running with a merry gale,
With friendly stars my safety seek,
Within some little winding creek,
And see the storm ashore.

(From *Horace*, Odes, iii. 29.)

From Song in 'The Conquest of Granada.'

Beneath a myrtle's shade,
Which love for none but happy lovers made,
I slept, and straight my love before me brought
Phyllis, the object of my waking thought.
Undressed she came my flame to meet,
While love strewed flowers beneath her feet,
Flowers which, so pressed by her, became more sweet.

From the bright vision's head
A careless veil of lawn was loosely shed,
From her white temples fell her shaded hair,
Like cloudy sunshine, not too brown nor fair.
Her hands, her lips, did love inspire,
Her every grace my heart did fire,
But most her eyes, which languished with desire.

Song from 'Cleomenes.'

No, no, poor suffering heart, no change endeavour,
Choose to sustain the smart, rather than leave her;
My ravished eyes behold such charms about her,
I can die with her, but not live without her;
One tender sigh of hers to see me languish,
Will more than pay the price of my past anguish:
Beware, O cruel fair, how you smile on me,
'Twas a kind look of yours, that has undone me.

Love has in store for me one happy minute,
And she will end my pain, who did begin it;
Then no day void of bliss, of pleasure, leaving,
Ages shall slide away without perceiving:
Cupid shall guard the door, the more to please us,
And keep out time and death, when they would seize u
Time and death shall depart, and say in flying
Love has found out a way to live by dying.

II. From Dryden's Dramas.—Prefixed to the two specimen scenes given here from Dryden's dramas are a few shorter passages of exceptional poetic interest.

Freedom.

No man has more contempt than I of breath;
But whence hast thou the right to give me death?
Obeyed as sovereign by thy subjects be,
But know that I alone am king of me.
I am as free as Nature first made man,
Ere the base laws of servitude began,
When wild in woods the noble savage ran.

(From *The Conquest of Granada*, Part i.)

Timidity.

As some fair tulip, by a storm opprest,
Shrinks up, and folds its silken arms to rest;
And bending to the blast, all pale and dead,
Hears from within the wind sing round its head:
So shrouded up your beauty disappears;
Unveil, my love, and lay aside your fears:
The storm that caused your fright is past and done.

(From the same, Part i.)

Forgiveness.

A blush remains in a forgiven face,
It wears the silent tokens of disgrace.
Forgiveness to the injured does belong,
But they ne'er pardon who have done the wrong.

(From Part ii.)

Love.

Love is that madness which all lovers have;
But yet 'tis sweet and pleasing so to rave.
'Tis an enchantment, where the reason 's bound;
But Paradise is in the enchanted ground.
A palace void of envy, cares, and strife;
Where gentle hours delude so much of life.
To take those charms away, and set me free,
Is but to send me into misery.
And prudence, of whose care so much you boast,
Restores those pains which that sweet folly lost.

(From the same, Part ii.)

That friendship which from withered love doth shoot,
Like the faint herbage on a rock, wants root;
Love is a tender amity, refined:
Grafted on friendship, it exalts the mind;
But when the graff no longer does remain,
The dull stock lives, but never bears again.

(From Part ii.)

So Venus moves when to the Thunderer
In smiles or tears she would some suit prefer.
When with her cestus girt
And drawn by doves, she cuts the liquid skies,
To every eye a goddess is confest;
By all the heavenly nations she is blest,
And each with secret joy admits her to his breast.

(From Part ii.)

Fair though you are
As summer mornings, and your eyes more bright
Than stars that twinkle on a winter's night;
Though you have eloquence to warm and move
Cold age and fasting hermits into love;
Though Almahide with scorn rewards my care,
Yet than to change 'tis nobler to despair.
My love 's my soul, and that from fate is free,
'Tis that unchanged and deathless part of me.

(From Part ii.)

Love various minds does variously aspire:
He stirs in gentle natures gentle fire,
Like that of incense on the altars laid;
But raging flames tempestuous souls invade—
A fire which every windy passion blows,
With pride it mounts, and with revenge it glows.

(From *Tyrannic Love.*)

A change so swift what heart did ever feel!
It rushed upon me like a mighty stream,
And bore me in a moment far from shore.
I 've loved away myself; in one short hour
Already am I gone an age of passion.
Was it his youth, his valour, or success?
These might perhaps be found in other men.
'Twas that respect, that awful homage paid me;
That fearful love which trembled in his eyes,
And with a silent earthquake shook his soul.
But when he spoke, what tender words he said!
So softly that, like flakes of feathered snow,
They melted as they fell.

(From *The Spanish Friar.*)

Midnight.

All things are hushed, as Nature's self lay dead;
The mountains seem to nod their drowsy head,
The little birds in dreams their songs repeat,
And sleeping flowers beneath the night-dew sweat;
Even lust and envy sleep, yet love denies
Rest to my soul and slumber to my eyes.

It was these famous lines on midnight that Wordsworth pronounced to be 'vague, bombastic, and senseless.'

Tears.

What precious drops are those
Which silently each other's track pursue,
Bright as young diamonds in their infant dew!

(From *The Conquest of Granada*, Part ii.)

Mankind.

Men are but children of a larger growth;
Our appetite 's as apt to change as theirs,
And full as craving too, and full as vain;
And yet the soul shut up in her dark room,
Viewing so clear abroad, at home sees nothing;
But, like a mole in earth, busy and blind,
Works all her folly up, and casts it outward
To the world's open view.

(From *All for Love.*)

Man is but man; unconstant still, and various;
There 's no to-morrow in him like to-day.
Perhaps the atoms rolling in his brain
Make him think honestly this present hour;
The next, a swarm of base ungrateful thoughts
May mount aloft; and where 's our Egypt then?
Who would trust chance? since all men have the seeds
Of good and ill, which should work upward first.

(From *Cleomenes.*)

Life.

When I consider life, 'tis all a cheat;
Yet, fooled with hope, men favour the deceit,
Trust on, and think to-morrow will repay.
To-morrow 's falser than the former day;

Lies worse; and while it says we shall be blest
With some new joys, cuts off what we possessed.
Strange cozenage! None would live past years again,
Yet all hope pleasure in what yet remain;
And from the dregs of life think to receive
What the first sprightly running could not give.
I 'm tired with waiting for this chymic gold,
Which fools us young, and beggars us when old.
—'Tis not for nothing that we life pursue;
It pays our hopes with something still that 's new:
Each day 's a mistress unenjoyed before;
Like travellers, we 're pleased with seeing more.
Did you but know what joys your way attend,
You would not hurry to your journey's end.

(From *Aureng-zebe.*)

Fear of Death.

Berenice. Now death draws near, a strange perplexity
Creeps coldly on me, like a fear to die:
Courage uncertain dangers may abate,
But who can bear the approach of certain fate?
St Catherine. The wisest and the best some fear may show,
And wish to stay, though they resolve to go.
Ber. As some faint pilgrim, standing on the shore,
First views the torrent he would venture o'er,
And then his inn upon the farther ground,
Loath to wade through, and loather to go round:
Then dipping in his staff, does trial make
How deep it is, and sighing pulls it back:
Sometimes resolved to fetch his leap; and then
Runs to the bank, but there stops short again.
So I at once
Both heavenly faith and human fear obey;
And feel before me in an unknown way.
For this blest voyage I with joy prepare,
Yet am ashamed to be a stranger there.

(From *Tyrannic Love.*)

Scene from 'All for Love.'

[This was the only play Dryden wrote for himself, he said; all the rest were given to the people; the scene quoted he thought the best he had written in that kind. The play, avowedly in imitation of Shakespeare, is founded on the story of Antony and Cleopatra; the dialogue quoted, like that from *Don Sebastian*, given below, is obviously founded on the quarrel of Brutus and Cassius in *Julius Cæsar*. Ventidius was Antony's general.]

Antony. They tell me 'tis my birthday, and I 'll keep it
With double pomp of sadness.
'Tis what the day deserves which gave me breath.
Why was I raised the meteor of the world,
Hung in the skies, and blazing as I travelled,
Till all my fires were spent, and then cast downward
To be trod out by Cæsar?
Ventidius. [*Aside.*] On my soul
'Tis mournful, wondrous mournful!
Ant. Count thy gains,
Now, Antony: wouldst thou be born for this?
Glutton of fortune, thy devouring youth
Has starved thy wanting age.
Vent. [*Aside.*] How sorrow shakes him!
So now the tempest tears him by the roots,
And on the ground extends the noble ruin.
[*Antony throws himself down.*]
Ant. Lie there, thou shadow of an emperor;
The place thou pressest on thy mother-earth
Is all thy empire now: now it contains thee;
Some few days hence, and then 'twill be too large,
When thou 'rt contracted in thy narrow urn,
Shrunk to a few cold ashes; then Octavia
(For Cleopatra will not live to see it),
Octavia then will have thee all her own,
And bear thee in her widowed hand to Cæsar.
Cæsar will weep, the crocodile will weep,
To see his rival of the universe
Lie still and peaceful there. I 'll think no more on 't.
Give me some music; look that it be sad;
I 'll soothe my melancholy till I swell,
And burst myself with sighing.
'Tis somewhat to my humour. Stay, I fancy
I 'm now turned wild, a commoner of nature;
Of all forsaken, and forsaking all;
Live in a shady forest's silvan scene;
Stretched at my length beneath some blasted oak,
I lean my head upon the mossy bark,
And look just of a piece, as I grew from it;
My uncombed locks, matted like mistletoe,
Hang o'er my hoary face; a murmuring brook
Runs at my foot——
Vent. Methinks I fancy
Myself there too.
Ant. The herd come jumping by me,
And fearless quench their thirst, while I look on,
And take me for their fellow-citizen.
More of this image; more; it lulls my thoughts.
Vent. I must disturb him. I can hold no longer.
[*Stands before him.*
Ant. [*Starting up.*] Art thou Ventidius?
Vent. Are you Antony?
I 'm liker what I was, than you to him
I left you last.
Ant. I 'm angry.
Vent. So am I.
Ant. I would be private. Leave me.
Vent. Sir, I love you,
And therefore will not leave you.
Ant. Will not leave me!
Where have you learned that answer? Who am I!
Vent. My emperor; the man I love next heaven.
If I said more, I think 'twere scarce a sin:
You are all that 's good and godlike.
Ant. All that 's wretched.
You will not leave me, then?
Vent. 'Twas too presuming
To say I would not: but I dare not leave you;
And 'tis unkind in you to chide me hence
So soon, when I so far have come to see you.
Ant. Now thou hast seen me, art thou satisfied?
For, if a friend, thou hast beheld enough,
And, if a foe, too much.
Vent. Look, emperor; this is no common dew;
I have not wept this forty years; but now
My mother comes afresh into my eyes;
I cannot help her softness.
Ant. By heaven, he weeps; poor good old man, he weeps!
The big round drops course one another down
The furrows of his cheeks. Stop 'em, Ventidius,
Or I shall blush to death; they set my shame,
That caused 'em, full before me.
Vent. I 'll do my best.
Ant. Sure there 's contagion in the tears of friends;
See, I have caught it too. Believe me, 'tis not
For my own griefs, but thine—— Nay, father.

Vent. Emperor!
Ant. Emperor! Why, that 's the style of victory.
The conquering soldier, red with unfelt wounds,
Salutes his general so: but never more
Shall that sound reach my ears.
Vent. I warrant you.
Ant. Actium, Actium! Oh——
Vent. It sits too near you.
Ant. Here, here it lies; a lump of lead by day;
And in my short, distracted nightly slumbers,
The hag that rides my dreams——
Vent. Out with it; give it vent.
Ant. Urge not my shame—
I lost a battle.
Vent. So has Julius done. [think'st;
Ant. Thou favour'st me, and speak'st not half thou
For Julius fought it out, and lost it fairly;
But Antony——
Vent. Nay, stop not.
Ant. Antony—
Well, thou wilt have it—like a coward, fled,
Fled while his soldiers fought; fled first, Ventidius.
Thou long'st to curse me, and I give thee leave.
I know thou cam'st prepared to rail.
Vent. I did.
Ant. I 'll help thee—I have been a man, Ventidius.
Vent. Yes, and a brave one; but——
Ant. I know thy meaning.
But I have lost my reason, have disgraced
The name of soldier with inglorious ease;
In the full vintage of my flowing honours
Sat still, and saw it pressed by other hands.
Fortune came smiling to my youth, and wooed it.
And purple greatness met my ripened years.
When first I came to empire, I was borne
On tides of people, crowding to my triumphs.
The wish of nations, and the willing world,
Received me as its pledge of future peace.
I was so great, so happy, so beloved,
Fate could not ruin me; till I took pains,
And worked against my fortune, chid her from me,
And turned her loose: yet still she came again.
My careless days and my luxurious nights
At length have wearied her, and now she 's gone:
Gone, gone, divorced for ever. Help me, soldier,
To curse this madman, this industrious fool,
Who laboured to be wretched. Prythee, curse me.
Vent. No.
Ant. Why?
Vent. You are too sensible already
Of what you have done; too conscious of your failings.
And like a scorpion, whipt by others first
To fury, sting yourself in mad revenge.
I would bring balm, and pour it in your wounds,
Cure your distempered mind, and heal your fortunes.
Ant. I know thou wouldst.
Vent. I will.
Ant. Ha, ha, ha, ha!
Vent. You laugh.
Ant. I do, to see officious love
Give cordials to the dead.
Vent. You would be lost, then?
Ant. I am.
Vent. I say you are not. Try your fortune.
Ant. I have to the utmost. Dost thou think me
desperate
Without just cause? No; when I found all lost
Beyond repair, I hid me from the world,
And learned to scorn it here; which now I do
So heartily, I think it is not worth
The cost of keeping.
Vent. Cæsar thinks not so:
He 'll thank you for the gift he could not take.
You would be killed like Tully, would you? Do
Hold out your throat to Cæsar, and die tamely.
Ant. No, I can kill myself, and so resolve.
Vent. I can die with you, too, when time shall serve;
But fortune calls upon us now to live,
To fight, to conquer.
Ant. Sure thou dream'st, Ventidius!
Vent. No; 'tis you dream; you sleep away your
hours
In desperate sloth, miscalled philosophy.
Up, up, for honour's sake; twelve legions wait you,
And long to call you chief. By painful journeys
I led 'em patient both of heat and hunger,
Down from the Parthian marches to the Nile.
'Twill do you good to see their sunburnt faces,
Their scarred cheeks, and chopt hands; there 's virtue in 'em:
They 'll sell those mangled limbs at dearer rates
Than yon trim bands can buy.
Ant. Where left you them?
Vent. I said in Lower Syria.
Ant. Bring 'em hither;
There may be life in these.
Vent. They will not come.
Ant. Why didst thou mock my hopes with promised aids,
To double my despair? They 're mutinous.
Vent. Most firm and loyal.
Ant. Yet they will not march
To succour me. Oh, trifler!
Vent. They petition
You would make haste to head 'em.
Ant. I 'm besieged.
Vent. There 's but one way shut up. How came I hither?
Ant. I will not stir.
Vent. They would perhaps desire
A better reason.
Ant. I have never used
My soldiers to demand a reason of
My actions. Why did they refuse to march?
Vent. They said they would not fight for Cleopatra.
Ant. What was 't they said?
Vent. They said they would not fight for Cleopatra.
Why should they fight, indeed, to make her conquer,
And make you more a slave? To gain you kingdoms
Which, for a kiss, at your next midnight feast
You 'll sell to her? Then she new-names her jewels,
And calls this diamond such or such a tax;
Each pendant in her ear shall be a province.
Ant. Ventidius, I allow your tongue free licence
On all my other faults; but, on your life,
No word of Cleopatra; she deserves
More worlds than I can lose.
Vent. Behold, you powers,
To whom you have intrusted humankind;
See Europe, Afric, Asia put in balance,
And all weighed down by one light worthless woman!
I think the gods are Antonies, and give,
Like prodigals, this nether world away
To none but wasteful hands.
Ant. You grow presumptuous.

Vent. I take the privilege of plain love to speak.
Ant. Plain love! plain arrogance! plain insolence!
Thy men are cowards, thou an envious traitor;
Who, under seeming honesty, hast vented
The burden of thy rank o'erflowing gall.
Oh, that thou wert my equal; great in arms
As the first Cæsar was, that I might kill thee
Without stain to my honour!
Vent. You may kill me.
You have done more already, called me traitor.
Ant. Art thou not one?
Vent. For shewing you yourself,
Which none else durst have done. But had I been
That name which I disdain to speak again,
I needed not have sought your abject fortunes,
Come to partake your fate, to die with you.
What hindered me to have led my conquering eagles
To fill Octavius' bands? I could have been
A traitor then, a glorious happy traitor,
And not have been so called.
Ant. Forgive me, soldier;
I've been too passionate.
Vent. You thought me false;
Thought my old age betrayed you. Kill me, sir;
Pray kill me; yet you need not; your unkindness
Has left your sword no work.
Ant. I did not think so;
I said it in my rage; prythee, forgive me.
Why didst thou tempt my anger, by discovery
Of what I would not hear?
Vent. No prince but you
Could merit that sincerity I used;
Nor durst another man have ventured it;
But you, ere love misled your wandering eyes,
Were sure the chief and best of human race,
Framed in the very pride and boast of nature,
So perfect that the gods who formed you wondered
At their own skill and cried, A lucky hit
Has mended our design. Their envy hindered,
Else you had been immortal and a pattern,
When Heaven would work for ostentation sake,
To copy out again.
Ant. But Cleopatra——
Go on; for I can bear it now.
Vent. No more.
Ant. Thou dar'st not trust my passion; but thou mayst;
Thou only lov'st, the rest have flattered me.
Vent. Heaven's blessing on your heart for that kind word.
May I believe you love me? Speak again.
Ant. Indeed I do. Speak this, and this, and this.
[*Hugging him.*
Thy praises were unjust; but I'll deserve 'em,
And yet mend all. Do with me what thou wilt;
Lead me to victory; thou know'st the way.
Vent. And will you leave this——
Ant. Prythee, do not curse her,
And I will leave her; though, Heaven knows, I love
Beyond life, conquest, empire, all but honour:
But I will leave her.
Vent. That's my royal master.
And shall we fight?
Ant. I warrant thee, old soldier;
Thou shalt behold me once again in iron,
And, at the head of our old troops, that beat
The Parthians, cry aloud, Come, follow me.
Vent. Oh, now I hear my emperor! In that word
Octavius fell. Gods, let me see that day,
And, if I have ten years behind, take all;
I'll thank you for the exchange.
Ant. Oh, Cleopatra!
Vent. Again?
Ant. I've done. In that last sigh she wen
Cæsar shall know what 'tis to force a lover
From all he holds most dear.
Vent. Methinks you breathe
Another soul; your looks are more divine;
You speak a hero, and you move a god.
Ant. Oh, thou hast fired me; my soul 's up in arms,
And mans each part about me. Once again
That noble eagerness of fight has seized me;
That eagerness with which I darted upward
To Cassius' camp. In vain the steepy hill
Opposed my way; in vain a war of spears
Sung round my head, and planted all my shield;
I won the trenches, while my foremost men
Lagged on the plain below.
Vent. Ye gods, ye gods,
For such another honour!
Ant. Come on, my soldier!
Our hearts and arms are still the same. I long
Once more to meet our foes; that thou and I,
Like Time and Death, marching before our troops,
May taste fate to 'em, mow 'em out a passage,
And, entering where the foremost squadrons yield,
Begin the noble harvest of the field.

(From Act i.)

Scene from 'Don Sebastian.'

[Don Sebastian of Portugal, defeated and taken prisoner by th Moors, is saved from death by Dorax, a noble Portuguese, then renegade in the court of the Emperor of Barbary, but formerly Dc Alonzo of Alcazar. Attendants being dismissed, Dorax takes c his turban, and assumes his Portuguese dress and manner.]

Dorax. Now do you know me?
Sebastian. Thou shouldst be Alonzo.
Dor. So you should be Sebastian;
But when Sebastian ceased to be himself,
I ceased to be Alonzo.
Seb. As in a dream
I see thee here, and scarce believe mine eyes.
Dor. Is it so strange to find me where my wrongs
And your inhuman tyranny have sent me?
Think not you dream: or, if you did, my injuries
Shall call so loud, that lethargy should wake,
And death should give you back to answer me.
A thousand nights have brushed their balmy wings
Over these eyes; but ever when they closed,
Your tyrant image forced them ope again,
And dried the dews they brought.
The long-expected hour is come at length,
By manly vengeance to redeem my fame:
And that once cleared, eternal sleep is welcome.
Seb. I have not yet forgot I am a king,
Whose royal office is redress of wrongs:
If I have wronged thee, charge me face to face;
I have not yet forgot I am a soldier.
Dor. 'Tis the first justice thou hast ever done me;
Then though I loathe this woman's war of tongues,
Yet shall my cause of vengeance first be clear;
And, Honour, be thou judge.
Seb. Honour befriend us both
Beware, I warn thee yet, to tell thy griefs
In terms becoming majesty to hear:

thee thus, because I know thy temper
lent and haughty to superiors:
ıften hast thou braved my peaceful court,
it with noisy brawls and windy boasts;
ith past service, nauseously repeated,
ıched even me thy prince?
And well I might, when you forgot reward,
ırt of heaven in kings; for punishment
gman's work, and drudgery for devils.
and will reproach thee with my service,
! It irks me so to call my prince;
ıt resentment and hard usage coined
ıwilling word, and, grating as it is,
t, for 'tis thy due.
How, tyrant?
Tyrant!
Traitor! that name thou canst not echo back:
obe of infamy, that circumcision,
beneath that robe, proclaim thee traitor;
a name
oul than traitor be, 'tis renegade.
If I 'm a traitor, think and blush, thou tyrant,
injuries betrayed me into treason,
l my loyalty, unhinged my faith,
ırried me from hopes of heaven to hell;
se and all my yet unfinished crimes,
I shall rise to plead before the saints,
;e on thee, to make thy damning sure.
Thy old presumptuous arrogance again,
red my first dislike and then my loathing;
ıore be warned, and know me for thy king.
Too well I know thee, but for king no more:
not Lisbon, nor the circle this,
like a statue thou hast stood besieged
ophants and fools, the growth of courts;
thy gulled eyes, in all the gaudy round,
thing but a lie in every face;
e gross flattery of a gaping crowd,
s who first should catch and first applaud
ıff or royal nonsense: when I spoke,
ıest homely words were carped and censured
nt of courtly style: related actions,
ı modestly reported, passed for boasts:
of merit, if I asked reward,
ıngry minions thought their rights invaded,
e bread snatched from pimps and parasites.
uez answered, with a ready lie
e his king's, the boon was begged before.
What say'st thou of Henriquez? Now, by Heaven,
nov'st me more by barely naming him,
ll thy foul, unmannered, scurril taunts.
And therefore 'twas to gall thee that I named him;
ıing, that nothing but a cringe and smile;
oman, but more daubed; or if a man,
ted to a woman; thy man-mistress.
All false as hell or thou.
Yes; full as false
I served thee fifteen hard campaigns,
tched thy standard in these foreign fields:
thy greatness grew; thy years grew with it,
r ingratitude outgrew them both.
I see to what thou tend'st; but tell me first,
e great acts were done alone for me:
produced not some, and pride the rest?
Why, love does all that 's noble here below:
But all the advantage of that love was thine:
For, coming fraughted back, in either hand
With palm and olive, victory and peace,
I was indeed prepared to ask my own
(For Violante's vows were mine before);
Thy malice had prevention, ere I spoke;
And asked me Violante for Henriquez.
Seb. I meant thee a reward of greater worth.
Dor. Where justice wanted, could reward be hoped?
Could the robbed passenger expect a bounty
From those rapacious hands who stripped him first?
Seb. He had my promise ere I knew thy love.
Dor. My services deserved thou shouldst revoke it.
Seb. Thy insolence had cancelled all thy service;
To violate my laws, even in my court,
Sacred to peace, and safe from all affronts;
Even to my face, and done in my despite,
Under the wing of awful majesty
To strike the man I loved!
Dor. Even in the face of heaven, a place more sacred,
Would I have struck the man who, propt by power,
Would seize my right, and rob me of my love:
But, for a blow provoked by thy injustice,
The hasty product of a just despair,
When he refused to meet me in the field,
That thou shouldst make a coward's cause thy own!
Seb. He durst: nay more, desired and begged with tears,
To meet thy challenge fairly: 'twas thy fault
To make it public; but my duty then
To interpose, on pain of my displeasure,
Betwixt your swords.
Dor. On pain of infamy
He should have disobeyed.
Seb. The indignity thou didst was meant to me:
Thy gloomy eyes were cast on me with scorn,
As who should say the blow was there intended;
But that thou didst not dare to lift thy hands
Against anointed power: so was I forced
To do a sovereign justice to myself,
And spurn thee from my presence.
Dor. Thou hast dared
To tell me what I durst not tell myself:
I durst not think that I was spurned, and live;
And live to hear it boasted to my face.
All my long avarice of honour lost,
Heaped up in youth, and hoarded up for age:
Has honour's fountain then sucked back the stream?
He has; and hooting boys may dry-shod pass,
And gather pebbles from the naked ford.
Give me my love, my honour; give them back;
Give me revenge, while I have breath to ask it.
Seb. Now, by this honoured order which I wear,
More gladly would I give than thou dar'st ask it.
Nor shall the sacred character of king
Be urged to shield me from thy bold appeal.
If I have injured thee, that makes us equal:
The wrong, if done, debased me down to thee:
But thou hast charged me with ingratitude;
Hast thou not charged me? Speak.
Dor. Thou know'st I have:
If thou disown'st that imputation, draw,
And prove my charge a lie.
Seb. No; to disprove that lie, I must not draw:
Be conscious to thy worth, and tell thy soul
What thou hast done this day in my defence;
To fight thee after this, what were it else

Than owning that ingratitude thou urgest?
That isthmus stands between two rushing seas,
Which, mounting, view each other from afar,
And strive in vain to meet.
Dor. I 'll cut that isthmus:
Thou know'st I meant not to preserve thy life,
But to reprieve it, for my own revenge.
I saved thee out of honourable malice:
Now draw; I should be loath to think thou dar'st not:
Beware of such another vile excuse.
Seb. Oh, patience, Heaven!
Dor. Beware of patience too;
That 's a suspicious word: it had been proper,
Before thy foot had spurned me; now 'tis base:
Yet, to disarm thee of thy last defence,
I have thy oath for my security:
The only boon I begged was this fair combat:
Fight or be perjured now; that 's all thy choice.
Seb. Now can I thank thee as thou wouldst be thanked: [*Drawing.*
Never was vow of honour better paid,
If my true sword but hold, than this shall be.
The sprightly bridegroom, on his wedding night,
More gladly enters not the lists of love.
Why, 'tis enjoyment to be summoned thus.
Go; bear my message to Henriquez' ghost;
And say his master and his friend revenged him.
Dor. His ghost! then is my hated rival dead?
Seb. The question is beside our present purpose;
Thou seest me ready; we delay too long.
Dor. A minute is not much in either's life,
When there 's but one betwixt us; throw it in,
And give it him of us who is to fall. [take him.
Seb. He 's dead: make haste, and thou mayst yet o'er-
Dor. When I was hasty, thou delay'dst me longer.
I prithee, let me hedge one moment more
Into thy promise: for thy life preserved,
Be kind; and tell me how that rival died,
Whose death, next thine, I wished.
Seb. If it would please thee, thou shouldst never know.
But thou, like jealousy, inquir'st a truth,
Which found, will torture thee: he died in fight:
Fought next my person; as in concert fought:
Kept pace for pace, and blow for every blow;
Save when he heaved his shield in my defence,
And on his naked side received my wound:
Then, when he could no more, he fell at once,
But rolled his falling body cross their way,
And made a bulwark of it for his prince.
Dor. I never can forgive him such a death!
Seb. I prophesied thy proud soul could not bear it.
Now judge thyself who best deserved my love.
I knew you both; and, durst I say, as Heaven
Foreknew among the shining angel host
Who should stand firm, who fall.
Dor. Had he been tempted so, so had he fallen;
And so, had I been favoured, had I stood.
Seb. What had been is unknown; what is appears;
Confess he justly was preferred to thee.
Dor. Had I been born with his indulgent stars,
My fortune had been his, and his been mine.
Oh, worse than hell! what glory have I lost,
And what has he acquired by such a death!
I should have fallen by Sebastian's side;
My corpse had been the bulwark of my king.
His glorious end was a patched work of fate,
Ill-sorted with a soft effeminate life:
It suited better with my life than his
So to have died: mine had been of a piece,
Spent in your service, dying at your feet.
Seb. The more effeminate and soft his life,
The more his fame, to struggle to the field,
And meet his glorious fate: confess, proud spirit—
For I will have it from thy very mouth—
That better he deserved my love than thou.
Dor. Oh, whither would you drive me! I must grant
Yes, I must grant, but with a swelling soul,
Henriquez had your love with more desert:
For you he fought and died; I fought against you;
Through all the mazes of the bloody field
Hunted your sacred life; which that I missed,
Was the propitious error of my fate,
Not of my soul; my soul 's a regicide.
Seb. Thou mightst have given it a more gentle name;
Thou meant'st to kill a tyrant, not a king.
Speak; didst thou not, Alonzo?
Dor. Can I speak?
Alas! I cannot answer to Alonzo:
No, Dorax cannot answer to Alonzo:
Alonzo was too kind a name for me.
Then when I fought and conquered with your arms,
In that blest age I was the man you named;
Till rage and pride debased me into Dorax,
And lost, like Lucifer, my name above.
Seb. Yet twice this day I owed my life to Dorax.
Dor. I saved you but to kill you: there 's my grief.
Seb. Nay, if thou canst be grieved, thou canst repent;
Thou couldst not be a villain though thou wouldst:
Thou own'st too much in owning thou hast erred;
And I too little, who provoked thy crime.
Dor. Oh, stop this headlong torrent of your goodness;
It comes too fast upon a feeble soul
Half-drowned in tears before; spare my confusion:
For pity spare, and say not first you erred.
For yet I have not dared, through guilt and shame,
To throw myself beneath your royal feet.
[*Falls at his fe*
Now spurn this rebel, this proud renegade:
'Tis just you should, nor will I more complain.
Seb. Indeed thou shouldst not ask forgiveness first;
But thou prevent'st me still, in all that 's noble.
[*Taking him u*
Yes, I will raise thee up with better news:
Thy Violante's heart was ever thine;
Compelled to wed, because she was my ward,
Her soul was absent when she gave her hand:
Nor could my threats, or his pursuing courtship,
Effect the consummation of his love:
So, still indulging tears, she pines for thee,
A widow and a maid. [m
Dor. Have I been cursing Heaven, while Heaven bl
I shall run mad with ecstasy of joy:
What, in one moment to be reconciled
To Heaven, and to my king, and to my love!
But pity is my friend, and stops me short,
For my unhappy rival. Poor Henriquez!
Seb. Art thou so generous, too, to pity him?
Nay, then, I was unjust to love him better.
Here let me ever hold thee in my arms; [*Embracing him*
And all our quarrels be but such as these,
Who shall love best, and closest shall embrace:
Be what Henriquez was: be my Alonzo.

What! my Alonzo, said you? My Alonzo?
tears thank you; for I cannot speak;
I could,
were not made to vent such thoughts as mine.
Thou canst not speak, and I can ne'er be silent.
ıtrange reverse of fate must sure attend
ıst profusion, this extravagance
ıven to bless me thus. 'Tis gold so pure,
ot bear the stamp, without alloy.
l, ye powers, and take but half away:
ase the gifts of fortune I resign;
my love and friend be ever mine.

(Last Scene of Act iv.)

Dryden's Prose.—Scott was as enthusiastic ınson in his praise of Dryden's Essays and es. 'The prose of Dryden,' says Sir r, 'may rank with the best in the English ıge. It is no less of his own formation his versification; is equally spirited, and y harmonious. Without the lengthened and tic sentences of Clarendon, it is dignified dignity is becoming, and is lively without cumulation of strained and absurd allusions etaphors, which were unfortunately mistaken t by many of the author's contemporaries.' ıe recorded that Dryden's prose writings were n high estimation by Burke, who carefully d them on account equally of their style and , and is thought to have in some degree them as the model of his own diction. n himself acknowledged that he had made on his model. In so saying he must have d to the easy modern style of the compo- ; in all other respects the copy immensely ses the model. Besides his Prefaces and s, Dryden published several translations from rench, including Bouhours' *Life of Francis r* (1687) and Du Fresnoy's *Art of Painting* ; also a Life of Plutarch, contributed to a ıtion, and a character of Polybius, produced ke connection. Dryden's *Essay of Dramatic* which, according to Johnson, 'was the first r and valuable treatise on the art of writing,' with the following graphic exordium:

ıs that memorable day in the first summer of the ır when our navy engaged the Dutch; a day ı the two most mighty and best appointed fleets any age had ever seen disputed the command of ater half of the globe, the commerce of nations, e riches of the universe: while these vast floating on either side moved against each other in parallel ıd our countrymen, under the happy command of his Highness [the Duke of York, afterwards James II.], reaking, little by little, into the line of the enemies; se of the cannon from both navies reached our ears he city. So that all men being alarmed with it a dreadful suspense of the event which they knew en deciding, every one went following the sound ancy led him; and leaving the town almost empty, ok towards the Park, some cross the river, others t; all seeking the noise in the depth of silence. st the rest it was the fortune of Eugenius, Crites, us, and Neander to be in company together. . . . Taking then a barge, which a servant of Lisideius had provided for them, they made haste to shoot the bridge, and left behind them that great fall of waters which hindered them from hearing what they desired: after which having disengaged themselves from many vessels which rode at anchor in the Thames, and almost blocked up the passage towards Greenwich, they ordered the watermen to let fall their oars more gently; and then, every one favouring his own curiosity with a strict silence, it was not long ere they perceived the air to break about them like the noise of distant thunder, or of swallows in a chimney: those little undulations of sound, though almost vanishing before they reached them, yet still seeming to retain somewhat of their first horror which they had betwixt the fleets. After they had attentively listened till such time as the sound by little and little went from them, Eugenius, lifting up his head and taking notice of it, was the first who congratulated to the rest that happy omen of our nation's victory, adding that we had but this to desire in confirmation of it, that we might hear no more of that noise which was now leaving the English coast.

The *Essay* concludes thus:

Neander was pursuing this discourse so eagerly, that Eugenius had called to him twice or thrice ere he took notice that the barge stood still, and that they were at the foot of Somerset Stairs, where they had appointed it to land. The company were all sorry to separate so soon, though a great part of the evening was already spent; and stood a-while looking back on the water, which the moon-beams played upon, and made it appear like floating quick-silver: at last they went up through a crowd of French people, who were merrily dancing in the open air, and nothing concerned for the noise of guns which had alarmed the town that afternoon. Walking thence together to the Piazze, they parted there; Eugenius and Lisideius to some pleasant appointment they had made, and Crites and Neander to their several lodgings.

Neander was Dryden himself; *Lisideius*, Sir Charles Sedley (an anagram of Sidleius); *Crites*, Sir Robert Howard, Dryden's brother-in-law; *Eugenius*, the Earl of Dorset.

The following finely-drawn characters of the great Elizabethan dramatists are also from the *Essay of Dramatic Poesy:*

Shakespeare.

To begin then with Shakespeare. He was the man who, of all modern, and perhaps ancient poets, had the largest and most comprehensive soul. All the images of nature were still present to him, and he drew them not laboriously, but luckily. When he describes anything, you more than see it, you feel it too. Those who accuse him to have wanted learning, give him the greater commendation. He was naturally learned; he needed not the spectacles of books to read nature; he looked inwards, and found her there. I cannot say he is everywhere alike; were he so, I should do him injury to compare him with the greatest of mankind. He is many times flat, insipid; his comic wit degenerating into clenches [puns, word-plays], his serious swelling into bombast. But he is always great when some great occasion is presented to him; no man can say he ever had a fit subject for his wit and did not then raise himself as high above the rest of poets,

'Quantum lenta solent inter viburna cupressi.'

The consideration of this made Mr Hales of Eton say that there was no subject of which any poet ever writ, but he would produce it much better done in Shakespeare; and however others are now generally preferred before him, yet the age wherein he lived, which had contemporaries with him Fletcher and Jonson, never equalled them to him in their esteem. And in the last king's court, when Ben's reputation was at highest, Sir John Suckling, and with him the greater part of the courtiers, set our Shakespeare far above him.

Beaumont and Fletcher.

Beaumont and Fletcher, of whom I am next to speak, had, with the advantage of Shakespeare's wit, which was their precedent, great natural gifts, improved by study; Beaumont especially being so accurate a judge of plays that Ben Jonson, while he lived, submitted all his writings to his censure, and, 'tis thought, used his judgment in correcting if not contriving all his plots. What value he had for him appears by the verses he writ to him, and therefore I need speak no farther of it. The first play that brought Fletcher and him in esteem was their *Philaster*; for before that they had written two or three very unsuccessfully: as the like is reported of Ben Jonson before he writ *Every Man in his Humour*. Their plots were generally more regular than Shakespeare's, especially those which were made before Beaumont's death; and they understood and imitated the conversation of gentlemen much better; whose wild debaucheries and quickness of wit in repartees no poet before them could paint as they have done. Humour, which Ben Jonson derived from particular persons, they made it not their business to describe; they represented all the passions very lively, but above all, love. I am apt to believe the English language in them arrived to its highest perfection: what words have since been taken in are rather superfluous than ornamental. Their plays are now the most pleasant and frequent entertainments of the stage; two of theirs being acted through the year for one of Shakespeare's or Jonson's: the reason is because there is a certain gaiety in their comedies and pathos in their more serious plays, which suits generally with all men's humours. Shakespeare's language is likewise a little obsolete, and Ben Jonson's wit comes short of theirs.

Ben Jonson.

As for Jonson, to whose character I am now arrived, if we look upon him while he was himself (for his last plays were but his dotages) I think him the most learned and judicious writer which any theatre ever had. He was a most severe judge of himself, as well as others. One cannot say he wanted wit, but rather that he was frugal of it. In his works you find little to retrench or alter. Wit, and language, and humour also in some measure we had before him; but something of art was wanting to the drama till he came. He managed his strength to more advantage than any who preceded him. You seldom find him making love in any of his scenes, or endeavouring to move the passions; his genius was too sullen and saturnine to do it gracefully, especially when he knew he came after those who had performed both to such a height. Humour was his proper sphere; and in that he delighted most to represent mechanic people. He was deeply conversant in the ancients, both Greek and Latin, and he borrowed boldly from them; there is scarce a poet or historian among the Roman authors of those times whom he has not translated in *Sejanus* and *Catiline*. But he has done his robberies so openly, that one may see he fears not to be taxed by any law. He invades authors like a monarch; and what would be theft in other poets is only victory in him. With the spoils of these writers he so represents old Rome to us in its rites, ceremonies, and customs, that if one of their poets had written either of his tragedies, we had seen less of it than in him. If there was any fault in his language 'twas that he weaved it too closely and laboriously, in his comedies especially: perhaps too he did a little too much Romanise our tongue, leaving the words which he translated almost as much Latin as he found them; wherein though he learnedly followed their language, he did not enough comply with the idiom of ours. If I would compare him with Shakespeare, I must acknowledge him the more correct poet, but Shakespeare the greater wit. Shakespeare was the Homer, or father of our dramatic poets: Jonson was the Virgil, the pattern of elaborate writing; I admire him, but I love Shakespeare. To conclude of him: as he has given us the most correct plays, so in the precepts which he has laid down in his *Discoveries*, we have as many and profitable rules for perfecting the stage as any wherewith the French can furnish us.

Dramatic Dialogue after the Restoration.

I have always acknowledged the wit of our predecessors with all the veneration which becomes me; but I am sure their wit was not that of gentlemen; there was ever somewhat that was ill-bred and clownish in it, and which confessed the conversation of the authors.

And this leads me to the last and greatest advantage of our writing, which proceeds from conversation. In the age wherein those poets lived there was less of gallantry than in ours; neither did they keep the best company of theirs. Their fortune has been much like that of Epicurus in the retirement of his gardens; to live almost unknown, and to be celebrated after their decease. I cannot find that any of them had been conversant in courts except Ben Jonson; and his genius lay not so much that way as to make an improvement by it. Greatness was not then so easy of access, nor conversation so free, as it now is. I cannot, therefore, conceive it any insolence to affirm, that by the knowledge and pattern of their wit who writ before us, and by the advantage of our own conversation, the discourse and raillery of our comedies excel what has been written by them. And this will be denied by none but some few old fellows who value themselves on their acquaintance with the Black Friars; who, because they saw their plays, would pretend a right to judge ours. . . .

Now, if any ask me whence it is that our conversation is so much refined, I must freely and without flattery ascribe it to the court, and in it particularly to the king, whose example gives a law to it. His own misfortunes and the nation's afforded him an opportunity which is rarely allowed to sovereign princes, I mean of travelling and being conversant in the most polished courts of Europe; and thereby of cultivating a spirit which was formed by nature to receive the impressions of a gallant and generous education. At his return, he found a nation lost as much in barbarism as in rebellion: and as the excellency of his nature forgave the one, so the excellency of his manners reformed the other. The desire of imitating so great a pattern first awakened the dull and heavy spirits of the English from their natural reservedness,

loosened them from their stiff forms of conversation, and made them easy and pliant to each other in discourse. Thus insensibly our way of living became more free; and the fire of the English wit, which was before stifled under a constrained melancholy way of breeding, began first to display its force by mixing the solidity of our nation with the air and gaiety of our neighbours. This being granted to be true, it would be a wonder if the poets, whose work is imitation, should be the only persons in the three kingdoms who should not receive advantage by it; or if they should not more easily imitate the wit and conversation of the present age than of the past.

(From the Defence of the Epilogue to the Second Part of *The Conquest of Granada.*)

On Translation.

Translation is a kind of drawing after the life; where every one will acknowledge there is a double sort of likeness, a good one and a bad. It is one thing to draw the outlines true, the features like, the proportions exact, the colouring itself perhaps tolerable; and another thing to make all these graceful, by the posture, the shadowings, and chiefly by the spirit which animates the whole. I cannot without some indignation look on an ill copy of an excellent original; much less can I behold with patience Virgil, Homer, and some others, whose beauties I have been endeavouring all my life to imitate, so abused, as I may say, to their faces by a botching interpreter. What English readers unacquainted with Greek or Latin will believe me or any other man when we commend these authors, and confess we derive all that is pardonable in us from their fountains, if they take those to be the same poets whom our Oglebies have translated? But I dare assure them that a good poet is no more like himself in a dull translation, than his carcass would be to his living body. There are many who understand Greek and Latin, and yet are ignorant of their mother-tongue. The proprieties and delicacies of the English are known to few; it is impossible even for a good wit to understand and practise them without the help of a liberal education, long reading, and digesting of those few good authors we have amongst us; the knowledge of men and manners, the freedom of habitudes and conversation with the best company of both sexes; and, in short, without wearing off the rust which he contracted while he was laying in a stock of learning. Thus difficult it is to understand the purity of English, and critically to discern not only good writers from bad, and a proper style from a corrupt, but also to distinguish that which is pure in a good author, from that which is vicious and corrupt in him. And for want of all these requisites, or the greatest part of them, most of our ingenious young men take up some cried-up English poet for their model; adore him, and imitate him, as they think, without knowing wherein he is defective, where he is boyish and trifling, wherein either his thoughts are improper to his subject, or his expressions unworthy of his thoughts, or the turn of both is unharmonious.

Thus it appears necessary that a man should be a nice critic in his mother-tongue before he attempts to translate in a foreign language. Neither is it sufficient that he be able to judge of words and style, but he must be a master of them too: he must perfectly understand his author's tongue, and absolutely command his own; so that to be a thorough translator he must be a thorough poet. Neither is it enough to give his author's sense in good English, in poetical expressions, and in musical numbers; for though all these are exceeding difficult to perform, yet there remains a harder task; and it is a secret of which few translators have sufficiently thought. I have already hinted a word or two concerning it; that is the maintaining the character of an author which distinguishes him from all others, and makes him appear that individual poet whom you would interpret. For example, not only the thoughts but the style and versification of Virgil and Ovid are very different; yet I see even in our best poets who have translated some parts of them, that they have confounded their several talents; and by endeavouring only at the sweetness and harmony of numbers, have made them both so much alike that if I did not know the originals, I should never be able to judge by the copies which was Virgil and which was Ovid. It was objected against a late noble painter that he drew many graceful pictures, but few of them were like. And this happened to him because he always studied himself more than those who sat to him. In such translators I can easily distinguish the hand which performed the work, but I cannot distinguish their poet from another. Suppose two authors are equally sweet; yet there is as great distinction to be made in sweetness as in that of sugar and that of honey. I can make the difference more plain, by giving you (if it be worth knowing) my own method of proceeding, in my translations out of four several poets in this volume: Virgil, Theocritus, Lucretius, and Horace. In each of these, before I undertook them, I considered the genius and distinguishing character of my author. I looked on Virgil as a succinct and grave majestic writer; one who weighed not only every thought, but every word and syllable; who was still aiming to crowd his sense into as narrow a compass as possibly he could; for which reason he is so very figurative, that he requires, I may almost say, a grammar apart to construe him. His verse is everywhere sounding the very thing in your ears whose sense it bears; yet the numbers are perpetually varied, to increase the delight of the reader, so that the same sounds are never repeated twice together. On the contrary, Ovid and Claudian, though they write in styles differing from each other, yet have each of them but one sort of music in their verses. All the versification and little variety of Claudian is included within the compass of four or five lines, and then he begins again in the same tenor, perpetually closing his sense at the end of a verse, and that verse commonly which they call golden, or two substantives and two adjectives, with a verb betwixt them to keep the peace. Ovid, with all his sweetness, has as little variety of numbers and sound as he; he is always, as it were, upon the hand-gallop, and his verse runs upon carpet ground. He avoids like the other all synalephas, or cutting off one vowel when it comes before another in the following word; so that, minding only smoothness, he wants both variety and majesty. But to return to Virgil: though he is smooth where smoothness is required, yet he is so far from affecting it, that he seems rather to disdain it; frequently makes use of synalephas, and concludes his sense in the middle of his verse. He is everywhere above conceits of epigrammatic wit and gross hyperboles; he maintains majesty in the midst of plainness; he shines but glares not; and is stately without ambition, which is the vice of Lucan. . . .

He who excels all other poets in his own language, were it possible to do him right, must appear above them in our tongue, which, as my Lord Roscommon justly observes, approaches nearest to the Roman in its majesty; nearest indeed, but with a vast interval betwixt them. There is an inimitable grace in Virgil's words, and in them principally consists that beauty which gives so inexpressible a pleasure to him who best understands their force. This diction of his, I must once again say, is never to be copied; and since it cannot, he will appear but lame in the best translation. The turns of his verse, his breakings, his propriety, his numbers and his gravity, I have as far imitated as the poverty of our language and the hastiness of my performance would allow. I may seem sometimes to have varied from his sense; but I think the greatest variations may be fairly deduced from him; and where I leave his commentators, it may be I understand him better; at least I writ without consulting them in many places.

(From the Preface to the *Second Miscellany*, 1685.)

Spenser and Milton.

[In epic poetry] the English have only to boast of Spenser and Milton, who neither of them wanted either genius or learning to have been perfect poets, and yet both of them are liable to many censures. For there is no uniformity in the design of Spenser; he aims at the accomplishment of no one action, he raises up a hero for every one of his adventures, and endows each of them with some particular moral virtue, which renders them all equal, without subordination or preference: every one is most valiant in his own legend: only we must do him that justice to observe that Magnanimity, which is the character of Prince Arthur, shines throughout the whole poem, and succours the rest when they are in distress. The original of every knight was then living in the court of Queen Elizabeth; and he attributed to each of them that virtue which he thought was most conspicuous in them: an ingenious piece of flattery, though it turned not much to his account. Had he lived to finish his poem, in the six remaining legends, it had certainly been more of a piece, but could not have been perfect, because the model was not true. But Prince Arthur, or his chief patron, Sir Philip Sidney, whom he intended to make happy by the marriage of his Gloriana, dying before him, deprived the poet both of means and spirit to accomplish his design. For the rest, his obsolete language and the ill choice of his stanza, are faults but of the second magnitude; for notwithstanding the first, he is still intelligible, at least after a little practice; and for the last, he is the more to be admired that, labouring under such a difficulty, his verses are so numerous, so various, and so harmonious, that only Virgil, whom he professedly imitated, has surpassed him among the Romans, and only Mr Waller among the English.

As for Mr Milton, whom we all admire with so much justice, his subject is not that of a heroic poem, properly so called. His design is the losing of our happiness; his event is not prosperous, like that of all other epic works; his heavenly machines are many, and his human persons are but two. But I will not take Mr Rymer's work out of his hands: he has promised the world a critique on that author, wherein, though he will not allow his poem for heroic, I hope he will grant us that his thoughts are elevated, his words sounding, and that no man has so happily copied the manner of Homer, or so copiously translated his Grecisms, and the Latin elegancies of Virgil. It is true he runs into a flat of thought sometimes for a hundred lines together, but it is when he has got into a track of Scripture. His antiquated words were his choice, not his necessity; for therein he imitated Spenser, as Spenser did Chaucer. And though perhaps the love of their masters may have transported both too far in the frequent use of them, yet in my opinion obsolete words may then be laudably revived, when either they are more sounding or more significant than those in practice; and when their obscurity is taken away by joining other words to them which clear the sense, according to the rule of Horace for the admission of new words. But in both cases a moderation is to be observed in the use of them; for unnecessary coinage, as well as unnecessary revival, runs into affectation: a fault to be avoided on either hand. Neither will I justify Milton for his blank verse, though I may excuse him by the example of Hannibal Caro and other Italians who have used it; for whatever causes he alleges for the abolishing of rhyme (which I have not now the leisure to examine), his own particular reason is plainly this, that rhyme was not his talent; he had neither the ease of doing it, nor the graces of it, which is manifest in his *Juvenilia*, or verses written in his youth, where his rhyme is always constrained and forced, and comes hardly from him, at an age when the soul is most pliant, and the passion of love makes almost every man a rhymer, though not a poet.

(From the *Discourse on the Original and Progress of Satire*, 1693.)

Dryden's plays appeared in two folio volumes in the year of his death, and were afterwards re-edited by his friend Congreve, in six duodecimos. The *Fables*, supplemented by most, though not all, of his earlier non-dramatic verse, make another folio volume of the same date. One or two somewhat imperfect editions of his poems appeared during the eighteenth century; and Malone gave an admirable collection of the prose in four volumes. But all editions were superseded by that of Sir Walter (then Mr) Scott in 1808. This was reprinted in 1821, and in 1883–93 re-edited (in 18 vols.) with additions and corrections by the present writer. Scott's *Life* is excellent, and is the standard; but the editions of Bell, Mitford, and Christie are useful. The new Aldine edition (by Hooper, 1892) is in 5 vols. Mr Churton Collins edited the *Satires* in 1893, and Professor W. P. Ker a selection of the *Essays* in 1900. See *Dryden* in the 'Men of Letters' series (1881) by the present writer, and the notices in Johnson's *Lives*, in Hazlitt's *English Poets*, in the first series of Lowell's *Among my Books*, and in Dr Garnett's *Age of Dryden* (1896). The section of the British Museum Catalogue on Dryden, separately obtainable, is a full bibliography.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

SCOTTISH LITERATURE.

From the Civil War On.

AT page 505 and elsewhere it has been sufficiently insisted on that alike in volume and in quality Scottish literary production had declined to a low ebb during the troublous seventeenth century, when Scotland was truly a most distressful country, rent by factions and antipathies, tyranny and persecution, intrigue and war. Most of what came from the printing-presses, and what chiefly absorbed the interest of the nation, was not literature in the stricter sense at all, but theology, mainly polemical, and controversial politics. Yet of the small number of the second series of Scottish seventeenth-century writers it may at least be said that they are wonderfully representative of the most opposite tempers and parties: the royalist Montrose who made so much of the Highlanders, the Cameronian colonel who jeered at them in verse and foiled them in the field; Rabelaisian Urquhart and ultra-Puritan Gillespie; the sainted Archbishop Leighton and the irreconcilable Presbyterian mystic Rutherford face to face with the Sempills, delineators of rude and vulgar merriment; the persecutor of the heroes of the Covenant and their panegyrist; and Fletcher, a whole party in himself. Some wrote in English almost as Englishmen understood it, some in the broadest west-country vernacular, some in parti-coloured transition between the two, while one at times wielded a language known to himself alone. Most were men of mark in their time, but none of them great men of letters. Meanwhile home-keeping Scotsmen were becoming more and more familiar with that larger literature—now no longer foreign—to which their own was contributory; English books of all kinds, religious as well as secular, were standard reading in Scotland, where *Paradise Lost* and the *Pilgrim's Progress* were not read as the work of aliens.

The Marquis of Montrose (JAMES GRAHAM; 1612–50), the brilliant royalist soldier, whose loyalty, after six meteoric victories, brought him disastrous defeat and death on the scaffold, was an apt scholar of St Andrews University, an accomplished man of the world, and the author of a few passionately loyal poems. Unhappily, by far the most memorable—containing two thrice-famous verses—was not definitely ascribed to him till 1711, when it was printed in Watson's *Collection of Scots Poems*, and cannot be proved his. At most it is an adaptation of an old English song. Napier, Montrose's biographer, interprets what seems to be a spirited love-poem as a political allegory, in which King Charles I. is the lover and the kingdom the mistress.

I'll Never Love Thee More.

My dear and only love, I pray
That little world of thee
Be governed by no other sway
Than purest monarchy;
For if confusion have a part,
Which virtuous souls abhor,
And hold a synod in thine heart,
I'll never love thee more.

As Alexander I will reign,
And I will reign alone;
My thoughts did ever more disdain
A rival on my throne.
He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
That dares not put it to the touch
To gain or lose it all.

But I will reign and govern still,
And always give the law,
And have each subject at my will,
And all to stand in awe;
But 'gainst my batteries if I find
Thou kick, or vex me sore,
As that thou set me up a blind,
I'll never love thee more.

And in the empire of thine heart,
Where I should solely be,
If others do pretend a part,
Or dare to vie with me;
Or committees if thou erect,
And go on such a score,
I'll laugh and sing at thy neglect,
And never love thee more.

But if thou wilt prove faithful, then,
And constant of thy word,
I'll make thee glorious by my pen,
And famous by my sword;
I'll serve thee in such noble ways
Was never heard before;
I'll crown and deck thee all with bays,
And love thee more and more.

Lines written after Sentence of Death.

Let them bestow on every airt a limb, quarter of heaven
Then open all my veins, that I may swim
To Thee, my Maker, in that crimson lake;
Then place my par-boiled head upon a stake,
Scatter my ashes, strew them in the air:
Lord! since Thou know'st where all those atoms are,
I'm hopeful Thou'lt recover once my dust,
And confident Thou'lt raise me with the just!

See the selections from Montrose and Marvell by R. S. Rait (1901). 'I 'le never love thee more' is an old Northern (i.e. North English) tune of the reign of James I., and the oldest set of words—one of many sets to the same air—belongs to the early years of the seventeenth century:

'My dear and only love, take heed
How thou thyself expose;
And let not longing lovers feed
Upon such looks as those.
I 'll marble thee around about,
And build without a door;
But if my love doth once break out,
I 'll never love thee more.'

Simion Grahame, son of an Edinburgh burgess, was a competent scholar, a soldier and traveller of dissolute life, and ultimately an austere Franciscan brother. He must have been born about 1570; Dempster—a poor authority—fixes the end of his very varied career in 1614, probably too early. He spent the last years of his life in Italy. He dedicated to his patron, James VI., a collection of verses called *The Passionate Sparke of a Relenting Mind* in 1604, and in 1609 to the Earl of Montrose (father of the famous Marquis) his *Anatomie of Humors*—a dedication which may justify us in introducing him in this section along with his patron's son. The most notable thing about the *Anatomie* is that it has been conjectured to have given Burton more than a suggestion for his *Anatomie of Melancholy*. The work, interspersed with verse, gives striking pictures of typical characters—quacks, parasites, and many others—somewhat in the fashion of the 'characters' of Hall and Overbury. He wrote in what is approximately English of the period; but undisguised and unmistakable Scotticisms in words, spellings, and construction appear constantly. Love is, as usual, the humour most elaborately anatomised, and was especially fair game for a friar. This is a fragment on the lover:

Being alone in their retearing [retiring] walks they surfat the solitarie deserts with the sorrowful voice of a discontented minde, with weeping eies in splaine [spleen, a fit] of passion. O, saieth he,

The furious force of love's consuming fire
No tyme can quench, nor thoght can not expell:
Such is the restles rage of my desire,
Which makes my wits within myselfe rebell:
Thus am I wrongd and ever saikles slaine, blameless
I shift my place but cannot shift my paine.

They ever esteeme their paines worse than the paines of hell; such are the sort of penitentiall lovers, who are alwaies anatomisd with humorous follie: and yet how often it coms to passe that they who taks most pains to please are most displeasd, for it is knowne be unfallable experience that the duetifull lover in a respected persute is often rejected with many ingratfull disdains. . . . How perrillous it is to beleeve a Lover, how tempting their words will be, and how they will straine them selves to speak with vehemencie. Lady Rethorick ever hants the mouth of a Lover, and with borrowed speeches of braver wits doeth enlarge their deceit, his perjured promises, his oathes, his vowes, his protestations, his waiting-on, and all his iron sences drawen to feed upon the attractive humors of her Adamantall beautie. . . . Her smile is his heaven, and her frowne is his hell: she is the only idoll of his minde, for when he should serve God, he worships her; if he comes to Church, his looking on her behaviour takes away his hearing, robs him of devotion, and makes him a sencelesse blocke; with staring on her face he learns the arte of Physiognomie, his vain apprehentions will reade a woman's thought in her visage; and when he lookes on her hands, O then hee becomes a rare Palmister, for he will not spare to reade her fortunes by lynes, for heere (says hee) is the true score of death, and there goes the score of life. . . . Hee spendes the time in his Chamber with no other thing but with a great Looking-glasse, how to take off his hatt, how to make his gesture, and in a discourse how to frame the motion of his hands, to kisse his finger, to make courtesie with his legge, to set his arme, to smile, to looke aside, to walke; and then he stands gazing on the full proportion of his own bodie, which I sweare is not else but the very true image of superstitious vanitie.

There are two forms of a poem written from Italy, thus beginning, and addressed

To Scotland his Soyle.

To thee, my Soyle, where first
I did receive my breath,
These obsequies I sing
Before my Swan-like death.
My love by nature bound,
Which spotlesse love I spend,
From treasure of my hart
To Thee I recommend.

And he praised the United Kingdom in another, much longer and more elaborate, in which he takes opportunity to congratulate and compliment the king as the good genius of the now united realm:

With nine-voyc'd mouth my Delphin song I sound;
Of all the world blest bee thou, Brittaine's Ile!
Thou, onely thou, within this mortall round,
On whom the heav'ns have lov'd so long to smile:
For Phœnix-like thou hast renew'd thy kinde,
In getting that which lay for thee inshrin'de.

Robert Sempill of Beltrees in the Renfrewshire parish of Lochwinnoch (1595?–1659), humorous poet, was the son of Sir James Sempill of Beltrees, himself son of Lord Sempill, and so distantly related to the older Robert Sempill, author of the *Sempill Ballates* (see page 232). Sir James was contemptuously called by Knox 'the dancer' from his various social accomplishments; was conspicuous at the court of James VI., whom he assisted in the preparation of the *Basilicon Doron;* and wrote controversial works on the Presbyterian side, as well as the satirical poem against the Catholic Church, *The Packman's Paternoster.* His son Robert continued this satire, wrote various pieces, but is remembered as author of the *Life and Death of Habbie Simson, Piper of Kilbarchan,* which gives a graphic and humorous account of old Scottish amusements. Both Ramsay and Burns were influenced by this poem, and copied the form of verse, which became characteristic of Scottish vernacular poems, especially those of facetious type.

From 'Habbie Simson.'

Kilbarchan now may say 'Alas!'
For she hath lost her game and grace,
Both Trixie and the Maiden Trace; bridal march
But what remead? remedy
For no man can supply his place—
Hab Simson's dead!

Now who shall play 'The Day it daws,'
Or 'Hunts up,' when the cock he craws?
Or who can for our kirk-town cause
Stand us in stead?
On bagpipes now naebody blaws
Sin' Habbie's dead. . . .

So kindly to his neighbours neist, next
At Beltane and Saint Barchan's feast
He blew, and then held up his breast,
As he were weid; wood, mad
But now we need not him arrest,
For Habbie's dead.

At fairs he played before the spearmen, halberdiers
All gaily graithed in their gear, men, clad
Steel bonnets, jacks, and swords so clear then,
Like any bead.
Now wha will play before such weir-men, warriors
Sin' Habbie's dead?

At clerk-plays, when he wont to come, stage plays
His pipe played trimly to the drum,
Like bykes of bees he gart it bum, hives—hum
And tuned his reed:
Now all our pipers may sing dumb
Sin' Habbie's dead.

And at horse races many a day
Before the black, the brown, the grey,
He gart his pipe, when he did play,
Baith skirl and screed;
Now all such pastime's quite away
Sin' Habbie's dead.

He counted was a waled wight-man, picked champion
And fiercely at football he ran;
At every game the gree he wan first place
For pith and speed;
The like of Habbie wasna then,
But now he's dead.

Francis Sempill (1616?–82), Robert's son, was also a vernacular poet, who, like his father, forms a link in the almost broken chain of humorous popular Scottish poetry, a link between *Peblis to the Play* and Sir David Lyndsay and the vernacular revival under Allan Ramsay. Francis Sempill was also of the court party, inherited heavily burdened estates, and though he alienated some of his properties, welcomed the relief of the debtors' sanctuary at Holyrood—as recorded in his autobiographical 'Banishment of Poverty,' dedicated (with thanks rather for expected favours, apparently) to the Duke of York. He was ultimately Sheriff-Depute of Renfrewshire. He unquestionably wrote a good deal of verse; but many of the things attributed to him are so credited on slender evidence. 'She rose and let me in' is, as we have seen, Tom Durfey's, though Sempill may have made the Scots version. The song 'Maggie Lauder,' found in most Scotch song-books, is very probably his. 'The Blythsome Bridal,' claimed also for Sir William Scott of Thirlestane, an accomplished writer of Latin verse, is more likely Sempill's. The first verse is:

Fy, let's a' to the bridal,
For there will be lilting there,
For Jockie 's to be married to Maggie,
The lass wi' the gowden hair.
And there will be lang kail and pottage,
And bannocks of barley meal,
And there will be good salt herring
To relish a cog of good ale.

The nine stanzas of this song, rough, rude, and vulgar though they be in tone, rhymes, and words, are only more uncouth than some of Fergusson's, and are in the humour of *Peblis to the Play* and *Christis Kirk of the Grene*. The same is true of 'Hallow Fair,' generally credited to Sempill, and quite distinct in plan and rhyme from the much later poem of the same name by Fergusson. The earlier one thus begins:

There 's mony braw Jockies and Jennies
Comes weel buskit into the fair,
Wi' ribbons on their cockernonies, topknots of hair
And fouth o' braw flowers in their hair. wealth
Maggie sae brawly was buskit
When Jockie was tied to his bride,
The pownie was ne'er better whiskit pony—whacked
Wi' a cudgel that hung by his side.
Sing fal de ral la de.

The following much less uncouth verses from 'The Banishment of Poverty' describe his first occupations in Edinburgh while still dogged by that unwelcome comrade, and show the Scots equivalent for 'dining with Duke Humphrey':

We held the Lang-gate to Leith Wynd, now Princes Street
Where poorest purses use to be;
And in the Calton lodgèd syne,
Fit quarters for such company.

Yet I the High-town fain would see,
But my comrade did me discharge;
He willed me Blackburn's ale to pree, taste
And muff my beard that was right large. trim

The morn I ventured up the Wynd,
And slunk in at the Netherbow,
Thinking that troker for to tyne, familiar—lose
Who does me damage what he dow. can

His company he doth bestow
On me to my great grief and pain;
Ere I the thrang could wrestle through
The loun was at my heels again. rascal

I greined to gang on the plain-stanes, longed—pavement
To see if comrades wad me ken:
We twa gaed pacing there our lanes,
The hungry hour 'twixt twelve and ane.

Then I kenned no way how to fen; fend, make shift
My guts rumbled like a hurl-barrow; wheel-barrow
I dined with saints and noblemen,
Even sweet Giles and Earl of Murray.

Samuel Rutherford (1600?–61), a pectoral theologian (to use Neander's phrase) if ever there was one, was born at Nisbet, near Jedburgh, and passed M.A. at Edinburgh in 1621. In 1623 he was appointed Professor of Humanity; the scandal created by his falling into disgrace with the girl he afterwards married caused his resignation in 1626; but next year he received Episcopal ordination and was settled as minister of Anwoth. Here from the first he was a zealous student and devoted and beloved pastor; and here, within a year after his disgrace, he began that correspondence with his godly friends which has been called 'the most seraphic book in our literature.' He seems never to have fully conformed to the Perth articles, which were utterly obnoxious to all Presbyterians. *Exercitationes pro divina Gratia* (1636) was written against the Arminians, and brought him an invitation to a Divinity chair in Holland and a summons before the High Commission Court in July 1636, when he was forbidden to preach, and banished to Aberdeen; and there he wrote many of his most spiritual letters to his parishioners and friends in the south. There he was also free to debate with the Episcopalian-Arminian 'Aberdeen doctors.' The national uprising and the Covenant gave him the welcome opportunity of returning to his parish; but under the Covenant he was appointed Professor of Divinity at St Andrews in 1639, and in 1647 Principal of the New College; in 1643 he was sent to the Westminster Assembly. He wrote many works of controversial divinity and devotional theology, combining high Presbyterian divine right, Calvinistic orthodoxy, and fervid religion. His *Due Right of Presbyteries* (1644), *Lex Rex* (1644), *Trial and Triumph of Faith* (1645), *Christ Dying and Drawing Sinners to Himself* (1647), belong to this period. His *Free Disputation against Pretended Liberty of Conscience* was pronounced by Bishop Heber as 'perhaps the most elaborate defence of persecution which has ever appeared in a Protestant country;' Milton included him amongst the 'new forcers of conscience' named in his sonnet. After the Restoration his *Lex Rex* was burned by the hangman in Edinburgh in 1661, and its author deposed and summoned for high-treason; but he received the citation on his death-bed. Livingston said 'he had most sharp piercing wit and fruitful invention and solid judgment.' But it is by the infectious fervour of his *Letters* that he remained for nearly two centuries a power amongst his countrymen; the work was eminently popular in all ranks of Scotsmen, and cherished in Scotland the less conspicuous graces of Presbyterian faith and love. To many the succession of highly sensuous images under which Rutherford expresses the ecstatic mood of an exalted sense of communion with Christ and God is non-natural, extravagant, and repellent. The letters are largely a catena of scriptural fragments and phrases, a tangle of mixed metaphors, Hebraic and Scottish. Yet the command of apt words is as remarkable as the fertility in imagery. Though the letters are conceived in sound English, Rutherford makes frequent, skilful, and very effective use of peculiarly Scottish words and phrases, and does not always avoid homely and even grotesque figures. Thus he adjures an afflicted friend 'to be faithful to Him that can ride through hell and death on a windle-strae and His horse never stumble'—a windlestrae being a stalk of grass. He not merely conceives the relation of Christ to the Church according to the old allegorical interpretation of the Song of Solomon, but uses the same language of Christ and the individual believer. There is, accordingly, perpetual iteration of Christ's kisses, wooing, 'love-embracements,' of marriage with Him, even of being dandled on His knee, of the smell of His breath and of His garments; too great love of one's children is thus adultery, and the Catholic Church is 'Rome's brothel-house.' It is characteristic that in a long letter to the Countess of Kenmure, daughter of the Earl of Argyll and wife of the patron who presented him to Anwoth, Rutherford mentions as it were casually in the very last short paragraph: 'My wife now after long disease and torment for the space of a year and a month is departed this life. The Lord hath done it; blessed be His name.' The following are extracts from letters to the same Countess, of date 1628, 1630, and 1631:

Ye have lost a child: nay, she is not lost to you who is found to Christ. She is not sent away, but only sent before, like unto a star, which going out of our sight doth not die and evanish, but shineth in another hemisphere. Ye see her not, yet she doth shine in another country. If her glass was but a short hour, what she wanteth of time that she hath gotten of eternity; and ye have to rejoice that ye have now some plenishing up in heaven. Build your nest upon no tree here; for ye see God hath sold the forest to death; and every tree whereupon we would rest is ready to be cut down, to the end we may fly and mount up, and build upon the Rock, and dwell in the holes of the Rock. . . .

For this is the house of wine, where ye meet with your Well-Beloved. Here it is where He kisseth you with the kisses of His mouth, and where ye feel the smell of His garments; and they have indeed a most fragrant and glorious smell. Ye must, I say, wait upon Him, and be often communing with Him, whose lips are as lilies, dropping sweet-smelling myrrh, and by the moving thereof He will assuage your grief; for the Christ that saveth you is a speaking Christ; the Church knoweth Him by His voice, and can discern His tongue amongst a thousand. . . .

It is God's mercy to you, madam, that He giveth you your fill, even to loathing, of this bitter world, that ye may willingly leave it, and, like a full and satisfied banqueter, long for the drawing of the table. And at last, having trampled under your feet all the rotten pleasures that are under sun and moon, and having rejoiced as though ye rejoiced not, and having bought as though ye possessed not, ye may, like an old crazy ship, arrive at our Lord's harbour, and be made welcome, as one of those who have ever had one foot loose from the earth, longing for that place where your soul shall feast and banquet for ever and ever upon a glorious sight of

the incomprehensible Trinity, and where ye shall see the fair face of the man Christ, even the beautiful face that was once for your cause more marred than any of the visages of the sons of men, and was all covered with spitting and blood. Be content to wade through the waters betwixt you and glory with Him, holding His hand fast, for He knoweth all the fords. Howbeit ye may be ducked, but ye cannot drown, being in His company; and ye may all the way to glory see the way bedewed with His blood who is the Forerunner. Be not afraid, therefore, when ye come even to the black and swelling river of death, to put in your foot and wade after Him. The current, how strong soever, cannot carry you down the water to hell: the Son of God, His death and resurrection, are stepping-stones and a stay to you; set down your feet by faith upon these stones, and go through as on dry land. If ye knew what He is preparing for you, ye would be too glad. He will not (it may be) give you a full draught till you come up to the well-head and drink, yea, drink abundantly, of the pure river of the water of life, that proceedeth out from the throne of God and of the Lamb. Madam, tire not, weary not; I dare find you the Son of God caution, when ye are got up thither, and have cast your eyes to view the golden city, and the fair and never-withering Tree of Life, that beareth twelve manner of fruits every month, ye shall then say, 'Four-and-twenty hours' abode in this place is worth threescore and ten years' sorrow upon earth.' If ye can but say that ye long earnestly to be carried up thither (as I hope you cannot for shame deny Him the honour of having wrought that desire in your soul), then hath your Lord given you an earnest. And, madam, do ye believe that our Lord will lose his earnest, and rue of the bargain, and change His mind, as if He were a man that can lie, or the son of man that can repent?

See Lives by Murray (1828) and Thomson (1884), Bonar's edition of the *Letters*, and Dr A. Whyte's *Samuel Rutherford and his Correspondents* (1894).

George Gillespie (1613–48), who was born and died at Kirkcaldy, studied at St Andrews, and in 1638 was ordained minister of Wemyss, was, like Rutherford, one of the heroes of the Covenant. He showed characteristic fearlessness at the Glasgow Assembly that same year; was in 1642 translated to Greyfriars Church in Edinburgh; in 1643 was sent up to the Westminster Assembly, where he took a great part in the debates on discipline and dogma, and was accounted a foeman worthy to meet Selden in debate. He represented the highest type of Covenanting theology and church government. Almost all his publications, including most of his sermons, are controversial, impartially confuting Erastians, Arminians, Independents, Episcopalians, Papists, and right and left hand defecters amongst his own brethren of the household of faith; though there is at times a lofty tone of sincerity and fervour that redeems even the barrenness of dead controversies. He had an important share in drafting the admirably clear and well-worded definitions and statements of the Westminster Confession of Faith and Shorter Catechism. His *Aaron's Rod Blossoming* (1646) is a masterly statement of the high Presbyterian claim for spiritual independence. In 1648 he was Moderator of the famous General Assembly. For his death, see the extract from Wodrow, page 830. The following is a fragment of his sermon in 1645 before the House of Lords in Westminster Abbey; which is diversified with scraps of Chaldee and Hebrew as well as Greek and Latin, and with quotations from authorities as well known as Cajetanus, Grotius, Socinus, Gualterus, and Bullinger, as difficult to identify as Aricularius and Ribera:

If it were not so, there should be no sure evidence of our closing in covenant with Christ; for then, and never till then, doth the soul give itself up to Christ to be his, and closeth with him in a covenant, when it renounceth all other lovers, that it may be his only. Shall a woman be married to a husband with the reservation of another lover, or upon condition that she shall ever stay in her father's house? So the soul cannot be married to Christ except it not only renounce its bosom sins, lusts, and idols, but be content also to part with the most lawful creature-comforts for his sake: 'Forget also thine own people, and thy father's house,' Psal. xlv. 10. The repudiating of creature-comforts and a covenant with Christ go hand in hand together, Isa. lv. 2, 3. Nahash would not make a covenant with the men of Jabesh-Gilead, unless they would pluck out their right eyes, intending (as Josephus gives the reason) to disable them from fighting or making war; for the buckler or shield did cover their left eye when they fought, so that they had been hard put to it, to fight without the right eye. This was a cruel mercy in him; but it is a merciful severity in Christ, that he will make no covenant with us, except the right eye of the old man of sin in us be put out.

From 'Aaron's Rod Blossoming.'

I have often and heartily wished that I might not be distracted by, nor engaged into, polemic writings, of which the world is too full already, and from which many more learned and idoneous have abstained; and I did accordingly resolve that in this controversial age I should be slow to write, swift to read and learn. Yet there are certain preponderating reasons which have made me willing to be drawn forth into the light upon this subject; for beside the desires and solicitations of divers Christian friends, lovers of truth and peace, seriously calling upon me for an answer to Mr Prynne's *Vindication of his Four Questions* concerning excommunication and suspension, the grand importance of the Erastian controversy and the strong influence which it hath into the present juncture of affairs doth powerfully invite me.

Among the many controversies which have disquieted and molested the Church of Christ, those concerning ecclesiastical government and discipline are not the least, but among the chief, and often managed with the greatest animosity and eagerness of spirit, whence there have grown most dangerous divisions and breaches, such as this day there are, and for the future are to be expected, unless there shall be (through God's mercy) some further composing and healing of these church-consuming distractions, which, if we shall be so happy as once to obtain, it will certainly contribute very much toward the accommodation of civil and state-shaking differences; and, contrariwise, if no healing for the church, no healing for the state. Let the Gallios of this time (who care for no intrinsical evil in the church)

promise to themselves what they will, surely he that shall have cause to write with Nicolaus de Clemangis a book of lamentation, *de corrupto ecclesiæ statu*, will find also cause to write with him *de lapsu et reparatione justitiæ*.

As the thing is of high concernment to these so much disturbed and divided churches, so the elevation is yet higher by many degrees. This controversy reacheth up to the heavens, and the top of it is above the clouds. It doth highly concern Jesus Christ himself, in his glory, royal prerogative, and kingdom, which he hath and exerciseth as Mediator and Head of his church. The crown of Jesus Christ, or any part, privilege, or pendicle thereof, must needs be a noble and excellent subject. This truth, that Jesus Christ is a king, and hath a kingdom and government in his church distinct from the kingdoms of this world, and from the civil government, hath this commendation and character above all other truths, that Christ himself suffered to the death for it, and sealed it with his blood; for, it may be observed from the story of his passion, this was the only point of his accusation, which was confessed and avouched by himself, was most aggravated, prosecuted, and driven home by the Jews, was prevalent with Pilate as the cause of condemning him to die, and was mentioned also in the superscription upon his cross.

Nicolaus de Clemangis, a pupil and friend of Gerson, wrote books with the titles cited in 1414 and 1421 respectively. There are some fifteen publications set to Gillespie's account; but his *Works* (1843–46) were comprised in two volumes. The use of the word 'creature-comforts' in the first extract is much earlier than the earliest recorded in the great Oxford Dictionary.

Archbishop Leighton (1611–84) was the son of a Scottish physician settled in London, Alexander Leighton, who was barbarously treated by the Star Chamber of Charles I. A tract against Catholicism and Episcopacy (1624) brought the Scots doctor into trouble, and going abroad, he was ordained to the English Church in Utrecht, a post he soon resigned, returning to London in 1630. In Holland he had published (1628) an intemperate and virulent *Appeal to the Parliament; or Sion's Plea against the Prelacie*, for which he was now sentenced to be publicly whipped and set in the pillory; to have his nostrils slit, his ears cut off, and his cheeks branded with a hot iron; to pay a fine of £10,000, and to suffer perpetual imprisonment in the Fleet—an imprisonment from which, after eleven years' confinement, he was liberated by the Long Parliament. His son Robert, educated at the University of Edinburgh, resided for some time at Douay, where his intercourse with French friends and relations amongst the Catholic clergy not merely taught him perfect French, but broadened his theological views. He became also an accomplished Latinist, Hellenist, and Hebraist. In December 1641 he was ordained minister of Newbattle, near Edinburgh, and there he delivered the sermons composing his celebrated *Commentary on the First Epistle of St Peter*. In 1653 he resigned his parish of Newbattle to become Principal of the University of Edinburgh. Soon after the Restoration Leighton was induced by the king himself to become one of the new bishops; chose Dunblane, the poorest of all the dioceses; and for the next ten years he laboured to build up the shattered walls of the Church. His aim was to preserve what was best in Episcopacy and Presbytery as a basis for comprehensive union; but he succeeded only in being misunderstood by both sides—to both he seemed incomprehensibly latitudinarian on doctrines of vital interest. Neither Wodrow nor Row conceals his dislike of Leighton's policy and suspicion of his designs; and Leighton, too, spoke of the extreme Covenanters at times with considerable asperity. Weary at length of his uncomfortable position, he went to London in 1665 to resign his see, but Charles persuaded him to return. Again in 1669 he went to London to advocate his scheme of 'accommodation,' and immediately after accepted the archiepiscopal see of Glasgow, his predecessor being deprived for opposing the 'indulgence.' Next followed his fruitless conferences at Edinburgh (1670–71) with leading Presbyterians. In despair of success he begged for permission to retire, and at length in 1674 was allowed to lay down his archbishopric. His last ten years he spent at Broadhurst Manor, Sussex, the home of his sister, often preaching in the church of Horsted Keynes, where he lies. He died in a London inn, 25th June 1684. His often-expressed wish to die in an inn is recorded by Bishop Burnet (in whose arms he died) in his sketch of Leighton's character, quoted in Vol. II. Burnet said of him that he had 'the greatest elevation of soul, the largest compass of knowledge, the most mortified and most heavenly disposition that he ever saw in mortal.' The famous reply to zealous brethren asking whether he preached to the times, that surely they might 'permit a poor brother to preach Jesus Christ and eternity,' is quite in his spirit, but does not seem well authenticated. Coleridge held him, among all our theologians, as best deserving 'the title of a spiritual divine;' and based the *Aids to Reflection* on aphorisms culled from Leighton—surely a remarkable compliment to the modest divine. In one passage in the first chapter of the *Commentary*, Coleridge says we have 'religion, the spirit: the philosophy, the soul; and poetry, the body and drapery, united; Plato glorified by St Paul!' The pregnant passage is this:

As in religion, so in the course and practice of men's lives the stream of sin runs from one age into another, and every age makes it greater, adding somewhat to what it receives, as rivers grow in their course by the accession of brooks that fall into them; and every man when he is born, falls like a drop into the main current of corruption, and so is carried down with it, and this by reason of its strength and his own nature, which willingly dissolves unto it and runs along with it.

The sermon on Psalm cxii. 7, called 'The Believer a Hero,' was read 'very often, and always with pleasure,' by Carlyle's friend, Erskine of Linlathen, who earnestly commended it to his friends. The following are extracts:

The Fear of God a Resting in His Love.

All the passions are but several ebbings and flowings of the soul, and their motions are the signs of its temper; which way it is carried, that is mainly to be remarked by the beating of its pulse. If our desires and hopes and fears be in the things of this world and the interest of flesh, this is their distemper and disorder: the soul is in a continual fever. But if they move God-wards, then is it composed and calm in a good temper and healthful point, fearing and loving Him, desiring Him and nothing but Him, waiting for Him and trusting in Him. And when any one affection is right, and in a due aspect to God, all the rest are so too; for they are radically one, and He is the life of that soul that is united to Him; and so in Him it moves in a peculiar spiritual manner, as all do naturally in the dependence of their natural life on Him that is the Fountain of Life.

Thus we have here this fear of God, as often elsewhere, set out as the very substance of holiness and evidence of happiness. And, that we may know there is nothing either base or grievous in this fear, we have joined with it delight and trust; Blessed is the man that feareth the Lord, that delighteth greatly in His commandments, which is that badge of love to Him, to observe them, and that with delight, and with great, exceeding delight. So then, the fear is not that which love casts out, but that which love brings in. This fear follows and flows from love, a fear to offend, whereof nothing so tender as love, and that, in respect of the greatness of God, hath in it withal a humble reverence. . . .

The fear of God is not, you see, a perplexing doubt and distrust of His love; on the contrary, 'tis a fixed resting and trust on His love. Many that have some truth of grace are, through weakness, filled with disquieting fears; so possibly, though they perceive it not, it may be in some a point of wilfulness, a little latent undiscerned affectation of scrupling and doubting, placing much of religion in it. True, where the soul is really solicitous about its interest in God, that argues some grace; but being vexingly anxious about it, it argues that grace is low and weak. A sparkle there is even discovered by that smoke; but the great smoke still continuing and nothing seen but it, argues there is little fire, little faith, little love. And this as it is unpleasant to thyself, so to God, as smoke to the eyes. . . .

This is the blessed and safe estate of believers. Who can think they have a sad, heavy life? Oh! it is the only lightsome, sweet, cheerful condition in the world! The rest of men are poor, rolling, unstaid things, every report shaking them as the leaves of trees are shaken with the wind, yea, lighter than so, as the chaff that the wind drives to and fro at its pleasure. Would men but reflect and look in upon their own hearts, 'tis a wonder what vain childish things the most would find there, glad and sorry at things as light as the toys of children, at which they laugh and cry in a breath; how easily puffed up with a thing or word that pleaseth us, bladder-like, swelled with a little air, and it shrinks again in discouragements and fear upon the touch of a needle point, which gives that air some vent. What is the life of the greatest part but a continual tossing betwixt vain hopes and fears, all their days spent in these? Oh! how vain a thing is a man even in his best estate, while he is nothing but himself, his heart not united and fixed on God, disquieted in vain! How small a thing will do it; he needs no other but his own heart, it may prove disquietment enough to itself; his thoughts are his tormentors.

I know some men are, by a stronger understanding and moral principles, somewhat raised above the vulgar, and speak big of a constancy of mind; but these are but flourishes, an acted bravery. Somewhat there may be that will hold out in some trials, but far short of this fixedness of faith. Troubles may so multiply as to drive them at length from their posture, and come on so thick with such violent blows, as will smite them out of their artificial guard, disorder all their Seneca and Epictetus, and all their own calm thoughts and high resolves. The approach of death, though they make a good mien and set the best face on it, or if not, yet some kind of terror, may seize on their spirits, which they are not able to shift off. But the soul trusting in God is prepared for all, not only for the calamities of war, pestilence, famine, poverty, or death, but in the saddest apprehensions of soul, above hope believes under hope; even in the darkest night casts anchor in God, reposes on Him, when he sees no light. Yea, though He slay me, says Job, yet will I trust in Him; not only though I die, but though He slay me, when I see His hand lifted up to destroy me, yet from that same hand will I look for salvation. . . .

Well, choose you; but, all reckoned and examined, I had rather be the poorest believer than the greatest king on earth. How small a commotion, small in its beginning, may prove the overturning of the greatest kingdom! But the believer is heir to a kingdom that cannot be shaken. The mightiest and most victorious prince, that hath not only lost nothing, but hath been gaining new conquests all his days, is stopt by a small distemper in the middle of his course. He returns to his dust, then his vast designs fall to nothing, in that very day his thoughts perish. But the believer in that very day is sent to the possession of his crown; that is his coronation day; all his thoughts are accomplished. . . .

'Tis the godly man alone who by this fixed consideration in God looks the grim visage of death in the face, with an unappalled mind. It damps all the joys, and defeats all the hopes of the most prosperous, proudest, and wisest worldlings. . . . Though riches, honours, and all the glories of this world are with a man, yet he fears, yea, he fears the more for these, because here they must end. But the good man looks death out of countenance, in the words of David: Though I walk through the valley and shadow of death, yet will I fear no evil, for Thou art with me.

None of Archbishop Leighton's writings were published during his lifetime. They consist of the *Commentary on St Peter; Sermons*, preached at Newbattie; *Lectures and Addresses*, delivered (mostly in Latin) before the University of Edinburgh; and *Spiritual Exercises, Letters*, &c. There are editions of his works by Fall (1692–1708), Doddridge (1748), Jerment (1805–8), Pearson (1825), Aikman (1831), and West (6 vols. 1869–75, unfinished). There are *Selections* (1883) by Blair; and the *Aids to Reflection* contain very many short passages most admired by Coleridge.

John Ogilby (1600–76) attained a sad eminence as a bad poet not so much from the extraordinary demerit of his verses as from the sneers of Dryden (who groups him with Flecknoe) and—later—of Pope in the *Dunciad*. He was born near Edinburgh, and, while his father lay in the Fleet Prison, reached perfection in the art of dancing-master, figured as a dancer in court-masques, but becoming lame, was employed by Strafford when Lord Deputy

in Ireland to teach his children and serve him in his house as amanuensis. The Civil War ruined his prospects, but after 1641 he acquired Latin and Greek, and took to translating. At the Restoration fortune became kinder, and he was made Master of the Revels in Ireland for a year or two; but before the Great Fire of 1666, by which he suffered, was a printer and publisher—apparently prosperous—in London. He produced a series of handsome folios on China, Japan, Africa, America, Britannia (Part i.), &c., with maps and fine illustrations by Hollar. His principal poetic achievements were translations of Virgil in heroic verse, and of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey;* also a rhyming paraphrase of Æsop, and some imitations of his own. Of these also magnificent folio editions were issued with engravings by Hollar and others. A play and three epic or narrative poems by him seem never to have been printed. Pope tells us he read Homer in this form with joy when a schoolboy. Ogilby's verses are utterly unpoetic, but they scan tolerably, and are perhaps hardly bad enough to justify the place that has been assigned him in the very lowest depths of the poetical inferno. As poor poetasters have been more leniently judged.

Thus Ogilby renders the *Odyssey's* picture (Book vi.) of the island king's daughter Nausicaa and her companions, on their washing expedition (a sort of 'Caledonian washing') to the river by the shore, just before the shipwrecked Ulysses presents himself to them:

> When to the pleasant Fountain they drew near
> Where they might wash all seasons of the year,
> Where cleansing streams like purest Crystal spout;
> There they alight and sweating Mules take out,
> And on the Margents of the purling Flood
> Drove to sweet Grass; their Chariot next unload,
> And foul Weeds throw into the Crystall Spring,
> Which in full Troughs they trample in a ring,
> Each the Buck plying with a tab'ring Foot.
> All clear from Spots, discolouring Stains and Smut,
> They spread them forth in order near the Shore,
> Where they small Stones and Gravel 'spy most store.
> Themselves then bath'd, perfum'd, and neatly deckt
> To Dinner went, where sitting they expect,
> Until the Sun whiten their Weeds and dry.
> When feasted well, they lay their Chaplets by,
> To play at Ball. Amidst her virgin-train
> The Princess first warbled a pleasant Strain.

Sir Thomas Urquhart of Cromarty (1611–60), the translator of Rabelais, was a man of somewhat remarkable accomplishments and not a little curious learning, but eminently conceited and eccentric, if not on some points hopelessly crazed. He traces the genealogy of his family up to Adam, from whom he was the 153rd in descent, and by the mother's side he ascends to Eve. The first of the family who settled in Scotland was one Nomostor, married to Diosa (daughter of Alcibiades), who took his farewell of Greece and arrived at Cromarty, or *Portus Salutis*, in 389 B.C. The preposterous succession of fabulous personages, if not expressly and deliberately invented, seems to have come from the same sources as the fictitious lists of old Celtic Scottish kings. Sir Thomas, having studied at King's College, Aberdeen, and travelled in France, Spain, and Italy, continued strenuously to support the court and oppose the Covenant. He was knighted by Charles I. in 1641, and even after he succeeded to his father (also Sir Thomas), in the same year, was much plagued by creditors—for Sir Thomas the elder had recklessly and hopelessly embarrassed the family property, and, probably on that account, had been violently seized and imprisoned 'within ane upper chalmer [chamber] callit the Inner Dortour' by his undutiful sons. The second Sir Thomas accompanied Charles II. into England, and was taken prisoner at the battle of Worcester (1651). He is said to have died of an inordinate and unrestrainable fit of joyful laughter on hearing of the Restoration.

It is often said that the heaven-born translator must be a spiritual brother and compeer of his original, that it needs a profound humourist to render another profound humourist, and that Urquhart was the northern Rabelais. Had we nothing but the translation of Rabelais to judge by, we might have been unable to dispute this so far as Urquhart is concerned. But he left us other works, and in none of them is there a single gleam of real humour, but abundance of the very contrary. Fantastical they are, eccentric, quaint, sometimes clever, copious, apt in vocables, and pointedly satirical; but usually merely verbose, magniloquent, pretentious, and tedious, save where the author's vanity and perverse foolishness make us laugh at him rather than with him. In truth, he is precisely one of the types Rabelais most constantly makes fun of—Rabelais, Cervantes, and all the humourists—an inaccurate pedant, full of ill-digested learning, whose conceit, vanity, and vaingloriousness lay him open to incessant ridicule and satire, and rise to the level of sheer hallucination. No doubt Urquhart had some points in common with the creator of Gargantua and Pantagruel—hatred of the conventional, contempt for ascetic ideals, an affinity for mythical genealogies and exhaustive lists of nearly synonymous words, and a prodigious command of language, especially of out-of-the-way words, very familiar and very unfamiliar slang, archaisms, and neoterisms, not to speak of a free exercise of the privilege of coining. But the copiousness in Urquhart's case is not from spontaneous suggestion; it is rather the outcome of the laborious or quasi-scientific imagination, and a painful dependence on the synonyms of Cotgrave's Dictionary, which he discharges at the reader in sheaves and armfuls. He makes odd mistakes, wholly missing the meaning of his original, and trying very wild shots. He constantly takes extraordinary liberties with the text—abridges, alters, and greatly expands. Thus, in a famous

list of animal-cries, where Rabelais had been content with nine, his translation gives us no less than seventy-one, and suggests that he knew the *Complaynt of Scotlande* (page 215). His style, though far from perfect, is comparatively free from Scotticism, though Scotch words (such as laird and lairdship) and idioms do at times appear. His continuator, Motteux, follows him in this, making *fiers comme Escossois* 'as stout as any Scotch laird.' Motteux, whose translation is naturally more accurate, also arrogates to himself Urquhart's freedom in introducing locutions quite unknown to France of the sixteenth century; referring freely in the translation to Poor Pilgarlick, to Hans Carvel, and other characters equally unknown to the curé of Mendon.

Besides his unparalleled translation of (part of) Rabelais, the eccentric knight was author of a treatise on Trigonometry (1650); *Epigrams, Divine and Moral* (1646); *Logopandecteision, or an Introduction to the Universal Language* (1653); *Ekskubalauron, or the Discovery of a most exquisite Jewel*, which is described on the title-page as 'more precious than Diamonds inchased in Gold, the like whereof was never seen in any age; found in the Kennel of Worcester Streets the day after the Fight and six before the Autumnal Equinox, anno 1651.' This *Jewel* is a vindication of the honour of Scotland from the 'infamy' cast upon it by the rigid Presbyterian party, and from all false accusations of whatever sort, and is a panegyric on the Scots nation; it records the exploits of the Scot abroad—of learned doctors in foreign universities, and of gallant colonels who earned renown in France, Spain, Italy, Flanders, Holland, Dutchland, Denmark, Pole, Hungary, Swedland, and elsewhere, under 'Gustavus Cæsaromastix' and other equally glorious commanders. This affords him a chance of giving at great length the (highly embellished) adventures of the Admirable Crichton and others. He set himself to show that it is the 'kirkomanetick philarchaists' of the Covenant who by their malignancy and narrow-mindedness have brought on the nation the charge of covetousness. There are others, too, who are to blame! and of them he speaks with a vehemency evidently bred of personal affliction at their hands, in a breathless (but quite grammatical) paragraph of one huge denunciatory sentence:

Another thing there is that fixeth a grievous scandal upon that nation in matter of philargyrie or love of money, and it is this: there hath been in London and repairing to it for these many years together a knot of Scotish bankers, collybists, or coine-coursers, or traffickers in merchandize to and againe, and of men of other professions who by hook and crook, *fas et nefas*, slight and might, all being as fish their net could catch, having feathered their nests to some purpose, look so idolatrously upon their Dagon of wealth, and so closely, like the earth's dull center, hug all unto themselves, that for no respect of vertue, honor, kinred, patriotism, or whatever else, be it never so recommendable, will they depart from one single peny, whose emission doth not, without any hazard of loss, in a very short time superlucrate beyond all conscience an additional increase to the heap of that stock which they so much adore; which churlish and tenacious humor hath made many that were not acquainted with any else of that country to imagine all their compatriots affected with the same leprosie of a wretched peevishness, whereof these *quomodocunquizing* cluster-fists and rapacious varlets have given of late such cannibal-like proofs, by their inhumanity and obdurate carriage towards some whose shoestrings they are not worthy to unty, that were it not that a more able pen than mine will assuredly not faile to jerk them on all sides, in case by their better demeanor for the future they endeavour not to wipe off the blot wherewith their native country by their sordid avarice and miserable baseness hath been so foully stained, I would this very instant blaze them out in their names and surnames, notwithstanding the vizard of Presbyterian zeal wherewith they maske themselves, that like so many wolves, foxes, or Athenian Timons, they might in all times coming be debarred the benefit of any honest conversation.

The following paragraph, apologising for the plainness of his style in the *Jewel*, suddenly breaks away from comparative verbal reasonableness, and displays Urquhart in his most fantastic mood as phrase-maker. It illustrates the same perverse fecundity of words, pedantic and otiose rather than witty or amusing, put to happier use in the Rabelais:

I could truly, having before mine eyes some known treatises of the authors whose muse I honour and the straine of whose pen to imitate is my greatest ambition, have enlarged this discourse with a choicer variety of phrase, and made it overflow the field of the reader's understanding, with an inundation of greater eloquence; and that one way, tropologetically, by metonymical, ironical, metaphorical, and synecdochical instruments of elocution, in all their several kinds, artifically affected, according to the nature of the subject, with emphatical expressions in things of great concernment, with catachrestical in matters of meaner moment; attended on each side respectively with an epiplectick and exegetick modification; with hyperbolical, either epitatically or hypocoristically, as the purpose required to be elated or extenuated, with qualifying metaphors, and accompanied by apostrophes; and lastly, with allegories of all sorts, whether apologal, affabulatory, parabolary, ænigmatick, or paræmial. And on the other part, schematologetically adorning the proposed theam with the most especial and chief flowers of the garden of rhetorick, and omitting no figure either of diction or sentence, that might contribute to the ear's enchantment, or perswasion of the hearer. I could have introduced, in case of obscurity, synonymal, exargastick, and palilogetick elucidations; for sweetness of phrase, antimetathetick commutations of epithets; for the vehement excitation of a matter, exclamation in the front, and epiphonemas in the reer. I could have used, for the promptlyer stirring up of passion, apostrophal and prosopopœial diversions; and, for the appeasing and settling of them, some epanorthotick revocations, and aposiopetick restraines. I could have inserted dialogismes, displaying their interrogatory part with communicatively pysmatick and sustentative flourishes; or proleptically, with the refutative schemes of anticipation and subjection, and that part which concerns the responsory, with the figures of permission and concession. Speeches

extending a matter beyond what it is, auxetically, digressively, transitiously, by ratiocination, ætiology, circumlocution, and other wayes, I could have made use of; as likewise with words diminishing the worth of a thing, tapinotically, periphrastically, by rejection, translation, and other meanes, I could have served myself.

His verse is cumbrous and commonplace, the following being a fair specimen:

The way to vertue 's hard, uneasie, bends
Aloft, being full of steep and rugged alleys;
For never one to a higher place ascends,
That always keeps the plaine, and pleasant valleyes:
And reason in each human breast ordaines
That precious things be purchased with paines.

Only the first two books of the *History of Gargantua and Pantagruel* were translated by Sir Thomas Urquhart in 1653. These were published in his lifetime; and Peter Anthony Motteux (1660–1718)—by birth a French Huguenot, but known as a dramatic writer in English—republished them in 1693, and added the third from Urquhart's papers. In 1708 he published a complete translation, the fourth and fifth books being his own. This joint production was again published in 1737 by John Ozell (d. 1743), with corrections and notes. The standard edition is that in the 'Tudor Translations' (3 vols. 1900), by Mr Charles Whibley. The Maitland Club published Urquhart's original works (2 vols. 1834); there is an excellent monograph on Urquhart's life and works (1899) by the Rev. John Willcock.

Sir George Mackenzie (1636–91) was a native of Dundee, nephew of the Earl of Seaforth. He was educated at St Andrews and Aberdeen, and studied civil law at Bourges, in France. In 1660 he published *Aretine; or the Serious Romance*, a tedious Egyptian story in a stilted style. He seems to have been almost the only learned man of his time in Scotland who maintained an acquaintance with the lighter departments of contemporary English literature. He was a friend of Dryden, by whom he is mentioned with great respect; and he himself composed poetry, which, if it has no other merit, is at least in good English, and appears to have been fashioned after the best models of the time. He also wrote some moral essays, and deserves to be remembered as one of the first Scots authors to write English with purity. In 1665 he published at Edinburgh *A Moral Essay, preferring Solitude to Public Employment*, which drew forth an answer from John Evelyn. The writer who contended for solitude was busily employed in public life, being the principal law-officer of the crown, the King's Advocate for Scotland; while Evelyn, whose pursuits were principally those which ornament retirement—who longed to be 'delivered from the gilded impertinences of life'—stood forward as the champion of public and active employment. Other essays deal with the religion of the Stoic, moral gallantry, the moral history of frugality, reason, and the like. The literary efforts of 'the noble wit of Scotland,' as Dryden called him, were but holiday recreations—his business was law and politics. He was author of *Institutions of the Law of Scotland*, and *Laws and Customs in Matters Criminal; Jus Regium*, treatises against the Covenanters, and a vindication of the government of Charles II. in its severe treatment of them; also *A Defence of the Antiquity of the Royal Line of Scotland*, in which he gravely supports the story of the forty fabulous kings deduced from Gathelus, son-in-law of Pharaoh, and his spouse Scota (see page 256). His work on *Heraldry* was long a standard; but an important historical work, entitled *Memoirs of the Affairs of Scotland, from the Restoration of Charles II.*, lay in manuscript till 1821. Mackenzie, who in 1661 defended the Marquis of Argyll, unhappily disgraced himself by subserviency to the court, and by the inhumanity and cruelty with which, as Lord Advocate (after 1677), he conducted the prosecutions and persecutions of the Covenanters; and he lives in the memory of the Scottish people as 'Bluidy Mackenzie.' There is, it need hardly be said, no bloodthirstiness in his poems, essays, or even law-books: he appears as an accomplished gentleman, a kindly philosopher, and an orthodox and even earnest Christian; and all his moral arguments were in favour of sweet reasonableness, though somewhat strenuous against fanatics and fanaticism. He was a friend of the pious Robert Boyle, to whom he dedicated his *Essay on Reason*. Yet as a name of evil omen for cruelty, the accomplished advocate and public prosecutor ranks as the Scottish counterpart of Judge Jeffreys. He himself said none had screwed the king's prerogative higher than he; and he is mainly responsible for directing the savage persecution which Claverhouse had the ignoble task of seeing carried out. He it was who founded the Library of the Faculty of Advocates in Edinburgh; and so all workers in literature in Scotland owe him, and those who have since his time administered the library, a deep debt of gratitude. At the Revolution he retired to England. In one of his few poems he thus chaunted the

Praise of a Country Life.

O happy country life, pure like its air;
Free from the rage of pride, the pangs of care.
Here happy souls lie bathed in soft content,
And are at once secure and innocent.
No passion here but love: here is no wound
But that by which lovers their names confound
On barks of trees, whilst with a smiling face
They see those letters as themselves embrace.
Here the kind myrtles pleasant branches spread;
And sure no laurel casts so sweet a shade.
Yet all these country pleasures, without love,
Would but a dull and tedious prison prove.
But oh! what woods [and] parks [and] meadows lie
In the blest circle of a mistress' eye!
What courts, what camps, what triumphs may one find
Displayed in Cælia, when she will be kind!
What a dull thing this lower world had been,
If heavenly beauties were not sometimes seen!
For when fair Cælia leaves this charming place,
Her absence all its glories does deface.

Against Envy.

We may cure envy in ourselves either by considering how useless or how ill these things were for which we envy our neighbours; or else how we possess as much or

as good things. If I envy his greatness, I consider that he wants my quiet: as also I consider that he possibly envies me as much as I do him; and that when I begun to examine exactly his perfections, and to balance them with my own, I found myself as happy as he was. And though many envy others, yet very few would change their condition even with those whom they envy, all being considered. And I have oft admired why we have suffered ourselves to be so cheated by contradictory vices, as to contemn this day him whom we envied the last; or why we envy so many, since there are so few whom we think to deserve as much as we do. Another great help against envy is, that we ought to consider how much the thing envied costs him whom we envy, and if we would take it at the price. Thus, when I envy a man for being learned, I consider how much of his health and time that learning consumes: if for being great, how he should flatter and serve for it; and if I would not pay his price, no reason I ought to have what he has got. Sometimes, also, I consider that there is no reason for my envy: he whom I envy deserves more than he has, and I less than I possess. And by thinking much of these, I repress their envy, which grows still from the contempt of our neighbour and the overrating ourselves. As also I consider that the perfections envied by me may be advantageous to me; and thus I check myself for envying a great pleader, but am rather glad that there is such a man, who may defend my innocence: or to envy a great soldier, because his valour may defend my estate or country. And when any of my countrymen begin to raise envy in me, I alter the scene, and begin to be glad that Scotland can boast of so fine a man; and I remember, that though now I am angry at him when I compare him with myself, yet if I were discoursing of my nation abroad, I would be glad of that merit in him which now displeases me. Nothing is envied but what appears beautiful and charming; and it is strange that I should be troubled at the sight of what is pleasant. I endeavour also to make such my friends as deserve my envy; and no man is so base as to envy his friend. Thus, whilst others look on the angry side of merit, and thereby trouble themselves, I am pleased in admiring the beauties and charms which burns [sic] them as a fire, whilst they warm me as the sun. (From *Essays on Happiness.*)

The True Path to Esteem.

I have remarked in my own time that some, by taking too much care to be esteemed and admired, have by that course missed their aim; whilst others of them who shunned it, did meet with it, as if it had fallen on them whilst it was flying from the others; which proceeded from the unfit means these able and reasonable men took to establish their reputation. It is very strange to hear men value themselves upon their honour, and their being men of their word in trifles, when yet that same honour cannot tie them to pay the debts they have contracted upon solemn promise of secure and speedy repayment; starving poor widows and orphans to feed their lusts; and adding thus robbery and oppression to the dishonourable breach of trust. And how can we think them men of honour, who, when a potent and foreign monarch is oppressing his weaker neighbours, hazard their very lives to assist him, though they would rail at any of their acquaintance, that, meeting a strong man fighting with a weaker, should assist the stronger in his oppression?

The surest and most pleasant path to universal esteem and true popularity is to be just; for all men esteem him most who secures most their private interest, and protects best their innocence. And all who have any notion of a Deity, believe that justice is one of His chief attributes; and that, therefore, whoever is just, is next in nature to Him, and the best picture of Him, and to be reverenced and loved. But yet how few trace this path! most men choosing rather to toil and vex themselves in seeking popular applause, by living high and in profuse prodigalities, which are entertained by injustice and oppression; as if rational men would pardon robbers because they feasted them upon a part of their own spoils; or did let them see fine and glorious shows, made for the honour of the giver upon the expence of the robbed spectators. But when a virtuous person appears great by his merit, and obeyed only by the charming force of his reason, all men think him descended from that heaven which he serves, and to him they gladly pay the noble tribute of deserved praises. (From the *Essay on Reason.*)

Mackenzie's collected works appeared, with a Life, in 2 vols., edited by the grammarian Ruddiman. See also Thomson's edition of the *Memoirs* (1821); Omond, *The Lord Advocates of Scotland* (1883); and Taylor Innes, *Studies in Scottish History* (1892).

Andrew Fletcher, born in 1655, succeeded early to the family estate of Saltoun, was educated mainly by Bishop Burnet (then minister of Saltoun), and represented the shire of Lothian in the Scottish Parliament in the reign of Charles II. He opposed the arbitrary designs of the Duke of York, afterwards James II., and retired to Holland. Here he formed a close friendship with the English refugee patriots, and he returned to England with the Duke of Monmouth in 1685. Happening, in a personal quarrel, to kill another member of the expedition (one Dare), Fletcher again went abroad, travelled in Spain, and in Hungary fought with distinction against the Turks. He returned at the Revolution, and took an active part in Scottish affairs. His opinions were republican, and he was of a haughty, unbending temper; 'brave as the sword he wore,' according to a contemporary, 'and bold as a lion: a sure friend, and an irreconcilable enemy: would lose his life readily to serve his country, and would not do a base thing to save it.' Fletcher opposed the union of Scotland with England in 1707, believing, with many zealous but narrow-sighted patriots of that day, that it would eclipse the glory of ancient Caledonia. He strove for a federative, not an incorporating union, and sketched out an ingenious but doctrinaire scheme for partitioning the three kingdoms into provinces or states, each with a local capital and a large measure of home rule. So little was he merely a fanatical Conservative Scot, that Scotland was to fall into two provinces, of neither of which was Edinburgh to be capital; he thought Edinburgh very awkwardly situated for a metropolis, as being neither central, nor on the sea, nor on a navigable river. After the Union he retired from public life in disgust, and devoted himself to promoting improvements in agriculture; and he died at London in 1716.

Like his somewhat older contemporary, Sir

George Mackenzie, Fletcher wrote only in English (not Scots), and did succeed in writing a vigorous style wonderfully free from Scottish peculiarities. His *Discourse of Government* appeared in 1698, his *Two Discourses concerning the Affairs of Scotland* in the same year. The *Discorso della Cose di Spagna* (1698 also) was printed only in Italian. His *Speeches* in the Scottish Parliament are both eloquent and sincere, though his political ideals were perverse and unpractical. *An Account of a Conversation concerning a Right Regulation of Governments for the common Good of Mankind* (1703) is forcibly written, and contains much sound sense amidst its strong appeals in favour of Scottish independence. In this letter occurs the famous saying, so constantly quoted and so universally misinterpreted, about ballads. The conversation was supposed to be between the Earl of Cromarty, Sir Edward Seymour, Sir Christopher Musgrave, and Fletcher himself, and had nothing in the world to do with ballads such as 'Chevy Chase' or the Robin Hood series, but the unholy songs of the day, Tom Durfey's no doubt included; 'ballad' as used of romantic poems like the Border ballads is essentially a modern usage, the older custom always implying some kind of song. Fletcher's argument was on the utter inefficiency of all government regulations, according to Sir Christopher Musgrave, to put down the corruptions of London society in those days—the luxury of women, the number of prostitutes, and the debauchery of the poor of both sexes, who are daily tempted to all manner of lewdness by the infamous ballads sung in every corner of the streets. '"One would think," said the Earl, "this last were of no great consequence." I said I knew a wise man so much of Sir Christopher's sentiment, that he believed if a man were permitted to make all the ballads, he need not care who should make the laws of a nation. And we find that most of the antient legislators thought they could not well reform the manners of any city without the help of a lyric, and sometimes of a dramatic, poet. But in this city [London] the dramatic poet no less than the ballad-maker has been almost wholly employed to corrupt the people, in which they have had most unspeakable and deplorable success.'

Enthusiastic admiration of the Greek and Roman republics led Fletcher to praise even slavery as maintained by them. He represents the condition of the slaves as happy and useful, and by way of contrast paints the state of the lowest class in Scotland in colours that (even if they be somewhat too dark) show how frightfully disorganised the country was at that period. In the *Second Discourse on the Affairs of Scotland* occurs this lurid picture:

> There are at this day in Scotland (besides a great many poor families very meanly provided for by the church-boxes, with others who, by living on bad food, fall into various diseases) two hundred thousand people begging from door to door. These are not only noway advantageous, but a very grievous burden to so poor a country. And though the number of them be perhaps double to what it was formerly, by reason of this present great distress, yet in all times there have been about one hundred thousand of those vagabonds, who have lived without any regard or subjection either to the laws of the land, or even those of God and nature. . . . No magistrate could ever be informed or discover which way one in a hundred of these wretches died, or that ever they were baptized. Many murders have been discovered among them; and they are not only a most unspeakable oppression to poor tenants (who, if they give not bread, or some kind of provision, to perhaps forty such villains in one day, are sure to be insulted by them), but they rob many poor people who live in houses distant from any neighbourhood. In years of plenty many thousands of them meet together in the mountains, where they feast and riot for many days; and at country-weddings, markets, burials, and the like public occasions, they are to be seen, both men and women, perpetually drunk, cursing, blaspheming, and fighting together. These are such outrageous disorders, that it were better for the nation they were sold to the galleys or West Indies than that they should continue any longer to be a burden and curse upon us.

But better than sending them to the plantations would be to keep them at home, utilising their services, and drilling them into a higher moral condition. The scheme of setting native vagabonds to work as serfs was not, as is commonly supposed, a novelty in Fletcher; it was fully recognised by a long series of Scottish laws from 1579 to 1661, and partially enforced too. Fletcher, however, went beyond the highest flight of Scots law in this department, and argued in favour of compelling all Scottish landlords to take white slaves in proportion to the size of their holdings. Fletcher's scheme may well have suggested a similar one to Defoe for London vagrants, expounded in *Everybody's Business*. Carlyle's views on the beneficence of the whip as a stimulus to honest industry at home and abroad have also points of affinity.

Fletcher's *Political Works* appeared, 'with a character of the author,' in 1732, and was reprinted in 1737, 1747, and later. There is a short and rather meagre Life by G. Omond (1897), which passes too lightly over many of Fletcher's most pregnant ideas and interesting characteristics. On Serfdom in Scotland, see the *Edinburgh Review* for January 1899.

William Cleland (1661?–89) showed less to advantage as a poet than as the heroic defender of Dunkeld in 1689, when the Cameronian regiment under his command stemmed and turned backward the rush of four thousand Highlanders flushed with the victory of Killiecrankie. The son of the Marquis of Douglas's gamekeeper, Cleland studied at St Andrews, became a zealous Covenanter, fought at Drumclog and Bothwell Brig (where he was a captain), and as a refugee in Holland studied law at Utrecht, and helped to negotiate the Prince of Orange's expedition. He was the first lieutenant-colonel of the regiment raised after the Revolution from amongst the westland Cameronians (afterwards the 26th), and he fell, still under thirty years of age, in

the grim and bloody struggle round Dunkeld Cathedral. Scott wrongly assumed him to have been the father of Pope's friend Cleland.

But for the low ebb of literature in Scotland, Cleland would never be named amongst poets. Still, his uncouth verses—mainly satirical—record the temper of the times, and have a considerable linguistic interest. What he wrote was not old Scots, nor the Scots of Ramsay and Burns, but an imperfect English stuffed full of Scots words, forms, and locutions—*gaunt* (yawn), *spear* (ask), *thir* (these), *kenn*, *lith*, *swerff*; *thou's* (thou art), *thou wear's* (thou wearest), *sawen* (sown), *crub'd* (curbed), *leugh* (laughed). Further, words spelt as English ones must be pronounced as Scotch in order to rhyme—thus, *wool* rhymes with *true*, *dissecting* with *checking*, *enacts them* with *takes them* (pronounced *enacks them*, *taks them*), *guard* with *laird*. *Snizeing* (sneeshing) is already used for snuff; in *coarck his coots* for 'grip his ankles' we have an odd combination of Scottish Ciceronianism and the mere vernacular; and 'makes the thrush bush [tuft of rushes] keep the cow' is an interesting echo of the famous vow of James I. (of Scotland).

Cleland's *Poems and Verses* appeared in a small volume in 1697, and contain nine stanzas written by him as 'An Adition to the Lines of "Hollow my Fancie" when he was a student at St Andrews.' The anonymous poem so named was well known before the middle of the century, and Cleland's addition falls far below the humble literary level of the original. The first two stanzas given below are from the earliest set of words.

From 'Hallo, my Fancy.'

When I look before me,
  There I do behold
There 's none that sees or knows me;
All the world 's a-gadding,
Running madding;
  None doth his station hold.
He that is below envieth him that riseth,
And he that is above, him that 's below despiseth,
So every man his plot and counter-plot deviseth.
  Hallo, my fancy, whither wilt thou go?

Look, look, what bustling
  Here I do espy;
Each another jostling,
Every one turmoiling,
Th' other spoiling,
  As I did pass them by.
One sitteth musing in a dumpish passion,
Another hangs his head because he 's out of fashion,
A third is fully bent on sport and recreation.
  Hallo, my fancy, whither wilt thou go?
. . . . . .
In conceit like Phaeton,
  I 'll mount Phœbus' chair,
Having ne'er a hat on,
All my hair a-burning
In my journeying,
  Hurrying through the air.
Fain would I hear his fiery horses neighing,
And see how they on foamy bits are playing;
All the stars and planets I will be surveying!
  Hallo, my fancy, whither wilt thou go? . . .

Hallo, my fancy, hallo,
  Stay thou at home with me;
I can thee no longer follow,
Thou hast betrayed me,
And bewrayed me;
  It is too much for thee.
Stay, stay at home with me; leave off thy lofty soaring;
Stay thou at home with me, and on thy books be poring;
For he that goes abroad lays little up in storing:
Thou 's welcome home, my fancy, welcome home to me.

From Cleland's pen (less dexterous than his sword) we have also one or two elegies—as on the famous Covenanter M'Ward—rhymed epistles, and other occasional verses, but the bulk of the book is occupied with two 'mock poems' or satires, one 'Upon the Expedition of the Highland Host, who came to destroy the Western Shires in Winter 1678,' and another on the Episcopal clergy who 'met to consult about the Test in 1681.' The Highlanders, regarded then by all Lowlanders as savages on the level of the mere Irish, were—in spite of the earnest protest of the landed gentlemen of the west—let loose on the Covenanting shires to suppress conventicles, and to this end had free quarters amongst the country-folk, and were empowered to seize horses and ammunition, and, if necessary, 'to kill, wound, apprehend, and imprison' Nonconformists. The following (in which the 'she 'll' and the 'nainsell' show that the jokes against the Highlander trying to speak Lowland Scotch were early stereotyped) describes

The Highland Host.

But those who were their chief commanders,
As such who bore the pirnie standarts; parti-coloured
Who lead the van and drove the rear, led
Were right well mounted of their gear;
With brogues, and trews, and pirnie plaides,
And good blew bonnets on their heads,
Which on the one side had a flipe, fold
Adorn'd with a tobacco pipe;
With durk, and snap-work, and snuff-mill, snaphance, pistol
A bagg which they with onions fill,
And, as their strick observers say, strict
A tupe-horn filled with usquebay; ram's-horn
A slashed-out coat beneath their plaides,
A targe of timber, nails, and hides;
With a long two-handed sword,
As good 's the country can afford—
Had they not need of bulk and bones,
Who fights with all these arms at once?
It 's marvelous how in such weather,
Ov'r hill and hope they came together; valley
How in such stormes they came so farr;
The reason is they 're smeared with tar,
Which doth defend them heel and neck,
Just us it doth their sheep protect.
But least ye doubt that this is true lest
They 're just the colour of tar'd wool. pron. '*oo*

Nought like religion they retain,
Of moral honesty they 're clean ;
In nothing they 're accounted sharp,
Except in bagpipe and in harpe.
For a misobliging word
She 'll durk her neighbour ov'r the boord ; board
And then she 'll flee like fire from flint,
She 'll scarcely ward the second dint ;
If any ask her of her thrift,
Forsooth, her nainsell lives by thift. theft

Robert Wodrow (1679–1734), Scottish Church historian, was born at Glasgow and studied in its university, where his father was Professor of Divinity ; in 1703 he became minister of Eastwood. His *History of the Sufferings of the Church of Scotland 1660–88* (1721–22) was dedicated to George I. He was a zealous Presbyterian, an indefatigable collector, and an honest recorder, though not free from partisanship and credulousness ; and his work is of very high value for his period. Not till next century were published his *Lives of the Scottish Reformers* (Maitland Club, 1834–45) ; *Analecta, or a History of Remarkable Providences* (Maitland Club, 1842–43) ; *Correspondence* (Wodrow Soc., 1842–43) ; and *Biographical Collections* (New Spalding Club, 1890). The following passages are both from the *Analecta :*

The Divel and the Divinity Student.

When Mr Robert Blair was minister of St Andreus, there was a youth who applyed to that presbitry to be admitted to tryals. Though he was very unfit, the presbitry appoints him a text, and after he had been at all the pains he could in consulting help, yet he got nothing done, so that he turned very melancholy ; and one day, as he was walking all alone in a remote place from St Andreus, there came up to him a stranger, in habite like a minister, with black coat and band, and who addressed the youth very courteously, and presently falls into discourse with him after this manner : 'Sir, you are but a young man, and yet appear to be very melancholy ; pray, why so pensive ?' He answered, 'It 's to no purpose to communicat my mind to yow, seeing yow cannot help me.' 'How know you that ? Pray let me know the cause of your pressure.' Says the youth, 'I have got a text from the presbitry. I cannot for my life compose a discourse on it, so I shall be affronted.' The stranger replyed, 'Sir, I am a minister ; let me hear the text.' He told him. 'O, then, I have ane excellent sermon on that text here in my pocket, which yow may peruse and commit to your memory. I engage, after yow have delivered it before the presbitry, yow shall be greatly approven and applauded ;' so pulls it out and gives it to him, which he received very thankfully. Then says the stranger, 'As I have obliged yow now, sir, so yow will oblige me again in doing any peece of kindness or service when my business requires it ;' which the youth promises. 'But, sir,' says the stranger, 'yow and I are strangers, and therefore I would require of yow a written promise, subscribed with your hand, in case yow forget the favour which I have done yow ;' which he granted likewise, and delivered it to him subscribed with his blood. And thus they parted.

Upon the presbitry day the youth delivered ane excellent sermon upon the text appointed him, which pleased and amazed the presbitry to a degree ; only Mr Blair smelt out something in it which made him call the youth aside to a corner of the church, and thus he began with him : 'Sir, yow have delivered a nate sermon, every way well pointed. The matter was profound, or rather sublime ; your stile was fine and your method clear ; and no doubt young men at the beginning must make use of helps, which I doubt not but yow have done.' The young man acknowledged he had. 'But,' says Mr Blair, 'besydes the use of books, I know sometimes they are obliged to consult men that are scholars and well versed in divinity, to help them in their composours. Have yow not done soe ?' He said he had. Mr Blair says, 'Yow may use all freedome with me ; I intend yow no hurt. Did yow not get the whole of this discourse written and ready to your hand from one who pretended to be a minister ?' He acknowledged the same. Mr Blair says, 'No doubt but yow would give him thanks for his favour, and promise to do him any peece of service he called for, when his business [doth] lye in yowr way ?' He answered 'Yes.' 'But yowr verbal promises would not be sufficient : did yow not give him a written promise subscribed with your blood ?' All which he confessed with fear, blushing, and confusion. Then Mr Blair, with ane awful seriousness appearing in his countenance, began to tell the youth his hazard, and that the man whom he took for a minister was the Divel, who had trepanned him and brought him into his net : advised him to be earnest with God in prayer, and likewise not to give way to dispair, for there was yet hope.

In the meantime the youth was so overcome with fear and terror that he was like to fall down. Mr Blair exhorts him to take heart, and brings him in with him into the presbitry : and when all except the ministers were removed, Mr Blair recalls the whole story to them. They were all strangely affected with it, and resolved unanimously to dispatch the presbitry business presently, and to stay all night in town, and on the morrow to meet for prayer in one of the most retired churches of the presbitry, acquainting none with there busines, but taking the youth alongst with them, whom they keeped alwise close by them. Which was done, and after the ministers had prayed all of them round, except Mr Blair, who prayed last, in time of his prayer then came a violent rushing of wind upon the church, so great that they all thought the church should have fallen down about there ears, and with that the youth's paper and covenant droops down from the roof of the church among the ministers. I heard no more of the story.

Gillespie's End.

It came to that, he keept his chamber still to his death, wearing and wasting, hoasting [coughing] and sweating. Ten dayes before his death his sweating went away, and his hoasting lesned, yet his weaknes still encreased. His wife seeing the time draw near, spake to him and said, 'The time of your releife is nou near and hard at hand !' He answered, 'I long for that time ! O happy they that are there !' This was the last word he was heard sensibly to speak. Mr Frederick Carmichael being there, they went to prayer, expecting death so suddenly. In the midst of prayer he left his ratling, and the pangs and fetches of death began ; thence his senses went away. Wherupon they rose from prayer, and beheld till in a very gentle manner the pinns of his tabernacle wer loosed.

WELSH, IRISH, AND COLONIAL CONTRIBUTIONS.

IN the first section, the influence of the Celtic temperament and culture has been recognised as stimulating and modifying the trend of early English intellectual life; but in this work it is not possible directly to cognisance of the literatures of the races than Anglic who have contributed essential nts to the mixed people now inhabiting the ı Islands. Besides English in its various ts and successive stages, at least five ages have been spoken by those at home this area even if we arrange the Celtic es in two groups only—Irish, Manx, and ı Gaelic; Welsh and Cornish. The *lingua ı rustica* was spoken in the Roman colonies ur centuries at least; and in the Middle Church and Law Latin was the literary e of some of the greatest Englishmen, practically the vernacular of synods and nasteries. From the Norman Conquest to ys of Edward III., as we have seen, Norman h was the language of literature. And it l be remembered that for generations the old in some shape was spoken and written not in Shetland and Orkney and at the court of ırls of Caithness, but in the Western Islands otland, in the Danelagh of England, and in anish kingdoms of Dublin, Limerick, and ford: good authorities hold that consider- portions of the collection called the *Corpus um Boreale* were written by the Scandinavians and. Other languages were doubtless spoken itain before the arrival of the first Celtic ers, those of the Ivernian or other prehistoric tants; and some Celtic philologists now the peculiarities of Irish, Welsh, and the eltic tongues to the old pre-Aryan language, teristics they share with other languages of d Mediterranean stock, ancient Egyptian and n Berber. In Wales, as in France, the best ities hold that the vast majority of the ıt inhabitants are sprung—not from the Celts y of the successive invaders—but from the r races who held the land before the coming Aryans. *A fortiori*, this is even truer of d and the Highlands. The first Celts to Britain were the Goidels, who became in- ated with their non-Aryan subjects; a like s took place when the later Brythonic con- s established themselves in Britain. No- in the 'Celtic fringe' are the people of pure descent; and it may well be that what is ally characteristic of Irish literature and is reted as the true 'Celtic note' is not of origin at all, but reflects the moods of ırlier non-Aryan inhabitants of Erin, from whom the conquering Gael, invaders from Britain, learnt the manner of the gods of the land, the really autochthonous legends and folklore.

The Cymric literature of Wales has a history of nine or ten centuries and still flourishes; and for three or four hundred years men of Welsh blood have been contributors to English literature. Such Welshmen have not been very numerous nor of the first importance. They have not been regarded as wholly aliens in England; and as they wrote in the literary English of their time, it has not been thought necessary to treat them in a separate division of this work. Vaughan the Silurist and his brother are amongst the most unmistakable; James Howell, cosmopolitan though he was in temper, was Welsh by birth as he was in name and blood. John Davies of Hereford was a Welshman born just outside the principality; Sir John Davies may have been of Welsh blood. The Pembroke Herberts were a great Welsh house, and Lord Herbert of Cherbury and George Herbert were apparently both born at their father's home of Montgomery Castle. John Donne, a power in English literature, was said to be of Welsh descent; and the great Puritan, John Owen, is known, apart from his Welsh name, to have been of an old Welsh family. Roger Williams—in Milton's words, 'that noble confessor of religious liberty,' and founder of Rhode Island—was a fiery Welshman. And earlier, Asser, Geoffrey of Monmouth, Walter Map, and the rationalist Bishop Pecock by their writings left their mark deep enough on mediæval Latin, Anglo-French, and English thought. These are all notable figures in the history of our literature before the end of the seventeenth century, and are treated in their proper chronological places. Guillim, in virtue of his great folio *Display of Heraldrie* (1610), the eponym of the science, was born at Hereford of Welsh family. And dozens of others might be named, from the voluminous Giraldus Cambrensis to John Owen the Latin epigrammatist, whose interest as authors, however great, is inconsiderable in connection with the story of English letters.

From the Anglo-Norman Conquest of Ireland—which was both the continuation and the completion of the Norman Conquest of England—there had been much writing from Ireland and about Ireland by Englishmen for a longer or shorter time resident in Ireland, but not much that ranks as literature. Spenser wrote his book on Ireland and most of the *Faerie Queene* at Kilcolman, his home from 1589 on, but his connection with Ireland is wholly external. Sir John Davies, Sir William Temple, and Sir William Petty were Englishmen who lived for a time in Ireland and wrote about Ireland. Richard Stanyhurst, on the other hand, was born

at Dublin (1547; see page 332) of a family settled in Ireland for three centuries; he was but a feeble forerunner of the glorious company which was in the eighteenth century to include Steele and Swift, Burke and Goldsmith. Stanyhurst's nephew, Archbishop Ussher, is a noble representative of Anglo-Irish Churchmanship, and was also born in Dublin (1581). Sir John Denham was born (1615) at Dublin, the son of an Irish judge, but was in no other sense an Irishman. But the Hon. Robert Boyle (born at Lismore Castle in 1627) bears the name of a great Anglo-Irish house. Roger Boyle (page 787), Earl of Cork and dramatist, was also born at Lismore. The Earl of Roscommon was Irish born, but lived most of his life out of Ireland. Tate and Brady both, as well as the dramatists Southerne and Farquhar, were Irishmen born and bred; but their work, like that of other notable Anglo-Irishmen—Swift, Toland, Steele, Parnell, and Berkeley—born before the Revolution, belongs mainly to the next period, and will be dealt with in the next volume. Of the Irish contributors to English literature before the Revolution it may be said generally that though some of them, like Ussher, thoroughly identified themselves with the land of their birth, the Irish tone and temper is rather conspicuous by its absence. The growth of that temper and the beginning of the Irish question are associated with the name of William Molyneux (died 1698), whose *Case of Ireland being bound by Acts of Parliament passed in England*, published in the same year, and burned by the order of the English House of Commons, marks him as the forerunner of Swift and Grattan.

In the English colonies in North America there was hardly any literature of consequence till about the middle of the eighteenth century. The books of travel, poems, sermons, and the like in the seventeenth century were largely the work of men and women English born, and, except for their change of residence, to all intents and purposes Britons of the native type. Captain John Smith, who told—if he did not also invent—the tale of Pocahontas, was a grown man when in 1605 he joined the Virginia expedition, spent only a small part of his life on American soil, and died in London. But his *True Relation of Occurrences in Virginia* (1608) ranks as the first book in American literature, though judged from the point of literature it has no great value. In Virginia, George Sandys (see page 450) completed that translation of Ovid which he dedicated to King Charles I. Richard Ligon in his *History of the Barbadoes* (1657) furnished the materials out of which Richard Steele spun his famous novelette of *Inkle and Yarico;* but Ligon was a broken London merchant of sixty when in 1647 he sailed to begin life anew in the West Indies. Roger Williams, though he became heart and soul a colonial, was a Welshman, and was also thirty years of age ere he arrived (1631) on the shores where he was to found the state of Rhode Island, and to be remembered for his vehement discourse against *The Bloudy Tenent of Persecution*. John Eliot, 'the apostle of the Indians,' who went to America in the same year, was four years younger when he left his native Hertfordshire. Anne Bradstreet (1612–72), 'the first professional poetess of New England,' was a woman grown ere she left her home in Old England. The works of all these authors were sent to England to be published. The *Bay Psalm Book*, printed at Cambridge in Massachusetts in 1640, was the first book in English that issued from the press in America; it was largely the production of John Eliot and of Richard Mather, a Lancashire Puritan, who emigrated to the colony in 1635, and was father of Increase Mather and grandfather of Cotton Mather.

Such were the slender beginnings of the vast and varied American literature, now one of the two great branches of literature in the English tongue. For well-nigh a century it has uttered the thoughts and feelings of a nation of marked characteristics, of strong originality, in which the English element has been the dominant constituent; and its history must be traced in another volume of this work. Written in English—though English with a difference—the daughter literature in some respects rivals the parent, and has in many ways influenced, both in substance and in form, what is said and sung on the other side of the Atlantic. The people of the United States are now by far the largest section under one government of those who speak English. In America some English books find their widest circle of readers. The older English literature is by Americans justly regarded as an inheritance common to them with us; and much helpful work towards the better understanding of the English language and of the triumphs of English letters has been done by American writers and in the United States.

D. P.

END OF VOL I.